For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

235929

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California, 1915, Section 623.

New

Who put the gobble in new Turkey Noodle Soup?

Lipton has just hatched a new soup called Turkey Noodle.
It's full of tender turkey. And big, bouncy egg noodles. And deep golden turkey broth. It's fresh-cooked, not just heated up.
That's why it tastes like Mother just cooked it. Gobble-gobble-gobble!



ALPHABET VEGETABLE • VEGETABLE BEEF • CHICKEN RICE • TOMATO VEGETABLE • GREEN PEA • POTATO • BEEF NOODLE • CHICKEN NOODLE • MUSHROOM • ONION • CHICKEN VEGETABLE • CHICKEN NOODLE WITH MEAT

A MONTHLY REPORT FROM, BY, AND FOR THE YOUNGER JOURNAL SET | BY MARGARET KADISC

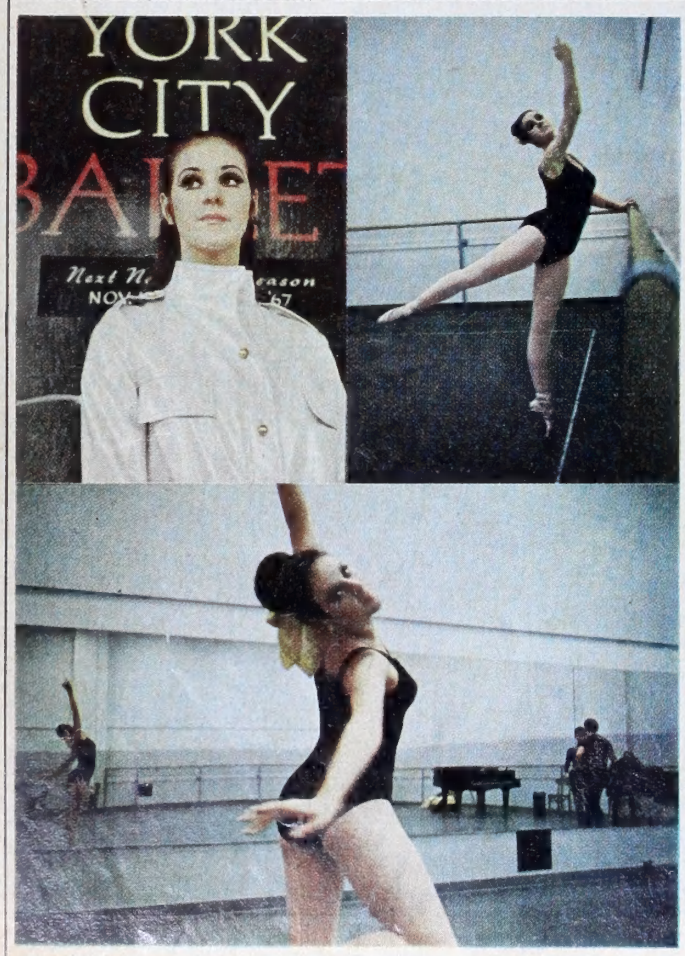
JOURNAL MISS

THREE GREAT WAYS to spend a Christmas check: on a handsome copy of a Navy watch, right, just the thing to wear with bell bottoms, pea jackets, all your military-look fashions. We found ours at an Army surplus store; look for yours there or in toy departments. By Sovereign, $9. (Also in the series, a khaki Army watch, a red-and-white nurse's watch.) . . . On a big, beautiful jigsaw puzzle, like the one far right, to keep you and your family (or date) occupied on a long, snowy winter evening. By Springbok, it's called Les Chapeaux de l'Histoire, $3.50 . . . On a special-interest book. A good one, if you want to improve your chess game (or learn to play quickly and well, from scratch), is *Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess*, published by Basic Systems, Inc., N.Y. $6.95.



NEW DO for long hair — the pretty, soft, over-one-shoulder look at right. The bangs are long, sideburns are thick and cut to just-below-earlobe length. The rest of the hair is brushed back and over to one side, then caught with a ponytail elastic (don't use a rubber band —it can damage your hair). Over the elastic, use double-faced tape to fasten on a short length of colorful ribbon.

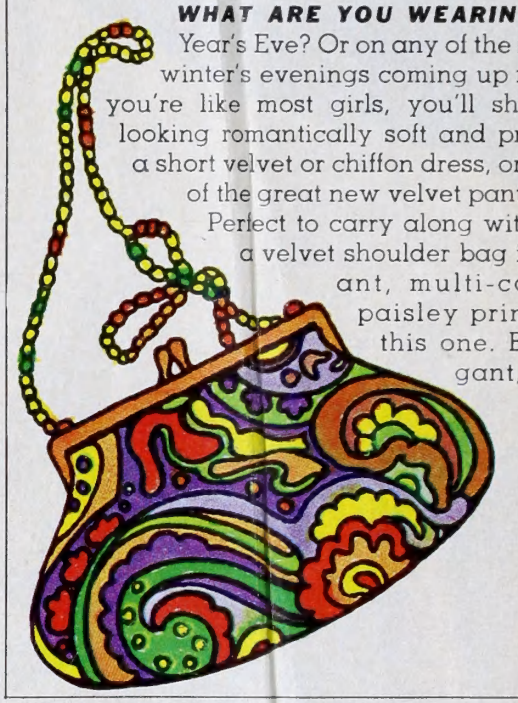


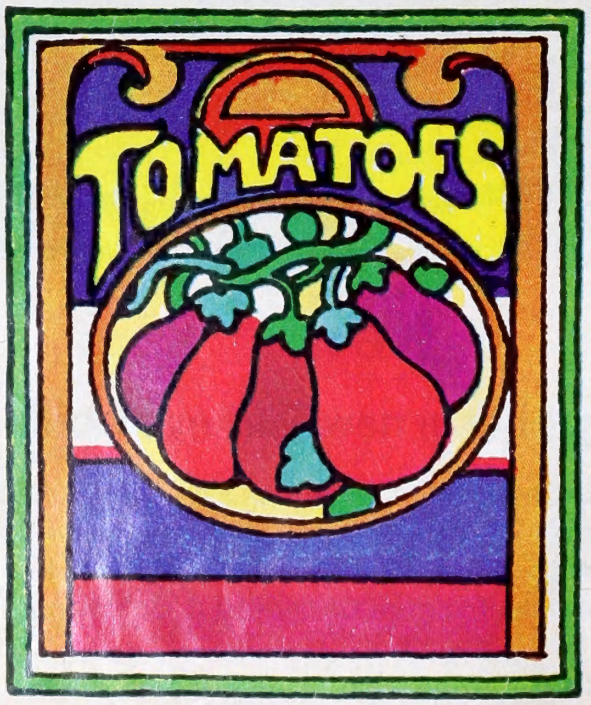


Meet 16-year-old ***LINDA MACARTHUR,*** one of the youngest members of the New York City Ballet Company. Linda was born in Massachusetts, took her first lesson at the age of three, moved to New York for more advanced training at 11. She made her first professional appearance, under the direction of choreographer George Balanchine (one of her idols), when she was 13. Now Linda lives with her mother just two blocks from the New York State Theater (the Company's home), and is a full-fledged member of the corps de ballet. She estimates that, counting lessons, rehearsals and performances, she spends about eight hours a day dancing, and loves every minute of it. Her big ambition: "Like every corps member, I'd like, one day, to be one of the Company's principal dancers."

HOW ARE YOU in the study department? Surveys made by the Success Motivation Institute indicate that poor study habits are often the result of deficiencies in basic attitude and organizational ability. They offer these tips to help get next term's studying off to a flying start: Try to develop a real curiosity about each subject. Reserve a regular time, each evening, for study. Divide homework into categories: "imperative" and "important." Do nothing listed as "important" until "imperative" work is completed. Keeping priorities in mind, jot down a plan of action for each day's work. List, in order, exactly what you plan to cover and how much time you'll spend on each subject—and stick to it.

WHAT ARE YOU WEARING Ne Year's Eve? Or on any of the speci winter's evenings coming up now? you're like most girls, you'll show u looking romantically soft and pretty a short velvet or chiffon dress, or in o of the great new velvet pants sui Perfect to carry along with yo a velvet shoulder bag in a g ant, multi-colore paisley print, lik this one. By El gant, $3.5





Illustrations by Tom Daly

THE BIG FRAME-UP: Here's a great ne way to add fresh color and zing to yo room (and go the pop artists who ma replicas of soup cans and Brillo boxes o better). First, scout the supermarket f canned goods with colorful labels—t brighter and more stylized the label, t better. Mount the label on construction p per (or wrapping paper, or wallpape frame with a spray-painted dime 'sto frame. Other good things to frame: cig bands (make an arrangement of four five of them), matchbook covers, old V entines, interesting pieces of fabric.



JAN. '67

DRESS BY BILL BLASS JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS



When a woman passes the age of innocence... what can she turn to?

Eterna '27' by Revlon

ıe famous skin cream that has brought dramatic, visible sults to women's skins in 6 out of every 10 cases tested.

day, thousands of women are ng proof that Eterna '27' makes ifference so obvious, it can be orded and evaluated by doctors. d astonishingly—the skin most need of help shows the most arkable response to Eterna '27.'

low soon can you hope to see eal change in your skin? Not rnight, of course. Tests reveal rna '27' begins to show effects r two to three weeks of faithful ly use. And within forty days, it could bring dramatic, visible results to your skin. As it did to women's skins in 6 out of every 10 cases tested!

Can any other cream possibly do what Eterna '27' could do? We honestly think not. Its formula is unique. Its basic ingredient (it is not a hormone!) is patented for use by Revlon and only Revlon—so there simply is no other cream even remotely like Eterna '27.' Don't you owe it to yourself to try it?



Important: Now there are three special Eterna '27' preparations called Penetreatments—designed to coordinate with the famous cream: Cleansing Formula, Moisturizing Formula, Skin Toning Formula. (Because the vital ingredient in Eterna '27' Skin Cream works to fullest capacity in the cream itself, it is deliberately not duplicated in the Penetreatments.)

FROM THE WORLD'S MOST RENOWNED COSMETIC RESEARCH LABORATORIES

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE
Good Housekeeping
GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

Aren't you too young to feel so tired? You notice it day in, day out. You get up tired and go to bed tired. And you *look* as tired as you feel. Of course, there's no single reason for it... but if you're one of the 40 million women who have a regular period, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. It is this loss of blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.



Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calf's liver. In only one day, Geritol-iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body. Check with your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is making you tired, take Geritol. Feel stronger fast...in seven days, or money back from Geritol.



Even a five-foot woman needs twice the iron of a six-foot man.

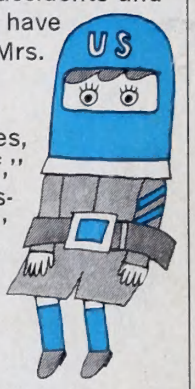
IF IT WERE MY CHILD...

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone know the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their best solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



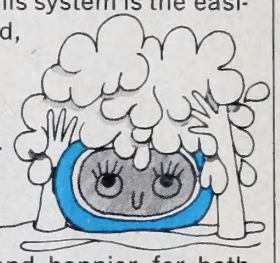
Eyes have it: I keep an eye on my youngsters when I am in the kitchen working by hanging a mirror on the wall so that I can see them in the next room. This has saved many steps, prevented accidents and convinced my children that I surely have eyes in the back of my head.—Mrs. Ruth H. Pavey, Hardinsburg, Ind.



Safety count down: "Hands up. Now: close hatches, lock doors, fasten seat belt, count down, blast off," is the routine I've taught my small children and passengers when taking a drive. I appoint a "First Mate" who checks to be sure that the procedure is carried out, and I double-check him. With this system I've never had the slightest injury happen to the tiniest passenger.—Mrs. Rex Campbell, Cainsville, Mo.

Suitcase specials: To simplify dressing our small children when we travel, I pack special suitcases, each containing only one type of clothing. I have a "pajama" suitcase, "change" suitcases, and a "Sunday" suitcase. This way there is only one suitcase to unpack before getting the children to bed, one when getting dressed the next morning, and one when getting "dressed up." When the children are older and can organize, each can have his own suitcase, but until then this system is the easiest—Mrs. G. C. Lockwood, Stockholm, Sweden





In the swim: My youngster objects to the water pouring over his eyes and nose at shampoo time, so I bought a tight-fitting snorkeling mask for him to wear. This keeps water out of eyes and nose, but he can still see and breathe. Shampooing is now much easier and happier for both of us.—Mrs. Fred S. Wood, Jr., Oakhurst, N.J.



Paper mate: My 15-month-old daughter is too young to go shopping, let alone try on clothes for size, and I have found that sizes vary from store to store. To be sure of a perfect fit, I now take along a paper outline of the item I need that I have traced from one that fits her. I check the size of the item against the outline, and now, no more incorrect sizes.—Mrs. T. O'Donnell, Staten Island, N.Y.



Children's hour: To encourage reading, when my children were able to read a book, they gained the privilege of reading (and *only* reading) in bed for an hour after their usual bed times. This expanded their reading time, quieted them for sleeping and extended their staying-up hours without having them in the living room all that time.—Mrs. R. H. Bauer, Bowie, Md.



Phone photos: I keep current snapshots of our family groups, including grandparents, aunts, uncles, etc., posted near the phone. We are not able to see our families often, so when my preschoolers have a telephone conversation with grandma, I can point to her picture and they can see whom they are speaking to.—Mrs. Edmund De Mario, Buffalo, N.Y.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and babysitters, as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. Maxey, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., for submissions cannot be returned.

Anti-cavity

Brand new formula helps reduce cavities. Same happy stripes keep the kids brushing.

Now you can take the fun toothpaste seriously.

"New Super STRIPE has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care."

The Council on Dental Therapeutics • American Dental Association



Make Super Stripe a part of your anti-cavity program • Regular dental checkups • Watch between-meal treats • Brush after meals

Get that chap off your knees, lady

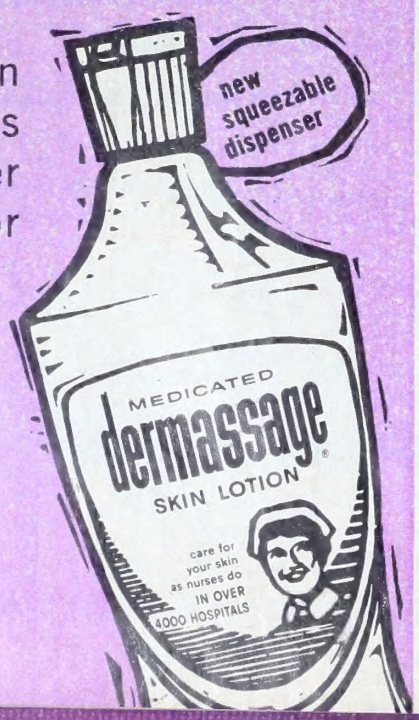


Have the new hemlines crept up and caught you with rough, red, sad-looking knees?

Well, don't just sit there tugging at your skirt. Give the chap a good going over with friendly Dermassage lotion.

Dermassage is good medication, pure and white. The same kind the majority of hospitals use for all-over patient skin care. And the same kind millions of women use on hands, heels, elbows—anywhere they have it rough.

So the same rich lotion that soothes, smoothes, helps heal skin irritation all over ought to work wonders for your knees. And it will.

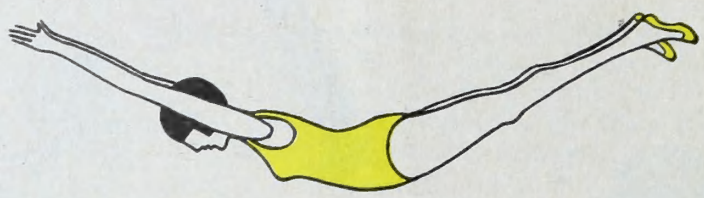


Soften often with Dermassage Lotion. Or try super-moisturizing Dermassage Skin Cream.

"Be sure to watch The Andy Williams Show in color, NBC, Sundays 10:00 - 11:00 P. M. Eastern Time."

PROJECT: YOU

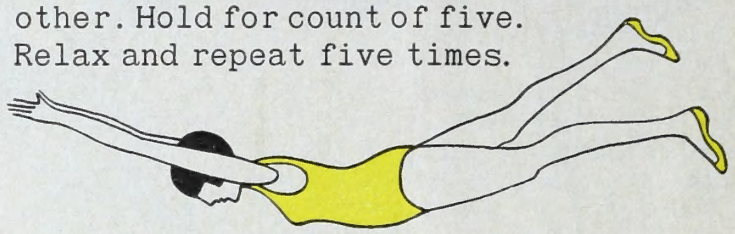
Limber and relaxed as a cat—that's how these exercises by expert Bob Fitzgerald will make you look and feel. Three to firm legs, thighs; three to relax spine, neck.



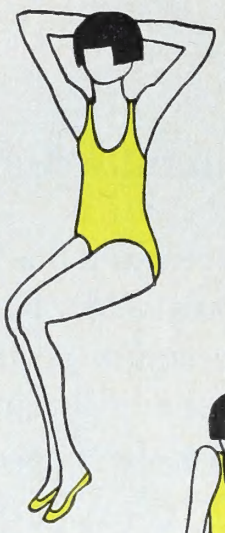
Lie on stomach, arms extended, head and shoulders lifted. Raise both legs; roll over on right hip as far as you can, keeping legs off floor. Now roll to left side. Repeat five times.



Lie on back, knees bent to chest, hands grasping knees, elbows pointing out. Press knees and hands against each other. Hold for count of five. Relax and repeat five times.



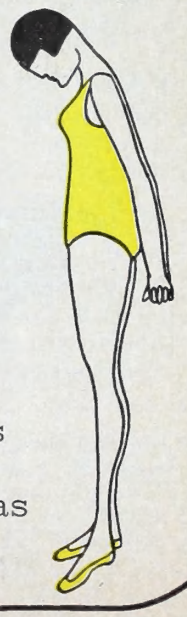
Lie on stomach, head and shoulders lifted, arms extended. Raise both legs. Keeping knees straight, open and close legs with scissors motion. Do exercise 20 to 30 times.



Sit in a chair, feet together, hands clasped behind head, spine curved forward, elbows pointed to the floor. "Bounce" head gently by pushing down with hands. Repeat ten times.



Sit cross-legged on floor, roll shoulders forward, and draw up. Now press back till shoulder blades are pinched. Pull down and repeat in reverse. Do whole exercise 20 times.



Stand erect, hands clasped together behind back, chin resting on chest. Press hands together and straighten elbows by stretching hands down while lifting chest and chin as high as you can. Relax. Repeat 15 times.



The closer he gets...the better you look!*

Now! Shampoo-in Hair Color so natural it invites close-ups!*

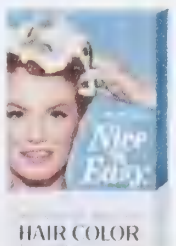
Let distance lend enchantment—to other women! You be the gal who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft, natural-looking color of new Nice'n Easy by Clairol.

Here is an easy-to-do, once-a-month shampoo-in hair color so rich in formula, it can lighten lighter...brighten brighter...and deepen more evenly! So rich, it covers gray better than any other shampoo-in color...so rich, it leaves your hair with lively body... and an exciting glow! Try it for a lift...for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair color looks "so natural it invites close-ups"!

The closer he gets...the better you look!



Pour it on... work it through. Wait just minutes... rinse...shampoo! Nice'n Easy... so natural looking!

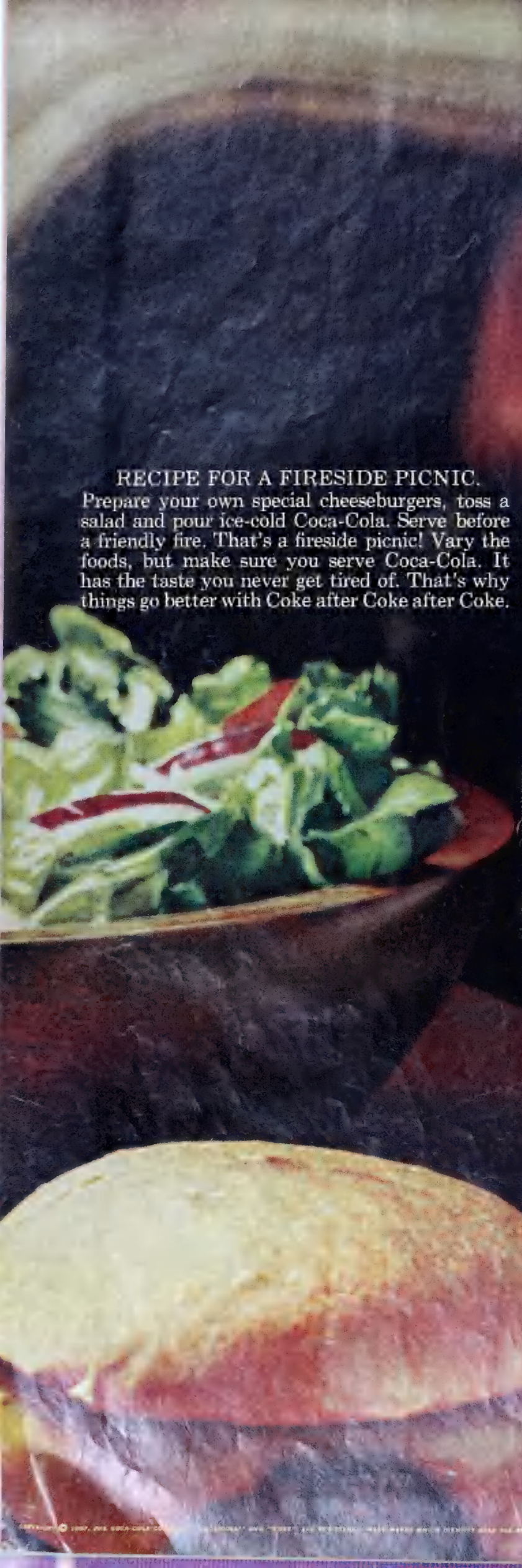


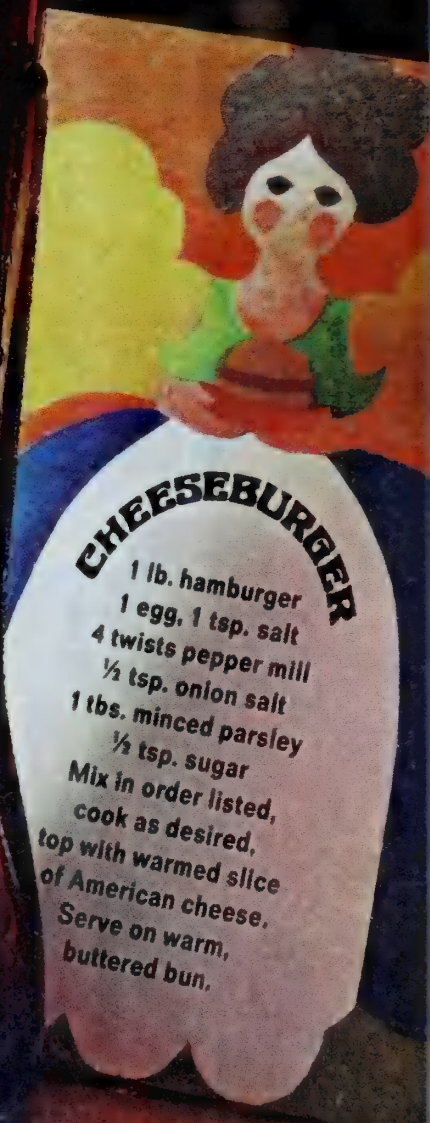
New!
Nice'n Easy®
by Clairol
the natural-looking hair color you just shampoo in!

*Trademark © Clairol Inc. 1966

RECIPE FOR A FIRESIDE PICNIC.

Prepare your own special cheeseburgers, toss a salad and pour ice-cold Coca-Cola. Serve before a friendly fire. That's a fireside picnic! Vary the foods, but make sure you serve Coca-Cola. It has the taste you never get tired of. That's why things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke.







Fashion Site

Making its mark as *the* fashion shape of the year: the tent dress, pitched here as our best buy for the month of January. It's a dress to wear out around the town, all around the clock. The quilted fabric—Arnel, cotton and rayon—makes it a standout. Shown here in toast, with black stitching and shiny black buttons (the perfect foil for shiny black accessories). For Leslie Juniors by Gene Neil, 5–15, $30. Hat, Schiaparelli, earrings, Castlecliff, Donald Brooks shoes. At the following stores:

Davison's, Atlanta; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Fowler, Dick & Walker, Binghamton; J. B. Ivey & Co., Charlotte; Charles A. Stevens, Chicago; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; The Denver, Denver; The Popular, El Paso; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Miller's, Knoxville; The M.M. Cohn Co., Little Rock; J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Gimbels, Milwaukee; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Godchaux's, New Orleans; Franklin Simon, New York; Rice's, Norfolk; Rhodes, Oakland, Concord and Mountain View, Calif.; L.R. Samuels, Ogden, Utah; Peyton & Marcus, Oklahoma City; Goldwater's, Phoenix; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Boyd's, St. Louis; City of Paris, San Francisco; Bon Marche, Seattle; Charles Livingston & Sons, Youngstown, Ohio.

If you can tie a knot you can make these luxurious deep-pile rugs

It's so easy the wonderful Shillcraft way. Send for 32-page full color catalog of 54 exclusive designs and complete information.

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No Frames • No Winding
No Experience Needed

Making one of these beautiful rugs is not only easy—it's fun, too—the wonderful Shillcraft way. The richness of your very first rug will amaze you and your friends. **Choose from 54 exclusive Shillcraft designs,** including modern . . . **4 shapes:** oval, rectangular, circular, semi-circular . . . **173 selections in all . . . 52 colors** (if you prefer, choose your own color combinations).

Create a perfect heirloom-quality rug your first try . . . a showpiece for your home, ideal for an important gift. And gain *worthwhile savings* as another reward of making it yourself!

Get everything you need by mail at direct-from-importer savings

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The pattern is stencilled in color on sturdy English Canvas. Just match yarn to colors on canvas: you can't make errors. Work on an ordinary table or even on your lap. No bulky frames needed.

Shillcraft Latchet Hook. Ties wool to canvas easily, quickly, tightly. Vacuum or clean with safety . . . *wool cannot pull out.*

Enjoy a relaxing, valuable spare-time hobby. So easy, you can do it watching TV. Two can enjoy it at the same time . . . so simple even young children can help.

Get started for only $5 under convenient Monthly Payment Plan. Make a complete rug for as little as $11.50.

Unconditional money-back guarantee on all Shillcraft Rug Kits. For catalog and complete information, use coupon below.

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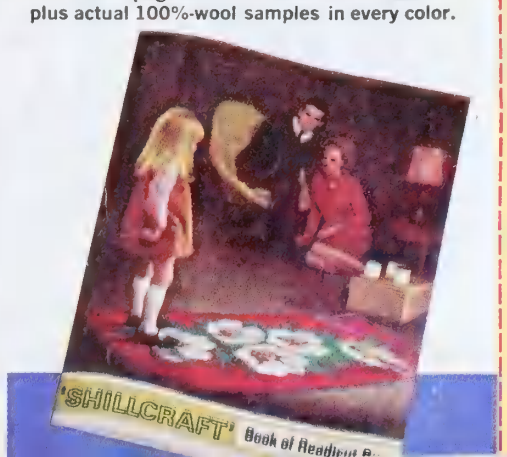
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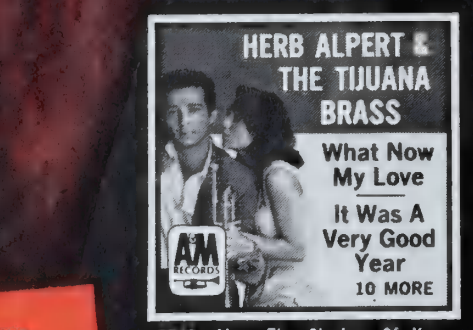
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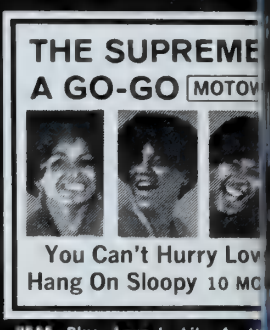
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3555. Plus: Love Is Like An It In My Heart, Money, Get Re Can't Help Myself, etc.



3479. Also: Season Of The Witch The Trip, 7 more



3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more



3559. Also: A Corner In The Sun, Homeward Bound, 8 more



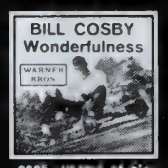
2404. Also: Too Late, The broke... Smile,



3508. Also: Changes, Remember Your Own Love, 12 in all



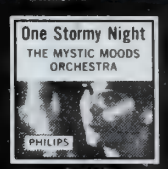
2689. Also: Estrada Branca, Nao Tem Problema, etc.



2605. "...one of his funniest material." —Billboard



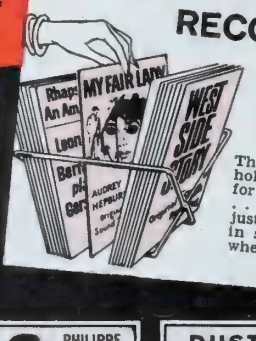
2435. Also: Fell For You, S cus, etc.



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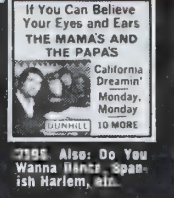
Plus this BROWSER RECORD RACK FREE



This brass-finished rack holds up to 50 records for convenient browsing . . . enables you to find just the record you want in seconds! Folds flat when not in use.



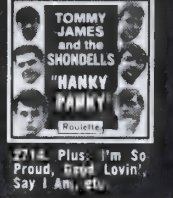
2468. Plus: Call Me, The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all



2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.



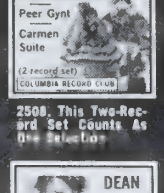
2647. "A richly conceived performance." —St. L. Post-Disp.



2714. Plus: I'm So Proud, Good Lovin', Say I Am, etc.



2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.



2508. This Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection



2515. Also: There She Goes, All I Really Want To Do, You, etc.



2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News



3478. Also: Muddy Water, Midnight Special, Poor Side, 12 in all



3667. Also: I Woke Up From Dreaming, If You Believe, etc.



3057. Entremont plays Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, etc.



2911. Also: Little By Little, La Bamba, 12 great songs in all



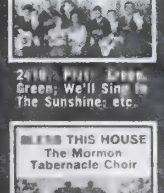
3448. Plus: A Taste Of Honey, Unchained Melody, Mame, etc.



2401. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.



3464. Plus: Good Lovin'; isfied Mind; e



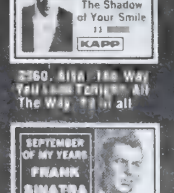
2410. Plus: Green, Green; We'll Sing In The Sunshine; etc.



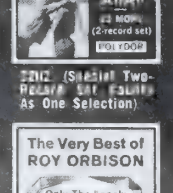
2461. Also: I Walk The Line, Around Her Finger, etc.



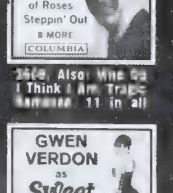
2370. Also: Homeward Bound, Strangers In The Night, etc.



2360. All In The Way You Look Tonight, All The Way, 12 in all



2702. (Special Two-Record Set, Counts As One Selection)



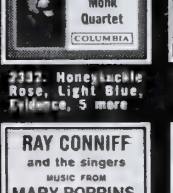
2646. Also: Nine Ca I Think I Am, Trade Winds, 11 in all



3366. Also: Set Me Free, Dedicated Follower Of Fashion, etc.



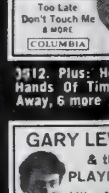
2613. Also: Say You, One Kiss For Old Times Sake, etc.



2332. Honeysuckle Rose, Light Blue, Evidence, 5 more



2683. Plus: Say You, Ain't Too Proud To Beg, 12 in all



3512. Plus: H Hands Of Tim Away, 6 more



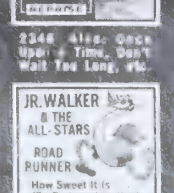
2640. The Mormon Choir sings [illegible] voice. Eve. [illegible]



2608. Walk For The Sunshine, The Cabin On The Hill, etc.



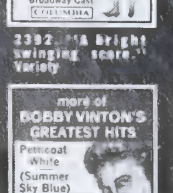
3556. Also: Little White Lies, How High The Moon, etc.



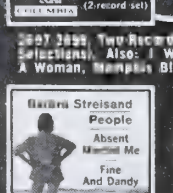
2346. Also: Once Upon A Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.



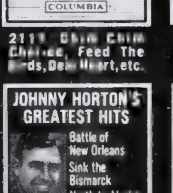
3696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all



2392. "A bright swinging score." Variety



3697 3698. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Also: I Want You, Just Like A Woman, Memphis Blues Again, 10 more



2111. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Den Heart, etc.



3477. Also: I Talk To The Trees, Pretoria, Cabbage, etc.



2602. Plus: A Suspected Ma Baby, Daydrea

3548. I Love You Because, Make The World Go Away, etc.

2131. "First choice... top notch interpretation." —Hi-Fi Review

2127. Also: Sticks And Stones, One More Time, etc.

3546 Plus: Last Call, Money, Twist Lucky [illegible] Wanna, 7 more

1903. Also: In The Chapel In the Moonlight, etc.

2691. Plus: Tijuana, Mexico, What Color Is A Man, etc.

1646. Also: Love Is Blue, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

3510. Also: Summer In The City, The Wah Song, Wildcat, etc.

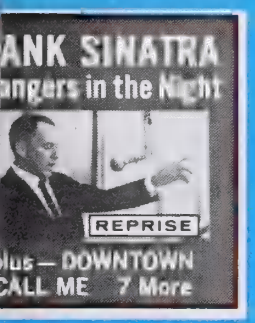
1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

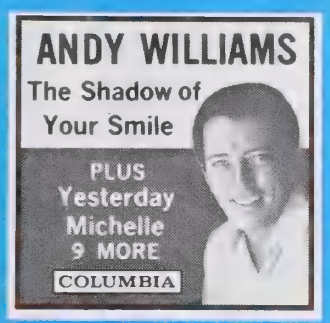
2128. Greensleeves, Brahms Lullaby, Ave Maria (Schubert), etc.

1212. Also: Even, I Over An Orchid, etc

© 1967 Columbia Record Club

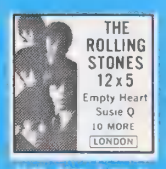
rom the world's largest record club!



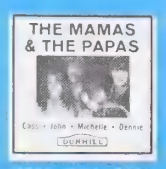


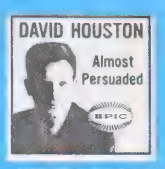














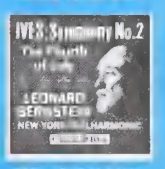












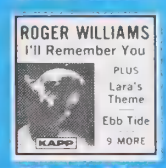


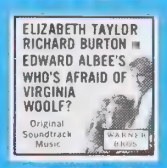








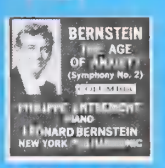




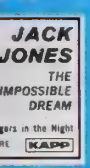


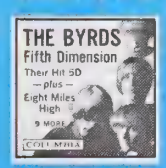






































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The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.79 (Classical $4.79; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

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MONEY-SAVING BONUS-RECORD PLAN: If you do wish to continue membership after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will be eligible for the Club's bonus-record plan . . . which enables you to get the records you want for as little as $2.39 each (plus a small mailing charge). So the Club represents your best buy in records for as long as you remain a member. Send no money now — just mail the card today!

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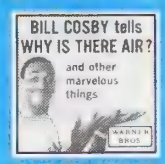








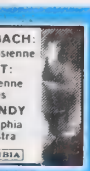




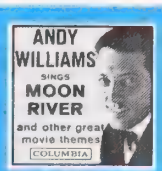




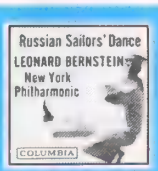
















Now,
for every woman:
the second deodorant
you may need
every day whether you
know it or not.



Norforms, the
internal deodorant,
kills germs...stops
feminine odor
before it can offend.

Most fastidious women use a deodorant every day for underarm odor. But internal feminine odor, caused by internal germs, can be an even more serious daily problem. For this, women need a *second* deodorant.

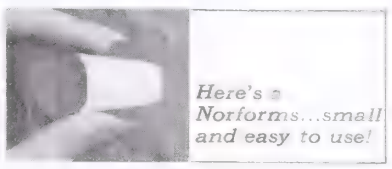
What to use? Douching is a nuisance, and doctors may say you shouldn't douche daily. Now, thank goodness, there's something easier—and you can use it every day—Norforms.®

Norforms is a tiny, germicidal suppository, thoroughly tested by doctors. It's as easy to use as your underarm deodorant . . . and just as important.

After insertion, Norforms spreads a powerful germicidal film that stops odor internally. Odor is no longer a problem—you can't offend.

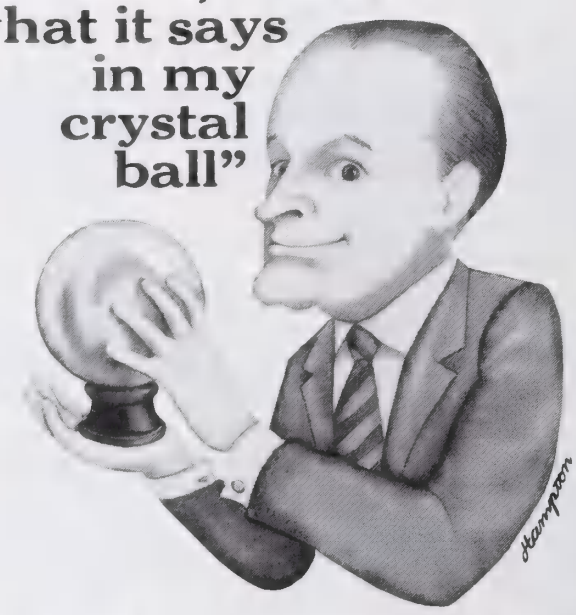
Use Norforms, the internal deodorant, every day.





THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

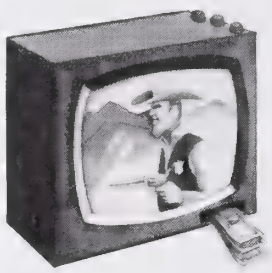
"well, that's what it says in my crystal ball"



(a myopic stare into 1967) by Bob Hope

The following predictions are based upon the assumption that there will be a 1967.

It'll be a great year for Zsa Zsa. She will divorce husband number six, propose to husband number three, and marry her second husband. He'll have to try harder, because he's number two.



Pay television will appear in 1967. . . . A group of selected audiences will be paid to watch it.

Ed Sullivan will be enshrined on Mount Rushmore. Not in stone, but live. No one will notice the difference.

A new singing group will astound the pop-music world. They'll call themselves The Human Beings, have short hair and sing on key. They will make one appearance and be laughed right out of show business.

In 1967 the average family will have two and a half children and one and a half cars. The half child will drive the half car.



A Paris couturier will create a daring new look calling for no hips, square shoulders and no bust. M.I.T. will immediately start building a woman to fit this design.

There'll be instant cures for every illness. The only "get well" cards you'll send will be to people in the stock market.

The pharmaceutical sciences will succeed in constructing one great pill that will supply vitamins and hormones, cure your headaches, free you of anxieties, clear your sinuses, put you to sleep, and limit the size of your family. There's only one small side effect—it's fattening.



And justice will triumph in Hollywood when Bob Hope's brilliant acting genius is finally rewarded with an Oscar. Lower those eyebrows! These are my predictions, aren't they?

Illustrations by Blake Hampton



No wonder redheads are supposed to be so temperamental. No one ever made up to them before.

Clothes, colors, *cosmetics* all *seem* to be for blondes and brunettes. But just you wait (if you can) till your next visit to the cosmetic counter. You'll find Clairol Make-Up for Redheads! Created to give you the ideal, perfect complexion color for redheads.

It's the one complexion color that really makes things happen for redheads. Describe it? Well, how do you describe Devonshire cream or a gardenia petal?

To give you the ideal look, Clairol created nine color-correcting make-up shades. Not to *mask* your own skin tone but to *combine* with it. And your shade will give you The Look. That luscious, flawless creamy face is *yours!*

Remember when you used to be teased about being a redhead? Well now you can forget it.



Clairol® Make-Up for Redheads

P. S. There is Clairol Make-Up for Brunettes, for Brownettes, and for Blondes, too. But that's another look entirely.

© CLAIROL INC. 1966

It's always figure-watching time!

How are your hips?



TOO "HIPPY"? Can't seem to "hold in" your waistline and tummy? Thighs "out of line"? Take heart. If these areas of YOUR figure concern you – there's a way. It's Relax-A-cizor. Reduces size of hips, waistline, tummy and thighs while you rest at home. It's effortless exercise!

NOT WEIGHT LOSS! Relax-A-cizor is different. Here's how (and why) it works. Many women lack good muscle tone because they don't get enough exercise. Relax-A-cizor gives effortless, concentrated exercise to such figure areas as hips, waistline, abdomen and thighs. Regular use causes these areas to reduce in size measurably to the extent these muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. And the less the muscle tone the greater the degree of size reduction.

FOR MEN, TOO: Relax-A-cizor is the modern, sensible way to reduce the size of waistline and abdomen. Takes a mere ½ hour a day! Relax-A-cizor provides relaxing pleasant exercise for work weary muscles of back, shoulders, neck, arms, legs.

FREE! Find out what Relax-A-cizor can do for YOU! Send coupon today for your free copy of "Your Figure" by Burton Skiles.

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Available in Canada, Montreal, Hong Kong, Milan, Manila

Free!

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9601 No. La Cienega Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90054

Please rush me, full, free information on how to reduce size of hips, waistline, abdomen and thighs. No cost. No obligation.

☐ MRS. ☐ MISS ☐ MR.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

☐ I am under 18.

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HOROSCOPE: YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

By Sybil Leek



CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. Capricorns will consider their resolutions much more carefully this year than ever before because of difficulties in personal affairs arising between January 3rd and 7th. A resolution to make the first overtures of friendship sometimes, rather than always waiting for others to take the first step, will be to your advantage. Your attitude toward new friends will influence their reactions to you later on in the year when you need their help. And if you make a resolution to be less self-centered, there will be fewer misunderstandings with friends and relatives. You have the ability to keep your resolutions. The danger lies in not getting down to making them during the first days of January.



AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. Aquarians are likely to neglect people very close to them. While it's a virtue to have an understanding of humanity as a whole, you would be wise to resolve to pay attention to close relationships rather than just your relationship with the world in general. Another resolution should be to limit your desire for power and personal advancement, which could cause a deterioration in emotional affairs. Learn to give. This applies even to small things that you are apt to consider unimportant. If you resolve to be less difficult to live with, you will have to work hard at it. Do not rely entirely on your inherent magnetism to make the resolution a success.



PISCES February 19–March 20. The oversensitive nature of many Pisceans was greatly taxed in 1966. You may enter 1967 feeling close to the breaking point and without self-confidence. Your major resolution should be to realize your assets as well as your debits. You are sympathetic, broad-minded and patient. You should also resolve to face the future without fear. You can look back and see that so many past worries were groundless. January will present many opportunities for advancement if you resolve to be more stable and meet circumstances when they happen rather than anticipate them. And 1967 will be a major year in your life if you are able to control emotions and allow your good qualities and intuition to be a guide.



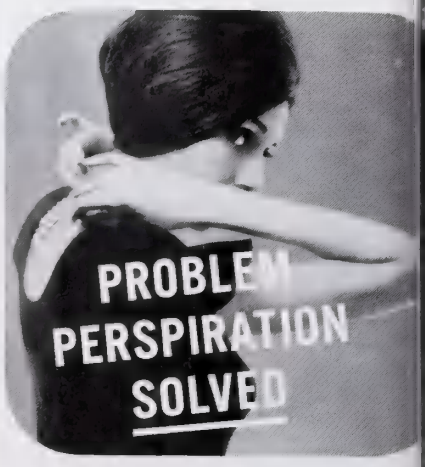
ARIES March 21–April 19. Aries' resolutions don't stand much chance of being kept until January 21st to 27th. Some of the strains and tensions of 1966 may continue through the beginning of 1967, and you may not have time to consider what you can learn from the past until the latter part of the month. By the 27th, you should find that your resolutions fall into three main categories—to be more sensitive to the needs of your friends, to be less aggressive, and to channel your energies into fewer activities. Most of your illnesses have stemmed from going to extremes, rather than from having a weak constitution. But have no fear. These resolutions can be kept without losing any of the boundless energy which is your major attribute.



TAURUS April 20–May 20. Most Taureans will be eager to make resolutions from the first day of January, since 1966 brought so many emotional and financial setbacks. Resolve to be prudent with your personal finances. January 3rd–12th is a good period to decide whether the things you want are also the things you need. But, in your effort to be practical, you may overextend yourself into a spate of new activities at a time when major changes may not be to your advantage. Your financial and emotional situation can change very rapidly if you resolve to accept offers of cooperation from well-meaning friends. These will come by January 25th. Realize that your indifference to their offers in 1966 did not help you at all.



GEMINI May 21–June 21. No sign is as versatile as Gemini, yet within this versatility lie most of its weaknesses. The New Year is an invitation to most Geminis to start on new projects, so make a resolution to consider seriously which are worth doing. In the past you have not remained long enough with one idea or project to reap its rewards. It's also important for you to give a thought to the friends you may have lost in 1966. Realize that there is a fickle streak in your nature. If you resolve not to discard people as easily as you did in the past, you stand a better chance of not being hurt yourself. *(continued)*



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CANCER June 22–July 22. Most Cancer subjects will start the New Year rejecting the idea of making any resolutions at all, but by January 20th will probably change their minds. One resolution that you should make is to forget old family differences. Your ability to recall incidents of the past, in detail, can be turned to a major virtue if you will forget those moments of bitterness. Resolve not to let emotional scenes, which you like to manufacture, supplant good sense and fair judgment. Try to direct your imagination into creative work, such as writing, painting or gardening. You will find that this will become a passport to a much healthier and definitely wiser way of life in 1967.

LEO July 23–August 22. Leos may leap into the New Year full of resolutions to update their 1966 activities and to launch into bigger and better projects. With so much energy as your natural heritage, you are likely to forget early that most activities succeed best when time is set aside for organization. Your major resolution should be to channel your energy into some periods of careful planning. In this way you will avoid the mistakes and frustrations of 1966. You should also resolve to be less quick to take offense. Try to understand that what seems at first to be an assault upon your dignity and pride might be nothing more than your active imagination running riot. And if you can keep a resolution to be less selfish in your motives and schemes for personal success, you will find that you will be much more appreciated by friends and acquaintances.

VIRGO August 23–September 22. Virgos, under the influence of the wayward ephemeral planet Mercury, are likely to be more temperamental than ever in January. Unless you can withstand the vacillating process of this planet, 1967 may present a recurring pattern of dreary past events that can be destructive to you as a human being. Right from the first day of the month, you should resolve to be very positive in your actions. If you are involved in a profession, there is no doubt that you fulfill your duties admirably. It is in your personal relationships that you fail. There is time until January 20th to readjust your attitude by resolving to dispel deep-rooted secret fears that lead to insecurity and lack of self-confidence in your personal relationships. If you can do this, you will start 1967 with the best prospects of happiness in many years.

LIBRA September 23–October 23. January heralds a year of changes for most Librans, so it would be a good idea to start early in the month to live up to your resolutions. One of these should be to put your house in order between January 3rd and 7th so as to be ready to move into a new way of life, or possibly a new environment with the minimum amount of chaos. From past experiences you should know that your overanalytical tendency may have been responsible for destroying much of your personal happiness in love, marriage and friendships, so by January 7th one of your major resolutions may well be to follow your intuition, knowing that you will make the right decision, rather than waste precious time in trying to see both sides of even the most trivial questions. You can fully benefit from this newfound freedom only if you also resolve to accept the fact that other people, by well-meaning efforts, may not be trying to mold your life so much as genuinely offering help. This is not the time to reject overtures of friendship. In January you need people more than you think.

SCORPIO October 24–November 21. In 1966 Scorpios were inclined to be so cautious that many golden opportunities for advancement slipped away. Make a resolution this year to get the old fears out of your system immediately. A whole new life may open up to you if you can stop being suspicious of everything that seems attractive. Resolve to be less rigid in your personal relationships. The relentlessness that has until now been a disadvantage may well be converted into an advantage if you use it in business. It would help you to try to look at the world more positively. By January 20th you may begin to see that these resolutions are already opening up a much fuller and happier life for you.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. Many Sagittarians did cast off old responsibilities the last few months of 1966. The way is now clear to make progress that will lead to material and spiritual gains. Therefore, you should resolve to extend your activities to take in projects that have appealed to you for a long time. Resolve to go ahead with them immediately, since you have been forced by other people, in the past, to forget your own ambitions. Any difficulties that you encounter in January are only the backlash of many years of carrying the responsibility of other peoples' lives, and your past burden-bearing may still impair your judgment of what constitutes freedom. A major resolution in January should be geared to maintaining your newfound freedom, because this is the time to plan your future. By the time January 27th comes along, you should feel mentally equipped to make those old dreams of the past into the realities of the future.



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Should You Give In to Your Child?

First Mother: Can we talk about how much you should humor a child?

Dr. Bettelheim: What do you mean by humoring?

First Mother: Well, my five-year-old began kindergarten last month, and one day it was raining and she came home by herself. Usually I don't pick her up; I don't feel this is necessary, they're not going to dissolve in the rain. But if it's really bad weather I try to get there. For some reason I couldn't pick her up that day, and she came home hysterical because of the rain. I tried to explain to her that she's perfectly all right. She knows about rain; she has a rain hat and all the paraphernalia. I thought it would all be forgotten. However, next time it rained she said, "It's raining again, and I don't want to go in that rain. It's terrible, and I was so frightened last time." And she wouldn't go to school. I ended up taking her. When this comes up again, I don't know if she's going to say, "I think it might rain today, and I don't think I'm going to go." I don't want to get in the habit of taking her in the rain, but I don't know how to handle it.

Dr. B.: Since she's just started kindergarten, if she liked it well enough, the rain wouldn't faze her.

First Mother: She seems just delighted to go to school.

Dr. B.: But we all know that if we don't like something well enough, the weather can suddenly seem terrible.

First Mother: That's right.

Dr. B.: So I think it's the attraction of kindergarten versus the fear of the rain.

First Mother: But do I continue to take her in the car? Do I push her out the door? Do I let her stay home?

Second Mother: I wonder whether there's something else here, too, something similar to what occurs with my daughter? Let's say she expects me—as your daughter expected you because you picked her up in the rain before—and then you're not there. This happened with my daughter in the snow at one time, and she was really panicky. It was really snowing very hard. She was in a white snow suit. I'll never buy another one, because I must have driven past her three times. She was walking home from school, and I wasn't right there to meet her. That's where her fear started, and it carried over.

Dr. B.: Isn't it possible that her anxiety is, "Will Mother take care of me, or will Mother desert me?"

Third Mother: Yes. Because she expected you to actually be there, because you had in the past, and then, all of a sudden, this was the first time you weren't there.

First Mother: This is very possible. However, how do you handle it from there on?

Dr. B.: Well, you can handle it whichever way you want to.

First Mother: I hate to give in to her, and

Dr. B.: Why do you hate to give in to her?

First Mother: I knew you were going to ask that.

Dr. B.: Don't you want your husband to give in to you?

First Mother: Yes.

Dr. B.: Well, then what's the point?

First Mother: He does.

Dr. B.: All right.

First Mother: Well, I feel that I can't always be there and pick her up ——

Dr. B.: No, you can't. In sixty years you won't be here, so you might as well get her used to it.

First Mother: Do I back down and just tell her I'm not going to pick her up next time it rains?

Dr. B.: I'd say that was just the opposite from what I said. So you must have a reason for saying it.

First Mother: I should pick her up?

Dr. B.: I didn't say that you should. I don't think you should if you feel it's an imposition.

First Mother: I do think it is. I mean, if I can do it I will. But it could become a permanent thing where every time it rained ——

Dr. B.: Why should it become a permanent thing? Then it could happen with practically everything you do. You could never take a drink of liquor without its maybe becoming a permanent thing. It does become a permanent thing for a few people, as you know. But are we therefore going to get drunk or else never take a drink?

First Mother: Well, am I to sit at my child's beck and call because I have to quell her fears? Or am I going to go my way and be her mother, too?

Dr. B.: If you go your way, then her way will be a little bit more lonely.

First Mother: No, that's not the point. I mean, I can understand it better ——

Dr. B.: This is exactly what we've talked about before. That not so long ago a family slept in the same room and felt very cozy. And nobody asked, "Am I your mother?"

First Mother: But if you're busy, and it's raining out, does that mean you have to drop everything?

Dr. B.: No, it doesn't mean anything at all.

First Mother: Do you mean we have to meet the child's needs at the time when he feels them?

Dr. B.: No. All I mean is that since you are the mother and the adult, you can arrange your relations with your children in whichever way you choose. And whichever you pick will have certain consequences. I cannot tell this mother to pick her child up or not pick her up. It depends on the way she feels about it. That will condition how she does it. And how she does it will condition whether the child grows up with the feeling that "whenever I needed my mother she was there," or whether she grows up feeling "I never got a chance to develop my independence." So it isn't just the picking up. In both cases you know the child is picked up.

First Mother: It's a question of attitude then.

Dr. B.: That's right! But I cannot tell a mother what her attitude should be. If she does it, but she doesn't feel right about it, it can still have very bad effects. We can only ask ourselves, "How do I feel best?" We've just heard expressed here what many parents feel: "I have to live my life, and the children have to live their lives." And there's a lot to be said for this feeling in modern society. On the other hand, that's why people in modern society are so terribly lonely, and this is the greatest curse of modern society. Well, you can't have it both ways. We are certainly entitled to the right to live our own lives. And, given the society we live in, we just don't all sleep in the same room any longer.

Fourth Mother: Well, we've learned what can happen, depending on which of two different attitudes you have when you pick up your child. What happens when you don't? We've only explored if you pick her up with an attitude of one sort, but what if you stop picking her up?

Dr. B.: Then she has a mother who doesn't pick her up.

Fourth Mother: So this is just another case of "My mother never did anything for me." Is that it?

Dr. B.: Let's not exaggerate. It certainly gives a child the conviction that her mother didn't take her feelings very seriously. Which is true. But if you pick them up at every drop of the rain, the child may feel that "my mother thinks I'm incompetent."

Fourth Mother: This was the thing I was trying to get to.

Dr. B.: The right behavior is flexible adjustment to the situation, both yours and the child's.

First Mother: If the child is due to come home from school and you deem it not possible to go ——

Dr. B.: I don't go by expedience. I go by my head plus my heart. That's why I can't lay down principles. I try to explore the situation, and then I ask, "Well, how do I feel about that?" and then act on my feelings. But to be able to do so, I mustn't be afraid that by giving in I may be swallowed up in caring for my child. Because then my anxiety is, in a way, parallel to that of the child. I'm afraid that I won't be able to live my life, as he's afraid he won't be able to live his. He might feel that way because he's afraid he will never be taken care of, or that we will never grant him his independence. This is, after all, understandable since he has very little experience with life. He still fears that what happens once will always happen. But we, as adults, shouldn't fear this is so.

Your little girl was afraid that because you didn't pick her up once when it rained you'll never do it. Therefore, every little rain stirs up the whole anxiety again. But if she has enough experience that you've picked her up or taken her to school, then her wish to be independent will eventually win out. It will win out exactly at the moment she is truly convinced that you'll take care of her in this as in all other matters. Unfortunately, the point when this conviction wins out is different for different children, depending on their personality and life history. Some just arrive at independence sooner than others. But, believe me, that's the only difference.

I believe that if we think we're "giving in," or, as you initially put it, that we humor them, we're on the wrong track. In your view rain is a perfectly natural thing, which is certainly true—except for the person who happens to be afraid of it. If someone has been in an accident, you'll immediately understand that he'll be afraid of driving, or of riding in a car, at least for a while. For the rest of us, driving in a car seems a perfectly natural thing. So if walking in the rain is not a perfectly natural thing for your girl, it means that for one reason or another she got just as scared of walking in the rain as the person who happens to have witnessed or been part of an accident is fearful of cars. And, since we don't know what scared her about the rain, and since this anxiety is by no means as obvious to us as that of the person who had an accident, we must ask what kind of "accident" made her afraid of the rain.

Speaking of accidents of a different kind reminds me that I have known little girls to be scared out of their wits as they play on a beach if their panties suddenly get drenched by a wave. They look down in horror and start to cry; not because the water made them wet, but because they believe they had an "accident" and wet their pants. You can see from this example that little girls (and boys, too) who don't know any better, can become very frightened at the prospect of getting wet, and will need mother to stay with them and protect them till mother has found out why they're so scared, and has helped them with their anxiety.

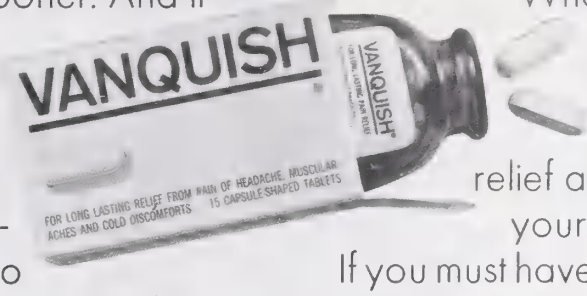
Now, too, I can finally give you my answer as to whether you should humor your child. My answer is that when you put it this way, no right answer is possible. Because the real question is: What on earth made my little girl afraid of such a natural, everyday thing as rain? And if you had put it this way, then obviously the answer could neither be to give in to her, nor not to give in to her, but to find out what made her afraid, and then to do something to relieve her unjustified anxiety. Because anxiety of rain is unjustified. It can be more than justified, however, as an anxiety of what the rain stands for in our mind, not to speak of what it may stand for in the immature mind of a little child. **END**

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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

Report-Card Blues Threatened Fay's Marriage

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Raising children is not a woman's job. It's a job that calls for two persons, and if one of them is not a man, girls and boys alike will be handicapped. Fathers today are recognizing that their influence is indispensable to the development of their children. They are making this influence felt in Family Council, in taking the boys especially into their own work, and in working with them around the home. They realize that mere participation in recreation is not enough. They are giving their offspring the opportunity to see, with them, something of the adult world, so they will understand it better and feel more comfortable in it a few years later. They are talking over problems presented by the newspapers, radio and television, or the neighbors. They are presenting a daily example of what a good marriage looks like. Children who get such assistance from their own fathers have a start toward maturity which they can hardly get any other way. The counselor in this case was Phyllis Wetherill.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.
Founder and president of the American Institute of Family Relations

"When the phone rang on Friday evening I cowered in my chair and begged Lang to let it ring," said 37-year-old Fay, dark-haired, slim-waisted mother of five school-age sons, including two teen-agers by a previous marriage. "Shortly before dinner the boys all came wagging in with their report cards, and Report Card Day is a real evil time in our house. Evil for me, that is.

"At half-past seven I was still punchy from the avalanche of dismal marks, still wondering what I had done wrong, worried sick about my failures as a mother. Ten-year-old Chuck had flunked reading the third time, which clearly meant I had wasted the hours I spent trying to coach him. Maybe he'd have done better without my help. The poor kid could hardly have done worse.

"The minute I heard the phone I knew instinctively—Lang also knew it—that Chuck's counselor was on the wire again, with dozens of questions I couldn't answer, dozens of suggestions I couldn't follow. Mr. Jenkins is a sarcastic, over-conscientious sadist who scares me.

"My left arm, which was weakened by polio in babyhood, only bothers me when I'm nervous and upset. It ached frantically.

"Although Lang had refused to look over a single one of the report cards until after he and I finished dessert—a postponement maddening to me, calmly arrived at by him—he knew exactly why I was quaking. He knew and didn't care. Indeed, he was disgusted with my cowardice. He thought I should march to the telephone and match a fight with the public-school system.

"Mercifully, the ringing stopped.

"Lang glanced across the pile of report cards and smiled a little to himself. For a moment I hated him and his air of bland detachment. Then he poked at his soggy pie rather doubtfully (small wonder—I was so disturbed when I made it, I botched the whole thing), and I quickly asked some question about his work.

"Lang owns half of a small company that films commercial shorts for large companies. It's a shoestring, backbreaking, feast-or-famine operation—last year he cleared $11,000, this year he may double that—but he doesn't seem to mind his fantastically irregular hours, and he actually gets a real boot out of his up-and-down income. A stimulating challenge, says he. Not me!

"Right now our finances are in awful shape, and it's strictly my fault. Several years ago I persuaded Lang to buy a big, old-fashioned house on the outskirts of the city and well above our price range, in the mistaken belief the boys would profit from the elbow room and freedom.

"Lang and I will probably be eligible for Medicare before we pay the last installment on our fancy kitchen, and that, too, is mostly my fault. One day I foolishly complained of a scorched spot beside the kitchen stove, expecting Lang to get together with the boys a couple of weekends and splash on a little paint. I thought i terms of twenty or thirty dollar worth of paint and brushes. Withou consulting me, Lang ordered a com plete remodeling job for $5,000.

"On Friday evening the boys ha been banished to the kitchen. The were supposed to load the dishwashe and then get started on their home work. It soon became evident tha nothing useful was happening. Timm and Frank, the older boys, were ar guing with each other about wh would scrape and who would load th dishes. Chuck was clowning and caus ing trouble—exactly as he does a school.

"Instead of sweeping the floor, h was doing a burlesque ballet with th broom. And he had persuaded Bruc to team up with him and pick on six year-old Sammy, our youngest an the crybaby. Sammy was wailing be cause the two brothers he adore were calling him Pigpen, a nickname that is all too accurate.

"Tears, any undue expressions o emotion, repel my undemonstrativ husband, but occasionally, whe pushed too far, his cool goes out th window and his temper goes up like skyrocket. Suddenly he jumped up t read the riot act to the kitchen.

"Simultaneously the telephon sounded off again, and I was stuck. I was Mr. Jenkins calling with far wors news than I'd anticipated. Chuc had been dismissed from his regula class as a disruptive influence wa scheduled for transfer to a school o the other side of town that special izes in teaching social adjustment 'Social adjustment' is the tag tact fully applied by educators to th needs of incorrigibles, delinquents products of broken homes, emotiona misfits. It was the wrong kind o place for Chuck, who was plenty wel adjusted but needed to learn how t read in the company of normal, aver age youngsters and maybe needed professional tutor.

"Determined to pin Lang down t a serious discussion of our ten-year old's educational future and the fu ture of all five boys, I turned aroun just as the door

(continued

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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opened from the street. In strode Lang's mother, a widow well past seventy but still the hurry-up executive type, along with an attractive red-haired girl whom she calls her best friend and treats like a contemporary. They were on their way to the movies and had just popped in for a cup of coffee. Lang and I had drunk the last drop of coffee in the house. The place was a mess, what with a skateboard lying athwart the foyer, several sweaters and one filthy pair of sneakers dotting the living-room carpet.

"My mother-in-law tells everybody I'm a perfect darling, pretty as a picture, look young enough to be my children's sister, am a great wife to her son, a great cook and housekeeper. I know I should be fonder of her, and I do try. But she overshadows me in everything. She has always worked for a living, and has marvelous taste in clothes. In her opinion, housekeeping is a breeze; her carpets are never littered with junk, she doesn't leave coffee off her shopping list or botch her homemade pies. Her best friend is just Lang's age—I'm two years older than my husband—and used to be *his* best friend.

"I explained about the coffee, apologized and went to the kitchen to round up the boys, or some of them. Chuck is my mother-in-law's favorite. But I couldn't induce anybody to come and say hello. I went back and apologized for their bad manners. At that point the redhead piped up and suggested all of us go to the movies. I shook my head. Lang saw me do it, that's for sure.

"However, he instantly accepted the invitation. He grabbed his hat and off he went, with his mother on one side, his old girl friend on the other. Once again, and with obvious delight, he had walked out on his obligations as a parent. I sat down and bawled. I felt as though the boys had no father, I had no husband.

"I want my children to have a happier childhood than mine. They are entitled to the taste of success, the joy of achievement while they're young. Otherwise, forever haunted by a poor start, they are almost certain to grow up and become fumbling, inadequate adults like me. I just can't bear the prospect.

"My five boys need two parents to endow them with the natural rights of all children, prepare them for development into mature, responsible men. I can't shoulder the whole burden. I need Lang's assistance. The boys need his guidance, as I can testify from bitter experience. In all the ways that count I was brought up by one parent—my ill-equipped, bumbling mother. My father was my hero, and I suppose he must have loved me—I know I loved him—but, like Lang, and with more excuse, Father was too preoccupied with earning a living.

"My father was a carpenter, cabinetmaker and a perfectionist: my mother grew up on a poverty-stricken Indiana farm without electricity or indoor plumbing. She saw the dark side of everything, and constantly warned me to be on guard against failure. She herself failed as a housekeeper, a cook and manager. Our family was badly fed, badly clothed and seldom out of debt although Father's earnings were above average for many years. Mother was baffled by this mystery, deeply suspicious and ever on the defensive.

"I will never forget the horror of my first day in the first grade. Through a fluke I was entered in a swank, experimental private school. My father worked under the architect who designed the building, and the architect arranged for my admission. I was the only student whose parents couldn't afford to pay tuition, the only student whose parents weren't professional people, the only student with a physical handicap. In an effort to conceal my weakened arm, my mother did something that emphasized the liability. She put me in a long-sleeved dark-brown dress of heavy material, bought me hideous brown shoes with black laces. The other little girls wore sandals and light cotton dresses in bright colors. How they stared!

"Before the end of the week I was known as 'Old Cripple Arm.' The teachers were as cruel and snobbish as the children, or so it seemed to me at six. My brains entitled me to my scholarship. I drove myself, and won nearly all the prizes that were offered, but I never won a friend. Later I was just as lonely and unsure of myself on a college scholarship. I majored in philosophy and comparative religion, but found no guidelines pointing me the route to mental peace, moral strength, or personal fulfillment.

"In the middle of my junior year I was shattered by my father's sudden



death; the doctors said the cause was a coronary, but I will always contend he died of a broken heart. The nationwide decrease in custom building bankrupted the architectural firm that employed him. Confronted with a world that placed no value on skill, experience and perfect craftsmanship, he tried to function under a dishonest contractor. Doing slipshod work under the boss's orders quickly killed my father.

"The injustice nearly killed me. It did destroy my common sense. I quit college and married Bob, a man of forty-odd with two grown daughters, little education and no standards whatever. Bob deserted me during my second pregnancy.

"In my pursuit of something to believe in, I began wandering from church to church, drifting from one truth-seeking organization to another. I met Lang at a church-sponsored lecture on metaphysics. At that time I was a twenty-six-year-old divorcée with a mediocre, dead-end job, two hungry little boys to feed and a ravenously hungry mind. Lang was an unencumbered, magnetic and somewhat aloof bachelor of twenty-four. He, too, was in search of a philosophy but farther along the road than I.

"Some of Lang's beliefs and theories, many of which I now share, are likely to strike conventional people as pretty far-out. I keep my mouth shut in groups where I'm unacquainted. This amuses Lang. He speaks up loud and clear everywhere and anywhere.

"Lang wasn't in the least aloof with me even on that first evening. He introduced himself, sat in the chair next to mine, drove me home. From the very beginning we were drawn to each other by a strong intellectual attraction as well as a strong physical attraction. In those days he and I could and did discuss everything—sex, astrology, biometrics, Zen Buddhism, primitive religions. Lang was convinced that our meeting in that stuffy lecture room was preordained, and I went along with his conviction, and still do. I don't recall that Lang ever formally proposed to me. We didn't talk about getting married; we just did it. We didn't talk about how he felt about acquiring a ready-made family. Lang just went ahead and adopted Timmy and Frank. He has never drawn any distinctions among our youngsters.

"It was assumed I would quit my job, although we couldn't afford the gesture, and so I quit. Chuck and Bruce and Sammy arrived in rapid succession—much faster than we planned on. Lang seemed pleased and proud, and boasted to our friends of his prowess at producing five sons in double time. While the boys were babies he was an ideal father, tender and considerate.

"But several years ago, when they began having difficulties at school, when they urgently needed a father, he just abdicated. He won't study or read a book with Chuck, who desperately needs masculine encouragement. He refuses to take the boys hiking, fishing, camping. Two years ago I dragged him off on a camping trip. On our second night it rained, so next morning we struck our tents and trailed home.

"Lang knows I'm terrified of all the youngsters' teachers, but he won't go with me to meet them. Several times I've made appointments for him to confer with counselors, but he invariably bows out at the last minute. Lang's indifference to the educational progress or lack of progress of our sons—particularly in Chuck's case—is corroding our marriage, making me indifferent to him. And I'm afraid my nagging is making him indifferent to me."

"I suppose," said 35-year-old Lang, a clean-shaven, well-dressed man with calm blue eyes, "that my childhood was not a gypsy existence—but it was close to it. Before I got a high-school diploma I went to fourteen or fifteen schools, and after that I attended two junior colleges.

"My parents began as poorly paid instructors in a small-time, unaccredited college deep in Georgia. My father dreamed up the idea of the two of them setting out as traveling lecturers to industrial groups and factory workers scattered through the South and Middle West. He gave courses in English usage, public speaking, self-mastery and such, although he was far from a masterful man. My mother gave courses in etiquette and charm, although a less charming, less feminine woman I have seldom met.

"Both of them were past forty when I unexpectedly arrived, and they added me to the entourage like an extra piece of baggage. As we moved from one city to another, I was parked in this school and that. I can't recall the face or name of a single teacher, whether I was a good student or a bad. I do recall the fun of escaping supervision and running wild on Saturdays and Sundays. My kids get none of that. They are supervised, inspected and passed on by everybody.

"Just a few weeks ago Chuck and Frank collected a dozen packing boxes, and hauled their booty up a mountainside several miles from the nearest habitation. There they built a fort—or a shack they described as a fort. Some anxious soul spied their creation and notified the police. The police called in the fire department. The fire department ordered the fort destroyed as a possible fire hazard. It cost me twenty-five dollars to ruin the kids' fun and have the stuff lugged down the mountain again and carted to the public dump.

"Only yesterday a telephone man gave the two little boys one of those big empty spools that had been wound with insulated wire, a fascinating gadget to them. Well, Bruce and Sammy were happily rolling the metal spool along the street—oh, sure, our backyard would have been a safer place to play—and it barely nicked the fender of a parked car. The owner of the car came roaring out and collared them, and later in the evening collared me. I had to pay this finicky fellow five dollars for a paint job to cover a minute scratch. Either I paid or let Fay shrink at the thought of his displeasure forever after.

"Fay used to talk to me about my business, and she had a number of good ideas, although she would tell you different. Now all she wants to talk about is the kids. The boys' teachers hound her until she's nearly crazy, and then she hounds me.

"Our boys are good, average kids in the main. None of the five is likely to wind up as a foundation president or in the U.S. Senate, except maybe sixteen-year-old Frank, the second oldest and the only one in the crew bringing home top marks. In the jargon of modern-day educators, Frank is an 'over-achiever.' And if you're puzzled as to what the hell that means, you're not alone. Apparently Frank is brighter than his teachers think he ought to be on the basis of their judgment of his brains. Fay hardly ever mentions Frank, because he doesn't worry her.

"She frets incessantly about the family 'under-achievers,' although why our two youngest kids, aged six and eight, should be dragged to the bar of academic judgment and described as under-achievers, I wouldn't begin to know. But I'd be willing to swear that Bruce and Sammy don't apply themselves because they are imitating their brother, Chuck. Chuck is now our under-achiever-in-chief. He occupies the spot that was once held by Timmy, the eldest.

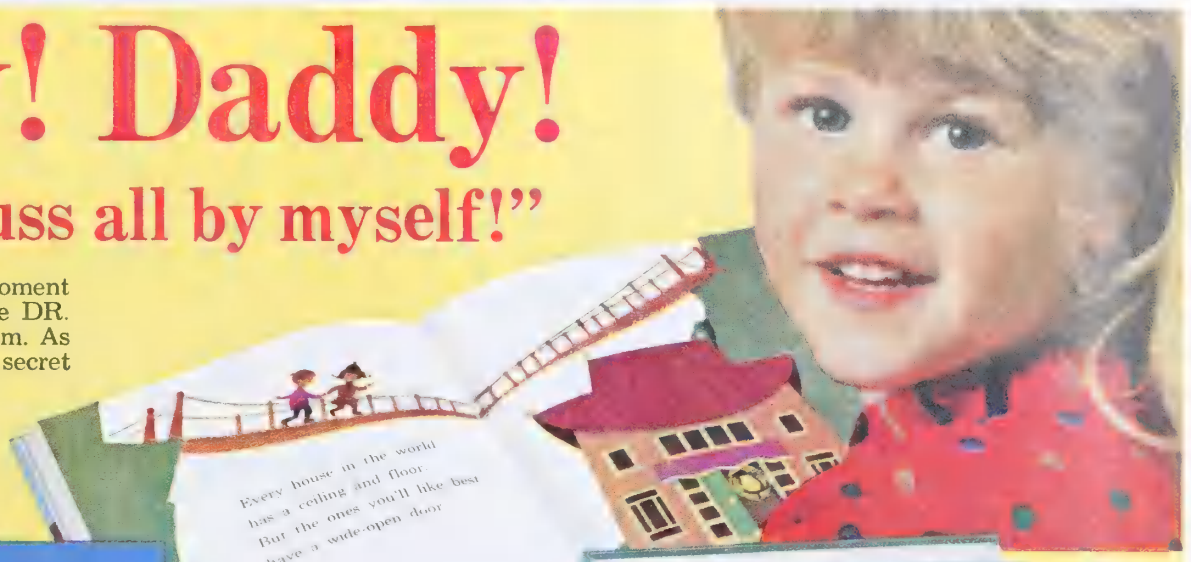
"If Chuck cared to make a hit with his teachers, I'm sure he could improve his reading two hundred percent in two weeks. The other afternoon I found him absorbed in a science article that contained some highly technical language, but when I appeared he hurriedly threw the magazine aside, yawned and picked up a comic book. At this juncture Chuck would rather impress other kids with his clowning and showmanship than impress his teachers and parents with his intellect.

"Chuck is a sharp boy, and he proves it whenever he wants to. Not long ago he didn't receive the skateboard he confidently expected on his tenth birthday because he hadn't performed his chores satisfactorily. He got the skateboard for himself and earned enough money to buy skateboards for his younger (*continued*)

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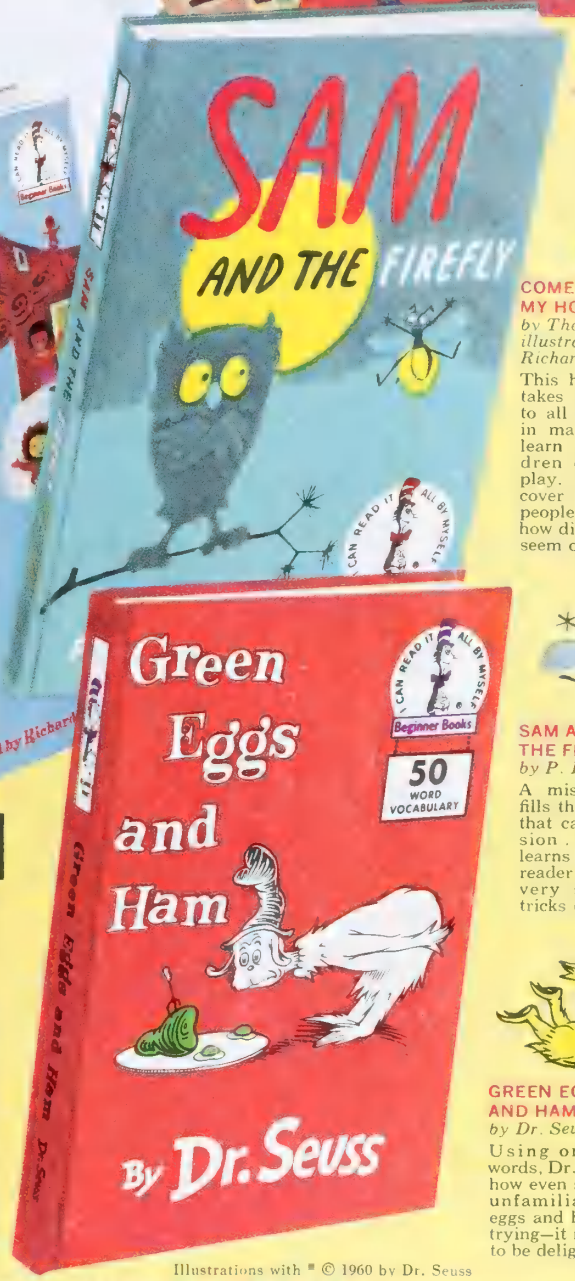
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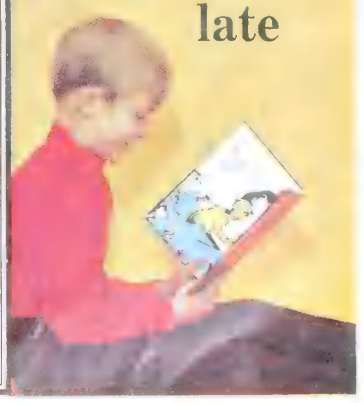
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brothers by snatching up a birthday hat and going to the nearest shopping center. There he sold a hatful of ten-cent chances on his errand-running services for one month of Saturdays. Two of the lucky housewives who picked winning tickets from the hat excused him from the chores. By working the next two Saturdays he earned three skateboards. Is that dumb?

"It shouldn't do Chuck any harm to attend a social-adjustment class for a while and rub up against different kinds of boys. Among a bunch of other show-offs, clowns and know-nothings, Chuck, the individualist, may decide to cut out the high jinks and demonstrate his ability to study and learn. As I tell Fay, it's worth a trial.

"I think Chuck will simmer down and come into his own when he's older, maybe in the late teens, just as I see the draft and service in the Army overtaking and waking up seventeen-year-old Timmy, our eldest, who has been a confirmed daydreamer and laggard student since he entered junior high. Fay used to expend as much energy and time pecking at Timmy as she now devotes to Chuck—all in vain. Try to talk to Timmy and he is watching a fly on the wall or gazing out the window. Try to talk to Chuck and he stands on his head or turns a handspring. Since I can't reach either of them, it would be useless for me to talk to their counselors. Fay gets nowhere with the counselors, although she's had lots of practice. And she admits she gets nowhere trying to stir up the boys.

"Yet she is constantly at me to pitch in and help 'mold' their characters, motivations, ambitions. She wants me to step out of character myself, play the heavy father, shape the future for them—something I not only regard as undesirable but impossible. Every human being is born with inherent potentials. It is futile for others to tinker with them. My parents didn't shape my future, discuss my ambitions, possible goals; as best I recall they more or less ignored me. They fed, clothed and kept a roof over my head—and that's what I want to do for my kids, the best I can do.

"In my philosophy there is no place for driving toward a definite goal; you might miss too much on the way. When people speak of setting goals, if you notice, they generally mean they want to grab the maximum amount of money in the minimum time. My scatter-gun, hit-or-miss education wouldn't pass muster with my sons' cash-oriented counselors, who evaluate a college degree in terms of the possessor's monetary earnings and security over the next forty or fifty years. Nevertheless, I have a deeply satisfying job with an income that covers our present requirements and promises more than adequate annual increases. Chance, luck, destiny, the position of the stars are you familiar with astrology? had as much to do with leading me to my fortunate career as my education. Or so I believe. Once upon a time Fay was in tune with my ideas. Schoolteachers, assistant principals, a string of counselors, considerably less intelligent than either one of us, have bullied her until she has lost track of the standards she and I used to share.

"Fay expects perfection of our sons, perfection as defined by others. Last Friday she was terribly upset because none of the boys would welcome my mother to the house, although Mother has a genius for insulting the young.

"When our youngsters fail in their manners, in their grades and deportment, Fay insists she has failed as a mother. Incredible as it seems, she often compares herself unfavorably with my mother. A lot of Fay's worries are downright preposterous. She regrets that Chuck, Bruce and Sammy came along so fast, saying if they'd been spaced farther apart she could have spent more individual time with each one. She wonders if 10-year-old Chuck's scholarship has suffered because she had to quit nursing him at the age of three months. She wonders if the kids and their friends are disturbed by her handicapped arm, although the handicap is so slight few people ever notice it.

"Fay is her own worst enemy. She knocks herself until she is bruised, and no amount of reassurance sets her on her feet. She claims to be a bum housekeeper and cook, although she's really very good unless harassed by the neighbors or upset about the kids. Fay denounces herself for extravagance, but the truth is she's a cautious spender. It was me—not Fay—who insisted we buy our present house and fix up the kitchen. We used to live right around the corner from my studio. Now we're thirty miles away, and I have little enough time to spend with her and the kids. Consequently I don't like to waste it listening to Fay blast herself and her imaginary shortcomings.

"I'm the kind of guy who takes pride in self-control; even as a kid I used to practice holding my emotions in check, and until recently I thought I'd more or less succeeded. Nearly every evening for the past year or so Fay's anxieties have permeated the entire house and wrapped around me like a damp fog the minute I step inside the door. First thing I know I get tense, too, and then I get mad and blow my top. It's tough on my ego, tough on our marriage.

"Just the other night, Friday night, I rushed off in a huff with my mother and an old girl friend. Nancy hasn't got half Fay's style or brains, but for the first time in months I enjoyed myself. Next day I was ashamed of myself, but I do wish there was more laughter in our life and less hysteria."

"Much of the trouble in this marriage and family originated with Fay—but by no means all," the counselor said. "As she was painfully aware, the youngsters were headed in the wrong direction and *did* need more of their father's attention, guidance, companionship. But her appeals for assistance, mingled with apologies for her shortcomings, did not appeal to Lang. They alienated and alarmed him.

"Without being conscious of the fact, Lang held his family at arm's length emotionally; he related to his sons in the distant, impersonal fashion his parents had related to him in boyhood. In his own words, Lang's parents had added him to their entourage 'like an extra piece of baggage'; he added his youngsters to his life as though the five were Fay's possessions and he—the father—was little involved in what happened to them. Because he supported the youngsters—'fed, clothed and kept a roof over their heads'—the rest was supposedly up to the mother.

"So long as his children were physically helpless, he was physically helpful. But when the five grew and required intellectual and spiritual training, Lang evaded his obligations. He leaned on his philosophical and metaphysical beliefs to rationalize his reluctance to act as the 'heavy' father of school-age boys, his reluctance to answer their questions or to encourage them to choose careers. Since Lang had drifted into a satisfying and sufficiently profitable occupation, he took the comfortable but unsound position that drift (or destiny, in his vocabulary) would be equally rewarding to his sons.

"As a little girl, attending school with students from wealthier families, handicapped by a slightly crippled arm that loomed enormously large in her thinking, Fay felt inferior. She strove to prove her importance by constantly driving herself. Her calamitous first marriage, Bob's desertion, deepened her feeling of inferiority. She struggled to be 100 percent perfect in everything. She aimed too high and measured her very considerable achievements as a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, far too low. She exhausted her energies with fretting, and as a result accomplished less than was in her power.

"Whenever one of the youngsters' teachers approached Fay, she automatically endeavored to respond as a paragon mother, inevitably failed to make the grade, and then collapsed into the frightened little girl of long ago. As the boys saw their mother react to note and telephone calls from school wit helplessness and abject terror, they, too became afraid, quickly picked up Fay' unsureness. Timmy escaped from th pressure by becoming a daydreame Significantly, Frank, the second son, es caped the miasma of anxiety and fea emanating from his mother; Fay was to busy worrying about Timmy at the tim Frank entered school.

"But Chuck, Lang's eldest son b birth, caught the full brunt of her anxie ties. Chuck reacted by refusing to study conform to rules, and became a show-of and clown.

"It was ridiculous for Fay to expec herself, mother of five, to give eac youngster the amount of individual at tention that might be feasible for th mother of one child. It was ridiculous fo her to expect to keep her house, jumpin with the activities of five boys, as tid and quiet as her mother-in-law's apart ment. I told her so.

"Fay needed to lower her sights an learn to accept herself as fallible. She needed to cure herself of the practice o seeing every situation in the darkes colors. She needed to stop apologizing t the neighbors, schoolteachers, an others. In short, she needed to relax. I order to attain this objective, she needed Lang's assistance, his strength. And I told him so.

"I saw Lang and Fay individually, saw them together and held several inter views with the whole family. In a private interview Lang acknowledged that Fay was the one person in the world to whom he had ever felt really close; that she alone had been able to pierce the barriers of his reserve. Her clinging ways—in such contrast to the know-it-all qualities of his mother—had attracted him. Lang was shocked when he came to realize how badly he had let her down in shirking his paternal responsibilities.

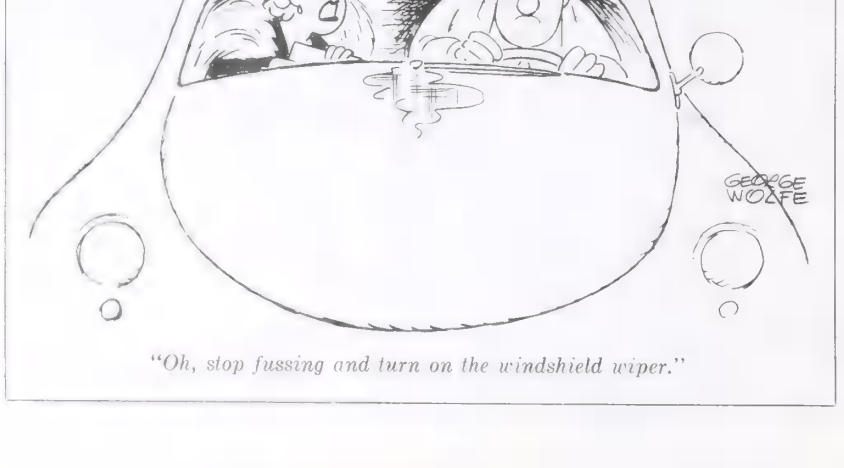
"He promised to make amends, and he was as good as his word. At my suggestion he began to set aside an hour or so a day to spend with his sons—whenever business permitted. He discovered that he enjoyed becoming acquainted with his children. And the boys enjoyed and benefited greatly from the association.

"Lang changed the pattern of his behavior with more ease than did Fay. But gradually, as he cheered her on, she began to slip out from under her crushing burden of self-depreciation. Eventually she even learned to laugh as she related the tale of the ill-fated camping trip; she had blamed herself for the downpour because she had neglected to consult the weather forecast!

"Recently Lang took all the boys on a weekend trip to the desert while Fay stayed at home; the whole family had a dandy time. Fay called on her women friends and went shopping for clothes, instead of sitting by herself and worrying about the adventure of her men.

"It was simple for Lang, who had plenty of confidence, to confer with his youngsters' teachers; he took over much of this responsibility. After one of these conferences it was decided that a private school, with small classes, would be a better bet for Chuck than the large public school designed for problem kids.

"In the new school Chuck soon improved scholastically. Indeed, a new atmosphere—as Fay told me recently—seems to blow through their household since Lang elected to become a full, 'dues-paying' member of the family." **END**



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What Doctors Can Do for Teen-agers Today

FOUR WELL-KNOWN EXPERTS REPORT HOW SCIENCE CAN NOW HELP YOUTH WITH ITS MOST DELICATE PROBLEMS.



EDITED BY LOIS R. CHEVALIER

More than anything else, today's teen-agers need understanding. All too often, young people as well as parents underestimate the value of the physician as a middleman between generations. Here, four doctors analyze how their profession can use new insights to ease the physical and behavior problems of today's youth. —THE EDITOR

TEEN-AGERS NEED A DOCTOR OF THEIR OWN

By J. Roswell Gallagher, M.D. *Chief, The Adolescents' Unit, The Children's Hospital Medical Center, Boston, Mass.*

Pregnant women and little babies get a lot of medical attention. Middle-aged men get checkups to make sure their blood pressure isn't going up. And older people may be getting an increasing amount of doctoring under Medicare. But who looks after the teen-agers?

Young people need a disproportionately small amount of doctors' time. They're over the childhood diseases and they haven't lived long enough to have many of the ones that plague adults. But the radiant health of youth isn't universal, and many young people do get sick or injured. Others would welcome an opportunity to talk over one or another health problem with a doctor of their own.

At no other time except the first year of life does a person grow and change as much as he does in adolescence. The body's hormone factories begin to pour out growth and sex hormones. So the long bones rapidly get longer, and the muscles increase in size and strength. The thyroid gland enlarges, sometimes so much that it may look like a goiter. The increased flow of hormones affects the skin and the sweat glands, and acne appears. Girls begin to be shaped like women, and boys like men. Shrill childish voices change to throaty contraltos and resonant bassos. It is a time of tremendous change. Adolescents have virtually new bodies to get used to. No wonder some are awkward and unsure of themselves.

Because so much happens in a short time, the person, the personality, is sometimes caught off base. The young teen-ager at times seems preoccupied with this "new" body of his. Am I the right size? Will I keep on growing? Am I flat-chested? I'm different now—I think about different things—how should I behave? In short, here are human beings, going through great changes in their bodies, thoughts and interests. So they often need help in understanding themselves.

Therefore, I believe that the teen-ager, like the small child and the adult, also needs at least a yearly visit to a doctor—his *own* doctor, a physician whom he likes and respects and who he feels is just as interested in *him* as he is in his heart and lungs.

Those physicians who spend most of their time working with teen-agers have been accused of trying to start a new specialty. As if we didn't have enough specialties already! Another specialty is neither needed nor desirable. But it is a fact that these young people, and some of their ailments, need to be thought about and managed somewhat differently than children or adults, primarily because they are rapidly growing, rapidly changing people.

Teen-agers are very rewarding patients. They may not say much, but they really appreciate an adult who will listen to them and seems to respect them—even though he may not agree with them. If he likes *them* and understands them, they are no more difficult for a doctor to handle than either small children or adults. Little children are brought to the doctor. And usually they are unable to tell him much about what bothers them. Adults come in on their own, but often they hesitate to tell him what's really on their minds. But the teen-ager, once he gets over resisting the idea that there is anything wrong with him, can tell what is wrong—and doesn't beat around the bush about it. He *can* put his questions into words, and he's glad of the chance to be heard.

Every patient wants a doctor who is interested in him as a person, not as a collection of signs and symptoms. But teen-agers not only want this kind of personal interest; they *demand* it. Lacking confidence, unsure of themselves, they want to feel that others regard them as important individuals. If a doctor or teacher doesn't make it clear that he's just as interested in him as he is in his heart (or his math lesson), he's going to get less than good cooperation and results.

Teen-agers ought to go to their doctors alone and tell their own story. Parents will certainly want to talk to the doctor, too, but it should be at another time. These young people now deserve all the benefits that are traditionally part of a confidential visit to one's own doctor. And they need the opportunity to begin to take responsibility themselves for their own health. In short, *now* parents needn't be right on the spot. But they do need to be kept informed—and given every chance to help when their help is needed.

I remember one boy who had gone to a specialist for treatment of a fractured wrist. His very attractive mother had explained to the doctor how his injury had occurred. She carried on an animated conversation with the doctor all the time he fixed the wrist. (The boy said nothing—he couldn't get a word in if he wanted to!) A month later they came in to see me. This time the boy was doubled over with back pain. It seemed very likely that he had a growth disorder of a vertebra that must have been bothering him for a long time. When I asked, "Why didn't you tell that doctor about your back pain when he fixed your wrist?" His answer was: "He was busy talking to my mother all the time. Maybe he didn't know I was there. Anyway, if I had said anything, she would have harped on it forever. It was killing me then—but I knew she'd make me give up football forever if I said anything."

Left alone with his "own" doctor, a teen-ager is usually quite communicative. If he is sure he isn't going to be laughed at—or told that his ideas or questions are silly—the questions and comments come spontaneously: Doctor, what's this spot—is it abnormal? Do you think I should lose weight? Does sex have anything to do with these blotches? How much taller am I going to be?

Just as a mother examines a newborn baby to see if it is "all right," the teen-ager is constantly asking himself, Am I all right? Give him a chance and he'll ask his doctor.

If the visit to the doctor is one-to-one, the teen-ager is also much more free to bring up symptoms as well. He may not mention a pain in his chest or a twinge in his knee in front of his mother, for fear that she will keep on asking him about it or keep him from going to the dance that night. Yet he really wants to know about his pain. He'll ask his doctor about it—if they are alone.

Unless there is a very good reason not to do so, we tell our young patients what we have found, what the laboratory tests and X-rays show. And we give them the responsibility of explaining these findings to their parents. But we make it clear that parents should call us (*continued*)

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if they have any further questions. Thus we keep the parents informed. But we don't keep the teen-ager from becoming mature; we don't treat him as if he were a child.

Even though teen-agers are about the healthiest people around, there are some particular ills to be alert for at that age. Skin problems, athletic injuries, and growth, weight and menstrual problems are common. Because the whole body is growing and changing, adolescence is a time when old symptoms change and when hitherto unsuspected conditions become evident. Many children who previously had *petit mal* epileptic spells now stop having them. In a few they change over into more severe attacks. The child with a tendency to diabetes may show the first symptoms in his teens. The growth spurt may make noticeable a structural defect in the spine that needs correcting. Vision changes may affect a young person's ability in sports and in school. Or the stepped-up hormone production may cause unusual changes in the breasts or thyroid, and, in girls, menstrual problems. The onset of menstruation itself may bring significant anemia to those girls who were "almost anemic" before.

Poor posture is common in teen-agers. And it is a great worry to parents. A surprising number straighten up if you can get their parents off their backs! But although much poor posture is only temporary, all deserve careful examination to be sure that no important disorder is present. In many instances it's just that a young person's bones grow earlier than his muscles, so the muscles aren't yet strong enough to hold their big skeletons up straight. As their muscles increase in size and strength many boys and girls straighten up. Others hang their heads until they gain enough confidence in themselves and until their old embarrassment and shyness disappear.

A good deal of poor posture is simple ignorance plus weak muscles. A lot of young people would benefit from instruction in how to stand properly. Instead of being told to "stand up straight," they need to be shown how to. If you ask a boy to "assume his best posture," he will probably contort himself into a stance that is worse than his everyday slouch. A doctor can help sometimes by just explaining about bones and muscles, by having the boy or girl look in a full-length mirror—and then by showing the young person a few appropriate exercises.

Any boy who is going into athletic competition should have an examination by a physician. He needs this checkup of his general health and a review of the present state of any previous bone or joint injuries. During this rapid growth period the ankles, knees and wrists are more liable to injury than they will be later. As the height spurt tapers off, the muscles grow and can protect these areas better. Also, later there is less awkwardness, *and* better coordination—so less likelihood of injury. Furthermore, since most sports require an all-out effort, it is important to check these boys' "condition." This means how well their hearts and lungs respond to strenuous effort. Those who aren't in good shape need to emphasize their "conditioning" before they get into competition. The healthy boy or girl who is in "good condition"—whose rapid heart rate and breathlessness quickly disappear after a few minutes' rest—benefits from and is never harmed by exercise.

No discussion of young people's health is complete without mentioning "mono"—infectious mononucleosis. Those who refer to it as "the kissing disease" do young people disservice and can contribute only to their possible anxiety and embarrassment. Kissing isn't the only, or even the most common, way of contracting it. It seems to be "caught"—just as are common colds and "the flu,"—so prevalent in crowds of people at certain times of year. It is an acute infection, apparently caused by a virus, and, though usually mild and of short duration, it can vary greatly in severity. An occasional case with complications may go on for many weeks, but there is reason to believe that some of the prolonged cases have been perpetuated by anxiety and too pessimistic an approach. The wise doctor is always skeptical of the diagnosis, optimistic in its treatment and alert to the possibility that it may turn out to have complications. If a teen-ager is not doing well in school anyway, it's easy to latch onto this excuse for not going back now that he is three weeks behind in his studies. When the spleen is enlarged, athletics are taboo—it must not be subjected to injury. But if there is no fever, even though the boy or girl may tire easily or still feel a bit gloomy—as many of us do after the "flu"—it's better to get busy doing something and keep having an occasional checkup with the doctor. A completely normal sort of program may have to wait a bit—but usually not as long as if a person just lies around doing nothing.

People of all ages have physical symptoms that are at least partly rooted in their emotions—and teen-agers are no exception. As any mother knows, the first-grader who doesn't want to go to school often develops a morning stomachache. Teen-agers are likely to have headaches when things go wrong. Or if they have any acne or eczema, it may get worse if something worries them. These symptoms aren't to be ignored. Just because we are sure that it is worry that causes them doesn't mean that all we need to do is to tell them to "forget it." That's the one thing they *can't* do—they would if they could! So, when such symptoms persist, suggest that the young person see his doctor—his own doctor whom he sees by himself. Getting examined and talking these things out with the doctor can help him—just as it would an adult. There are times when the parent isn't the best listener—the best one to talk to. This doesn't mean that the parent "has failed"! It just means that no parent can be all things at all times to all his children. Sometimes it's better to let someone else take over temporarily.

The same is true of a boy's or a girl's worries about sex. Even when the parents do a good job of sex education, there may be unanswered questions in a young person's mind, questions that he is embarrassed to ask his parents about. He may have got conflicting information from his parents and his classmates. It can then be an enormous relief to talk to someone outside his own family, a respected adult (minister, counselor, doctor) who can be talked to without embarrassment, who is a good listener and who will be frank about what he knows.

How do you go about getting good medical care for a teen-ager? Just as you do for an adult. In many large cities there are now clinics exclusively for medical care of young people—like T Adolescents' Unit of Children's H pital Medical Center in Boston. But isn't necessary to find a clinic that de only with this age group. All gene practitioners care for teen-agers, and do internists and other specialis Many pediatricians even schedule bab and little children for the early afterno office hours and keep the after-sch hours or an evening free for their ol patients. But even that isn't necessary it's just that it suggests that they especially interested in teen-agers a their particular problems. A family d tor who knows the teen-ager's whole h tory is an ideal person for him to est lish that one-to-one relationship wi In short, it's not the specialty or t office setting that matters. It's the p sonality of the doctor—his interest and respect for young people that th respond to.

These young people are more capab more knowledgeable and more grown than we realize. They can spot a pho a mile away. They change from week week. They're idealistic; they're ne dull. And when there's anything wr with them, fortunately you can pra cally always expect improvement!

Which Teen-Agers Are Really in Trouble—and Which Aren't?

By John Donnelly, M.D.,
Psychiatrist-in-Chief, Institute of Living

"Where have you been, Pete?"

"Over to Frank's."

"Who did you see there?"

"Frank."

"Was anyone else there?"

"Yeah."

"Who else?"

"Just some guys."

"But *what* guys? Who?"

"Why do I have to tell you all their names, Mom? Two or three guys."

"I'd just like to know."

"You're always bugging me."

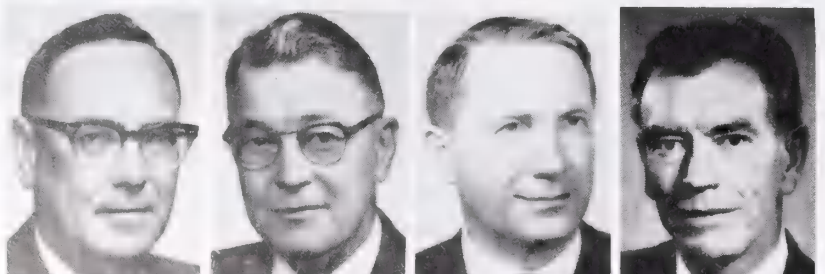
Does that conversation sound familiar? Probably so, if you're a teen-ager or if you are the parent of one. And sounds familiar to me as a psychiatr dealing every day with young perso who are in trouble with their schoo their families, and sometimes even w the courts.

We can learn a lot about Pete and mother from their little interchan The mother remembers the time wh Pete would rush in after school, bri ming over with his news of the day. A when Pete's father comes home, he u ally volunteers some information abo what happened at the office. Why is P so close-mouthed? She wonders if he running around with boys she wou consider undesirable. She feels that i her responsibility as a parent to kn who her son's associates are.

From Pete's point of view, the conv sation seems entirely different. He beg to feel surly and cross as he comes up t front walk because he knows that mother will demand a report from hi It's that foreknowledge that makes h resistant. Why can't she mind her o business? He doesn't quiz *her* every ti she goes out of the house. Why does s have to check up on him all the time?

The little conversation illustrates t classic pattern of misunderstanding tween the teen-ager and his parents. T young person is super-sensitive abo his independence; the parent is afraid lose control. One can sympathize w both. The teen-ager must become in pendent of his parents. He is on t threshold of adulthood, and he has strong urge to take control of his o life, an instinct as powerful as hunger self-preservation. If he did not have t instinct, he would be sick. His pare on the other hand, know that there frightening dangers in the (continu

Experts on Young People's Health



Left: J. Roswell Gallagher, M.D., is Chief of the Adolescents' Unit at the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, and Clinical Professor of Pediatrics at Harvard Medical School. He is the author of the book, *Medical Care of the Adolescent.*

Second left: John Donnelly, M.D., is Psychiatrist-in-Chief at the Institute of Living in Hartford; Chairman of the Connecticut State Board of Mental Health; contributor to medical books; and a consultant to the Social Security Administration in Baltimore.

Above: Jean Mayer, Ph. D., Sc. D., is Professor of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health; consultant on biochemistry and physiology to the Surgeon General, U.S. Army; member of the F.A.O.-W.H.O. Joint Expert Committee on Nutrition.

Above right: Donald M. Pillsbury, M.D., D. Sc. is Professor of Dermatology, School of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania; senior author of several textbooks; past president, Society for Investigative Dermatology and American Dermatological Association.

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world he is entering, that he might get into trouble with liquor, cars, sex or drugs. They feel responsible for protecting him.

First of all, let me say that the tension between these two goals, independence and protection, is natural, normal and inevitable. Yet it need not build up to create the kinds of serious problems that I see in young people who come to me as patients.

Parents can do a lot to ease the tension, to keep it as low as possible. Often when I am counseling an anxious mother, I say to her, "Remember that your son is not a new person just because he is suddenly man-size and a baritone. He is the same boy whom *you* taught to be honest, decent, considerate and careful. He hasn't forgotten what you trained into him in his childhood. If you did your job well when he was little, you can relax about him now. He has moral standards, a conscience, a desire to be a decent human being."

I urge parents to think back on the time when they taught their children how to cross streets safely. Once they felt the child had learned, they did not follow him to school every day to make sure that he watched for cars. In the same way, they should be able to assume that their nearly-grown sons and daughters can handle new experiences on the basis of their past training. Sometimes it helps parents to remember their own adolescent years, too. After all, there were cars then, there was liquor, there was sex. They must have had some brush with these, yet they managed to grow up reasonably well. Why shouldn't their children do the same?

Of course, there are young people who get into various kinds of trouble, some of it quite serious. But I think I can say categorically that no one gets in trouble in his teens without having already been in some kind of trouble as a young child. It may have been *unrecognized* trouble, but it was there. There is no such thing as a normal child who develops into a sick adolescent. Everyone thinks he knows of such cases, but I suspect there are hidden factors in each example. Any teen-age boy who becomes violent and destructive, beyond the simple boyish prank, has suffered from some abuse or hostility as a small child. Any young girl who becomes really promiscuous has been in some hurtful family situation against which she is reacting.

Yet it is almost impossible for anxious parents to relax about their young sons and daughters. For one thing, our society has built up a frightful image of teen-agers. If you give the word "juvenile" in a word-association test, most people respond with "delinquent." It is almost as if the whole society were telling young people that they are expected to be "bad." The pervasiveness of this stereotype influences parents in their evaluation of their own children.

The bad image may also affect the young person who is having trouble figuring out his own identity. For example, a boy with a weak, passive father has a problem finding a suitable model on which to pattern his own emerging masculine personality. It is easy for him to assume that the toughness and violence associated with teen-age gangs are appropriate male behavior. Much that he hears and reads convinces him that adults expect this kind of behavior.

Parents also make things harder by not differentiating between various kinds of behavior that they consider undesirable. Boycotting the barbershop is not as grave a transgression as forging father's name on a check. The girl who buys a mini-skirt is not necessarily a marijuana smoker. Yet some parents seem to think that one departure from their own standards is a sure signal of a teen-ager "going to the dogs."

I often remind parents that the teen-ager who wants to follow every teen-age fad is not the one who will grow up to be a radical or criminal. He is demonstrating that he wants to fit in, to do what seems normal and socially acceptable to people his own age. When he gets to the gray-suit, attaché-case age, he will dress and think appropriately.

Everything I have said so far sounds as though I am counseling parents to be accepting and permissive with their young sons and daughters. In a way, I am. I am suggesting that they limit their cross-examining, criticizing and nagging as much as possible. But that isn't all. Parents should talk less—but *do* more.

For example, when a boy is getting into difficulties with his own car or the family car, the father almost always threatens to ground him. Yet even when the boy persists in antisocial, unsafe driving, the father rarely does any more than threaten. Often boys have told me, "Yeah, the old man says he's going to take the car away, but he never does."

Parents seem to forget that they do have certain powers. As long as the young person is an economic dependent, the parent can really lay down whatever rules and regulations he thinks are reasonable. Parents can insist that the soda bottles be removed from the piano, that the record player not go at full volume, and that the house not be strewn with clothing. They can say, "This is our home, and we have certain rights and expectations. If you want to behave in ways that make life intolerable for us, you will have to go out and earn enough so that you can live elsewhere."

Parents must be able to convey this point of view—and to really mean it. Unless they can, there will be a constant tug-of-war about authority. Many parents are unable to feel and use their authority. They are afraid to enforce rules because the young person *might* leave home, instead of following their plan for his future. They so desperately want the boy or girl to finish high schoo and go to college that they throw awa all their bargaining power. And th young people know it and take advan tage of it.

Yet any parent who is reasonabl about rules and regulations is quite saf in saying: Follow the rules or go else where. Most teen-agers can see the jus tice of the idea. And most teen-age don't want to be completely on the own yet. They want to demonstrate tha they are not going to do everything the are told to do, but they also want th security and protection of home

One word of caution about the exe cise of parental authority: The rul must be reasonable by present-day stan dards and reasonable for the age of th young person. It won't do to try t prevent a 16-year-old girl from wearin makeup or to tell a 17-year-old boy tha he must be home by dark. Rules that ar harsher and stricter than most othe families' rules will make even the bes teen-ager into a rebel.

Parents sometimes ask me how the can be sure that their teen-agers are no getting into trouble. I think most seriou kinds of trouble give unmistakable warn ings in advance. A parent should be ale if a teen-ager persistently lies, if he get a series of tickets for reckless driving o speeding, if he habitually drinks, if h seems to have unaccountably larg amounts of money. Something is wron with the boy or girl who steals or wh runs away from home. Something is als wrong with the teen-ager who withdraw from all normal social life, stays hole up in his room, listening to records o hoarding model-airplane kits. Somethin is wrong when a teen-ager's grades tak a sharp plunge downward.

In evaluating all these signs, I mus stress that they are important only they persist. One traffic ticket doesn mean that a boy is a juvenile delinquen One weekend spent alone in her roo doesn't indicate that a girl needs psych therapy. And every B student can b permitted an occasional C

To sum up: Teen-agers need mor privacy than children, and they need a much respect as adults. They need t feel the bonds loosening, but they als need to be shown that liberty isn't licens If parents can continue to love the while they let them go, they will fin that in just a few years they will be ab to be friends with each other, as adult

What Should Be Done About Teen-Age Overweight—and What Shouldn't

By Jean Mayer, Ph.D., D. Sc.,
Professor of Nutrition, School of Public Health, Harvard University

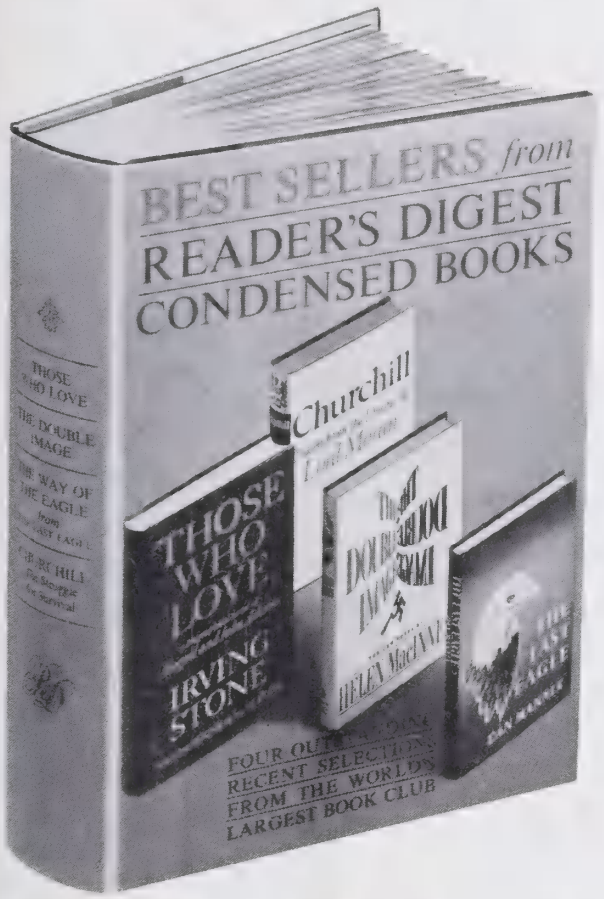
Does anyone still believe in the idea of the roly-poly fat girl whom everybody liked because she was so cheerful and good-natured? She was supposed to be a good dancer—they called her "light on her feet." And she laughed all the time to show off her dimples.

Maybe there is somebody around who still believes in that stereotype. But not today's teen-ager. Show me a fat girl who is cheerful, and I'll show you a girl who is putting up a brave front that hides a real hurt.

Today the overweight girl is under tremendous social pressure. Televisio movies and the fashion world all idealiz thin people. We are more and more nation that is contemptuous of obesit People usually think about overweigh in highly simple terms: it's the result o overeating, and it's a person's own faul Yet recent studies show that the prob lem is much more complex than tha And, at last, we are learning more abou the effects, the causes and the cures.

Not too long ago I took part in a stud of teen-age girls in two summer camp One was an ordinary camp (*continue*

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Who's Responsible for PUBLIC Morals?

The personal morality of each of us, of course, is our own private affair. And we have no right to set moral standards for the man next door.

But there is a broader area of morality which is everybody's business. For in a society where civil order depends on moral order, there has to be a *public conscience.* Without it, the law could not be enforced, justice could not be administered, and liberty could not be preserved.

The public conscience is reflected in the laws we enact, and the moral standards we observe. It is the watchdog over the God-given rights of the individual to freedom of conscience, and to the security of his person and property. The public conscience is, moreover, a reflection of the individual conscience of all people who are concerned in preserving a high standard of moral order.

This is not an obligation to be delegated to the police and the courts. Nor to the church, the schools or civic societies. For the public conscience is the concern of everyone, and it can function effectively only with the dedicated commitment of all right-thinking people.

In these troubled and changing times, public morality has become a problem of increasing concern to society as a whole. Crimes against person and property have grown to grave proportions. Moral depravity thrives on public indifference. The public peace is disturbed with seeming impunity; obscenity flourishes in the name of freedom of speech; the disease called alcoholism finds an ever-growing number of victims.

If you agree that public morality is everybody's business... if you want to restore and rebuild the moral values that are essential to the welfare of our society — write today for a copy of our new pocket-size pamphlet entitled "Public Morality—Our Common Concern." We'll send it free and without obligation. Nobody will call on you. Just ask for Pamphlet No. LJ-7.

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Teen-Age Medicine *continued*

and the other was a special camp for obese girls. We questioned and tested these two groups of teen-agers, and came up with some rather serious findings.

For example, overweight girls have a deep sense of isolation from other teen-agers. They tend to withdraw, to be more dependent on their families than other girls, yet they are not happy even in their family relationships. They are obsessively concerned with food. If you ask them to list their bad habits, they put down "eating." Not *over*eating, just eating, as if all food intake was sinful.

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"If any wish a girl wanted could come true, I would wish for . . . a very happy married life and world peace." That was an answer from a thin girl. But an overweight girl wished for "my parents and brothers to stay healthy and for me to lose weight." Notice that the overweight girl is thinking only of her immediate family and her present problem, while the other teen-ager is looking to the future and the world in which she will live.

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> Billy and some friends were playing outside and he came in and told his mother that they wanted some cookies. She gave him some and he went outside, but instead of sharing the cookies he ate them all before he got back to his friends. That night he had an awful tummy ache which kept him home from the movies.

As you probably guessed, a slim girl wrote the first story, which shows eating as a normal, pleasant experience. And a fat girl wrote the story that associates eating with being gluttonous and unhappy.

We concluded that overweight girls carry a heavy burden of emotional problems as well as their excess poundage. Their reactions were strikingly like those of persons who belong to ethnic or religious minorities and who feel a social stigma as a result. It is not farfetched to say that obese persons in our culture may form a minority group suffering from prejudice and discrimination.

I have recently found some startling evidence of this prejudice. Working with one of my assistants, I studied the records of teen-agers in the high schools of a good suburban school system, of young men in an Ivy League college, and of young women who had made it into one of the prestige women's colleges of the Northeast. We discovered that *being fat cuts a girl's chances of college admission in half.*

We could hardly believe this evidence as it accumulated on our data sheets. We studied the girls' grades, their I.Q.'s, their aptitude-test scores, their health records. Statistically, there was no difference between the obese girls and those who were not—no difference except th weights. The same kind of evide showed in our study of males, altho the contrast was less pronounced.

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that these inactive boys and girls need the reinforcement of a strong audible beat, in order to keep up a consistent pace in movement? We hope to find out.

One reason we know the importance of activity comes from studies of appetite. In animals and in man, the appetite is a fairly good guide to reasonable food intake, within a range. In other words, if you exercise or work extremely hard, you will have a bigger appetite. If you expend less energy, your appetite will go down. The two stay in relation to each other pretty well until you get down to a really low level of activity. After that point is reached, the appetite does not continue to fall off. Instead, it keeps on calling for food, even though you haven't moved all day.

When a person is putting forth little or no energy and his appetite fails to cut out, it follows that he takes on more calories than he burns. And unburned calories get stored away; each 3,500 of them makes a pound of fat.

Parents of overweight teen-agers usually want to help them lose weight—mothers especially do. Often this desire to help is expressed by nagging: "Susan, are you eating another piece of cake?" Teen-agers want to lose weight, girls especially. They usually express this desire by skipping meals or cutting out whole categories of food. In such cases, both the mothers and the teen-agers are going at it the wrong way.

Nagging a teen-ager does no good. From about age 13 on, any normal young person's chief job in life is to achieve independence of his parents. The mother who makes weight control a parental project deprives her child of the opportunity to make it a teen-ager's own project.

What mothers can do is to make sure that teen-agers have sound information on diet: what makes a balanced diet, how to watch calories, how to space meals to keep appetite satisfied.

Most of all, parents can encourage exercise. The whole family can hike, swim, play ball—find some physical activity that is pleasurable. It will be good for the parents, too.

And, finally, parents should remember that the overweight teen-ager is already under emotional pressure. He needs love and support, not scolding—enough love and support so that he is willing to take on the difficult task of fighting his way out of an unpopular minority group.

How Teen-Age Skin Problems Should Be Treated—and How They Shouldn't

By Donald M. Pillsbury, M.D.,
Professor of Dermatology,
University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine

The cruel thing about acne is its timing. If it came along when people were mature and settled, it would be bad enough. But it happens to people in one of the most vulnerable periods of their lives when they care most about their looks and about the impression they make on the opposite sex.

It is easy for grown-ups to make light of the problem, because they know from experience that in most cases it will get better of its own accord. But parents should realize that a sensitive teen-ager can be scarred, not only physically but psychologically, even during the brief year or two that the problem may persist.

I think that any teen-ager who has more than a fleeting, occasional pimple, needs and deserves the help and support that medicine can give. While doctors usually cannot completely eliminate acne, they can often effect considerable improvement.

First of all, it is a help to the teen-ager to have as much information as he can get about the condition. There are a lot of myths and misinformation in the folklore that he can quit worrying about. Through the ages some adults have tried in various ways to scare young people by implying that there is a connection between acne and sexual behavior. Boys and girls, many of whom are already worried and guilty about their new sex urges, need to be relieved of such fears.

Curiously enough, there is a connection between sex and acne. But it is purely a biochemical connection, not one that has anything to do with behavior. We have pretty well settled the question of what causes acne. It is the result of the increase in androgen, one of the sex hormones, that occurs naturally at this period, regardless of sexual behavior. Androgen causes the oil glands to become highly active. This excess oil accumulates in the pores, causing blackheads. The visible blackheads, or plugged pores, do not cause as much trouble as collections of excess oil under the skin surface. These minute sacs of excess oil irritate the surrounding tissue. Pimples develop as this matter breaks its way to the surface.

In really severe cases of acne, infection plays a part. The infecting organisms are called anaerobic bacteria—that is, bacteria that flourish in the absence of oxygen. Once such an infection gets started under the skin, there is a possibility of permanent scarring.

So what can be done about it? Fortunately, there are precautions and treatments for the various stages. In mild acne the main objective is to prevent its getting to the infected stage. That's why good skin care is important. I always advise young people with acne to wash their faces thoroughly twice a day—but no more. Repeated rough scrubbing will cause irritation, but meticulous cleanliness is well worth the trouble.

Good skin care also includes measures that decrease the oiliness of the skin. There is something to be said for not having hair drooping over the face, since it is oily.

There are many commercial preparations available that contain the ingredients sulfur and resorcin. These have a drying effect on the skin and are useful in checking oiliness.

Once a pimple has begun to form, there is nothing much that can be done about it except to wait until it comes to a head. It is possible then to pierce it with a sterilized needle and put a dab of antiseptic on it. Most dermatologists advise against squeezing it, since that can bruise and injure the surrounding tissue.

Picking at the pimples is almost a certain way to move from mild acne to the more serious inflammatory or infected stage. Some young people seem to be unable to control the nervous reaction of fingering and picking. I have even noticed that right-handed girls tend to have worse acne on the right side of their faces, while left-handed girls have it on the left side. Nervous tension, fatigue, and nagging mothers all seem to make the picking more intense.

Between 10 and 20 percent of the boys and girls with mild acne develop the more serious, infected kind. These young people need more than advice about good skin care; they need careful medical treatment in the hope of saving them from permanent scarring.

With such cases, I recommend a course of tetracycline in low doses over a period of several weeks. If it does not seem to help in a couple of weeks, we switch to another broad-spectrum antibiotic. In such cases, the doctor is always balancing one set of risks against another. There is the risk that the infection will cause permanent scarring. And, on the other hand, there is the risk with any long-term use of an antibiotic that the germs will develop resistance to the drug. So we try to use this treatment carefully and conservatively.

About 15 years ago many dermatologists used X-ray treatment for severe acne. Now very few do. It became clear over the years that people who had had such treatment in excess were likely to develop skin cancers in their later years. And the irradiation also caused premature aging of the skin.

Many popular theories about what aggravates acne do not seem to hold up when they are investigated. For example, wearing of cosmetics, provided they are carefully removed at night, does not make the condition worse. Diet doesn't always affect acne. I usually have my patients try leaving off suspect foods, one at a time, for two week periods. But if two weeks without one of them does not bring improvement, then we assume the patient can go back to it.

One of the best treatments for acne is sunlight. Anyone who tans well will have less trouble with acne than one who doesn't. I have seen many boys and girls, nervous and tired at the end of the school year, whose skins cleared amazingly during a relaxed summer at the beach.

Careful treatment of acne is worth a try, even though it doesn't always completely succeed. But I hope that someday soon we will be dealing more directly with the cause—the action of androgen on the oil glands. For girls with acne, it is often helpful to give them the birth-control pill that contains hormonelike substances that counteract androgen. The pill cannot be used with boys because it would feminize them. Here at the University of Pennsylvania we are testing other anti-androgenic compounds in a hope of finding one that will be helpful to both boys and girls. This work, which is being done under a John A. Hartford Foundation grant, may someday produce what we would all like to see—a sure relief for one of the worst trials of youth. **END**

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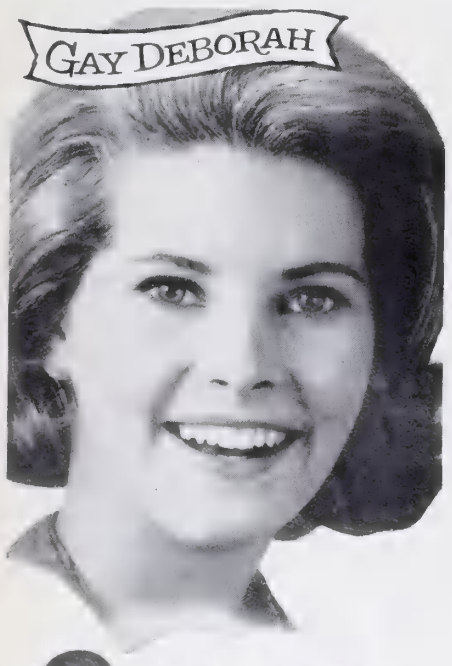
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SAVED

BY

MIDOL



AMY VANDERBILT

Get-Well Cards

Q: I recently spent several weeks in the hospital. During this time I received over 200 cards from friends and relatives. Of course I sent thank-you notes for the many flowers and gifts I received, but, since my convalescence has been long and slow, answering all the cards would indeed be a chore. Is it really necessary to acknowledge get-well cards, and does the same rule apply to sympathy and Christmas cards?

A: No one expects you to reply to get-well cards, though when you see the sender later you, of course, give verbal thanks. You are right in acknowledging gifts and flowers. Cards of sympathy, without any note, require no more than a verbal thank-you. The same is true of Christmas cards. I keep the names and addresses of people who have sent me Christmas cards from afar, whom I can't thank personally, and send them postcards at some time during the year when I am traveling.

Overdressing

Q: I recently attended a coffee hour given for a candidate for governor on a campaign tour. A few of the old residents of this small town were simply dressed, but the rest were in spike heels, furs and fur hats. I wore a tweed suit, medium-heeled shoes, and no hat. Was I in error?

A: I prefer your way of dressing. A hat would be optional, however, even with the costume you chose. A fur one might have been comfortable and becoming on a cold day.

Young Widower

Q: Please tell me how long a widower in his early thirties, whose wife had been ill for some time before her death, should wait before he begins dating? Contemplating marriage? Perhaps your answer will save a bit of office gossip.

A: We are more permissive about this matter now. For a man, quiet dating can begin in a month or so. Three months is usually considered the point at which widowed people begin to go out to parties and dances generally. Of course, they have probably been seeing others of the opposite sex before this, at small dinners, or with friends. Sometimes a marriage before the three-month period is over causes raised eyebrows, but often these days it doesn't. The most conservative wait a year, but many widowed people marry within the year after bereavement. Fairly early dating after bereavement is more usual in large cities than in small towns. I have known suburban hostesses to wait until the three-month mourning period is over before issuing invitations to a widower, only to discover that by that time he had remarried. Post-bereavement dating depends very much on the circumstances, the group in which one moves, and the place where one lives.

Shaking Hands

Q: Is it ever poor taste to offer one's hand in salutation or appreciation or acknowledgement of an introduction? I was shocked at the rudeness of a woman who said, "You don't have to shake my hand," when I extended my hand as I was leaving the house. I felt that she was not only extremely rude, but wrong.

A: You were right. Your hostess was quite wrong. Every guest should seek the hostess's hand upon entering her home and upon leaving. If the host is present, the guest offers her hand to him as well.

Men's Manners

Q: I like to have my husband take my elbow and guide me across the street. It makes me feel important. He claims I should put my forearm through his arm when he half-crooks it for the purpose. I thought this was only for formal occasions.

A: It is correct for your husband to guide you by the elbow when crossing the street. A gentleman offers *his* arm on such occasions as taking a lady in to dinner, or out of church after a wedding. But he may also offer his arm at any time in walking on the street when there might be some danger, as on a slippery walk, at night, for support or just for companionship.

Married Doctors' Cards

Q: In an old etiquette book I have, it is recommended that doctors married to each other have joint social cards reading "Dr. James and Dr. Julia Smith." Do you agree?

A: No, I don't. Doctors, married to each other, are referred to jointly in conversation as "The Doctors Smith. They may even be addressed in this fashion in social correspondence, for example on a Christmas card or a formal invitation. But their social card should read "Dr. and *Mrs.* James Smith."

Widow's Obligations

Q: What are my obligations as a widow, and how can I most gracefully fulfill them? For instance, when I am invited to dinner in a restaurant may I ask for my own check? Or, if I am entertaining married friends at a restaurant, how can I make sure that the check will be presented to me? May I feel at liberty to ask friends if I may accompany them to a function to which we all plan to go?

A: Do not ask for your own check in a restaurant if you have been invited there for dinner. If, for some reason, you want to discuss the matter quietly with your host or hostess before you enter the restaurant, and offer to settle afterward. You will find a credit card very useful when you yourself entertain in restaurants. You can explain to the captain when he takes your order that you wish the check to be presented to you. Or, arriving early at the restaurant, you can explain this at the door or even prepay the dinner.

If you are a mature woman with settled married friends, you may certainly ask if it would be convenient for you to go along with them to a concert, lecture, or a party to which you are all invited. If you are still young and have young married friends, it might be better to arrange your own unless they specifically invite you to accompany them. There is no reason why you cannot buy theater or concert tickets and invite a married escort. A widow with a list of such suitable men is going to have a more enjoyable time than one who is always tagging along with married friends.

A Divorcée's Remarriage

Q: I am a divorcée and will be married soon to a man who is also divorced. We both have grown children, all married, and they are all pleased about our marriage. We will be married in a small chapel, not in our home city, and will have just two witnesses. My daughter has a lovely home and wants to have some kind of reception house for us when we return so that she can invite his relatives, some of whom she has not met, as well as some friends and business associates. Would this be proper? If so, how should we word the invitations?

A: Your daughter may have an open house or a reception for you. You may use the fill-in type of engraved invitation, worded: RECEPTION (I prefer this to "Open House) FOLLOWING THE MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. ROBERT JAMES JONES with the day, date, hour, place, and RSVP if you require it.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

A new booklet by Amy Vanderbilt, "Teen Manners," is now available to JOURNAL *readers. Other booklets are: "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.*



MAINE IS 207 COUNTRY

The area code for the whole state of Maine is 207. If you use the area code when you call Long Distance, your call goes through faster and easier. And when you use the area code, you can dial most calls yourself. For area codes and dialing instructions, please consult your telephone directory.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies



Q: Our bank savings are insured for up to $10,000 by the Federal Government. Just how would we be reimbursed in the event of a bank failure?
A: The Federal deposit insurance ceiling is now $15,000. Your savings are insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., a Government-sponsored corporation that obtains its funds from assessments on insured banks and interest on the U.S. Government securities it holds. If your insured bank failed, you would receive the full amount of your deposits up to the maximum insurance limit. You would almost surely get the money within 10 days to two weeks. Or the FDIC might set up a new bank in your community.

Q: My husband is an automobile salesman earning about $6,000 a year. But we are having an awful time controlling our spending because some weeks he brings home $50 and other weeks he earns $200. How can we budget to take account of his week-to-week income swings?
A: Right now, in January, estimate your total yearly income and divide the total into monthly shares—in your case, $500 a month. Keep within this figure each month—even if your husband temporarily hits the jackpot—and save the rest for a lean period. Revise your estimate each year on the basis of your earnings the previous year and your *conservative* projections for the following 12 months.

The key to good money management for your family and for millions of others lies in working on a monthly—not a weekly—basis, and spreading your expenses and savings so that each month includes a part of them.

Q: With stock prices jumping up and down the way they are today, how can we decide when to invest so that we pay a reasonable price for our shares?
A: One way is by "dollar cost averaging"—investing a fixed amount of money at regular intervals in the company or companies of your choice. If the price drops, you get more shares; if the price rises, you get fewer shares. Despite fluctuations, you "average out" your dollar cost over the long run.

You can adopt this program under the Monthly Investment Plan of New York Stock Exchange member firms; or through an employee stock-purchase plan; or you simply can decide on your own that you will invest a specified, equal amount of money in stocks at regular intervals.

Here's a simplified illustration involving regular investments of $40 for 8 months. Commissions are omitted.

Date	Investment	Price Per Share	Shares Bought
Jan. 1, 1967	$40	$40	1
Feb. 1	40	30	1⅓
Mar. 1	40	20	2
Apr. 1	40	24	1⅔
May 1	40	30	1⅓
June 1	40	40	1
July 1	40	60	⅔
Aug. 1	40	40	1
	$320	$284	10

The average cost to you is $32 a share. As of the hypothetical date of August 1, 1967, you, therefore, have a profit (despite the fact that you bought some stock at $60 and $40).

Q: Our daughter would prefer to attend a private college, but she is not eligible for scholarship assistance, and we don't see how we can afford to pay the astronomical sum for tuition, room and board now charged by private colleges. How much would we save by urging her to go to a public college instead?
A: The average cost of one year in a public college—including tuition, fees, room and board, but not books, personal expenses or transportation—is $986 if your daughter attends a college in her own state. By contrast, the average cost of one year at a private women's college today is $2,143—more than double that of a public institution.

Q: I have just taken a second job as a part-time draftsman in addition to my main job as an art teacher. My sister-in-law is very critical and says I am taking a job away from a man who needs it more than I do. Is she right?
A: More than four million Americans hold two jobs today—about one in 20 of our employed. But today's "moonlighters" are not stealing jobs from the unemployed. Their second jobs usually demand skills that are simply not available among those who can't find work. In fact, you are helping fill the growing demand for skilled workers in manpower-short occupations—as well as supplementing the family income and getting extra experience in another field.

Q: My husband is debating whether to keep studying after he gets his B.A. degree this June, and shoot for a Ph.D. I have assured him that I will be happy to continue working to help him through. But he thinks this arrangement would be a burden on me, and he is now threatening to take a job instead. How can I persuade him that he would be making a big sacrifice by not taking my help?
A: Tell him that the U.S. working wife is one of the biggest single sources of financial aid for higher education today. Tell him also that with his graduate degree he can expect to earn tens of thousands of dollars more over his working lifetime than if he quits after his senior year in college. And tell him clearly that young wives the nation over are doing just what you want to do.

Q: You wrote recently that Americans spend an average of slightly more than 18 percent of their take-home pay on food. Does this include non-foods now sold in most supermarkets, such as drugs, cosmetics, soaps, etc.?
A: No—it includes only the food you eat at home or away from home in restaurants, snack bars, etc.

Q: I am a divorcée in my late thirties and I am going into the new year buried in debt. Aside from my home mortgage and car payments, I had to borrow a sizable sum at steep interest rates to keep my new business afloat. I've managed to stretch out the repayments on these loans to hold down the monthly outlay. Now it looks like I'll be in hock for the next 20 years—and I've lost count of the total amount of interest I'll have to pay. What advice do you have for a financial ignoramus like me?
A: You have violated most of the cardinal rules of borrowing and you are now "enjoying" credit in its most expensive form. Here are the basic rules:
1. The cheapest way to buy anything is to pay cash. The next cheapest way to buy is to make the biggest down payment you can and pay off the rest as quickly as you can. The most expensive way is what you have done: putting down the least possible and stretching out the repayment term as long as possible.
2. Borrow exactly the amount you need. If you borrow more than you actually need, chances are you'll spend what's left over on things you might not otherwise have bought.
3. Shop for credit as carefully as you would for a coat or a car—to get the best possible terms for you.
4. Find out exactly what rate and total of interest you will be expected to pay on any loan—and decide whether it will be worth it to you to borrow at this expense.
5. Build a regular savings plan into your budget so you can create a nest egg on which you'll earn today's high interest rates. This will give you a vitally important cushion against unforeseen expenses that might drive you into more costly borrowing schemes later.

Q: We don't plan to retire for at least another 15 years, but we are tempted by an advertisement for an undeveloped two-acre lot in a Southwestern state. We couldn't afford a special trip to inspect the site—but, at the asking price of $500 and with land prices zooming all over the country, how could we lose by buying it for a retirement home?
A: Easily—if the site turns out to be a desert, if there are no access roads to it, if the title to the plot isn't clear, if there is no water, if there are no utilities or sewage-disposal facilities, or if you are unable to resell the land for more than a fraction of the price you paid for it. My advice is to check into all these aspects of your "dream site"—or have a representative do so—before you plunk down one penny.



Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.

By Sylvia Porter

Bundle him up inside, too, with hot Quaker oatmeal.

When it's cold outside, he ought to be inside. And you know what that means. A good warm bowl of Quaker oatmeal. It's just nothing like it for building up steam on a cold winter morning.

That's because Quaker Oats is loaded with natural nourishers, energizers, builders and boosters.

Quaker Oats is good honest food. Full of protein. The kind of protein that makes young things grow and glow on cold winter days.

Yet a bowl of hot Quaker oatmeal has only two calories more per serving than a bowl of cold cornflakes.

You know breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Especially a good hot breakfast on those cold winter mornings.

Warm up the entire family with Quaker Oats. It's the next warmest thing to staying in bed.



In some cities, Quaker Oats is called Mother's Oats.



FRANK SINATRA'S $25,000 WEEKEND



Rosalind Russell's own inside report on her unique 25th anniversary party in Las Vegas and the unique man who masterminded all.

You may remember some of the reports that leaked out when Rosalind Russell and her producer-husband, Frederick Brisson, celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary: how it lasted three days and cost more than $25,000. But only one person knows what really happened and why. This is her story.

MR. JOHN MACK CARTER
EDITOR
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Dear Mr. Carter:

You asked me about the 25th anniversary party Frank and Mia Sinatra gave for Freddie and me. I'm sure many people heard about it, probably because the invitations read it was going to be a "last weekend," and then somebody said that Francis (that's what I often call Frank) was spending a small fortune on the party.

No doubt he did, but it was not a bit like some people might imagine. Frank runs a very meticulous house, very organized. He worked on the party for months, and when the time grew near he went to Las Vegas and spent two days checking everything, and I mean *everything*. He and Mia even memorized the seating arrangements, so there wouldn't be any slip-ups. All the husbands and wives sat together, and at one time or another there were tears in everyone's eyes.

On the night of the big party the orchestra played one hit song for each of the years Freddie and I have been married, from 1941 to 1966. Of course they started off with "I'll Never Smile Again," which Frank sang to us back in 1940 when he was with Tommy Dorsey at Catalina when we were courting. Luckily, I didn't have to say anything when I heard that song again. Freddie and I danced alone for half a chorus. Then came our son Lance, with his grandmother, who had arrived from Copenhagen. Then Mia and Frank. Then Cary Grant, who had been our best man, and his wife Dyan. And then everyone at the party.

There were nine songs between courses, and each time we all danced and some of us wept. There were 41 guests (we had wanted 25 couples for our 25 years together, but a few couldn't make it). Everybody who was there had been to great affairs, nationally and internationally, but we were all together because of our long friendships, good times and bad. Alan Jay Lerner was there, so we did songs from "My Fair Lady." Leland Hayward was there, so we did numbers from "The King and I." For Josh Logan we did songs like "Bali Hai." We did a lot of Frank's big hits, starting off with "It Was a Very Good Year." And we did songs from Freddie's shows, like "You Gotta Have Heart" from "Damn Yankees."

You could hear the sighs and "ohs" as each song sparked some memory for the guests: tryouts in New Haven or troubles with the second act in Philadelphia or a brilliant Broadway opening. The room had an atmosphere that everyone felt, a thread that bound us all together.

I can't talk about the party, Mr. Carter, without talking about Frank in particular. He is a very unique human being. He is ever-generous and a great sentimentalist. And I don't think he'd be too pleased with my saying so. Nor would he admit it. Frank also knows how to live every day for what it's worth, and his attention to detail is fantastic.

He made the Sands Hotel almost into a private home for our friends and for us. Frank had reserved the four top floors, and nobody had to check in or worry about their bags; they received their room keys before we ever left Los Angeles. Frank chartered a DC-9 jet for the trip. I thought he should just get space on a regular flight, but he was adamant. That's the way he is: he spreads the tablecloth, studies the china, and he won't tolerate anybody being late.

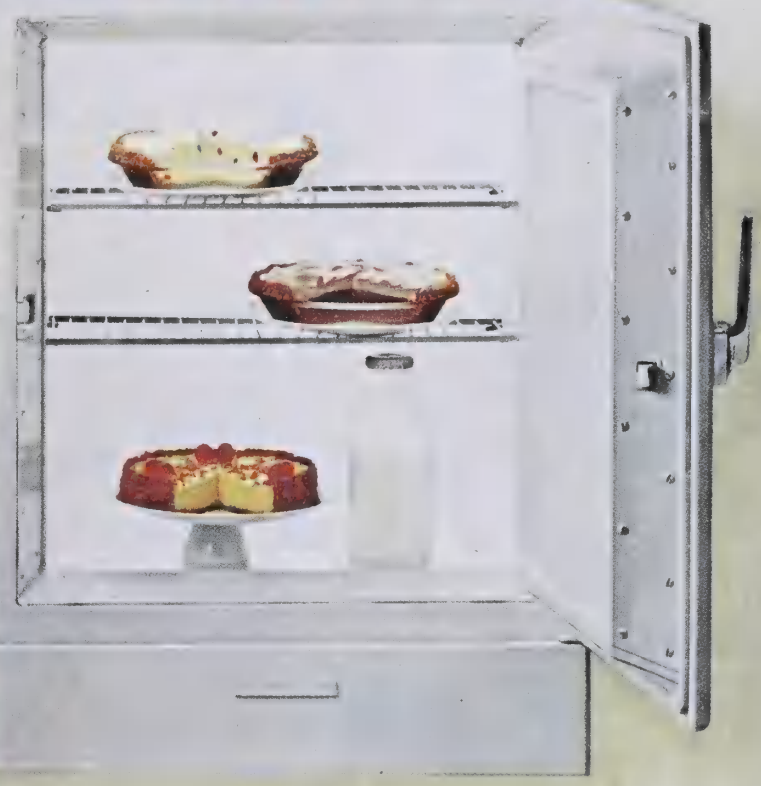
When Frank says you dine at nine, you dine at nine precisely. Some people have an idea that there is a lot of carrying on and a veritable festival of drinking. Not at all. For instance, at our big party Frank kept popping up and singing special numbers, parodies that Sammy Cahn had written especially for him. But when Frank sings he always knows precisely how much clowning is called for. All the numbers had been well rehearsed and were professionally done. He never makes fun of his work.

And fun it was. Late in the evening, Cary Grant and I got together and sang old Cockney songs he'd taught *(continued on page 112)*









Royal invents "baking" in your refrigerator

with the new Royal no-bakes complete with filling and graham cracker crumbs for crust.

Just beat the filling with milk. Pour into crust. Then "bake" one hour—in your refrigerator! So good, you'll prefer the no-bakes to the oven-bakes!

No-bake Cheese Cake—"Rich on the tongue, light on the stomach"—just what a cheese-cake perfectionist expects.

No-bake Dutch Chocolate Pie—The chocolate lover's dream: *dark* chocolaty filling; *light* chocolaty topping... creamy all through! Topping included.

No-bake Nesselrode—Creamy filling, with a hint of warm spicing; the sparkle of candied fruit. Very light and delicate. **Hint:** *Freeze* this same pie, for a fabulous Spumoni.

Fine Products of STANDARD BRANDS

constipation?

just what do doctors recommend?

Milk of Magnesia is the laxative doctors recommend most often!

There are many kinds of laxatives. As doctors describe them, there are...irritant-stimulants like the candy types...there are bulk types...lubricants like mineral oil. But the laxative doctors recommend most often is milk of magnesia. Why do doctors recommend milk of magnesia? They say it's thorough—yet gentle. So count on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Phillips' sets the problem straight... without upsetting you.



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PET NEWS

By JOYCE KUH

"This Home Was Bought and Endowed by a Cat," reads a plaque in the new home of Mildred and Gordon Gordon. And they are serious. The Gordons wrote an intriguing suspense novel called *Undercover Cat* which sold over a million copies, then was



Pancho, FBI agent X-14, prowls again.

made into a delightful Walt Disney movie called *That Darn Cat*. Hero of the book and movie was a smart cat named D.C. who inadvertently became an agent for the FBI. The real-life inspiration for D.C. is a tomcat called Pancho. He weighs 25 pounds and was bought by the Gordons at the Los Angeles S.P.C.A. 12 years ago for two dollars.

Pancho adjusted well to fame and luxury, say his owners. The Gordons thought they should do something for him since, as they put it, "he was supporting us," so they bought him a gold basket with a red cushion, but Pancho won't have anything to do with it. "He's trying to keep the common touch," says Mildred Gordon, "he mingles with his old crowd, shakes hands with anybody, and still mooches food from the neighbors." Gordon Gordon thinks the only change in Pancho/D.C. is that he has become a gourmet. "He eats people tuna instead of cat tuna, and now he needs a girdle."

In the Gordons' new book, *Undercover Cat Prowls Again* (Doubleday, $4.50), D.C. is accompanied by A.C. (Assistant Cat). In real life, A.C. is just a cat down the street who has been trying to adopt the Gordons. If he is nearly as clever as his partner, he'll succeed.

Over two million dogs were kidnapped last year in this country. What chance do you have for protecting your own dog? A new organization, Dog Owners' Guidance Service Association (D.O.G.S.), formed six months ago, is designed to improve that chance, and now has about 2,000 members.

Here's what happens if you join for one year (it costs $9.50 for one dog, $4.50 for each additional dog):

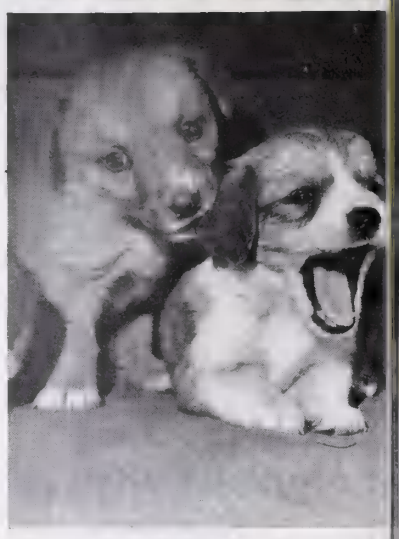
Your dog gets a registration number and a red tag to wear that says: "WARNING Dog Protected by the William J. Burns International D tective Agency, Inc." If Spot g "dognapped," the Burns Agency w notify the local police and S.P.C. and will send them a complete d scription of the victim. Life and ac dent insurance are included in t membership fee. The life insuran covers accidental death and he you to buy another dog by payi from $50 to $100, depending on h the dog is killed. Accident insuran covers loss of an eye or limb. Wh you join, you get a free subscripti to a dog magazine and a month newsletter about dogs. Free guidan on dog care, training and health pro lems is given by a staff of veterina ans. A method of painless tattooing now being investigated by the sta

So far, not one member of D.O.G has reported a theft. Howard Krasl executive director, thinks one re son may be that the red warning t serves as a deterrent to would-be d thieves. Dog Owners' Guidance S vice sends its members a helpful boo let called *How to Protect Your D From Dognappers*. The booklet is a available without charge to nc members. If you would like a cop write Dog Owners' Guidance Servi Dept. LHJ, 225 East 49th Stre New York, N.Y. 10017.

If you have a bird who has learned to sing yet, give him so encouragement with a *Whistling Pe* (about $1). When Tweety lights the perch, his weight causes it whistle just like a bird.

After Rover learns to roll over, sha hands and fetch, what can you tea him? How about jumping hurdl tracking and staying for very lo periods? A new film, *Training You Train Your Dog—Advanced*, sho you how to help your dog master these tricks and others. The co film is based on the book by the la Blanche Saunders, renowned obe ence expert, and the Gaines Dog R search Center, 250 Park Avenue, N York, N.Y., will lend it witho charge to any dog club or other gro that is interested. Write at least fo weeks in advance, and give Gaine specific showing date.

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Just a friendly peck, photographe by Bob Coyle of Dubuque, Iowa.

(Do you have a favorite pet pictur We would like to see it. Send it to M News Editor, Ladies' Home Journ 641 Lexington Avenue, New Yo N.Y. 10022.)

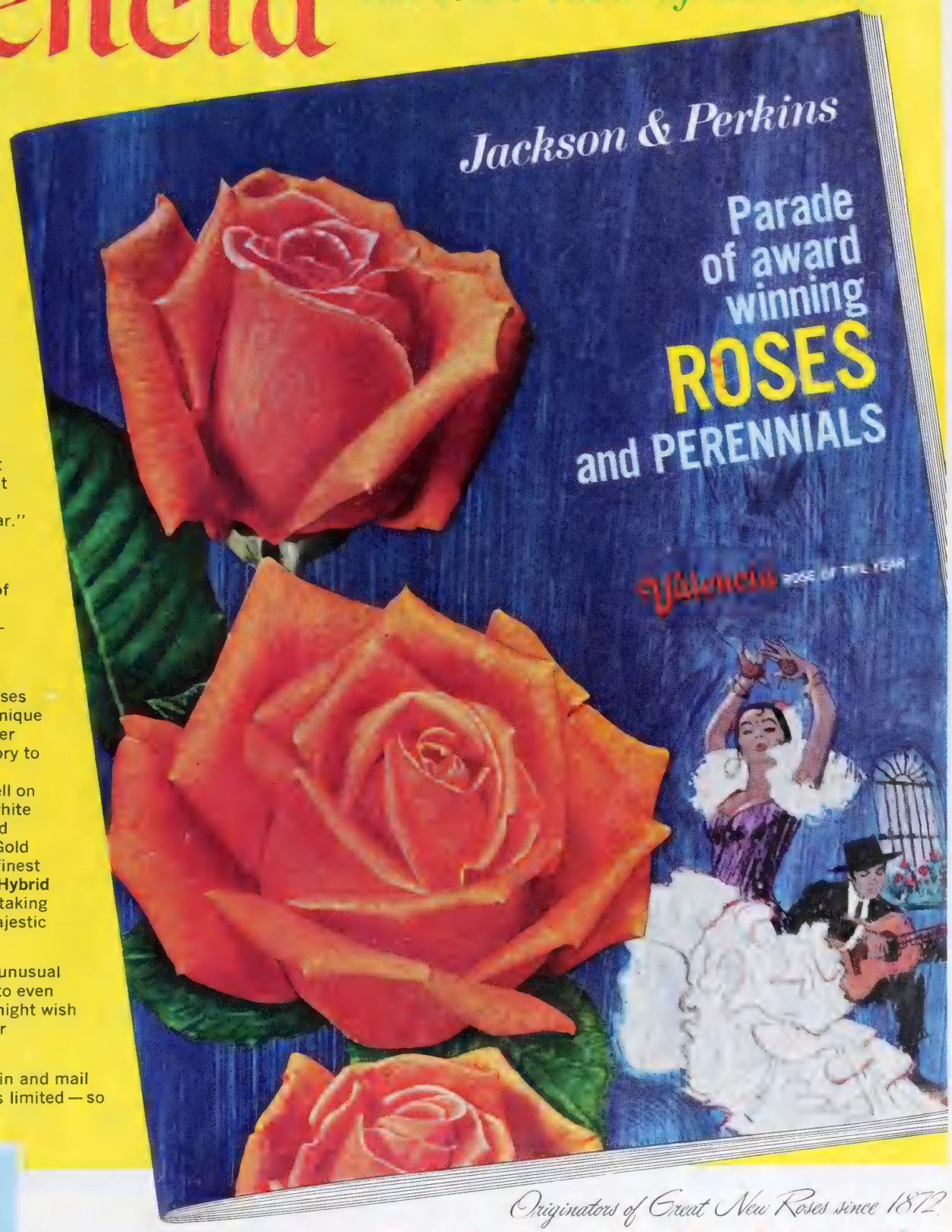
Jackson & Perkins

BRAND NEW SPRING 1967 FULL COLOR

FREE Catalog of Roses

and perennials

Valencia the 1967 Rose of the Year*



JUST FILL IN, detach and mail the handy postage-paid card provided — and you will promptly receive, **absolutely free,** Jackson & Perkins' brand-new Spring 1967 Catalog of Roses and Perennials . . . the one catalog that really makes it easy for you to plan, plant and grow the most beautiful garden ever! Everything guaranteed to live and bloom in **your** garden **this** Spring!

This new edition of our world-famous catalog is the most exciting one ever! — it pictures and describes the most fabulous roses ever created! **VALENCIA** . . . an intense Apricot-Orange of radiant beauty — so perfect in every respect that it was selected by a test panel of home gardeners as "The 1967 Rose of the Year." It's spectacular, yet hardy, vigorous!

And you'll also see the superb new bright red Hybrid Tea, named in honor of **BOB HOPE.** And the meltingly beautiful **BERMUDIANA,** a new pink Hybrid Tea — tropically lush-blooming, with splendid flowers — 5 to 6 inches across.

Even more! In full color — all the "Roses of the Year" — **MEXICANA,** the totally unique bi-color, unlike any other rose you've ever seen! **TROPICANA,** the only rose in history to win 14 International Awards. And the glorious **JOHN F. KENNEDY ROSE** — well on its way to becoming the most popular white rose of all time. And you'll see all the old favorites, too — All-America Winners, Gold Medal Winners — scores of the world's finest roses — every type imaginable — giant **Hybrid Teas,** everblooming **Floribundas,** breathtaking **Climbers,** exquisite **Miniature Roses,** majestic **Tree Roses!**

All of this, plus the very finest, most unusual perennials — too numerous and varied to even begin describing. Nearly anything you might wish to create the most beautiful garden your imagination can invent.

For **your** FREE J&P Spring Catalog, fill in and mail the postage-paid card. But the supply is limited — so we urge you to mail the card **now!**

SPECIAL NOTICE TO WESTERN GARDENERS

If you live in Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah or Washington — you will receive a special Western Edition of the J&P Catalog

*Pl. Pat. No. 2651

Originators of Great New Roses since 1872

Jackson & Perkins Co.

World's Largest Rose Growers, Newark, New York 14513



Calgonite® gives you the most cleaning action ever concentrated in a dishwasher detergent.

Clean dishes / Calgonite . . . You need both.

Now available new giant size!

Down with Bigness!

By Judith Crist

)on't look now, friends, but there's elephant behind us and he's tread- on our tails.

What elephant? Don't pull a Du- te on me—or have you forgotten t great moment of the American ge in *Jumbo?* The circus hands are ing to save the livestock from ure for bankruptcy and Jimmy is ding away the show's top pachy- m when he's accosted by the sher- "Where are you going with that phant?" the lawman demands— , in a moment of bland innocence t he thereupon immortalized, with beast looming over his shoulder, rante replies, "What elephant?"

What's at our back and almost on is, in fact, our national Jumbo nplex, that great all-American no- n that the bigger it is the better s—whatever it is. We worship at shrine of Size, we adore the Spec- ular, we revel in the Super and we tle gladly for the Bigger—while ing the better go by the board. od things, the bible of Bigness de- res, come in great, big, ultra- rmous packages; he gets there test who travels surrounded by es of chrome and miles of fenders. d so we cleanse our souls with er-colossal cartons of detergents t take three hands to hoist, aban- n our compact car for the limousine- e luxuries guaranteed to jam high- ys and scrape the sides of garages, d find our entertainment in noth- less than a cast of thousands. We longer settle for the grand, but mand the grandiose; we open our s to the grandiloquent that drowns the eloquent.

r do we? Is it what we want or at we get? Are we back to the estion of precedence between cken and egg or supply and de- nd? It's the Depression babies ong us, one pundit explained, o are demanding opulence as they ch maturity in this age of affluence. It's the age of affluence itself, still other pundit proposed, in consid- ng the current absence from the ene of a single dominant love god- ss, à la Harlow or Monroe, and ted that in prosperity the "harem" eory prevails, with quantity rather an quality the prime objective.

Certainly we are in large part trapped an inflationary cycle of producer- nsumer costs—and "inflationary cle" is a polite term for vicious cle. For it is this vicious circle that ems to be dooming us to those all-screen spectaculars studded th stars and commercials and se large-screen super-spectaculars filled with insignificant sound and y that the few positive qualities e completely submerged. And we n't even go into the distortion of e enormous cinema screen when it is sused; filled with the glorious scen- y of the Austrian Alps of *The Sound Music* or the hordes of raging rvishes of *Khartoum* it fulfills it- f—but fill it with a face in close-up and you make the unnerving dis- covery that you could turn spelunker in Kirk Douglas's chin dimple and that Peggy Wood in a cowl looks re- markably like John Wayne.

But let's go into the larger fact, that we seem doomed not only to novels that cannot conclude before 500 pages (even at the rate of a sin per page) and television shows that get more hiccup-riddled by commer- cials as they expand, but also to movies that simply cannot end before you've been battered and bashed at for three hours. Take only the first 22 chapters of Genesis, and, though you may eliminate a good part of the begats, you can still come up with hours of tedium, as John Huston has in *The Bible*, by providing some- thing for everybody but mostly for the simplest and most literal of minds, and managing in the process to miss the portent and the poetry and all that has—as The Book's immortality testifies—fascinated and tantalized the imagination of man. Or take but 20 years in the centuries detailed in James Michener's mammoth *Hawaii* and put in so many upheavals of time, tide and temperament, plots and subplots, ceremonies and side- lights and dabs of history, sociology, anthropology, psychology, childbirth, religiosity and paganism, that you can come up with three hours of clut- tered confusion and successfully bury the effective moments of performance by the stars, and even the natural beauty of the Hawaiian Islands. Take a gripping scenario-like document of our time, that stunning story of the nick-of-time liberation of the French capital, *Is Paris Burning?*, and, by using an international cast that has to be dubbed into heavily accented English, misusing stars in nonsensical cameo roles and mixing war-movie clichés with newsreel clips, you can come up with three hours of utter incoherence, small-boy excitement and straight insult to the intelligence of those in or even out of the know.

Cut and edited—there's gold in them spectaculars once they're re- duced to viability. But they cannot be cut because they cost millions and millions to make and therefore the price of admission has to be high as the hope of getting those millions back—"and you've got to give peo- ple their money's worth," the movie- maker explains. Quantity, alas, is the money's worth, to be measured by the pound and the timer and the tape, never by the taste.

Yes, that beast's behind us, and if we don't watch out we'll wind up with an elephant on our backs. It's time, per- haps, to start picketing our cultural su- permarkets as well. **END**



How to feel 40% zestier than yesterday:

Start today with Post 40% Bran Flakes. It's the bran cereal that's more fun to eat—the flakier, tastier way to get the bulk you may need in your diet. It's the feel-good cereal from Post.



GF GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Breck Shampoo brings out the shin
in your hair. Like
brushing 100 strokes.

Of all the leading shampoos, only Breck does not have a synthetic detergent base.

Beautiful Hair
BRECK



"Suffer the Little Children..."



IT'S TIME TO TALK OF THE VIETNAM CASUALTIES NOBODY DARES TALK ABOUT: THE WOUNDED BOYS AND GIRLS. ◦ BY MARTHA GELLHORN

We love our children. We are famous for loving our children, and many foreigners believe that we love them unwisely and too well. We plan, work and dream for our children; we are tirelessly determined to give them the best of life. "Security" is one of our favorite words; children, we agree, must have security—by which we mean devoted parents, a pleasant, settled home, health, gaiety, education; a climate of hope and peace. Perhaps we are too busy, loving our own children, to think of children 10,000 miles away, or to understand that distant, small, brown-skinned people, who do not look or live like us, love their children just as deeply, but with anguish now and heartbreak and fear.

American families know the awful emptiness left by the young man who goes off to war and does not come home; but American families have been spared knowledge of the destroyed home, with the children dead in it. War happens someplace else, far away. Farther away than ever before, in South Vietnam, a war is being waged in our name, the collective, anonymous name of the American people. And American weapons are killing and wounding uncounted Vietnamese children. Not 10 or 20 children, which would be tragedy enough, but hundreds killed and many more hundreds wounded every month. This terrible fact is officially ignored; no Government agency keeps statistics on the civilians of all ages, from babies to the very old, killed and wounded in South Vietnam. I have witnessed modern war in nine countries, but I have never seen a war like the one in South Vietnam.

Photograph by Frank Harvey

My Tho is a charming small town in the Mekong Delta, the green rice bowl of South Vietnam. A wide, brown river flows past it and cools the air. Unlike Saigon, the town is quiet because it is off-limits to troops and not yet flooded with a pitiful horde of refugees. Despite three wars, one after the other, the Delta peasants have stayed in their hamlets and produced food for the nation. Governments and armies come and go, but for 2,000 years peasants of this race have been working this land. The land and their families are what they love. Bombs and machine-gun bullets are changing the ancient pattern. The Delta is considered a Viet Cong stronghold, so death rains from the sky, fast and indiscriminate. Fifteen million South Vietnamese live on the ground; no one ever suggested that there were more than 279,000 Viet Cong and North Vietnamese in all of South Vietnam.

The My Tho children's hospital is a gray cement box surrounded by high grass and weeds overgrowing the peacetime garden. Its 35 cots are generally filled by 55 little patients. One tall, sorrowing nun is the trained nurse; one Vietnamese woman doctor is the medical

(continued on page 107)

Liz studied Walter a minute. Really, he was being very stubborn! "Look here," she said, "I'm the adult and I say I'm coming through the gate."



er you want to become, the way is programmed. Find the course, nder the title, revere the instructor, pay the nominal fee, observe e ritual, and, by and by, you yourself can be transubstantiated." his rarely happens, but at the very least The Self-Improver is tter off than he was before. *Some* knowledge is bound to adhere.

For Tom and Patti Bernard, a certain amount of transubstantiaon has indeed taken place. Patti says, "There was a period when we ere like a lot of other people. Our brains atrophied. All we did was atch television and all we talked about was our children and money oblems and our business. I call this my Dark Ages, my frontal botomy stage, when I felt like a vegetable for a while. Now people ase me and call me a perennial middle-aged college kid, but at least n a thinking human again."

Tom agrees. Like Patti, he drops the hip-talk when he seriously disses what has happened to them. He says, "Maybe you could label self-improvers, but I don't like the expression. I'd rather call it 'the tality of living.' People *do* have a tendency to stagnate. They move the same microcosm. With the courses we take, we make contacts th other microcosms and other viewpoints. How many people live eir whole lives with the same safe friends, the same safe ideas, the me safe church group? They are not moving more than a few miles a few blocks either geographically or intellectually. With us, we ve to some new unexplored place, through the world of ideas, nearly ery day of the week."

Some of the Bernards' excursions into the realm of new-found owledge have been profitable; others—to an outsider's e, at least—have been less rewarding. Patti, for example, ok a course in mosaics that seems to have led her up an satisfying side-stream eddy. "There was nothing going ," she says, "no dynamics. Just sitting around and cutg little things." She also seems to have been thrown by a urse on "The Psychological Differences Between Men d Women."

She reports, "We spent all our time on those true-and-se-answer tests, and I got everything wrong." On the her hand, she derived tremendous satisfaction out of a 65 course, "The Psychology of Women," in which she rned about Lady Macbeth ("a pretty sharp broad"), mma Bovary ("a whimpering nothing") and Shakeeare's Cleopatra ("very woman—jealous, petty, but wise, and nothing like Joe Mankiewicz' movie *Cleopatra*"). "This got me interested in Shakespeare for the first time," Patti says, "and I read all the plays and sonnets. Before that I had always confused Shakespeare with Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

Tom was confused when he went to a lecture one night on "The Sociology of the Watts Riots" and, instead of sticking to the subject, the instructor began to pass out anti-Vietnam war leaflets and talked about the iniquities of dropping napalm bombs on little children. At another lecture, which I attended with him and Patti, Tom's usually alert blue eyes glazed as the instructor wandered from the subject of General Semantics (which is supposed to be about the "meaning of meanings") to Hegel's philosophy, to automation, to the heinousness of physicians who "attain a God-like status the moment they join the A.M.A.," to flying saucers as a possible cause of the 1965 electric-power blackout in New York, to his own theories of dieting to lose weight. While Tom squirmed, Patti happily took notes on the entire potpourri.

At present, Tom and Patti assimilate most of their education at an institution of learning called Everywoman's Village, which is in Van Nuys, just 20 minutes down the San Diego Freeway from the Bernards' sleek, modern, glass-walled house in Granada Hills, one of the northernmost sections of Los Angeles in the San Fernando Valley. Everywoman's Village was founded in 1963 by three Los Angeles area women who felt that most housewives were "bored and trapped and should have an opportunity to improve themselves through education." Today, their school, scattered about the buildings of an old bungalow court (the classrooms still have kitchens) has a faculty of 84, a student body of 970 women *and* men, and a reputation as one of the best adult-education centers of its kind in the world.



Last year, Patti Bernard took classes at "the Village," as it is called, from 9:30 to 12 every morning from Monday through Friday, and then returned with Tom for more classes three evenings a week. This is her average schedule when she is operating under a full head of self-improvement steam.

But all this is not enough for the Bernards. On off evenings they go to nearby Valley State College, Granada Hills High School, etc., for lectures by such experts as Dr. Erich Fromm, the noted family-relations psychologist. An educationless midweek evening seems to create an aimless, aching void in them. One day a few months ago, Tom returned home from his business, listened dispiritedly to some social-protest folk-song records, and then said to Patti, "We don't have anything to do on Monday evenings. Why don't we hire a lecturer and take a course right here in the house?"

"A *great* idea," said Patti. Tom then (*continued on page 94*)



Sprawled on living-room floor, Patti grapples with existentialism. She carries 20 class hours a week.

The Bernards own a 21-foot boat, *The Strangelove*, but Tom and Patti refused to use it till each had passed a 10-week sailing course.

Tom, 39, is now studying oil painting. He met Patti—where else?—at a Dale Carnegie course.





1. Bentwood café chair with cane seat. $18.

2. Jenny ladder-back of unfinished ash, with rush seat. $16.95.

3. Rustic Mexican chair of unpainted pine, with woven palm back and seat. $12.95.

4. Danish stack chair of teak veneer, with metal legs. $16.95.

5. Metal frame ladder-back, with black plastic seat. $13.95.

6. Walnut counter stool with cord fiber seat. $14.50.

7. British officer's chair of natural birch with canvas seat and back. $19.95.

8. Italian ladder-back chair in red lacquer with rush seat. $19.50.

9. High-back rocker of unfinished oak, with woven cane seat. $19.95.

10. Mexican ladder-back of unfinished pine, with woven palm seat. $16.

20 Chairs for Under $20

Pick a chair. Then use your ingenuity—make it yours alone by adding special finishing touches of paint or fabric or both, as we did with most of the chairs on these pages. There's a chair here for every taste and every room—and each is well within the reach of even the smallest budget.
By MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor



10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

11. Spindle-back Boston rocker is unfinished. $19.95.
12. Child's basket chair of woven palm, from the Philippines. $15.
13. Folding chair of natural rattan with iron frame. $12.95.
14. Child's chair of laminated, plastic-coated hard paper fiber. $4.99.
15. Viking side chair of unfinished ash, with rush seat. $12.50.
16. Director's chair with canvas back and seat, unfinished, bamboo-turned frame. $13.95.
17. Child's chair from Haiti, with carved walnut frame, rush seat. $15.
18. Sturdy captain's chair, partly assembled, ready to finish. $18.95.
19. Viking armchair, of unfinished ash, with hand-woven rush seat. $15.50.
20. Mexican chair, of unfinished pine, with hand-woven palm seat and back. $12.95.

Photographs by Ben Somoroff
Shopping information on page 111

A Compendium of Etiquette, Manners, and

Do you know what happens to boys and girls with absolutely perfect manners? People ask them to parties, unc



Did you ever have a sleep-over guest
who came to your house complete with little suitcase
and said good night and got into bed
and then decided he didn't want to sleep over after all,
and your father had to get up, out of his
nice, warm bed
and drive the non-sleep-over back home?

That guest had two-poster manners.

Sleep-over guests with four-poster manners
arrive with pajamas and toothbrush and slippers,
and go to bed quickly and quietly.
In the morning they help make their bed and breakfast.
And a very good guest (sleep-over, eat-over,
or any-over) reciprocates.

Reward

Good sleep-overs find baba au rhum, spumoni, and eggnog when they raid the refrigerator.
Bad sleep-overs find oranges, prune juice and cauliflower.



Did you ever go to a swimming pool or
beach and see children
push other children into the water,
splash grown-ups,
duck friends, and
kick sand?

Their manners were all wet.

Children with dry manners
stay at the children's end of the pool
(or where there is adult supervision).
They never splash or duck anybody . . .
especially anybody's mother . . .
especially their own mothers who have
just had their hair done.

Reward

They get accepted at the best clubs.



Have you ever flown in an airplane
and watched children running up and down
the aisle whining,
"When will we get there?"

Those children had turbulent manners.

Children with smooth manners prepare for
smooth plane rides.
If the flight is to be a long one,
they take along Autobridge and
Double-Crostics.

Reward

They think they get there faster.



Did you ever know any children
who had not seen their grandparents for six years and
twelve days
and, when their grandparents came to visit,
looked up from their Tinker Toys
(which their grandparents had sent them for Christmas)
just long enough to say,
"What did you bring me?"

Those children had relatively no manners.

Well-mannered children rise and rush to kiss
grandmamas, grandpapas,
and all other grand relations.
They say:
"I love you."
"I have missed you."
"I'm so glad you came to see me."

Reward

Their grandparents open charge accounts at F.A.O. Schwarz.



Copyright © 1966 by Lois Wyse and Joan Javits. From the book, "The Compleat Child," by Lois Wyse and Joan Javits, published by The World Publishing Company. Illustrations by Ouida

Poise for Perfectly Marvelous Girls and Boys

ke them to the zoo, even turtles love them, and they get simply stunning rewards. By Lois Wyse and Joan Javits

There has never been a naughty child on
December 24 at 7 P.M.
But, oh my, did you ever see a child
on December 26
sitting on a pile of toys with a rocket in
one hand
and the keys to a new Thunderbird in the other
shouting, "You can't make me"?

Children like that are not celebrated for
their manners.

Children with festive manners
thank their parents for cleaning the
chimney and
letting Santa come through with the presents.
They take turns opening gifts so everyone
can see
and mothers can keep track of who got what.
Then they find a new place for the new toys
and clean up the old mess.

Reward

Santa Claus believes in them.



Have you ever seen children
ride their bicycles (or tricycles)
in the middle of the street,
or have you seen them zoom down the
sidewalk lickety-split,
practically knocking people on their left ear?

Those children had free-wheeling manners.

Children with well-balanced manners
ride bikes on the sidewalk only.
They ring the bells on their bikes,
and they are very careful not to run over
people,
pets, and
parents.
They remember to bring their bicycles in out of
the rain,
and they never leave a bike in the driveway.

Reward

They never have battered bikes or dented daddies.



Did you ever know children who
needled,
wheedled,
begged,
teased,
and sobbed
to get a pet?
And the first day they
fed it,
petted it,
cleaned it,
played with it,
and loved it?
And the second day they starved it?

Those children had inhuman manners.

Children with human manners
pet pets every day
and make sure their pets always have
water and a clean place to sleep.

Reward

They win all the blue ribbons at the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden. Unless, of course, they have hamsters.



Have you ever stood in front of a sign that
says:
DO NOT FEED OR ANNOY THE ANIMALS
while annoying children fed the animals?
Have you ever stood in front of the sign
that says:
NO LITTERING
with a litter of littering children?

Beastly manners!

Children with good manners
do not have to be put on a leash to go to
the zoo.

Reward

They are invited on African safaris.



Isn't it just awful the way some children
supermarket?
They pull out the very bottom can of mock turtle
soup and—
CRASH.
They use carts like scooters, skid around
corners, and—
CRASH.
They climb on the moving check-out counter and—
CRASH.

Crashing bad manners!

Children with super manners
take nothing from shelves.
They sit nicely in the basket (if they still fit)
or walk nicely next to the basket (if they don't fit)
or wait nicely while their mothers check out.

Reward

Huntington Hartford, his heirs, and assigns are pleased.

Found: Bright Fashion Treasure

Now is the time to go on a treasure hunt, Christmas check in hand, to search out a delicious life-brightening fashion, the perfect pickup for a post-holiday letdown. These little treasures are waiting to be discovered now in boutiques and sportswear departments. Finders, keepers. Here are some clues. ¶ *Below, from left: Swimsui bathed in brilliant, stained-glass colors, belted and slightly bloused in front. By Jantzen, of Antron nylon and spandex knit, 10–16, $30. Hattie Carnegie earrings.* ¶ *Next, a long, ribbed sweater of a dress, short-sleeved and pocketed in front. By J Sophisticates, of aqua wool knit, 3–15, $70. Cadoro jewelry.* ¶ *Next, wide-legged jumpsuit, cut in at the arms, of lime-gree cotton terry knit banded in navy blue. By Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants, 6–18, $23. Earrings by Robert Originals.* ¶ *Next, strip square-neck top of cotton/rayon chenille knit, tucked into a short, wide-belted A-line skirt of orange Dacron/cotton twill. Both by Sportwhirl, 6–14. The top, $20; skirt, $16.* ¶ *Next, silky, shiny, shock-pink top of acetate/cotton velour kni S-M-L, $12. The straight-legged hip-pants $15, belted with a strip of orange and pink grosgrain, of rayon/cotton twill, 6–16. Both, Cole of California. Mimi di N earrings.* **By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor**



Cabinets with teakwood front panels, woven-cane wall covering (plastic-coated and easy to clean), a lattice bamboo ceiling, peaked like that of a teahouse, and black accents everywhere are characteristic of this Japanese-style kitchen. Counter tops in this and all seven kitchens have a floating look, because of a small recess under them, which makes the counters, themselves, easier to clean.

every kitchen: stow-away
ixer shelves that pull out and up
convenient working height, slots
r filing baking sheets, built-in
n openers, shielded light
rips under wall cabinets.



Baking center—its special wood pastryboard concealed under a removable section of the counter top. Wood-handled scraper is convenient for cleaning the board.



Mediterranean-style kitchen has cabinet doors with removable plastic inserts. Cabinet shelves can be raised or lowered.



Indoor grill is installed in electric cooktop counter under a hood that draws off smoke and odors. Wood cutting board is inserted in the counter beside it.



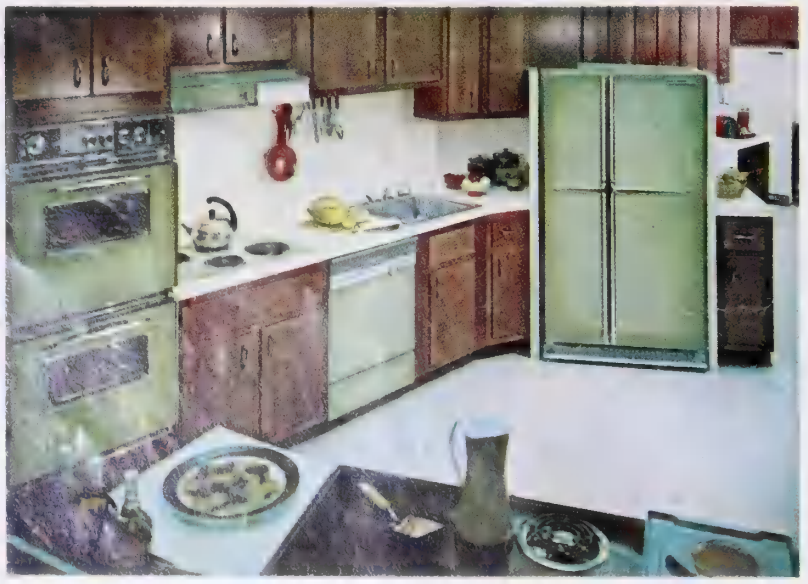
WHERE THE PROS COOK

KITCHEN AND LAUNDRY APPLIANCES ARE TESTED FROM THE CONSUMER'S POINT OF VIEW IN HOMELIKE ENVIRONMENTS AT GENERAL ELECTRIC'S CONSUMERS INSTITUTE IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. APPLIANCES HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUT THROUGH A MULTITUDE OF TECHNICAL CHECKS AND TESTS AT OTHER TEST CENTERS. HERE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HELEN KIRTLAND, INFORMATION ABOUT HOME USE AND MAINTENANCE OF KITCHEN AND LAUNDRY APPLIANCES IS DEVELOPED. THE INSTITUTE IS ALSO OPEN TO TEACHERS, HOME-DEMONSTRATION AGENTS, WRITERS, SALES AND SERVICE MEN SO THAT THEY CAN LEARN ABOUT FEATURES BY OBSERVING AND OPERATING THE APPLIANCES THEMSELVES.



In one unit of the kitchens, appliances are installed in a sweeping curve. This ingenious arrangement (especially advantageous in a large room) brings the range and refrigerator-freezer closer together and creates a more compact work area. Spice storage space, conveniently within reach at back of counter, is closed off with sliding plastic panels. Light strip under wall cabinets is shielded to reduce glare. The cutting board is designed to fit neatly over sink; parings can be thrown directly into disposer through cut-out section of board.

More counter space was created in one of the other kitchen areas by installing a two-door refrigerator-freezer at an angle to the wall, along with counters on either side. This is the kind of arrangement that would create space for a laundry or desk center near, but not in, a home kitchen.



The office center here, also used as a server, is designed with kitchen cabinets that match those in cooking area. Cabinets are "desk" height; cupboards hold both office supplies and dishes.



NEW PRODUCTS ARE DEVELOPED FROM IDEA STAGE THROUGH TESTS FOR TASTE, QUALITY AND NUTRITIONAL VALUE AT THE SEVEN GENERAL FOODS KITCHEN AREAS IN WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK. PACKAGE DIRECTIONS AND SERVING IDEAS ARE EVOLVED HERE, TOO. IN ADDITION TO KITCHENS, THERE IS AN EXPERIMENTAL LAUNDRY. ELLEN ANN DUNHAM DIRECTS THE ENTIRE DEPARTMENT.

Baking center has marble counter top. Cabinet above counter is ventilated for storing baked goods, has wire shelves and open-grill doors.





Above: Storage section in one kitchen has tables in cupboards for small containers. Shelf below cupboard slides forward for easy access.



The tasting room, set up here for a cool-beverage test. A collection of copper dessert molds is displayed on the shelves above. Quick-heating electronic range is used for food tests.

Left: Long view of the creative cooking kitchen, shows four different counter surfaces. Tile surrounds the grill, stainless steel, the sink; with a wood section to the right and plastic left of the sink. The grill has a handsome antiqued-brass hood. All kitchens are carpeted, all have gas and electric ranges.

Pull-out cutting boards are handy. They also extend available work surface. Another great feature: pull-out wastebasket, out of the way, yet easy to reach.





Shopping information on page 111.

More "Where the Pros Cook" on page 115.



Journal Cookbook of the Month. Number 15 of a series. *Pasta, that most versatile budget-stretcher, is the hero of our cookbook condensation for January. Three delicious recipes from the book are shown here, from top to bottom: colorful Spring Spaghetti with tomatoes, green peppers, scallions and black olives; Artichoke Sauce alla Sora Maria—linguine with an unusual sauce of artichokes, salt pork, white wine and tomatoes; and Green Lasagne "alla Bolognese" with ricotta, Swiss cheese and mushrooms. Author Evelyn Gendel, who perfected her wizardry during seven years in Italy,*



wrote Pasta! *as a Christmas present for a friend. So many others begged for copies, she decided to publish it (Simon and Schuster, $3). This mite-size book is a mine of information: classic sauces (50 in all!)—mild and creamy, green and fragrant, tomato, garlic, vegetable, fish and meat; hearty baked pasta dishes as well as recipes for making your own egg pasta, ravioli, cannelloni. Best of all are straightforward directions on how to buy, serve and eat pasta, what sauces go with which types. Settled are all those questions that pasta lovers debate so fervently. Selected recipes begin on page 90.* Buon' appetito!

Photographs by Arthur Beck. Copyright ©1966 by Evelyn Gendel. From the book, "Pasta!" by Evelyn Gendel, published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

Here are speedy suppers with a something-special flair for those days when frantic hubbub leaves little time for cooking. These are Total Drama suppers prepared in a whisk at the table in a chafing dish or electric skillet before the entranced eyes of family and guests.

The secrets of our make-in-minutes party suppers ar canned, packaged or from-the-deli ingredients, a few strate gic steps before the guests appear, a menu that's all read except for the entrée. We have the point-by-point how to's and a complete menu designed around each dish

Blaze-of-Glory



hown from left to right on the top row: Quick Carbon-ade—a staunch Belgian specialty using leftover or delica-essen roast beef slices; Italian Veal con Riso—rice, veal and talian sausage in a sauce made of canned minestrone soup; Mock "Venison"—really lamb steaks that have been mari-nated in an Italian dressing, spiced and wined. Bottom left, Bouillabaisse—an unclassic but delicious version of the classic fish stew of Marseilles; right, Spaghetti Neptune—artichoke hearts, crabmeat and spaghetti in a sherry-sparked sauce that virtually makes itself. Recipes, menus, page 88.

Photographs by Albert Budin

Suppers



Chili Beef Stew

Sloppy Joe Potage

Hungarian Chicken Pie

Cauliflower and Spinach Mornay

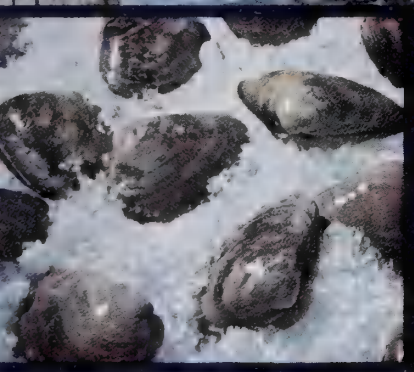
Hamburger with Sauce Béarnaise

Work Wonders with Sauce Mixes

In the hierarchy of cooking, the maker of sauces is the tops. A pinch of this, a dash of that, and the everyday is transformed into a triumph. Now, with handy packaged sauce mixes of every persuasion, anyone can work saucery worthy of a master chef. Add milk or water, a whisk of the spoon, and voilà! One sauce mix often can be turned into another, such as the classic French sauces Béarnaise, Mornay, and Robert. Good sauce mixes, we believe, deserve to become casseroles, dips, stews and soups as well. Pictured here, Chili Beef Stew—ready in a matter of minutes; a husky soup, from a Sloppy Joe mix; individual Hungarian Chicken Pie from canned chicken in gravy, corn-muffin mix and sour-cream sauce; Cauliflower and Spinach Mornay—total elegance from a white-sauce mix; hamburger chic-ly topped with Sauce Béarnaise, made from a hollandaise-sauce mix. Tips and recipes for more saucy sorcery on page 94.

2 great Seashore Soups from Campbell~Oyster Stew & New England Clam Chowder.















Better~Than~Ever Chowder!

mpbell's New England Clam Chowder. Now better than ever! hearty chowder—of tender sea-sweet clams and diced white tatoes. The broth's creamier—rich with good clam broth and butter. the kind of chowder New Englanders are famous for. And ready for you in your grocer's regular Campbell's Soup section. at your family to some today. They're sure to love it!

Real Oyster House Stew!

Campbell's Oyster Stew. True to the tradition of the real oysterhouse stew! And you can see its goodness the minute you open it. The real country-good butter. The creamy oyster broth and plump whole oysters! Just add milk and heat, and you're ready to serve your family real oysterhouse stew. Campbell's Oyster Stew—now on your grocer's regular Campbell's Soup shelves.

JANUARY

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1. To wish one and all a Happy New Year . . . the traditional Pope Lady Cookies of St. Albans in England. Cut ■ medieval-lady pattern from ■ shirt board. Use your favorite (or a refrigerated) ginger cookie dough. Decorate with canned frosting.	**2.** First Monday in January was called Handsel Monday in old-time Scotland. Nobody was supposed to do a mite of work, yet there was always a huge breakfast, "all manner of meats roasted and boiled, a fine cake to follow." How *did* they manage?	**3.** Celery root, now in full season, is also known as celeriac, knob or turnip celery. Not just the root of regular celery, this special type has a fat, sweet, bulbous underpinning. Most famous with Sauce Remoulade.	**4.** Remoulade Sauce is the joy of the hors d'oeuvres tray in France, not only with shredded celeriac, but also on sliced, hard-cooked eggs or shrimp. To achieve *vite*, simply add 2 tsp. prepared mustard, small gherkins and an anchovy fillet, chopped, to 1 cup mayonnaise.	**5.** On this Epiphany Eve, in Italy, La Befana, ■ little old woman of legend, leaves pretty tokens for good children, bits of charcoal for naughty ones. Fun to find, wrapped in foil, inside refrigerated cinnamon buns at suppertime.	**6.** Day of the Three Kings. Burn the last of the Christmas greens, the tradition goes, but save one branch for your "Easter baking" and have ravioli cooked in a great bowl of chicken soup.	**7.** St. Distaff's Day—in medieval times, the women went back to their regular work schedules on this day, baking, spinning, stewing. Even then they knew the wonder of raisins mixed with red cabbage.
8. One of the few good memories of the Civil War was bean soup with chopped beef added. Improvise by crumbling a couple of leftover hamburgers into 2 cans heated white bean soup. Pass little dishes of chopped onion, green pepper, sour cream. To each his own.	**9.** Plow Monday. In the Middle Ages the men were still celebrating the holiday season, dragging beribboned plows around the countryside, feasting at each house on lusty stews and mincemeat tarts, also called Wayfarer's Pies.	**10.** For instant, modern Wayfarer's Pies, heat mincemeat with a jot of fruit juice or spirits. Heap into ready-baked shells and top with rosettes of hard sauce—bought in ■ jar.	**11.** Speaking of pie shells, here's ■ Newie: ■ can of chow mein noodles, and one cup cornflakes, both crushed, mixed with 4 Tb. each sugar and butter or margarine, ½ tsp. almond flavoring. Freeze, or bake 5 to 6 minutes. Fill as you will.	**12.** To make chicken legs or wings exotic, marinate and baste with ■ Saté Sauce: tender-gild ¼ cup chopped onion with 2 cloves crushed garlic in peanut oil. Add 4 Tb. peanut butter; 1 cup each tomato sauce, water; 1 Tb. each sugar, vinegar; 1½ tsp. chili powder. Cook 5 min.	**13.** Twentieth Day after Christmas Eve. In Norway, it's the last time to say "Merry Christmas" till next year, and to serve the last of the Christmas sausage cakes. With mashed potatoes and lots of good milk gravy.	**14.** Shivery weather. Breath makes a cloud. And you need those greens of the Old South—mustard, collards and kale. Now all come frozen (no sand, no work). Buyable across the country.
15. Day to remember St. Paul, the Hermit, who was fed in the desert by ravens on dates and bread. Date-nut bread makes a luscious dessert served steamy hot with ice cream or cinnamon-scented, whipped topping.	**16.** Who remembers when carrots were kept in sand down in the cellar? Now they come all cooked and frozen in their own brown-sugar glaze. Dazzling with a flash of lemon juice and slivers of peel!	**17.** St. Anthony's Day. In Austria the saint is known affectionately as "Pig Tony" to differentiate him from the other Saint Anthony, patron of bakers. All this because temptation appeared to him in the form of a hog.	**18.** All over Europe, pork is traditional this week. Delicious with applesauce flavored with horseradish.	**19.** Odd, maybe, but excellent: Malihini Salad. A lady from Omaha brought the thought from Hawaii: a can of diced, cooked beets, an 8-oz. can pineapple chunks, both well drained, mixed with mayonnaise, served in lettuce cups.	**20.** On St. Agnes Eve, an unwed girl should take 3 sprigs of thyme, 3 sprigs of rosemary, sprinkle both sprays three times with water, put on each side of her bed. In her dreams, she should see the face of her future husband.	**21.** Don't throw away those husband-hunting sprigs of thyme and rosemary! Tie them up with a piece of bay leaf, ■ sprig of parsley, and have yourself *bouquets garni*—perfect flavoring for soups, stews and casseroles.
22. Stage your own version of a Yankee Winter Weekend as in Sturbridge with waffles for breakfast. Use pancake mix! Waffles taste "right Yankee" if you stir them up with buttermilk instead of plain milk.	**23.** Hankering for the twang that only yeast can give to hot cakes? Dissolve 1 tsp. yeast in 1 cup warm milk. Add 1 cup buckwheat-cake mix. Cover. Let stand 30 minutes. Add rest of ingredients and make like always.	**24.** "Bile yo' fish, slice yo' pear. Celebrate, man!" Fifty years ago today those little isles of paradise, the American Virgins, were bought from Denmark. There's where we first learned the glory of their "pear"—our avocado—with all kinds of fish.	**25.** Pray for sun today. Serve a golden Sunshine Cake. Since sun on St. Paul's Day bodes ■ good year.	**26.** Full moon! In January it's the Wolf Moon. For your family of hungry ones, consider Wolf's Steaks: 2 or 2½ lbs. flank steak. (London broil), tenderized according to directions. Brush with wine vinegar, broil 7 or 8 minutes. Douse with . . .	**27** . . . the Devil's Own Sauce. Equal quantities bottled steak sauce and melted butter or margarine. Splotch of hard liquor, if desired. Stir and heat together. Don't boil.	**28.** Company coming? Need an overture? Consider a Frozen Blue Belle—2 Tb. Roquefort or blue cheese, ½ cup butter or margarine. Work till well married with 1 Tb. dry sherry, 2 tsp. chives, speck of cayenne. Freeze in small molds. Serve with hot toast.
29. Zany but great is Brownie Pudding. Make up (1-lb. ½-oz.) brownie mix as for cake-type, pour into a 9-inch-square greased pan. Sprinkle with ½ cup each brown and white sugar, ¾ cup cocoa. Dribble with ¾ cup cold coffee. Bake at 350° for 25 min. Serve warm.	**30.** For F.D.R.'s birthday . . . his favorite Kedgeree: a cup each flaked salmon or leftover fish and cooked rice, 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, all heated in butter or margarine. Moisten with cream, 1 tsp. lemon juice; season with Worcestershire, hot-pepper sauce. Lots of parsley!	**31.** Eggs Louisiane on Louisiana Day. Heat a can of undiluted tomato soup with 2 Tb. bread crumbs, 1½ cups leftover cooked vegetables, ⅓ cup chopped onion, ¼ tsp. cayenne. Plop on 4 to 6 eggs; dab with butter or margarine. Bake 6–8 min. at 400°.	 POPE LADY	 CELERY ROOT	 AVOCADO	 SOUTHERN GREENS

Illustrations by Barbara Carban

KRAFT

REAL MEAL MAKERS

regency ragout

2 lbs. lamb, cut in 1-inch cubes
¼ cup flour
1 8-oz. bottle Kraft French Dressing
½ cup water
12 small onions
1 cup carrot sticks
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 cups hot mashed potatoes

This gourmet meal-in-itself, gets its richness and savory flavor from Kraft French Dressing. Coat meat with flour; brown in ¼ cup Kraft French Dressing (the creamy one with the zippy color and flavor). Add remaining dressing and water; cover and cook 1 hour or until meat is tender. Add onions and carrots; continue cooking 30 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Add mushrooms; pour into 2-quart casserole. Pipe potatoes around edge with pastry tube; bake at 450°, 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Serves 6.



KRAFT



cheddar corn bread

1 cup flour
1 cup yellow cornmeal
1 tablespoon baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup milk
2 cups (8 ozs.) shredded Cracker Barrel Brand Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese

A lively new lift for corn bread: the zesty nip of Cracker Barrel Brand Natural Cheddar Cheese, the one marked Sharp.

Sift together dry ingredients. Add eggs, milk and cheese; stir until just blended. Pour into well-greased, heated 1½-quart ring mold. Bake at 425°, 20 minutes. Serves 6. Be sure to use this great cheese for cooking, sandwiches and snacking—famous Cracker Barrel Brand, from Kraft.



YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE

FAVORITE KRAFT RECIPES
clip and punch
to use these cookbook-size pages

clip and punch to use these cookbook-size pages

parmesan popovers



4 eggs
1 cup milk
⅔ cup flour
½ cup Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese
½ teaspoon salt

High-rising popovers with an Italian accent that comes from Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese. Preheat greased muffin pan or custard cups. Beat eggs; stir in milk. Add flour, cheese and salt; beat until well blended. Pour into muffin pans or cups. Bake at 425°, 35 to 40 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 large popovers. Kraft Grated Parmesan—"the seasoning cheese"—gives true Italian flavor to soups, salads, main dishes, too. Aged 14 months for full, rich flavor. 100% Parmesan—nothing else added.

golden nugget coffee cake

2 pkgs. flaky refrigerated biscuits
1 12-oz. jar Kraft Pure Peach Preserves, heated
½ cup chopped nuts
Maraschino cherries

An elegant coffee cake gilded throughout with Kraft Pure Peach Preserves. Separate each biscuit into 3 layers. Overlap 1 package of layered biscuits to form a 9-inch circle on ungreased baking sheet. Brush with preserves; sprinkle with ¼ cup nuts. Dip remaining layered biscuits in preserves and overlap on top. Bake at 400°, 18 minutes. Brush with remaining preserves; sprinkle with ¼ cup nuts. Garnish with Maraschino cherries. There are 21 flavors of Kraft Jellies and Preserves...all fresh-fruit good!





fancy forms

Give the look and flavor of luxury to your favorite party breads. You'll find there's a delicious difference when you use Parkay Margarine.

Balls—Roll equal-sized chunks of Parkay Margarine into balls with wooden paddles; (move paddles in tight circles in opposite directions). Drop formed balls in ice water.

Curls—Pull curler firmly down length of Parkay stick. Drop finished curls in ice water. (Dip curler in hot water between curls.)

Assorted Shapes—Cut a stick of Parkay Margarine in pats. Cut each pat into desired shapes using small cookie cutters.

Rippled Pats—Cut a stick of Parkay Margarine in pats with French slicer. Fancy Forms are fun . . . and the flavor is great when you make them with Parkay!



calico supper



1 lb. ground beef
1 cup cracker crumbs
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons water
Kraft Oil
2 cups (1-lb. can) tomatoes
1 green pepper, cut in rings
1 medium onion, cut in rings
Dash of pepper
½-lb. Velveeta Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread, cut in 6 slices

A family dinner that's great to eat—and extra nourishing, too, thanks to Velveeta from Kraft. Shape meat into 6 patties; roll in crumbs. Dip in combined egg and water; roll in remaining crumbs. Brown on both sides in small amount of oil. Add tomatoes, green pepper, onion rings and pepper. Cover; simmer 15 minutes. Top each patty with a Velveeta slice; cover and cook till Velveeta begins to melt. Serves 6. Velveeta is full of health from milk!





bombay noodle dinner

1 pkg. Kraft Noodle with Chicken Dinner
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup sliced water chestnuts
½ cup sliced mushrooms
2 teaspoons soy sauce
1 cup (¼ lb.) shredded Cracker Barrel Brand Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese

A good-to-eat main dish that's a snap to fix with Kraft Noodle with Chicken Dinner. Prepare noodles as directed. Gradually add 1½ cups water to Chicken Sauce Mix; blend well. Bring to a boil; add vegetables and soy sauce. Simmer 10 minutes. Combine with noodles; sprinkle with shredded cheddar cheese. Serves 4 to 6. Kraft Noodle with Chicken Dinner has curly egg noodles and a sauce unusually rich in chicken flavor. Delicious!



tuna macaroni bake

1 7-oz. pkg. elbow macaroni
2 tablespoons Parkay Margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, slighty beaten
½ cup chopped onion
2 cups milk
¾ cup Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese
1 7-oz. can tuna, drained, flaked
2 tomatoes, sliced
1 6-oz. pkg. Kraft Natural Mozzarella Cheese Sliced, cut in half

Kraft Natural Mozzarella gives true Italian flavor to this change-of-pace casserole. Cook macaroni; drain. Stir in next 7 ingredients. Cook over low heat until sauce thickens. Add ½ cup Parmesan cheese and tuna. Layer macaroni mixture, Mozzarella cheese and half of tomato slices in greased 2-quart casserole. Top with remaining tomato slices and Parmesan cheese. Bake at 350°, 35 to 40 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.





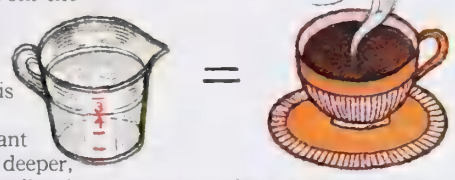
THE KRAFT KITCHENS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
FOR GOOD FOOD AND GOOD FOOD IDEAS . . .

FAVORITE KRAFT RECIPES
YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE

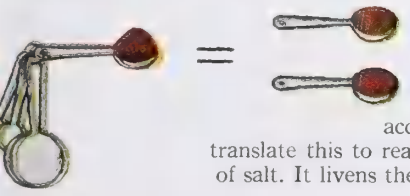
GREAT COFFEE—INSTANTLY!
Things Your Mother Never Taught You

verybody knows instant coffee is a boon—quick, easy, economical. But it . . . can it ever be . . . *great?* "Never. Never! NEVER!" scream the die-ards. WE defy them. Instant coffee, we insist, can be positively rave-able if . . .

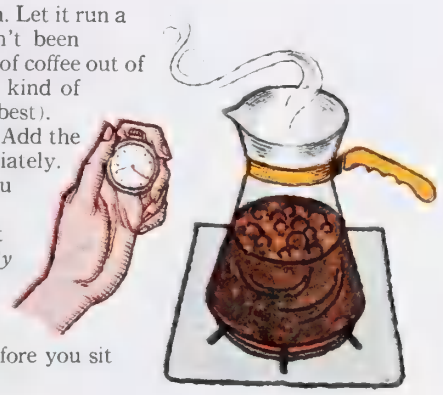
F (big IF) . . . you forget everything you ever heard or read bout how to make it . . . *if* you stir the owdered coffee into cold, *ot* hot, water . . . and *if* you ring it to a boil and let it ook exactly 30 seconds. At this oint it will be richer, more romatic, than any other instant offee you ever tasted. But for deeper, aller flavor, cover and allow to mellow in a warm spot at least 3 minutes longer.



ittle things can trap you in your quest for a perfect cup of coffee. Such s measuring the water! Who would ever guess that a cup of coffee is actually ¾ of a standard (8-oz.) measuring cup? How much powdered coffee you need for each cup is, of course, a matter of taste. Most directions call for a heaping or rounded teaspoonful. If you want to be more accurate, at least in the beginning, translate this to read 2 level teaspoons. Add a grain of salt. It livens the flavor.



e sure the water is freshly drawn. Let it run a w seconds to make sure it hasn't been anding in the pipes. Take the jar of coffee out of he refrigerator (that's where any kind of offee, powdered or ground, keeps best). se a sparkling clean pot or pan. Add the offee. It won't dissolve immediately. ever mind! Cover or not, as you ish. Bring to a boil and let the ubbling continue while you count watch the second hand. *Thirty conds*, we repeat. Then t "ripen." Such coffee is more menable than other types to heating. You can get it ready before you sit own to supper. If the offee gets too cool, not it up" a bit just efore serving. Do ot boil again.



After-dinner coffee or espresso is achieved in the same fashion. Use a level tablespoon of instant coffee to each ¾ cup cold water for two servings. On a cold and snowy night, try Coffee Flambé, or call it Royale . . . flamed with cognac. Such a nice and simple ritual. Warm the spoon by letting it stand a minute or two in the hot, hot coffee. Plop a sugar lump onto the spoon, or scoop up a small pile of sugar. Sluice with French cognac (or rum). Give fire with a match and slip the blazing goody into the cup.



offee may be poured at the table or away from it . . . with or after dessert. ups may match or gaily mismatch. Cream is allowable but not necessary. r add a madcap float of ice cream—chocolate, vanilla or coffee flavor. Be iennese and serve *Kaffee mit Schlag*, coffee topped with faintly sweetened hipped cream. The sugar may be plain, lump, brown or flavored with range rind or cinnamon. A honey pot is thought. During the holiday season, a little ock of peppermint sticks may be assed to use as stirrers.



Ways To Be More Beautiful



Margaret Merril
Beauty Skin Care Consultant

Beauty and a lovely complexion go inseparably together. You cannot have one without the other, which should be encouragement enough for you to try some of these suggestions to cherish the precious, youthful qualities of your skin.

DAY-LONG LOVELINESS

To keep your complexion lovely all day, first smooth on a film of tropical moist oil before applying your make-up. Stroke the beautifying fluid from the base of the throat in an upward direction. Add more moist oil of Olay as necessary until the whole complexion is covered with a dew-like film from the neck to the hairline and including the lips and eyelids. This unique Olay oil helps to smooth your skin so that your complexion retains its soft look of velvet smoothness and radiance all day long beneath your make-up.

NATURAL BLOOM

Give your skin a delightfully cool, clear appearance after cleansing by wiping over your face and neck with a mild lemon-toning freshener. By moistening a cotton pad with lemon Jelvyn and pressing it lightly to your pores, you will immediately appreciate the tonic effects that stimulate the surface skin and help to clear away blemish-inducing impurities. Afterwards, to hold the natural bloom that is apparent on your complexion, smooth on a beautifying film of your oil of Olay.

SMOOTH ELBOWS

To keep your elbows smooth and lovely, follow this simple routine to soften roughness and tiny lines. Combine a teaspoon each of granulated sugar, lemon Jelvyn freshener and Olay vitalizing night cream and rub the mixture into the elbows until they become pink and clean-looking. Supplement this treatment with regular massage of Olay cream into the elbows before you go to sleep to beautify and promote a silky smooth surface.

COMPLEXION BEAUTY PACK

Put sparkling life back into a tired complexion in just a few minutes. Mix together a tablespoon of beaten egg yolk, two tablespoons of fuller's earth and one tablespoon of Jelvyn cleansing milk. Apply this pack thickly to your face and neck, avoiding the area surrounding your eyes. Now relax for twenty minutes. Wash the pack off with tepid water and gently dry your complexion. Complete this beauty treatment by smoothing on your oil of Olay to give the complexion a clear, youthful appearance of loveliness.

Big Suzy—the best bartender in town!



Look for "Big Suzy" in your neighborhood food or package store. She's got twelve of your favorite Party Tyme cocktail mixes to make a perfect cocktail every time.

So look for "Big Suzy"—she'll make you the best bartender in town.

Party Tyme

PARTY TYME PRODUCTS, INC.
65 EAST 55th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BLAZE-OF-GLORY SUPPERS

continued from page 81

PARTY SUPPER FLAMAND

Carbonnade is a traditional Flemish favorite made with beer. Untraditionally, this one takes only 20-odd minutes to make, because we started with roast-beef slices (leftover or from the delicatessen). Begin the meal with grapefruit halves that have been topped with brown sugar and butter. Bake till bubbly, sprinkle with sherry if you like. Toss boiled potatoes in parsley butter. For dessert, sprinkle brownies with rum, top with ice cream or hard sauce.

Menu

SHERRIED GRAPEFRUIT
*QUICK CARBONNADE
PARSLEY-BUTTERED POTATOES
RUM-SPRINKLED BROWNIES, TOPPED WITH ICE CREAM

QUICK CARBONNADE

- 1 envelope dehydrated Swiss-style beef soup mix
- 1 (12-oz.) can beer
- 1 (1-lb.) can small white onions, drained
- 1 (10-oz. pkg.) frozen peas and carrots
- 1 (4-oz.) can mushrooms
- 1 tsp. prepared horseradish
- ¼ tsp. powdered thyme
- 12 serving-sized slices roast beef

To 1 envelope Swiss-style beef soup mix, add 1½ cups water and 1 (12-oz.) can beer. Cook as directed, in chafing dish or electric skillet.

To the cooked soup, add 1 (1-lb.) can small white onions, drained, 1 (10-oz.) package frozen peas and carrots, 1 (4-oz.) can mushrooms, 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish and ¼ teaspoon powdered thyme. Cook for 10 minutes.

At last minute, add 12 serving-sized slices of roast beef, rolled up. Cook at low heat only till beef is heated through—about 5 minutes. If it cooks too much, it will become tough. Serves 6.

PARTY DINNER ITALIANO

Spicy Italian pork sausage, breaded veal cutlets and rice cooked in minestrone make this quick Italian Veal con Riso a chorus of glorious tastes. Begin with black bean soup in mugs, topped imaginatively with orange slices. End with tortoni—bought, or quick-made by mixing vanilla ice cream with a little almond extract. Sprinkle macaroon crumbs on top.

Menu

BLACK BEAN SOUP WITH ORANGE SLICES
*ITALIAN VEAL CON RISO
GREEN SALAD • TORTONI • COFFEE

ITALIAN VEAL CON RISO

- 6 pre-breaded veal cutlets
- ¼ lb. Italian pork sausage, sliced
- ¼ cup cooking oil
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 (10½-oz.) can minestrone soup
- 2 (4-oz.) cans tomato paste
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 Tb. onion flakes
- 2 Tb. chopped parsley

At the table in an electric skillet, fry 6 pre-breaded veal cutlets and ¼ pound Italian pork sausage, sliced, in ¼ cup cooking oil. If chafing dish is to be used, brown ahead and keep warm. When browned, add 2 cups cooked rice, 1 (10½-oz.) can minestrone soup, 1 soup can water, 2 (4-oz.) cans tomato paste, ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 2 tablespoons onion flakes, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Cook 5 minutes more. Serve cutlets decorated with sausage slices. Serves 6.

HUNTER'S REWARD SUPPER

It's the marinade of spices, Italian dressing and wine that gives the "venison" taste to these lamb steaks. Once marinated, they take only a few minutes to cook at the table. Save the marinade and strain it carefully, then use to cook the Brussels sprouts. A pretty dessert . . . scoops of raspberry and lemon sherbets in champagne saucers.

Menu

MINTED FRUIT CUP
*MOCK VENISON
BRUSSELS SPROUTS COOKED IN MARINADE
BAKED-STUFFED POTATOES
RASPBERRY AND LEMON SHERBETS

MOCK VENISON

- 6 lamb steaks, ½-inch thick
- 2 thinly sliced onions
- 1 cup red wine
- ½ cup Italian salad dressing
- ½ tsp. rosemary
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 (4/5-oz.) pkg. instant meat marinade
- ¼ cup butter or margarine

Before guests arrive, pierce 6 ½-inch-thick lamb steaks with a fork, deeply, at ½-inch intervals.

In a shallow pan, about 20 minutes before dinner, combine 2 onions, thinly sliced, 1 cup red wine, ½ cup Italian salad dressing, ½ teaspoon rosemary, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and 1 (⅘-oz.) pkg. instant meat marinade.

Let stand for 15 minutes. Drain meat thoroughly for 5 minutes. Save marinade for cooking vegetables. Sauté meat in ¼ cup butter or margarine, for 3 or 4 minutes on each side. Serves 6.

PARTY SUPPER MARSEILLAIS

When eating Bouillabaisse, the richly flavorful fish stew of France, don't pay too much attention to effete gentility. The hunks of French bread are for soaking up the last delicious drop of sauce.

After such an entrée, only a light, simple dessert is what you want . . . a bowl of pears and the delicately flavored, ivory-toned Bel Paese cheese.

Menu

TOSSED GREEN SALAD WITH GARLIC CROUTONS
*BOUILLABAISSE
TOASTED FRENCH BREAD
PEARS WITH BEL PAESE CHEESE
COFFEE

BOUILLABAISSE

- 2 lbs. frozen flounder filiets, thawed
- 1 (7½-oz.) can crab meat
- 1 (7½-oz.) can minced clams
- 1 (1-lb.) pkg. frozen shrimp, thawed
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- ⅓ cup olive oil
- 2 (1-lb.) cans tomatoes
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ cup chopped pimiento
- ¼ cup dried parsley flakes
- 1 tsp. garlic powder
- ½ tsp. thyme
- ½ tsp. saffron
- 1 cup white wine or lemon juice

Cut the flounder and crab meat into "fingers" before the guests arrive. Make the bouillabaisse at the table in an electric skillet or chafing dish without the under pan.

Sauté 2 medium onions, sliced, in ⅓ cup olive oil until golden. Add the flounder, crab meat, clams and shrimp, 2 (1-lb.) cans tomatoes, and 1 bay leaf. Bring to a boil and cook for 15 minutes. Add ½ cup pimiento, chopped in small pieces, ¼ cup dried parsley flakes, 1 teaspoon garlic powder, ½ teaspoon thyme and ½ teaspoon saffron. Place chafing dish over hot water or turn electric skillet to low heat, then add 1 cup white wine or lemon juice. Cover and let stand to absorb, for about 5 minutes. Serves 6.

FRUITS OF THE SEA DINNER

This rich entrée of crab meat, spaghetti and artichoke hearts is true party fare. Marinate the carrots for several hours in spicy French dressing, and serve on romaine. Thaw and drain the raspberries before topping with cream.

Menu

CELERY HEARTS AND OLIVES
*MÉLANGE NEPTUNE
CARROT SALAD VINAIGRETTE
FROZEN RASPBERRIES IN CREAM

MÉLANGE NEPTUNE

- 1 (1-lb.) box spaghetti, cooked
- 2 (7½-oz.) cans crab meat
- 2 Tb. cooking oil
- 2 Tb. instant minced onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup milk
- ¾ cup grated sharp cheese
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts, thawed
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ cup sherry
- ¼ cup minced parsley

Before guests arrive, cook spaghetti and drain 2 (7½-oz.) cans crab meat.

At the table heat 2 tablespoons cooking oil in an electric skillet or chafing dish without the under pan. Add 2 tablespoons instant minced onion, and 1 clove garlic, minced. Cook until golden. Add 1 cup milk, ¾ cup grated sharp cheese, 1 (10-oz.) package frozen artichoke hearts, thawed, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cook until cheese is melted and artichokes are tender. Add ¼ cup sherry, 1 (1-lb.) box cooked spaghetti, and ¼ cup minced parsley. Toss until well mixed. Serves 6.

HOLIDAY-SPECIAL DINNER

This is a delectable red-and-green-pepper-spangled party specialty, hearty enough for all the starved and athletic menfolk.

An hour or so before the party, set 2 cans of tomato aspic in the refrigerator to chill. Serve it on a bed of parsley. For an extra party touch, add ¼ cup of bourbon to the beef bouillon.

Menu

BEEF AND BOURBON BOUILLON
SESAME CRACKERS
*CONFETTI MACARONI
TOMATO ASPIC
CHOCOLATE CAKE
COFFEE

CONFETTI MACARONI

- 3 (15-oz.) cans macaroni and cheese
- 2 (1¾ oz.) pkg. hollandaise sauce, prepared
- 1½ cups cooked ham, cubed
- 1 sweet red pepper, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- ½ tsp. prepared mustard
- ¼ cup sherry
- ¼ cup grated cheese

Combine 3 (15-oz.) cans of macaroni and cheese with 2 (1¾-oz.) pkg. of hollandaise sauce, prepared, before guests arrive. Put in a chafing dish or electric skillet at low heat. At table, add to macaroni and hollandaise mixture 1½ cups cooked, cubed ham, 1 chopped sweet red pepper, 1 chopped green pepper, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard. Cook for 20 minutes or until hot, steamy and bubbly. Add ¼ cup sherry and sprinkle with ½ cup grated cheese. Heat 5 more minutes. Serves 6.

FAR EASTERN REPAST

Beer is traditional with curry, and it's also *de rigueur* to serve finger foods such as the celery and carrot sticks.

Before the guests arrive, cook up the rice and keep it warm at the table in a covered container. Have all your ingredients measured and ready on a pretty lacquered tray. *(continued*



New German Cream Cheese Brownies

It takes two wonderful bakers to make them...



this is one

you are the other.

Only you and Baker's® German's® Sweet Chocolate can make this extra moist, delicious variation of the classic brownie. Inspired by the famous German Sweet Chocolate Cake, the blend of rich, pure chocolate and velvety smooth cream cheese will make these brownies your specialty.

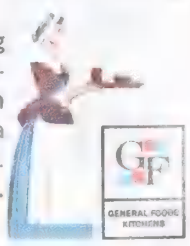
German Cream Cheese Brownies

ckage (4 ounces) Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate
blespoons butter
ckage (3 ounces) cream cheese
p sugar
gs
½ cup plus 1 tablespoon unsifted flour
1½ teaspoons vanilla
½ teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup coarsely chopped nuts
¼ teaspoon almond extract

hocolate and 3 tablespoons butter over very low heat, stirring constantly. Cool. remaining butter with the cream cheese until softened. Gradually add ¼ cup creaming until light and fluffy. Stir in 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour, and ½ tea- vanilla until blended.

Beat remaining eggs until fluffy and light in color. Gradually add remaining ¾ cup sugar, beating until thickened. Fold in baking powder, salt, and remaining ½ cup flour. Blend in cooled chocolate mixture. Stir in nuts, almond extract, and remaining 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Measure 1 cup chocolate batter and set aside. Spread remaining chocolate batter in a greased 9-inch square pan. Pour cheese mixture over the top. Drop measured chocolate batter from tablespoon onto the cheese mixture; swirl the mixtures together with a spatula just to marble. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Cool. Cut in bars or squares. Cover and store in the refrigerator. Makes about 20 brownies.



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BLAZE-OF-GLORY *continued*

Menu

CELERY AND CARROT STICKS
*CURRY OF MEATBALLS
(KAWAB-MUTTER MASALAH)
RICE
PINEAPPLE CHUNKS AND
SHREDDED COCONUT
BEER

CURRY OF MEATBALLS (KAWAB-MUTTER MASALAH)

- 3 (8-oz.) cans meatballs in gravy, drained
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 Tb. salad oil
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 2 Tb. ground coriander
- 1 to 2 Tb. curry powder
- 1 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. cloves
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen peas

Before guests arrive, drain 3 (8-oz.) cans meatballs from the gravy. At the table, in an electric skillet or chafing dish without the under pan, sauté 1 medium sliced onion in 2 tablespoons salad oil until golden. Combine ½ cup milk, 1 cup plain yogurt, 2 tablespoons ground coriander (yes, 2 tablespoons!), 1 to 2 tablespoons curry powder (to taste), 1 teaspoon garlic salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and ½ teaspoon cloves. Cook for 5 minutes. Add the drained meatballs and cook gently 10 minutes. Add 1 (10-oz.) pkg. of frozen peas and cook 5 more minutes. Serve over cooked rice. Serves 6.

A WINTER NIGHT'S SUPPER

These stuffed pork chops, aromatic with spices and the taste of apples, are perfect for any chilly evening. Before the guests arrive, prepare the rice, stir in 2–3 tablespoons chopped parsley. Cook the broccoli and drain, then pour over it ¼ cup melted butter or margarine mixed with 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Sprinkle chopped walnuts over sliced ice-cream-and-cake roll.

Menu

*SPICED PORK CHOPS
PARSLEYED RICE
LEMON-BUTTERED BROCCOLI
ICE-CREAM-AND-CAKE ROLL
(FROM THE FROZEN-FOOD CASE)

SPICED PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops (1-inch thick)
- 3 apples, pared and sliced
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- ¼ tsp. ground cloves
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- ⅓ cup brown sugar
- ⅓ cup raisins
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. ginger

Before guests arrive, split 6 pork chops so a pocket is formed for stuffing. Mix together 3 apples, pared and sliced, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves and the juice of one lemon. Stuff chops with mixture. Insert skewers along edge of chops to hold stuffing in.

At the table, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and brown chops on both sides. Pour in ½ cup water, ⅓ cup brown sugar, ⅓ cup raisins, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon ginger. Cook 20 to 25 minutes, or until pork is very tender. Serves 6. **END**

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PASTA! *continued from page 79*

HOW TO COOK, SERVE AND EAT PASTA

Pasta is very good to eat when properly made and served with a good sauce. It should be very hot, cooked *al dente*—just until the raw stiffness is out of it but it still retains a certain firmness. It should be served in soup plates, which hold it together, keeping in the heat and accommodating the sauce. And the long strands should be twirled around a fork and eaten in a fat bundle—never cut into slippery bits.

A pound of pasta will serve six people well as the first course of a proper dinner. It will serve eight if it accompanies the meat course as the starch. If it *is* dinner, or a hearty lunch, four people to the pound gives as much as anybody can possibly eat.

As for the sauce, it's meant to be a condiment, and there should be enough of it to season the pasta generously without being soupy.

For general purposes and ordinary big servings of pasta, a good rule to remember is always to count a half cup of sauce per person.

There are two kinds of pasta: the regular hard, whitish spaghetti or macaroni, which even in Italy comes in packages from the factory, and the fragile egg pasta—which we call noodles.

HOW TO COOK SPAGHETTI AND MACARONI

Take a very big saucepan and fill it with at least a quart of water for every quarter pound of spaghetti. When it reaches a good rolling boil, add salt (about a teaspoonful per quart) and a minute quantity of fat—a few drops of oil or a dot of butter—which prevent the pasta from sticking.

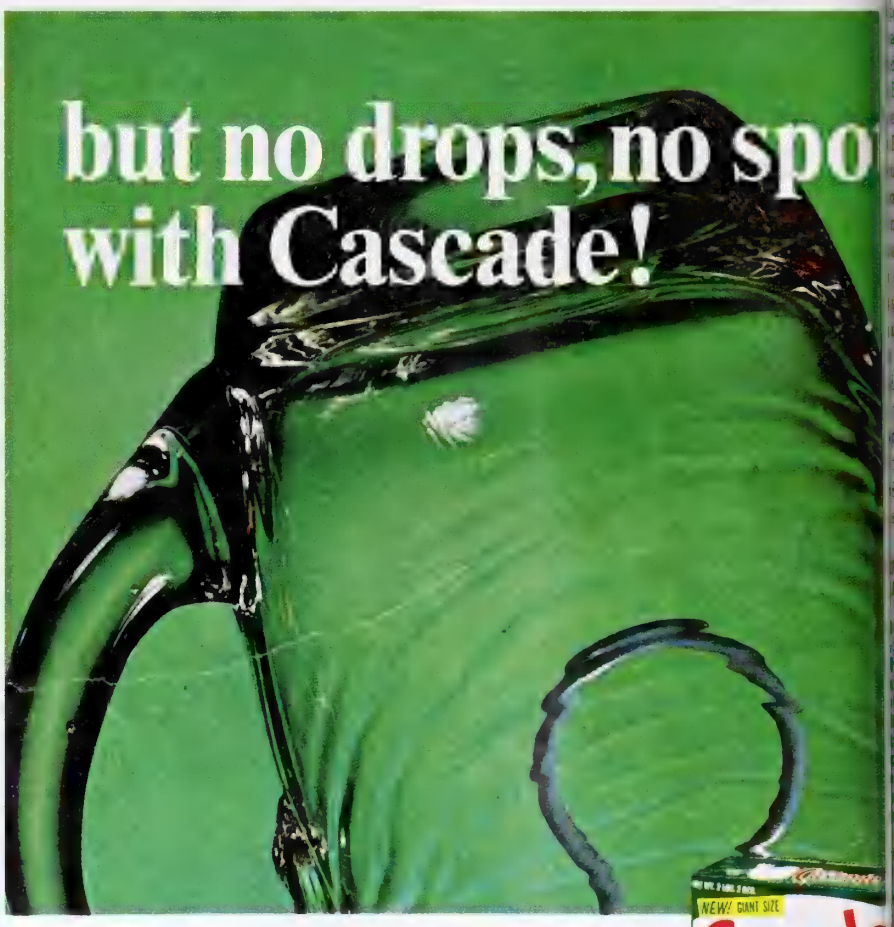
Now put in the spaghetti. Hold a small bunch near the end and lower gently into the boiling water. It will soften as it enters, and the strands will curve around the pot until the whole length is in. Do this in batches until the spaghetti is in the pot—the main thing is not to let the water go off the boil.

Then boil briskly, uncovered. Timing is important: mushy spaghetti is horrible. Cooking time varies from 5 to 12 minutes depending on thickness, quality and age. Start testing at the fourth minute: pull a strand from the boiling pot with a fork and taste it (accomplished cooks can tell by looking). Do this again every single minute until it's exactly the right texture: done but resilient, neither hard nor soft.

At that instant take the pot off the stove and dump the spaghetti into a colander waiting in the sink. Do not rinse: nobody but a raccoon rinses food before eating—it is as lunatic an idea as rinsing boiled potatoes. Just drain it quickly so it doesn't get cold, and serve at once. (Don't drain out every last drop of water: a little must remain to keep it from sticking.)

Note: If disaster strikes and you discover in mid-cooking that you must delay serving for a shortish time, drain the pasta as usual when done, then put it back into the same hot pot and mix in some bits of butter, which will coat the strands and keep them from sticking. Cover and keep hot—in the oven is a good place. If waiting time will be more than 10 minutes or so, light the fire to 200 degrees. It keeps remarkably well





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y, considering; just make sure, ou do serve, that the sauce is hot. (For a long wait, anything f an hour, you will have to start h a new batch of raw pasta. But as it's still hot and not squashy, ight.)

SPAGHETTI

on:
pe tomatoes (to make ul, chopped)
pepper
allions
ack olives, sliced

pper
queeze of lemon juice
ive oil (about)
ul of chopped parsley

d chop the tomatoes; seed and e green pepper; thinly slice the ; pit and slice the black olives. he tomatoes into a small open n over a good brisk fire for just a nutes, stirring, until they are through—don't let them cook. er hot, drained spaghetti, add en pepper, scallions and sliced lives. Mix lightly, season with epper and a good squeeze of uice, and add enough olive oil oat the pasta. Toss well. Throw ndful of freshly chopped parsley e.

NATA

ell peppers

es
poons olive oil
poons butter

pper

stes best when the peppers have en singed and peeled. Hold over with a long-handled fork, turn ge all over. This makes the skin easily, and also gives a delicious flavor. Then seed the peppers nly slice them.

y slice the onion, peel and chop atoes.

olive oil and butter in an open n, add the onion and sauté over ate fire, stirring as needed, until d golden (5 to 10 minutes). Add pers. Keep the fire high enough orate their moisture and let them til nicely colored (4 to 6 minutes). d pepper.

the tomatoes and let simmer, occasionally, until the tomatoes oked down to thick pulp and the are soft (30 minutes or so). Thin ittle boiling water, if needed.

with spaghetti. Grated Par- on the table. Serves 4.

OKE SAUCE "ALLA SORA

ater
½ lemon
edium artichokes
d salt pork
garlic
poons olive oil
hite wine
hopped parsley
oon dried basil (or a few eaves, chopped)
canned plum tomatoes

e water and lemon juice in a wl.

rd the tough outer leaves of the kes, cut down stems to about ½ m the base. Cut off the tough leaving the leaves about 2½ long. Cut the artichokes into s (as if they were apples) and mediately into the lemon-water. t one piece at a time, cut out the fuzzy choke, then cut down lengthwise into thin slices and return to the same water.

Soak the salt pork in cold water for 5 minutes to remove the salt, then dry with paper towels, and mince fine. Mince the garlic.

Heat olive oil in a saucepan, add the minced salt pork and cook gently for a few minutes. Drain the artichoke slices and pat dry, then add them to the saucepan along with the minced garlic. Continue sautéing gently over a low fire, stirring frequently, until the artichokes are half-tender (5 minutes or so).

Add the white wine, parsley, basil and the tomatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer covered for another 20 to 30 minutes, stirring occasionally, until the artichokes are very tender.

Serve over hot, drained spaghetti. Grated Parmesan on the table. Serves 4 to 6.

(Ed. Note: For a saucier sauce, we used more tomatoes—a large [1-lb., 12 oz.] can.)

SICILIAN ANCHOVY SAUCE

6 to 12 anchovy fillets (the mild kind, packed in olive oil)
12 ripe black olives
3 tablespoons capers
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 garlic clove
1½ cups tomato sauce
A handful of chopped parsley
Pepper
3 or 4 tablespoons hot bouillon (or boiling water), if needed

Drain, cut up and crush anchovy fillets; pit and chop the black olives; drain the capers.

COOKING WITH Kellogg's



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Corn-Crisped Chicken Bake

Succulent and easy—you bake the chicken, the stuffin' muffins and the peaches in the same oven. (Takes only an hour!)

Corn-Crisped Chicken with California Cling Peaches

3 pounds frying-chicken pieces
½ cup evaporated milk
1 cup KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKE CRUMBS
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
HEAVY DUTY REYNOLDS WRAP
6 CALIFORNIA CLING PEACH HALVES

1. Wash chicken pieces and dry thoroughly.
2. Dip chicken in evaporated milk; then roll pieces in mixture of Corn Flake Crumbs, salt and pepper, until well-coated. Place skin-side up in shallow baking pan lined with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap; do not crowd.
3. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour, or until tender. No need to cover pan or turn chicken while cooking.
4. About 20 minutes before chicken is done, place well-drained Cling Peach halves, cut-side up, on foil around chicken pieces. Continue baking as directed.
5. If desired, peach halves may be filled with whole-berry cranberry sauce before serving.

Yield: 6 servings



You'll need . . .

Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs—specially prepared for cooking from the world's favorite flakes of corn.

California Cling Peach Halves—they hold their shape and golden color when baked.

Kellogg's Croutettes Stuffing (Herb-Seasoned Croutons)—toasted cubes of old-fashioned herb-seasoned bread.

Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap—oven-tempered for flexible strength. Resists tearing, seals tight, holds firm.

Stuffin' Muffins in Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap

1 7-oz. package KELLOGG'S CROUTETTES STUFFING Herb-Seasoned Croutons
½ cup melted butter or margarine
¾ cup (4-oz. can) drained sliced mushrooms
1¾ cups hot water or stock (approximate)
HEAVY DUTY REYNOLDS WRAP

1. Empty Croutettes into mixing bowl. Add butter and mushrooms. Mix lightly.
2. While tossing gently, add hot water or stock. Shape stuffing into balls, measuring by well-packed half-cupfuls. Place each ball on a square of Reynolds Wrap; bring edges up around ball and fold to seal at top.
3. Place in oven with chicken during last 30 minutes of baking.
4. To serve, fold back edges of Reynolds Wrap and place on plate. If desired, hot dark mushroom sauce (canned) may be spooned over muffins at the table.

Yield: About 10 Stuffin' Muffins

Heat olive oil in a saucepan with the smashed garlic clove. When the garlic is soft and golden, add tomato sauce and parsley and simmer for a few minutes. Stir in the anchovies, black olives and capers, and continue cooking over a low flame, stirring often, for another 5 minutes or so. Thin with a few spoonfuls of hot bouillon or boiling water, if necessary.

Serve on hot, drained spaghetti or macaroni or thick, chunky pasta like rigatoni. Grated Parmesan on the table. Serves 4.

*(*Ed. Note:* Use canned tomato sauce [or packaged spaghetti sauce] for the tomato sauce or make up your own favorite.)

LA CARBONARA

Per person:
4 slices (or more) bacon
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 raw egg
Grated Pecorino or Parmesan
Black pepper

Cut the bacon slices into 3 or 4 pieces and fry in olive oil. Break eggs into cups (1 per person), beat with a fork until well mixed, and put on table.

Serve platefuls of cooked, drained, thin spaghetti, very hot. Each person pours egg over spaghetti and mixes rapidly through. (The egg cooks lightly in the steam, coating the spaghetti yellow.) Add sizzling bacon to each plate, with a spoonful of the pan oil. Add generous amounts of black pepper, a few spoonfuls of grated Pecorino or Parmesan, mix and eat.

Hot sauce* on table.

Note: This can be mixed in the kitchen before serving. Drain spaghetti and put into a deep (hot) serving bowl. Pour all the beaten egg over it and mix well. Add the sizzling bacon with the pan oil, mix again. Add black pepper and grated cheese, and rush to the table.

*(*Ed. Note:* For hot sauce, you might use bottled hot-pepper sauce—one or two drops per serving.)

PROSCIUTTO SAUCE

¾ pound prosciutto (or country ham) in one piece
¼ pound butter

Cut the ham fat from the lean. Cut up the fat into small pieces, put into a saucepan with the butter and sauté over a moderate fire until soft and transparent. Add the ham in small cubes and cook gently, turning in all sides, until crisp and golden.

Serve sizzling over hot, drained egg pasta—fine noodles or fettucine. Grated Parmesan or hot sauce on the table. Makes enough sauce to serve 4.

GREEN LASAGNE "ALLA BOLOGNESE"

Lasagne itself is thick and hearty, and the sauce should be substantial—nothing too liquid, something with body to it. This is an unusual, rich lasagne dish—pretty enough for a party.

½ pound fresh mushrooms and 4 tablespoons butter (or a 3-ounce can of sliced mushrooms cooked in butter)
1½ pounds green lasagne
½ cup sweet cream
1 cup ricotta (or cottage cheese)
¼ pound Swiss cheese, sliced
½ cup grated Parmesan
2 tablespoons butter

Clean and slice mushrooms, and sauté in butter until limp and golden. (Or drain a can of sliced mushrooms cooked in butter.) Parboil green lasagne in salted water for 4 minutes. Drain.

Butter a 3-quart baking dish and put into it a layer of green lasagne. Then a dribble of cream. Then some ricotta (or cottage cheese). Then a layer of Swiss cheese slices. Then some grated Parmesan, and a layer of sautéed m rooms. Then another layer of lasa Repeat the layers as before, endin with a layer of lasagne. Dot with of butter.

Put into a preheated moderate (350 degrees) and bake until it puffs bubbles (half an hour or so). Serv once. Serves 4 to 6.

(*Ed. Note:* If you can't find g lasagne, it is equally delicious r with the regular lasagne.)

One night after 25 years of faithful service as chef of the Gourmet Club, Andre forgot to serve Le Sueur very young early small peas. (The delicate little peas that rival the petits pois of France in flavor)





© Green Giant Company, LE SUEUR Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

⅛ pound salt pork
1 pound mushrooms
A bunch of parsley
2 tablespoons olive
4 tablespoons butte
1 cup hot bouillon (a
Pepper
Salt
1 to 2 tablespoons cr (optional)

Parboil the salt for 3 minutes, drain cut into small c Gently clean the m rooms (wiping is us enough—wash onl sandy, and then dry). Cut the mush caps into large pi chop the soft part o stems, discard the Chop the bunch parsley.

Heat olive oil butter in a sauc over a moderate add the salt pork let it sauté gently transparent and gol Then add the m rooms and continue téing, turning occas ally with a wo spoon, until the m rooms are limp buttery (about 5 utes). Stir in the bouillon; pepper, sa needed. Simmer, covered, for anoth minutes. If too simmer with lid of too thick, add a more bouillon—or if like it rich, as many at the very end tak the fire and stir i spoonful or two of cre

Serve over egg p or the thinnest ghetti. Makes en mushroom sauce serve 4.

(*Ed. Note:* Just fore serving we s kled on parsley for e color.)

ZUCCHINI SAUCE

1 pound zucchini
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup hot bouillon
1 to 2 teaspoons lemon juice
Pepper
Nutmeg
A handful of chopped parsley
1 to 2 tablespoons cream (optional)

Thinly slice or chop the zucchini. H the butter in a saucepan, add the chini and stew gently over a low fire til they are very soft, nearly melted to 20 minutes). Stir in the hot boui and season with lemon juice, pep and a dash or two of nutmeg. Add sley and simmer, covered, for anoth minutes. If you like, stir in a spoonf so of cream, and serve at once over drained egg pasta. Serves 4. E

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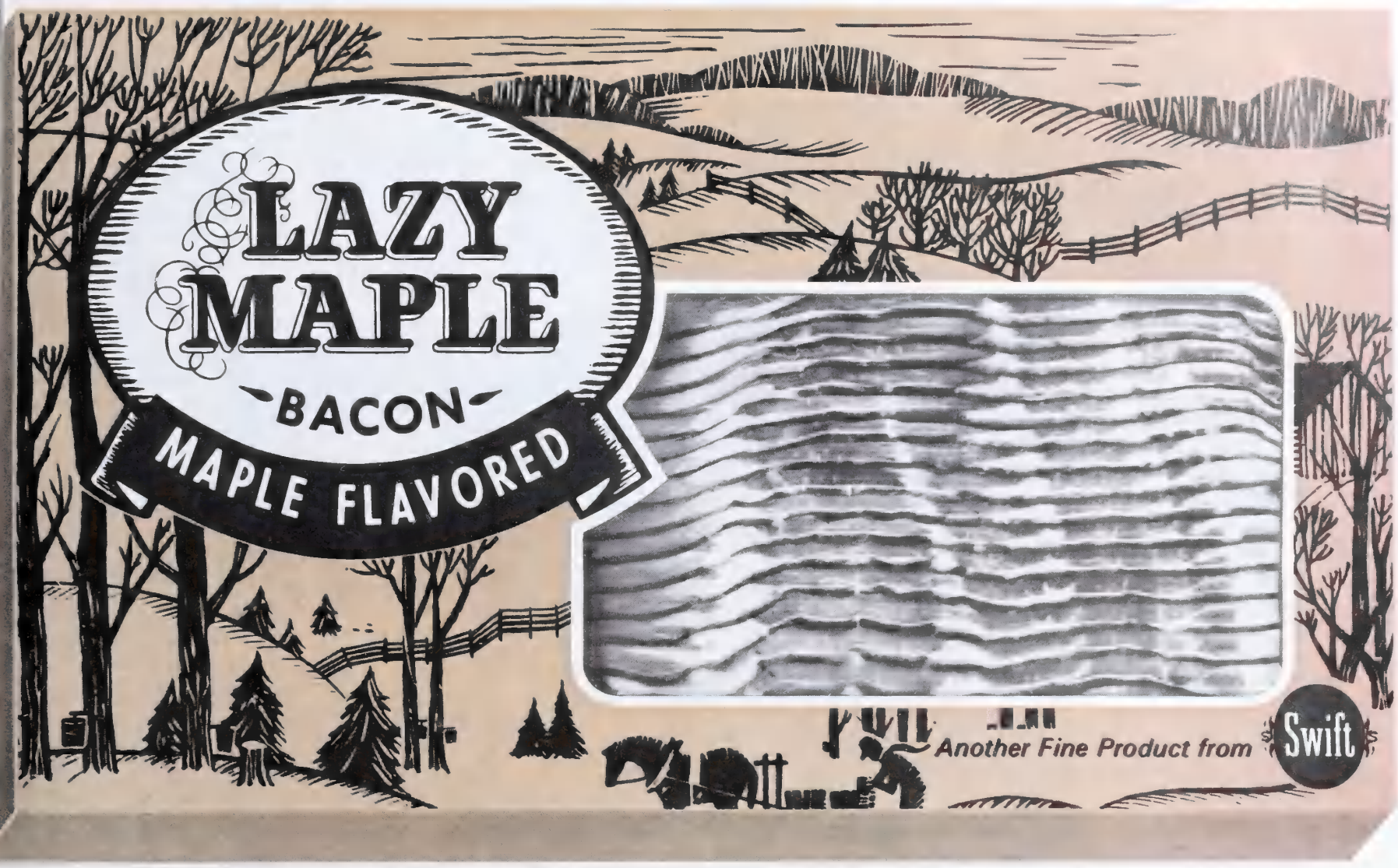
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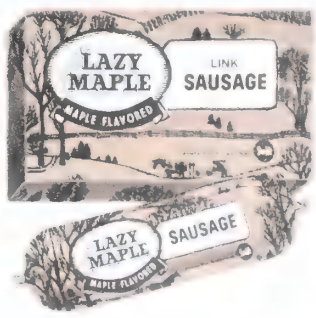
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What a stomach specialist says about

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SAUCE MIXES

continued from page 82

CHILI-BEEF STEW is what you serve on those days when you get in the door just ahead of your hungry horde.

Into 1 (1½-lb.) can beef stew, stir 1 (1¼-oz.) pkg. chili seasoning mix and 1 teaspoon vinegar. Heat. Serve with 2 cups quick-cooking rice which have been cooked according to pkg. directions. Serves 4. (Or stir 1 or 2 packets chili seasoning mix into your favorite homemade beef stew.)

A delicious **CAPER SAUCE** to serve over fish is quickly made by adding chopped hard-cooked eggs, chopped parsley and capers to à la king sauce mix, prepared as directed on the package.

SLOPPY JOE POTAGE is made, logically enough, from a sloppy Joe mix—a long-time teen-age favorite—plus vegetables and ground beef.

Sauté ½ cup finely chopped celery, ½ cup finely chopped carrots, ½ cup finely chopped potato and 2 tablespoons chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine for 5 minutes.

Add ½ pound ground beef and cook, stirring to break up the meat, until all the pink is gone. Stir in 1 (1½-oz.) pkg. sloppy Joe seasoning and 4 cups beef bouillon. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat and simmer 15 minutes. This will make about 8 cups.

Important brunch coming up? Present **EGGS STROGANOFF.** Pour stroganoff sauce, made from a mix, over poached eggs perched on toasted English muffins. Just as elegant as Eggs Benedict and more unusual.

It's the sour cream sauce mix that gives zing and zest to this **HUNGARIAN CHICKEN PIE**. Tastes elaborate, but is simply made from canned chicken in gravy and corn muffin mix.

Combine 2 (15¼-oz.) cans chicken in gravy with 1 tablespoon paprika and 1 tablespoon dried onion flakes in a large saucepan. Place over low heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Meanwhile, combine 1 (12-oz.) pkg. corn muffin mix, 1 egg and 1 (1½-oz.) pkg. sour cream sauce mix prepared according to package directions. Pour hot chicken mixture into a 2-quart casserole or 4 individual casseroles. Top with corn muffin batter. Bake in a hot (400°) oven, 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 4.

A sophisticated **CURRY DIP.** Make up an envelope of curry sauce mix using ½ cup less liquid than the directions say. Cool and stir in ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery. Marvelous with shrimp.

CAULIFLOWER ON SPINACH MORNAY: Sauce Mornay is one of the classic French sauces. The traditional version requires a full hour of simmering, a gaggle of ingredients. This quick version is ready in less than 10 minutes.

Neatly trim and cook a medium head of cauliflower (about 1½ lbs.) upside down in boiling salted water to cover for about 25 to 30 minutes or until just tender. Drain and surround with 1 pkg. cooked, well-drained frozen leaf spinach. Just before serving, pour on this quickly made Sauce Mornay.

Combine 1 (2-oz.) pkg. white sauce mix, 1¼ cups water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon dried onion, and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg in a medium saucepan. Bring to a boil over medium heat and boil for 1 minute. Pour hot sauce gradually over 1 beaten egg yolk, stirring briskly. Return to saucepan and stir in 1 teaspoon grated Parmesan cheese, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 or 2 drops liquid hot-pepper sauce. Cook 1 minute longer. *Do not allow sa to boil.* Strain and serve at once ov cauliflower and spinach. Serves 6.

How to make a hamburger elega enough for a party? Change it in **HAUGHTY HAMBURGER BÉARNAI** with a sauce from Hollandaise sauce m

Combine 2 (1⅝-oz.) pkgs. Hollanda sauce mix, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspo dried tarragon leaves, ½ teaspoon dri chervil (optional). Bring to a boil, st ring constantly. Remove from heat a stir in 2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar a 2 tablespoons butter or margari Serve on hamburgers. Makes 1½ cu

Lift pot roast into the gourmet strat with savory **SAUCE PROVENÇALE** ma from a brown gravy mix. Make up o package of brown gravy mix and add cup canned tomatoes, ½ teaspoon sa ¼ teaspoon thyme, 1 bay leaf, 1 gar clove, crushed, 4 cracked peppercor Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and si mer, uncovered, 10 minutes. Stra Makes 2½ cups.

SAUCE ROBERT is named after legendary sauce maker of the 17th ce tury. Now his sauce can be made fr Sauce Provençale (see recipe abov To 1 cup Sauce Provençale add 2 tab spoons chopped sour gherkins, 2 te spoons dried shallots, 1 teaspo chopped parsley and ¼ teaspoon dri tarragon. Bring to a boil, simmer 5 mi utes. A marvel with all sorts of cho

SAUCE DIABLE is wickedly good a topping for pork, fish, chicken.

To 1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. barbecue sau made according to directions, add 1 t blespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 te spoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon ancho paste and ¼ teaspoon dried shallots o teaspoon instant onion. Stir and heat minutes. EN

HOW AMERICA LIVES

continued from page 65

approached seven of his friends, arranged for them to pay $20 per family (including children over eight), and made a deal with Marshall Neel, a faculty member at Everywoman's Village, to deliver a series of Monday-night lectures on General Semantics at the Bernard home. "After that," said Tom happily, "we've got Charles Scermerhorn lined up to give us Art Appreciation—with slides."

The roots of the Bernards' educational hunger lie deep in their pasts. Patti was born in Muncie, Ind., the daughter of a brewery-foreman father and a credit-investigator mother, who moved to Detroit with her when she was an infant. With not too much parental prodding, she was only a fair student in the Detroit schools and at Hamilton High School in Los Angeles, to which her parents migrated when she was 15. She had no desire at the time to go on to college after she graduated from high school. A vivacious little girl, she was more interested in the flute, piano and dancing lessons she took as extracurricular activities. "I was a purposeless nut," she now recalls.

She met Tom Bernard when she was only 16 years old. Tom's parents were middle-aged when he was born in Los Angeles. "My father was in the glass business," he remembers, "but both he and my mother were hung up on real-estate deals which never panned out, and I was always sitting around under a street lamp at night waiting for them to come home." He had grown up to be a shy youth. After high school, he had gone into the Navy as an aviation machinist's mate and then, on the GI Bill of Rights, to the Chouinard Art Institute, where he had had vague ambitions to become an illustrator. "I, too," he says, "had very little purpose in life, but even then I was searching. I was on a metaphysical kick then. You know, 'If you *think* you can, you can.' That's how I ended up at the Dale Carnegie course where I met Patti."

For her part, Patti went to the Dale Carnegie course because it was being taught by her parents' best friend "and I thought it would be fun." She says, "This was in 1948 and the course was being given at the Inglewood Women's Club. Tom and I were the only young people in the class—the rest were middle-aged businessmen—and even though I then considered him an old man of 21, I naturally gravitated toward him. I didn't like him much, though. He was sort of a nothing square. But then the course seemed to do him a lot of good. He began talking more, and I finally got to the point where I thought he was a nice guy. He asked me to go out with him one Saturday night, and we rode the roller coaster and went to see the Firehouse Five Plus Two at the Aragon Ballroom. After that, we started to date regularly."

Patti graduated from high school in 1950 when she was 18 years old. Tom, in the meantime, had finished art school and was working for a wallpaper firm. Patti got a job with the telephone company as a long-distance operator, and her loneliness was such that she sometimes got into trouble by conducting convers tions with people attempting to ma phone calls. At night, remembering t fun and companionship they had fou in the Dale Carnegie course, she a Tom went to lectures on dianetics. "W learned the every-man-his-own-psychi trist theory," says Patti, "but I didn know whether it was working. Tom st seemed to have a lot of his hang-up Then, on my 19th birthday, he gave m a pair of red ballet shoes, which I had a ways wanted, and I knew we were goi to be all right. Soon he proposed, a we got married on March 31, 1951

Then the struggle began—and the was little time for courses for a whil Tom was making only $51.50 a week. used to wash the dishes in the bathtub says Patti. "We were so poor that all w ate was peanut-butter sandwiches."

Then Patti became pregnant. As t time of the baby's arrival approache Patti's parents stepped in and got t young couple a clean, new duplex apar ment in West Los Angeles. They we living there when Marci was born, aft 54 hours of labor and a Caesarean se tion. Almost simultaneously, Tom lo his job, when the company he was wor ing for went out of business. In a pani he took a course in selling vacuum clea ers and tried his hand at peddling t machines door-to-door, but this ente prise lasted only three days when his t tal sales were zero. Then he heard of job that required knowledge of t 3,000-year-old Chinese silk-screen prin ing process. In his interview, he claim he knew all there was to know abo

screen printing, then rushed to a lywood bookstore and bought ref- ce works to acquaint himself with barest fundamentals of the craft. r reading all night, he learned gh to get and hold the job.

n 1953, a year after Marci was born, n and Patti finally had saved up 5, which was enough for a down pay- t on a GI tract house in Reseda, ut 20 miles out in the San Fernando ley. "Kim was born in 1956," Tom s, "and I decided I *had* to make an- r try at establishing own business—or d be back on peanut- tersandwichesagain. s time it worked. I rted out with a ple of good clients in technical field, ding my first print- set-ups on a card le at home. Bernard ociates, as I called the npany, made $7,000 irst year. The second r it made $9,000—and struggle was over."

'he Bernards' inner uggle for self- rovement, however, just beginning. In , this was the start what they now call r Dark Ages." Patti s, "When we first ved into the GI sing tract in Reseda, as a pretty stimulat- atmosphere for us. the same time it was trating. Our neigh- s were writers and sts and architects, tly just out of the ean War, and they seemed to know so h more than we did. catch up, we began nding courses again. ok History of Greek losophy at Pierce lege, and Tom and I t to classes wherever could find them. A nd of ours, Ralph ith, was a would-be her, and he had psy- drama discussion ups in his home. An- er man, an optome- t, taught General nantics at Los An- s City College on side, and we sat in *his* lectures. It was very informal—but as a fun time."

en things began to pen—both to the neighbors and to Bernards. "The old fun people all ved away," Patti says, "and they e replaced by Dullsville. We soon nd ourselves with a group of new ghbors, and all the husbands ever ed about was their businesses, and wives only talked about their chil- n.

The horrible thing about it was that didn't even notice it at first because were becoming the same way. Tom ld come home from work and tell what happened at the shop that day I'd tell him I'd cleaned out the et that afternoon, and then we'd both sit down and watch TV. Our money problems were over, but we had become vegetables."

The Bernards' vegetation period lasted until 1963. In that year they fell in love with a modern sliding-glass-panel house they had seen while visiting in San Francisco, and when they learned that the same builder was offering the same house in a new development in Granada Hills, they decided they just had to buy one—even though the $35,000 price would seriously strain their budget. The moment they moved into the new house they realized what had happened to them in the way of "Brain Atrophy," as they call it. Once again they were surrounded by intellectual new neighbors—many of them faculty members at nearby Valley State College—and once again Tom felt ashamed at his own lack of academic background. It was he who started the Bernards' avalanche of cerebral reawakening.

He says, "I was talking one day with a neighbor of ours named Nat Granat and he told me he was taking a sculpture course at a little place down the road called Everywoman's Village. I thought to myself, 'It's about time to get off the dime and start doing the things I've been avoiding for years,' so I went down and took a painting class at night. When I began going there for painting, I looked around and saw the other marvelous things happening there, and I told Patti about a General Semantics symposium that was starting the following week with Steve Allen as the guest lecturer. We both went down for *that*, and we got hooked on the spot. Our Dark Ages were over for good."

Patti started modestly enough with a ballet class, but this was just a toe-in-the-water step before her total plunge into Psychology, General Semantics, Existentialism, "and all those other goodies." Soon, for the first time in her life, she found herself doing a prodigious amount of reading. "I read anywhere from two to four books a week," she says, "and I got so smart that my husband had to take courses to be able to talk with me."

Tom, in addition to his oil painting (in which he has become quite proficient), signed up for General Semantics and Existentialism at night. Every Wednesday evening, moreover, he and Patti attend a series of lectures at Everywoman's Village called "The In Group," where they have heard speakers from neighboring colleges discuss sex, child welfare, psychiatry in the Soviet Union, "The Con in Our Society," and "The Dance as a Form of Non-Verbal Communication." Last year, the Bernards' two young daughters also were introduced to Everywoman's Village-type education when they attended a junior course in General Semantics, where they pondered such matters as the true meaning of teen-age expressions like "goof" and what would happen, "symbolistically," if Christmas were set in July instead of December.

The Bernards also experienced a related upsurge of self-improvement in material and bodily things. Their home has blossomed into a splendor of bright green carpeting, Saarinen chairs and Tom Bernard oil paintings. Patti acquired three wigs (red, blonde and dark brown with silver streaks), and Tom grew his neatly trimmed beard, which makes him quite distinguished and artistic-looking. Then, one day last spring, Tom and Patti looked at each other and they said, simultaneously, "We're fat."

Patti says, "We decided to do something about it. We tried fad diets. Then a fellow I used to go with who's a doctor gave us little vials of extract of urine of pregnant females to inject ourselves with once a day. We went around like junkies, but only lost a little. Then I found this other doctor who put us on his weight-control program. You take these little pills three times a day, and a shot once a week. It helps you to assimilate the protein and makes it work better. We had been devout beer and milk drinkers, and he made us stop. It's psychological. You go to the doctor's office every week and weigh in. He chews you out if you haven't lost."

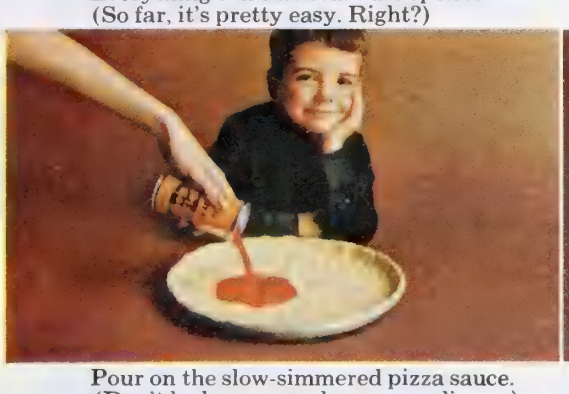
Tom lost 22 pounds and now is on so-called "stabilizer pills." Patti lost 18 pounds and still has a few to go to reach an ideal weight of 126 (she is 5 feet 5 inches tall). "But they asked me to model for the Village fashion show last month," Patti said, "and it was such a joy. It made the whole thing worthwhile."

Has the Bernards' collective *mental* self-improvement been equally worthwhile? The answer would (*continued*)

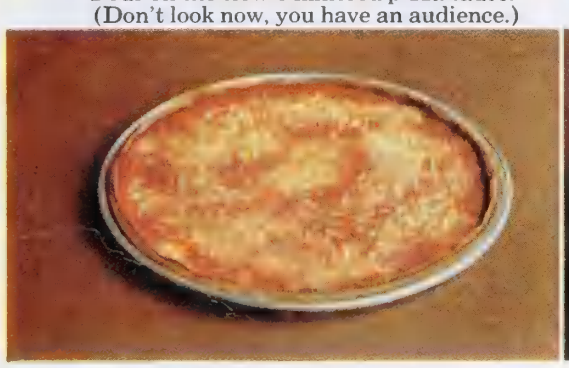


Everything's in this box. Just open it. (So far, it's pretty easy. Right?)


Add water to the one-step crust. Mix, let rise, spread on a pan. (Easy as pie.)


Pour on the slow-simmered pizza sauce. (Don't look now, you have an audience.)


Then sprinkle on the tangy, Italian-style grated cheese. (It's child's play.)


Just pop it in the oven. (There seems to be a crowd gathering.)


You are a star. (Everyone's cheering; now if you can, try to be modest.)

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have to be yes. Their new knowledge understandably is spotty because of the unregulated procedure whereby one chooses courses indiscriminately in the adult-education system. Also, some adult-education teachers, operating under loose academic controls, have a tendency to wander far afield with their own pet theories and like to develop teacher-worship cults centering on themselves. On the whole, though, the Bernards have become fairly well-rounded individuals intellectually and can discuss many subjects with considerable intelligence. There are even *some* areas in which their knowledge is impressive. Patti, for example, has become fond of the ancient Sumerians, the little-known pre-Semitic people who inhabited the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers in the Middle East before the emergence of the Babylonians. With her intensive reading and research on the subject, she probably knows as much about the Sumerian civilization as many university scholars. She can discourse on the Sumerian alphabet, Sumerian law, and the mystery of their assimilation by lesser cultures 4,000 years before Christ. Her greatest ambition in life is to travel to the Middle East and study the archaeology of the Sumerians where they lived, in what is now modern Iraq. Says her husband, "*Why* she's interested in the Sumerians I don't know, but the earlier Patti never wanted to travel anywhere farther than Disneyland."

Another subject in which Patti has picked up foundation is psychology. "I put it to good use," Patti says, "because I have a lot of friends who are nuts, and at least I know what *not* to do when they seem to be flipping out. One day a girl came to our house directly from her psychiatrist and she was almost in a state of hysteria. She said her doctor had gotten so tough with her that it was like a personal vendetta.

"Instead of going off with some half-cocked amateur advice, I remembered what I had studied about Freudian psychoanalysis, and I told her that this probably was exactly what the doctor had been trying to do—that she had been too passive and he *wanted* to rile her up. She calmed down and went home and made dinner for her family. Fortunately, it turned out that I was right."

Tom says, "The best thing that has happened to me is a feeling of involvement with the world. With these classes, you have someone to start you thinking in all kinds of new directions—otherwise your mind dries up.

"Also, it makes you do things you never thought of before. For example, we understand now what happened in Watts, and Patti and I work there in 'Operation Bootstrap.' She's helping to set up a nursery in the area so Watts mothers can take a few hours off each day and improve themselves through courses at the Village. We have come to realize that the entire salvation of the world is based on education. An ignorant person can never hope to have the brotherhood-of-man feeling—and that's the world's whole hang-up."

The most interesting effect of the Bernards' educational binge has been on their children, Marci and Kim. Rather than driving the family apart, the time-consuming self-improvement schedule seems to have drawn parents and daughters together. Patti arranges her daytime classes so that they coincide with the hours the children themselves are in school, and she spends as much time as possible with them in the afternoon. "If I were out playing bridge," she says, "I'd *never* see them."

Saturdays and Sundays are rigidly set aside as family time to be spent together on the Bernard boat, *The Strangelove*. Last summer, in fact, when Marci wanted to take a drama course at Everywoman's Village, the project was vetoed because the class was scheduled for Saturday morning.

Both Bernard children seem to be normal, healthy youngsters with an unusual amount of affection and pride for their parents. Marci says, "I'm glad they're taking all these courses. The other kids' parents just kind of sit around the house. Kim and I sit in on the Monday-night classes in our living room, and we find them very interesting. We also like the intellectual people from the Village that Mom and Dad bring home. I find it a lot easier to talk to Mom and Dad about my education because they're involved in education, too. Mom helps me in history and stuff."

Patti adds: "A family should grow together. I feel Marci gets a kick out of all this. She gets a charge out of telling t other kids, 'Mommy's going to scho but she gets a lot out of listening to She *really* listens, although she says, 'O here they go again,' or 'Why don't y fight the way the other kids' paren fight? They fight about money. *Y* fight about philosophy.'"

Tom says, "The best thing that h come out of all this is that Marci doesn just buy what teachers and friends sa because of the discussions she hears home. She *challeng* what her teachers sa She comes home a asks us, 'Do *you* along with this?' We t her what we think a say, 'Investigate a see all the points view.' Listening to talk about our own e

Why? Because Mazola does two important things.

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Second, and most important, Mazola 100% Corn Oil helps to balance the kind of fats you eat.

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4. Eat salads as a complete meal more often. Include Mazola in every kind of dressing.

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Why Mazola 100% Corn Oil is part of the good life.



THE BERNARDS' BUDGET

These are the est mated personal expens of the Bernard fami during the past yea Most upkeep and gas line costs for their tw cars are absorbed by e penses for their busines

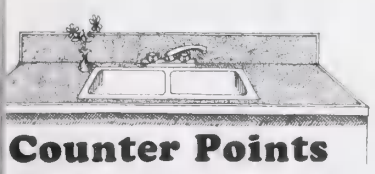
House payments	$2,7
Groceries	1,9
Federal and state income taxes	1,1
Savings	2,0
Furniture and durables for the house	1,2
Clothing	1,2
Boat mooring and yacht-club dues	7
Classes	5
Class supplies	
Life and property insurance	5
Water and electricity	2
Natural gas	1
Telephone	1
Medical and dental care	2
Books and records	2
Dry cleaning	
Miscellaneous	4
Total	$13,5

ucation has developed rare and wonderful thin in Marci—an inquirin mind."

One day recently Patti sat in the livin room of their home an helped comb Marci beautiful auburn hair a the last rays of the sun cast purple shad ows on the stark and majestic Sa Gabriel Mountains behind the house. Sh was chatting gaily about Sidney-bab and Tony-baby when suddenly her voic dropped and she said, almost wistfully "I guess, apart from the wonderful socia contacts we've made in our classes, goin to the Village is so important to us be cause it's a form of staying young. I kind of bridges the gap between the ge erations, doesn't it? Even the vocabu lary is the same with people going t school."

"Yes, Mommy-baby," said Marci.

EN



Counter Points

By Elizabeth Goetsch

ideal kitchen counter is easily
ned, not scarred by sizzling hot fry-
s, quiet, resistant to scratches and
ping, durable as a wooden shoe and
r-coordinated with
rest of the room.
can find all these
ures—but unfortu-
ely not in a single
erial. Kitchen work
aces get as hard use
ny in the house, so
n building or re-
deling, it's important
hoose materials to fit
situation. Because
one counter top has
he features you want,
sider combining sev-
types of counters in
room. For instance,
a heat-resistant sec-
beside the range, a
cial wood section for
ting and slicing else-
re, and colorful coun-
between. In addi-
to function, coun-
frequently provide
ominant accent that
pletes the decora-
scheme for the room.
s is particularly im-
tant in today's "live-
kitchens.

CERAMIC TILE

ether in little gem-
mosaics or large
s, often with interest-
shapes and decora-
s, ceramic tile is one
he toughest and eas-
-to-maintain surfaces
kitchens. Hot pans
not mar it, spills do
stain it, and the col-
and designs have
t permanency. New
xy adhesives are eas-
to use than old ce-
nts, which simplifies
allation, and it is
med that these new
esives resist staining,
joints remain fresh
king. Tile is an excel-
t choice wherever
e is hard wear, such
he counters and walls
any cooking area,
ugh some folks find
king on it a little
y and, of course, glass
hina dropped on tile is likely to break.
erally, tile is a moderately expensive
nter top because of the largely man-
installation.

MARBLE

ooth and hard, marble comes in a
e range of colors from white, pink,
ow, beige and green to deep black
brown. The design of veins and
ks in each marble slab is completely
inal, for nature doesn't produce exact
licates.
lthough all are hard, some marbles
more resistant to stains than others,
or kitchen use, do select a type that
doesn't absorb water or grease readily. A white paste wax, buffed until bright, or special marble finishes protect the surface.

Marble tops have long been favorites with candymakers and dessert bakers for rolling doughs and pastry; it is also very much in favor for serving counters and buffet tops where its beauty makes a delightful background for food. Marble is one of the more expensive kitchen counter materials.

PLASTIC LAMINATES

Plastic laminates come in hundreds of colors and designs and are undoubtedly the most popular kitchen work surfaces. They are made by pressing several layers of different materials together under heat and pressure; the top layer a clear, tough plastic that protects the color and pattern beneath.

Laminated plastics are smooth, very cleanable, and are made with shiny-bright or dull-matte finishes. It is a rigid material most often used for custom-made counters; a typical counter has a backsplash turned up at the back edge to avoid a conspicuous joint where it meets the back wall. The backsplash can be designed to hold cutlery or pot lids, serve as a shelf or extend in one piece to the cabinet above. Plastic laminates are also used for wall coverings and for cabinet fronts, where easy cleanability is a desirable asset. On the debit side, these surfaces can be marred if a very hot utensil is put on them, or they can be nicked or scratched with knife cuts. Plastic laminates are medium to low in price, but cost depends much on workmanship.

PLASTIC also comes in a flexible vinyl variety much like a lightweight floor material. It can be shaped in smooth coves for crackless installations extending up the wall in back of counters. Because they are easy to work with, these materials are a popular choice for home handymen.

There is a limited choice of colors and the material is quiet to work on, but it should be protected from excessive heat or sharp cutting. This is one of the less-expensive counter surfaces.

WOOD

Long known as the greatest cutting surface, wood tops are found in the kitchens of many good cooks. But wood may be damaged by frequent wetting and is fairly easily scarred by high heat and stained by foods; thus it is seldom the only surface in a kitchen. It is most used in sections set into counters where salads are made, foods sliced and meats prepared—often a counter near the refrigerator. Any hard wood may be used, but most popular is solid maple, often put together in strips to avoid warping. Or the wood cutting surface can be a butcher's block, a separate pull-out section, or even a front-edge panel set into a counter of laminated plastic. Some wood counters are factory treated and need only normal cleaning. Most wood counters require treatment with boiled linseed oil to make them waterproof, and your clue that such treatment is needed is a dull, thirsty-looking surface. In a few cases, the white bleached, scrubbed look of old table tops is desirable—this is done by scrubbing with cleanser and sudsy water, then careful drying. Wood is a medium-priced surface.

STAINLESS STEEL

This silvery metal is durable and long-lasting; it is easy to maintain (wash, rinse, then dry with paper towels or a dry cloth to remove fingermarks). However, to many, when an entire kitchen is fitted with metal counters, the look is too commercial. More often, stainless steel is used where it counts most: near a range, where insets make a resistant surface on which to slide hot utensils; around a sink where the metal stands up ideally to heavy use and constant splashing. Stainless steel cost depends on the amount used; compared to other counter materials, it is usually fairly high. Whatever material you choose, do remember that convenient use of any counter depends on the relation between your own height and the height of the counter from the floor. Now that cooking counters and ovens, for instance, are available separately, the counter where you cook can be built at the most comfortable height for you.

Many cooks feel that they can see into pans and stir the contents more easily when the counter surface is three or four inches lower than the usual 36-inch height. Also, counters in food-preparation centers, where mixers and blenders are used, are easier to work on at a lower level. **END**



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PEACH CUSTARD CAKE

1. Turn on oven and set at 375 (high moderate).
2. Put into a 1½-quart bowl **1½ cups all-purpose Flour, ½ cup Butter or Margarine** and **½ teasp. Salt.** Mix with a pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture looks like coarse meal. With back of spoon, press mixture firmly onto bottom and halfway up sides of a buttered 8-inch square pan.
3. Drain well **1-lb. 14-oz. can Sliced Peaches,** saving ½ cup syrup. Arrange peaches on crust in pan. Sprinkle with a mixture of **½ cup Sugar** and **½ teasp. Cinnamon.** Bake 20 minutes.
4. Mix reserved syrup, **1 cup PET Evaporated Milk** and **1 Egg, slightly beaten.** Pour over peaches. Bake 30 minutes more, or until custard is firm except in center. Center becomes firm on standing. Serve warm or cold. Serves 9.

Pet® Milk...is in
...makes everyday foods
so much better



Gloria Vanderbilt— This Time for Sure

By Barbara Walters, of N.B.C.'s *Today* Show

Not too long ago one of the best-known art galleries in New York announced an exhibition of 112 paintings by a 41-year-old American artist named Gloria Vanderbilt, and then quietly contemplated whether to call the police or the Marines to hold back the crowd. Once again the world's most famous poor-little-rich-girl was going to expose herself to public acceptance or rejection.

I talked with Miss Vanderbilt in the sunlit penthouse studio where she paints seven hours a day, five days a week. Eighty of her paintings had been sold at that madly chic art show. Gloria looked serene and sounded serene. This time, she said, she had really found maturity, purpose and peace of mind. Her psychoanalysis over, her work well received, now the secret could be told, and she told it quietly. Yes, there had been a turning point in Gloria Vanderbilt's life: it had been her reunion with her mother three years before she died, a year ago, at age 60.

To appreciate everything that this implies, it's necessary to turn back the clock for a moment. The first time Gloria Vanderbilt made headlines she was only 10, and the pawn in a celebrated custody case between her widowed mother and paternal aunt. The judge awarded her to her aunt, proclaiming her mother, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt Sr., unfit to care for her.

Seven years later, society columnists reveled in Gloria's teen-age marriage to man-about-town Pat di Cicco. Four years and one divorce later, there was her elopement with conductor Leopold Stokowski, a man 42 years her senior. Two sons and another divorce later, Gloria Jr. married director Sidney Lumet, and in the meantime made further tabloid history by cutting off the $21,000 Gloria Sr. was receiving annually from the daughter's $4 million trust fund. ("My mother can go to work," announced the poor-little-rich-girl.) Then there was a bitter court battle with Stokowski for custody of their sons (which she won), and her divorce from Lumet. Three years ago, she married writer Wyatt Cooper, and a year later blossomed into the world's most beautiful pregnant matron.

As though all that weren't enough, throughout the marriages and divorces there was Gloria's untiring public search for identity. In 1955 she published a book of love poems. Later she shyly exhibited a few Sunday paintings. Still later she launched an acting career on stage and television. After that she wrote intensely personal short stories.

At the time of the reconciliation with her mother, Gloria Jr. had not seen Gloria Sr. for 18 years. Four years ago she wrote to her. "I asked her if she wanted to see me," she said, "and she did. I spent the su mer with her in California. I got know her and finally to understa her. I realized what it must have be like for her to have been widowed nineteen, when I was only eig months old. I realized how difficult must have been for such a young a lovely widow to bring up a child the approval of her late husban family. And when I realized the things, I felt that my mother h done the best she could. I found h terribly touching. To say that I a happy I got to know her is putting mildly."

It was after this reconciliation th Gloria Jr. married again, and aft the marriage that she began painti again. "This time," she said, curli her long legs under her, "I was rea for marriage." This time, too, she w ready to consider herself a serio artist. She had loved painting sin she was 10, she said, but no one h ever encouraged her. Wyatt Coop did. He helped her organize her tir so she could give it both to her fa ily (their infant son, Carter, and h teen-aged sons, Stan and Christoph share the Coopers' town house) a to her work.

"Painting lets me feel free," s said. "When I paint I feel enormo release and a joy I never felt in wr ing or acting." Gloria classifies he self a "primitive" painter because s paints spontaneously, from emotio She seems, too, to be painting direct out of her past.

Her best-known painting is entitl *The Corridor*. It shows a little g looking up at an extremely tall, r mote lady. Gloria does not mind hir ing that the woman in the picture her mother. "Look closely at the fa of the woman," she said. "Lo closely and you will see it is sair like." She smiled.

"I can express myself now in roun fulfilled ways," she continued. "B fore, my work would go, but my li wouldn't. Now everything is wor ing. I don't feel split down the mi dle. I deal with life day to day. The is nothing I want that I don't have except a baby girl. Being surround by men as I am is divine, but there a moments when you want someone your side. Besides, after all these yea I'd love to buy dresses for a little gi

Yes, I'd like a little girl."



"And what would you name her?" I asked.

Without hesitation she responded with: "Gloria Morgan, after my mother."

END

Pepperidge Farm® Soup? What's this all about?

It's all about cold-water Maine lobster, puréed in a smooth, creamy bisque. A velvety version of a Down-East classic—drizzled with butter and laced with sauterne.

It's about wild rice, dark and firm, simmered with chicken and splashed with white wine.

It's about mushrooms sliced *whole* into stock that's deep brown, and sparked with a fine clear wine.

It's about beef and turkey, gently simmered and darkened with Burgundy.

It's about provocative ingredients and uninhibited seasonings. It's about subtleties of flavor you rarely encounter.

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC., St. Paul, Minnesota

How Handwriting Analysis Ruined My Life

By VIRGINIA SHAFTNER

I think it's time someone spoke up and let the housewives of America in on a well-kept secret. I'm speaking of hobbies, and the secret is that they are not necessarily fun, profitable or a source of satisfaction.

Now I don't say that what happened to me is typical (though I seem to fit the image whenever the words "average" or "consensus" are mentioned), but if it happened to me, Holy Gallup Poll—who knows who might be the next unsuspecting soul. The thing is, every time you turn around you're hit in the eye with magazine articles, newspaper fill-ins and advertising gimmicks that advocate "Hobbies Are Fun, as Well as Profitable" . . . "Make Your Leisure Moments Pay Off" until you wonder why you could have thought that housekeeping, cooking and laundry were a full-time job. You begin to feel guilty about wasting those few free moments in such foolishness as eating and sleeping. You're hooked, or at least I was. I began casting about for a "fun, profitable hobby."

Painting wouldn't do, because I have an absolute minimum of talent, the nearest art school is 50 miles away, and the classes meet on the same night as my husband's bowling, and the kids would have the paint smeared from here to there anyway. Flower arranging is fairly simple, but seasonal, and the focal point seemed to escape my aesthetics. I remembered, as a little girl, visiting my dear Aunt Emma and helping her do beaded lampshades. However, I thought these were just a mite passé. Not too great a demand these days for beaded lampshades with 20-watt bulbs.

My feeling about cooking as a hobby, as opposed to being a necessity, is that if you have any sense at all and good taste buds, you should be able to put on a pretty good feed. Anyway, who keeps a cherry pie around just to look at it? Once it's created, somebody has had it, and there you are.

My answer to the problem came unexpectedly one day when I came upon a magazine article exhorting the tunsies of Handwriting Analysis. My attention was immediately captured, to such an extent that the French-toast lunch was a smoky char before I could tear my thoughts away from the unlimited horizons spread so temptingly before me. The goodies envisioned were breathtaking. Wow! What a chance! Almost no limit to the number of buyers for such an interesting, personal product. And not only get paid for it, but a chance to find out a few things about your friends and neighbors and why they sometimes are so kooky. A real challenge. For instance, why did that woman two doors down get so completely unraveled and do all that threatening just because my son's initials are in her new sidewalk? She got her lawn mowed all summer for free, so why doesn't she speak to us? Or take Helen—a darling girl, good bridge player, pleasant, etc. Is she really as reserved as she seems? Handwriting analysis just might give the answers.

Yes sir, this was for me. A chance to

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ttle change, exercise my lazy
, and be nosy at the same time.
re of a challenge could an aver-
looded woman want?
to the library unearthed one
handwriting analysis published
But I didn't feel this mattered
. People have been writing one
other for a couple of millennia,
years one way or another in
these scribblings wouldn't
h difference. And besides, when
ot into this thing, I could start
ollection of references. The sun
ld make a nice den, lined with
es and filing cabinets (labeled
of course).
through the book eagerly, and
realized that I have to just
with some analysis of my own
get the feel of it. My husband
ith a sample of his writing on a
et of paper (the book says posi-
lined paper) and signed his
doesn't really matter *what* you
how you form your letters, so I
the information on the plain
aper that I was overdrawn $48
ecking account. You'd be sur-
w much margins matter, and
of the writing reveals worlds of
on. My husband thought this
another silly whim on my part,
ave me a merry little chuckle
t on the back for his not-so-
ife. Little did he know that in
oo-distant future his brilliant
ould be world-famous. I held
ue just to make the last laugh
e enjoyable.

off, his pen pressure was un-
this is perfectly dreadful. Full
ions and the inability to make
, an indication that some psy-
s at work. I've always known
couldn't make up his mind
to have the shrimp or lobster
ut didn't realize it was an indi-
at his entire personality was
Even though his mother *is* a
Margins came next, and his
way over to the right, which
e would give away his last dime
sob-storied him enough. Well,
e. He probably has more loans
-workers than he'll ever collect,
yone loves Ol' Harv. T-bars
sense of humor and an ability
trate. Right again—he can read
newspaper and never miss a
even with our two boys fighting
battle to the death right under
I-dots appearing consistently
mory for detail—I know he'll
r to his grave the right crum-
er five years ago. Small letters
out his most gorgeous trait,
s. Can I ever forget his beauti-
ons to the birth of each of our
So sweet, tender and proud.
up the analysis, toning down a
e, flattering a little there, and
too unhappy with the result.
it was just a harmless little
help mother while away her
hours. Almost as effective as
gnant and no shoes. But I felt
ot a real test of my ability, be-
new him too well, and my opin-
ht be slightly colored by our
tionship.
eat chance came one evening
oup of friends when the subject
s just happened to come up. I
I'd never get an opening. We
ussing the movie *The King and*
ce it was about kings, I threw



CALIFORNIA AVOCADO ADVISORY BOARD

California avocado for breakfast?

What a way to start a day! A ripe avocado (one that's soft enough to yield to gentle pressure), sliced, and spread on hot toast. Simple, but so satisfying! □ And so flexible. Add avocado to the astronaut's steak-and-eggs special, and watch your morning really go into orbit. You're the just-coffee-and-toast type? See what a difference the avocado's mellow goodness, 11 vitamins and 14 minerals will make. □ Now that you're over the shock, try it one morning soon. And for more happy avocado ideas, drop a card to Box 336, LHJ, Costa Mesa, Calif.



Avocados from California

Yes. (Unless you don't like toast.)

out the little tidbit about a Swedish king having crocheting as a hobby, and immediately followed this up with the information that I had, as my hobby, become a handwriting analyst through extensive reading and research. "I've had this hobby for years, my dear, but just had never mentioned it before." Well, all attention was suddenly focused on yours truly and I experienced the dizzying sensation of instant stardom. The evening was made right there. Everyone wanted to know all about it and could I do an analysis for them? I couldn't have been happier walking down the ramp at Atlantic City. To have someone actually want something that was created by me was an exhilarating boost to the ego that would keep my id warm for many days to come.

Everyone was enthusiastic about giving me a sample of his writing. One character could even write with both hands and could write his name backward at the same time as the other hand was writing the normal way. I don't know about him. He always seemed a little strange, and since my handwriting education had not extended into this limbo of the unknown, I wrote him off. I played like I had lost his sample.

I could hardly wait until the next day to really get to work and have a meaningful day, creating. Right away I was quite amazed to see how much time I was spending on each analysis. About three hours apiece. I was determined not to make a hit-and-run analysis, but to be as thorough as I could. At (*continued*



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from Carnation®



this rate, my hourly salary would run into the neighborhood of 50 cents. This, of course, did not include the 75 cents per hour it costme to pay a sitter to take the twins for a walk in the stroller. Ah well, when I boosted my volume, I could hire someone to do the typing while I concentrated on the more important research work. There would be room in the sun room for another desk.

The first two samples (a couple married 32 years) went pretty well, although I was appalled to see that they had been incompatible for so many years. I felt it my duty to tell them this. After all, an author must be honest with her readers and hold nothing back. They always seemed like such happy people, too. On the next analysis, I ran into a snag. There are some pretty definite signs (the book says) showing meanness and cruelty, and this lovely man—with eight children, a loving wife, Boy Scout leader, choir singer—had them all. I couldn't believe my eyes. A regular Marquis de Sade. My friend's broken finger couldn't have made that much difference in his writing. Could I be wrong in my own good opinion of a friend? I decided to follow through with my honest approach and tell all. The next three samples were pretty simple to analyze, and pretty much followed through with what I thought their characters were like. I more or less saccharined these up a mite. I skipped a few items to look up because at this point I was tired, and a hungry family clamoring for food does not understand genius at work.

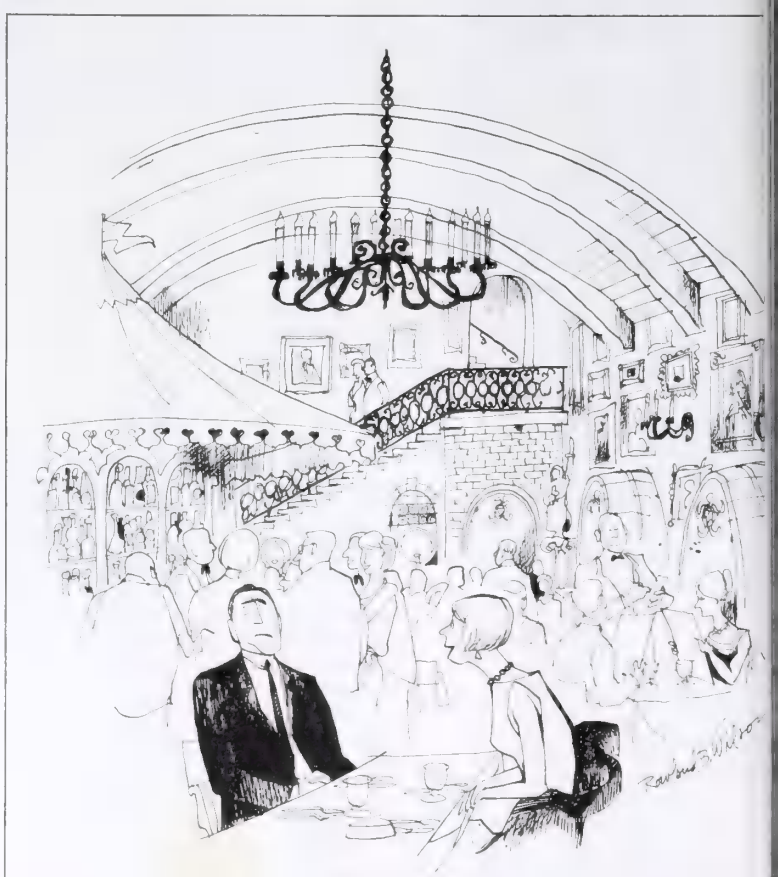
My chore for the next day was to finish with this foolishness (after all, this was for free and you know who had to shell out the 75-cent sitter fee). One sample I was dying to do. It was Ruth's. I had kind of saved this one for when I was fresh and impartial in my attitude. Well, hers showed exactly what I'd thought all along. She's made a couple of passes at Harvey, and I can tell you there have been some pretty juicy little tidbits mentioned along the way abou hadn't paid too much attentio gossip, but here it showed in h writing in black and white. Ab overly affectionate she is and al you get what I mean. I don't hav ous bone in my body, and just she's 20 years younger and 30 lighter than I am has absolutely to do with my feelings on the s typed hers in red.

After completing 10 of the an was pooped and glad the job w I figured it had cost me about $ baby sittings and eating ou stamped and mailed—the missi out. I waited for the phone to r gratulating me on my keenness and sharp, precise style of prese After a couple of days I could n contain myself and called tw former friends. Seems the happ ried couple had had their first he is living at the club. I'm sure t ing in my right ear will clear up more days. That's rude to han someone. The mean, cruel father has resigned as Boy Scout lead could no longer trust his temp whole city Boy Scout movem signed a petition to confiscate m writer.

Ruth left town.

Believe me I had a pretty h red-line phone going there for

After much introspection and chewing out by my husband, come to some definite conclusio ealize I was completely untutor entered this field lightly and wit motives. I was a well-meaning alienated friends whom I dearly and my feeling of shame will ha my head like a sword for some come. So, to women with spare hobbies, I say, "Beware." Stick v cherry pies and tatting. My h wouldn't let our three-year-old power saw, and here I think a pa drawn: A baby with a dangerous brings harm, with only the bes tions to help.



"See what can be done with basements?"

Soups That Turn the Shivers Off

BY SUSAN SUTHEIM

/hen the cold wind blows, when the l of winter creeps into your bones, m up with a bowl of very special o—soup that's thick and rich and ng, like these cozy homemade ones. h bread and a warm dessert, dinner's ly.

hese are the fastest, easiest home- le soups you've ever encountered. y are variations on European clas- , but made much faster! No fussing, ot-watching. Try one of these recipes t time the thermometer plunges. y even *smell* snug and warm!

DSUPPE (Brown Beef Soup)

s is Austria's national soup. And, the baroque architecture of Salz- g and Vienna, it is both delicate rich. Delicacy comes from using y small amounts of vegetables and sonings; richness comes from add- a small amount of beef liver—a d of secret ingredient. Do leave the p meat in one piece; cutting it up rehand is likely to make it tough, it also affects the flavor. Anyway, much easier to cut when it's cooked.

- edium onions, hopped
- b. butter or argarine
- b. beef liver, iced
- b. beef soup eat (in one iece)
- oup bone ptional)
- ½ cup sliced carrots (1 large)
- ¼ cup sliced celery (1 small stalk)
- 1 tsp. parsley flakes
- ¼ tsp. dried marjoram *or* 1 small bay leaf
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 qts. water

a large pot, sauté 2 medium onions, pped, in 2 tablespoons butter or rgarine until soft. Add ¼ lb. beef er, diced, ¾ lb. beef soup meat (in piece), and a soup bone (optional). uté until meat is well browned. Add ½ cup sliced carrots, ¼ cup ed celery, 1 teaspoon parsley flakes, teaspoon dried marjoram (or 1 all bay leaf), 1½ teaspoons salt and easpoon pepper. Stir well and sauté 4 minutes longer. Pour in 2 quarts er. Bring to a boil, cover, and sim- r 2 to 3 hours. At end of cooking e, remove soup bone and beef. scard bone. Slice beef thinly, and 2 or 3 slices in each soup dish. ur hot soup over the beef. Serves 6.

TERCRESS SOUP

is soup has a dual personality. ved hot, it's a hearty, plain, no- sense type of soup. Chilled—and ped, if you like, with a dab of sour am or a sprinkle of chives—it's an gant first course. Potatoes give it a k, slightly grainy texture, rather like per vichyssoise. Watercress unavail- e—Substitute fresh spinach leaves.

- . potatoes, eeled and diced
- 10½-oz.) cans hicken broth
- up water
- rge onion, hopped
- up butter or argarine
- 1 Tb. chopped parsley
- ½–¾ cup watercress leaves (from 1 bunch), coarsely chopped
- ¾ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ cup heavy cream (optional)

k 1 lb. potatoes, peeled and diced, in 10½-oz.) cans chicken broth, plus 1 water for 30 to 40 minutes, until y soft. Pour the broth off and save it. sh the potatoes with a fork, or purée m in a food mill.

n a large saucepan, sauté 1 large on, chopped, in ¼ cup butter or margarine until soft. Add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ to ¾ cup watercress leaves, coarsely chopped, ¾ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Sauté 5 minutes, stirring once or twice. Stir in broth from potatoes, puréed potatoes, ¼ cup heavy cream (optional). Reheat to simmering, or chill. Serves 4–6.

SAVORY LIVER SOUP

We'll admit that liver and sausage sounds like a strange combination—and perhaps it is! But the flavors combine to make a rich, savory and unusual soup, and one that takes only 30 minutes to make. *Smoked* sausage is essential; breakfast-type sausage won't do. Use calves' liver if you can find it; it's a bit more tender than beef liver.

- ½ lb. liver cut in julienne strips
- 2 Tb. bacon drippings
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 1 Tb. cider vinegar
- ⅛ tsp. cayenne pepper
- ½ tsp. dried marjoram
- 2 (10¾-oz.) cans beef bouillon
- ¼ lb. smoked sausage

In a large saucepan, sauté ½ lb. liver, cut in julienne strips, in 2 tablespoons bacon drippings 3 to 4 minutes, until barely cooked. Remove liver from pan and set aside. Sauté 2 large chopped onions in the fat remaining in pan until soft. Add 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper and ½ teaspoon dried marjoram and stir vigorously. Pour in 2 (10¾-oz.) cans beef bouillon and bring to simmering.

Cut ¼ lb. smoked sausage into bite-sized pieces. Add to the simmering broth and simmer 5 to 6 minutes, until sausage is heated. Return liver to pan and simmer until heated, another 4 to 5 minutes. Serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

LENTIL SOUP

European cooks would soak their lentils overnight, but, with American processing, it is no longer necessary. You just bring the lentils to a boil and cook 2 minutes, then remove the pot from the heat and let beans stand 1 hour. Meanwhile, get the other ingredients ready—they go together in minutes.

- ½ lb. lentils
- 2–3 slices bacon, diced
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- 1 clove garlic, finely chopped
- 1 large carrot, coarsely chopped
- 1 stalk celery, coarsely chopped
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 (10¾-oz.) cans beef bouillon

Put ½ lb. lentils in a large pot with water to cover. Bring to a boil and cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat and let lentils stand for 1 hour. Fry 2 or 3 slices diced bacon in a large pot. When some of the fat has melted from the bacon, add 2 medium onions, sliced, and 1 clove garlic, finely chopped. Sauté until onions are soft. Add 1 large carrot, 1 stalk celery, both coarsely chopped, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, and stir well. Pour in the lentils and the water they have been soaking in. Add 2 (10¾-oz.) cans beef bouillon. Bring to a boil, cover, and simmer 35 minutes. Soup should be quite thick. But if it seems too thick, add up to 1 cup hot water and bring once more to a boil. Serves 4 to 6.

HUNGARIAN LAMB SOUP

Best cut of lamb to use for this is shank. Buy about 1 pound (including the weight of the bone), cut off all the meat you can, and cut up into bite-sized pieces. Save the bone and put it into the soup at the same time as the lamb. Adds extra richness and flavor.

- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- ½ lb. lamb stew meat, coarsely diced
- 2 Tb. paprika
- 1 tsp. powdered cumin
- 1 small bay leaf
- 1 Tb. salt
- 1 lb. potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen green beans
- ½ cup sour cream
- 1 Tb. flour

Sauté 2 medium onions, coarsely chopped, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until soft. Add ½ lb. lamb stew meat, coarsely diced, and sauté till meat is lightly browned. Add 2 tablespoons paprika, 1 teaspoon powdered cumin, 1 small bay leaf and 1 tablespoon salt. Sauté 5 minutes more. Pour in 1 qt. water, bring to a boil, and add 1 lb. (3 or 4) potatoes, peeled and diced. Cover and cook 40 minutes.

Meanwhile cook 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen green beans, following package directions. At the end of the 40 minutes, add the beans and their cooking liquid to the soup. Blend ½ cup sour cream with 1 tablespoon flour and stir it into the soup. Reheat but do not allow to boil. Serve at once, to 4 or 6.

SERBIAN BEAN SOUP

This is a very thick, rich soup—almost a stew. Serbians use a great deal of hot pepper in it, so much that it brings tears to your eyes. We've reduced the pepper to well below the gasping point, but you might provide extra cayenne for people who feel daring. The beans, as we've noted, should not be overcooked; they should be firm enough to really bite into.

- ½ lb. white beans (marrow or Great Northern)
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 4 strips bacon, diced
- 2 large onions, chopped
- ½ lb. beef soup meat
- 2 Tb. paprika
- ¼–½ tsp. cayenne pepper
- ⅛ tsp. powdered cumin
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 large carrot, sliced
- 1 (1-lb.) can tomatoes, drained and broken up

Put ½ lb. white beans, 1½ teaspoon salt in pot with water to cover. Bring to a boil and cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat and let beans stand 1 hour.

Meanwhile begin frying 4 strips bacon, diced, in a large pot. Add 2 large onions, chopped, and sauté them in the frying bacon until soft. Add ½ lb. beef soup meat, and brown it well. Add 2 tablespoons paprika, ¼ to ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, ⅛ teaspoon powdered cumin and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix well. Add 1 large carrot, sliced, and 1 (1-lb.) can tomatoes, drained and broken up. Pour in 1 qt. water, cover, and simmer 30 minutes.

When beans are done, drain them and add them, along with 1 cup of their cooking liquid, to the soup. Remove the beef and cut it into bite-sized pieces, then return it to the soup. Cook gently 20 minutes more. Serves 4 to 6.

(continued)





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CREAM OF VEGETABLE SOUP

If you want to prepare this ahead of time, then reheat and serve it at the last minute, stop before adding the egg yolks and cream. Just before serving, reheat the soup and stir in the egg-yolk-and-cream mixture. Otherwise, if you actually cook the egg yolks in the soup, you're likely to end up with scrambled cream of vegetable soup.

4 leeks, sliced
2 large onions, chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine
6 medium carrots, diced
2 medium turnips, diced
2 Tb. chopped parsley
¼ cup uncooked rice
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. dried marjoram
3 (10¾-oz.) cans beef bouillon
1½ cups water
½ cup heavy cream
2 egg yolks

In a large soup pot, sauté 4 sliced leeks and 2 large chopped onions in ¼ cup butter or margarine until soft. Add 6 medium carrots, sliced, 2 medium turnips, diced, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and ¼ cup uncooked rice. Sauté 5 minutes longer. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon dried marjoram. Pour in 3 (10¾-oz.) cans beef bouillon and 1½ cups water. Cover and simmer 2 hours.

Remove soup fron
Slowly beat ½ cup heav
into 2 egg yolks. Pou
mixture slowly into so
ring constantly. If ne
reheat *gently*, but do n
to boil or it will curdle
4 to 6.

Turn Cream of Ve
Soup into a husky
meal by adding leftov
beef or lamb, cut in
sized pieces, about 5
before end of cooking

FLOATING CUSTARD S

This is a traditional J
soup: delicate and light
course rather than a
meal soup. It looks love
a perfect square of
yellow custard, two ti
ers of lemon peel, a fe
of scallion and spina
floating in a perfectl
broth. The broth may b
chicken or *dashi* stock
from special *dashi-no-m*
(looks like a huge te
which you can find a
nese and Oriental shop

(*Ed. note: Dashi-*
bags are available fron
giri, 224 E. 59th Stree
York, N.Y., if you ca
them in your area.)

1 large *dashi-no-moto* ba
(enough for 1 qt. stoc
3 (10½-oz.) cans chic
broth plus ½ tsp. soy
3 eggs
¾ tsp. soy sauce
8 thin slices lemon peel
2 scallions, sliced thin
some of the green top
¼ cup raw spinach, cut i

Prepare 1 qt. *dashi* sto
lowing package directi
use 3 (10½-oz.) cans
broth; chill them, an
fully remove any fat th
to the surface by skimm
top with a spoon; flav
½ teaspoon soy sauce.

In a small bowl, beat
with ¾ teaspoon soy sa
til yolks and whites ar
oughly mixed. Beat in
of the *dashi* stock or
broth. Pour egg mixtur
small flat pan (a small
loaf pan is good). Cov
tightly with aluminum
place on rack in large
boiling water.

Steam for 20 minute
custard is firm. Test fo
ness by making slit in
inserting a knife into c
If it comes out clean, th
ready to be removed. F
from pot, with care
burn hands. Open foil
ing and let cool for at l
minutes.

Ten minutes before s
reheat remaining *dash*
(or heat chicken broth
almost boiling. Cut
into 4 neat squares, a
one in each of 4 soup
along with 2 thin slivers
peel, a few pieces of
scallion, and 1 tablespo
spinach, which you hav
strips. Pour hot *da*
chicken broth into bow
serve immediately.



2 hot cereals with a kick to 'em

There's nothing bland about these cereals. If you want a cereal with taste to it and if you like a taste that shouts NOURISHMENT, FLAVOR, GOODNESS; then you want Wheat Hearts or Protein Plus. Both these Big G hot cereals have the delicious taste of wholesome wheat—Wheat Hearts is all wheat, Protein Plus has oats added for extra natural protein. Try either one. They've got the kick to get the whole family going in the morning.

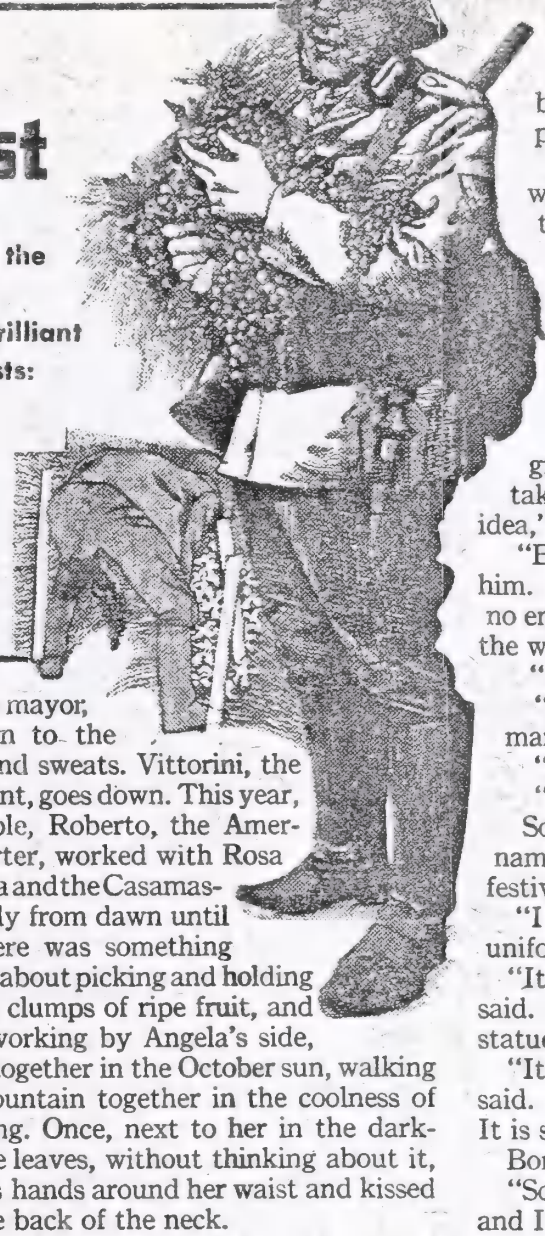


o Honor the Harvest

peasants of the old Italian hill town, happiness
s a rich harvest of grapes—and making fools of the
izi occupation troops. The *Journal* is pleased
offer this hilarious excerpt from the pages of a brilliant
vel that has soared to the top of the best-seller lists:

he Secret
f Santa Vittoria

ROBERT CRICHTON



e is *one* moment when it is right to begin
ck the grapes. One day too soon, and the
es will have been deprived of all the
ess that God intended them to receive;
too late, and a touch of the devil's rot
is. On the right day the last of all the
ble moisture has been taken from the air
the soil, and the vines and the leaves and
to the clusters of swollen fruit. The last
f the sun has been absorbed by the leaves
arm the juice and cause the sugar to
e against the skins. And when that bal-
is reached, which is known by men like
Vines who have roots in the soil, the
has come to pick.

ter that, nothing exists for the town of
a Vittoria but the grapes. There is no
there is no other world. God doesn't
, except as he lives in the grapes. The
who dies, for example, dies unnoticed.
oes unburied or, if the time is too long,
uneral is held and the mourners, usually
his immediate family, close the lid and
for the terraces. Children go unfed, but
understand they have no right to eat
the harvest is on. He who can move
down to the terraces and cuts the fat
es free from the vines and puts them in
baskets, which are carried to the carts
taken up the mountain to the wine
es where the grapes are pressed to death,
to be born in a new and beautiful form
as Christ was. The liquid runs clear and
no taste to it, into the great oak barrels
h hold two thousand gallons each and
he pride of the city, since they hold the
l of the civic body. On the third day the
d begins to storm (the word we use). The
ess of fermentation has begun and the
es are struggling to be born again. The
boils and hisses in the barrels like the
s at sea; the wine is storming. And when
torm is over, in a week or ten days, de-
ing on the quality of the grapes, Old
s will dip his glass into the barrel and
it to the sun and at that moment we
know what the entire year has meant,
her we will go hungry in the winter ahead
t when the rains and snow come.

the morning of the day after the wine
sted, the harvest festival begins. If the
is good and plentiful, the harvest can
y and even violent and wild; but if the
is thin and the harvest is small, the
val can be sad and even bitter.

the early days everyone works. Italo Bombolini, the mayor, goes down to the terraces and sweats. Vittorini, the civil servant, goes down. This year, for example, Roberto, the American deserter, worked with Rosa and Angela and the Casamassima family from dawn until dark. There was something satisfying about picking and holding the heavy clumps of ripe fruit, and he liked working by Angela's side, sweating together in the October sun, walking up the mountain together in the coolness of the evening. Once, next to her in the darkness of the leaves, without thinking about it, he put his hands around her waist and kissed her on the back of the neck.

"You shouldn't do that," she said.

"Why not? I wanted to do it."

"We don't do that here. The boy who does that to the girl means he wants to marry her."

He had said nothing at the time, but later in the day he told her that maybe he would marry her.

"No." She pointed to her bare feet. "Americans don't marry girls with bare feet. Besides, what would I do there? I only know how to pick grapes."

"Do you know how to go to the movies?"

"Yes."

"You could go to the movies. You could sit in the movies all day and play the radio all night."

She thought about it. "No, I wouldn't like that. I like to pick the grapes."

"I was joking with you. They do more than that in America. You think about it."

"I like to pick the grapes. I like it here."

"You think."

To make up for the men who had been hurt by the SS torturers, Captain von Prum sent some of his soldiers down to work. Some of them had worked with grapes before and they were good at it. When Roberto saw Corporal Heinsick looking at Angela, watching her bend and straighten up and reach, he found that he wanted to shout at him. But then he went back to work.

There was excitement on the terraces. No one could remember heavier grapes and fatter grapes and bigger clusters. The baskets were the heaviest baskets ever and the presses were running behind, working finally by lantern light far into the night, despite the threat of American bombers. All day the rich juice ran from the presses down the spillways into the barrels. The wine was plentiful, and if it was good, too, it could be the finest year in the memory of any person in Santa Vittoria.

When the harvest was almost over, when the vines were stripped so naked they looked indecent on the terraces, Bombolini decided on a daring thing. He went across the Piazza of the People and invited Captain von Prum and the German soldiers to share in the harvest festival.

"I don't know. I understand it's like some kind of religious orgy. There's a great deal of drinking, and a kind of frenzy takes over. I don't think it would be a good idea," von Prum said.

"But it's a joyous frenzy," Bombolini told him. "There's no bitterness then. There are no enemies at the harvest festival. Not when the wine is rich."

"I'll give it thought," the German said.

"We want you, in fact, to be honorary marshal of the festival."

"It's a very great honor," Vittorini said.

"The greatest we have," the mayor said.

So Captain von Prum, in his soldiers' name, accepted the offer to come to the festival.

"I suppose you will want us in our dress uniforms," he said.

"It would honor the people," Bombolini said. "We're going to allow you to carry the statue of Santa Maria in the procession."

"It's you who are generous," von Prum said. "You understand the art of forgiving. It is something I am only learning."

Bombolini prepared to go.

"Some of the traditions are a little strange and I hope you understand that," the mayor said. "It would dishonor the people if you didn't go along. We're very strong on our traditions."

Captain von Prum promised to obey.

The wine in the first of the barrels stopped boiling on the fifth day after the grapes had been pressed, and that meant that the harvest festival would be earlier than was usual. The nights were cool and heavy with fog, and the sediment in the barrels began to drift to the bottom and the wine to turn clear and cool. On the night of the ninth day after the pressing had begun, Old Vines dipped his wine taster into one of the barrels, and the wine he drew out was almost clear.

"Get ready. Prepare yourselves," Old Vines ordered. "I taste the wine in the morning."

It is hard to put down what goes on here then. The line at the fountain in the Piazza of the People was fifty women long because everyone wants to wash and even take a bath before the festival. Three men were sent to San Marco della Rocca to get the band that always plays for us in return for a small barrel of new wine. Others went to Scarafaggio, to get Marotta the Blaster, who would set off the fireworks with his son.

"Get to bed, go to sleep," all the mothers shouted; but it is almost a law here that no child sleeps the night before the festival. The old ladies, whose job it is, began to get out the straw hats for the oxen and the mules and to go pick flowers that they make into chains to hang around the beasts' necks. Some went down and got vines for a garland for the statue of Santa Maria and grape leaves to dress her in. The young girls work

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Illustrations by Gerry Gersten

on their hair and dresses, and the older ones try to make the traditional costumes respectable for one more time.

The men do almost nothing. They scrape the mud and the manure from their boots and feet, and get out their black suits, those who own them, and they stand about and talk about the wine, over and over, saying the same things again and again as if they had just been invented.

They talk about whether it will be thin or fat, as black as night or as red as the eye of a pigeon, sharp or round, heavy or light, and whether it will have the true bouquet of the fruit and, most important, whether the wine this year will have the true *frizzantino*—the thing that makes the needles jump on the tongue and causes that stinging dance that all good wine makes in the mouth.

There is no drinking that night; the head must be clear, the hand steady, and the mouth purified for the new wine in the morning. Many of the men keep a watch around the fountain all night long in honor of the wine. They torture themselves then about how bad the wine will be in the morning, how rotten it will taste.

"There's no reason for it to be good. Do you remember the cold rains two weeks ago? What else can you expect? It murdered the grapes."

It is as if one good word might cause the wine god to make it turn in the night. And it is protection: if you expect nothing at all, how can you be hurt? But also one must be humble before the wine, one must expect only the worst, one must present one's behind to the gods, as they say, and demand that it be kicked.

At two o'clock that morning, at the darkest time of the night, most of the women were up. Some of the animals, already draped in their flowers, decked in vines and wrapped in grape leaves, were wandering through the piazza not knowing what to do with themselves now that there were no more baskets to carry up the mountain. They were like the men.

"Even the Krauts wouldn't want to steal this wine," someone said.

"Well, we can always sell it for vinegar."

All along the walls of the piazza children were sprawled out on the stones, curled in chilled balls, waiting for the dawn, because they were afraid of missing something in the morning. They knew what they were about, because had they been home warm in their beds they might have missed the first sounds that came roaring up the Corso Cavour.

It began, the day of the festival, in the darkness of the morning at a few minutes past four o'clock.

It didn't begin in the sense that a day usually begins, by degrees, a little at a time; it began all at once. It erupted; the day exploded on us.

A child ran into the Piazza of the People. "Here they come!" he shouted. "I saw them! They're at the Fat Gate now."

And right after that we heard them coming up the Corso Cavour, the San Marco Penitentiary Thieves and Guards Brass Band. They must have walked the whole dark night through, good men, reliable men who have never let us down, down the mountain from San Marco della Rocca, out through the prison gates, across the valley and up our mountain until there they were, at the Fat Gate, blowing their lungs out in the last darkness of night, drowning out the children, overcoming the frightened bleating of the sheep and the tunking of ox bells, the sound of the guns we no longer noticed firing to the south, even outcrying the cocks, who had had their morning stolen from them.

"All Hail Garibaldi" at four o'clock in the morning, "Italy Forever" coming up out of the pipe of the street at ten minutes past four, "The March of the Alpini Brigade" near the top of the Corso, and by the time they got to the piazza and began to march into it, "Garibaldi" once more. There were a thousand people there to shout a welcome to them.

Eight men in all, eight in green-and-gold uniforms, eight good musicians, some of the finest thieves and bravest guards in all of Italy, five thieves and three guards, one piccolo, one trombone, one clarinet, two trumpets, cymbals, one bass drum, who would be supported by our own drummer, Capoferro, and the band leader, Stompinetti, who had spent two years in Cleveland, Ohio, and knew all about it.

Bombolini welcomed them to the city of Santa Vittoria.

"I heard you were mayor and I never could believe it," Stompinetti said.

"The best we ever had," Pietro Pietrosanto said.

"Ah, well, I've heard crazier than that," the Rock said. "So you're the mayor. God bless the mayor, God bless the people, God bless the wine." He had a great voice, as big as the trombone he blew.

Padre Polenta came out of the bell tower, and with him were some of the older men of the town, dressed in their black suits and holding a canvas canopy over the priest's head to shield the silver chalice which was filled with the Eucharistic wafers. Everyone receives Communion on the festival morning, even if their souls are as spotted as their suits and as stained as the men who work the wine press. In a few minutes Padre Polenta would celebrate the Mass of the Grapes.

The people prepared to file into the church, Santa Maria of the Burning Oven, when there was a command in German from Constanzia's house, and the German soldiers began to file out into the piazza, lined up in rows of two. On a command from Captain von Prum they began to march in the direction of the church.

They were dressed in their parade uniforms, had executed the cobbler, Babbaluche. Th leather on their wide black belts was polishe as was the leather of their boots, and th silver buckles which say *"Gott mit Uns"* shone. They carried their rifles slung over th shoulder, carried bayonets and trench knive in scabbards and wore their metal helmets They marched, a parade march, a slow goos step. At the church door Vittorini made salute, and Bombolini welcomed them a guests of honor at the festival.

"As a representative of the German peopl and the German nation, we are honored t accept," Captain von Prum said.

"Wait until the Resistance gets their hand on this Bombolini," Stompinetti said. "Wha kind of an Italian is this?"

"Wait," the people around him said. "Jus wait. He knows what he's doing."

Padre Polenta had never been a believe in the long Mass. It was his belief that if Go wanted to come down and bless the grape and wine He would come down whether w spent an hour on our knees or ten minutes The Mass was over in fifteen minutes.

On the way out of the church they coul see the statue resting in the back of a open cart, hung with clusters of red and whit grapes, entwined with vines and dressed wit thousands of grape leaves which fluttered i the early morning wind. And which soon Padre Polenta hoped, would be further dresse with lire and even some dollar bills and ban checks from the Bank of America.

"The spirit of the harvest," Bombolini sai to von Prum.

"We honor it," the German said.

At the foot of the church steps a larg black wooden coffin was placed on two win barrels.

"The first of our traditions," the mayo said. "It holds the corpse of the old year gon by. We destroy the old year and in that wa give birth to the new that lies ahead."

"Very beautiful," von Prum said. "Ver symbolic."

"Would you and your men care to act a honor guard?"

"We should be honored."

It is not an old tradition. The priest wh had been here before Polenta had seen th tradition in another city and had borrowed for ours. From the church door there is wire running down the steps and through a



The men got out their black suits and stood about, talking of the new wine, whether it would be sharp or round, heavy or light.

ning into the coffin. For reasons we no
er are sure of, a white dove is attached to
wire and sent skidding down into the
k box. When the bird goes through the
ning it trips another wire, which sets off
ag of explosive powder, which in turn
odes the coffin. The Germans had sta-
ed themselves alongside the box, three
iers on each side, von Prum and his non-
missioned officers a little in front of it.
The old is dead," Padre Polenta said from
top of the church steps.
The new," the priest called out—and the
e began to skid down the wire, tied to it
de down by his pink feet—"is born."
ometimes the dove cries out, but it made
ound this year. The explosion, however,
as loud and complete as ever. Pieces of
coffin flew in all directions. When the
ke cleared we could see the Germans, all
of them, face down on the dirty piazza
es, and several of them, better trained
the others perhaps, with their rifles
ady in their hands, facing the people.
re was a great cheer then, an enormous
er from the people, because this officially
ns the *festa*.
ome of the people ran to help the soldiers
their feet, and they tried to brush the
ure and the axle grease off their uni-
ns. Bombolini said something to the Ger-
captain, and patted him on the back.
n the center of the piazza, near the foun-
, a platform had been built in the night
on it stood the first of the wine barrels,
by the barrel stood Old Vines. Padre
enta said a prayer, and then a young girl,
white in her Communion dress, turned
barrel tap and filled a copper pitcher with
e, and when it was full she handed it to
Vines. He held the pitcher in the air and
an to pour the new wine into a large glass,
ch he then held over his head, the way
priest holds up the chalice before con-
rating the sacred Host.
It is *vino nero*," Old Vines called out.
od and black." There was a roar from the
wd, but not a great one. It was a good
, but not enough.
Now he lifts the glass to his lips, and the
ple push forward, because they demand
only to see it but to hear the wine wash-
around in his mouth and being kissed
his tongue and lips, and then he spits it
and no one moves.

They knew it was good. He could not hide the look that began to spread out on his red face. The question now was, How good?

"*Frizzantino!*" the old man shouted. And then there was the roar, the true roar.

"The wine is alive," Old Vines shouted. "It dances." He took more of the wine. This he swallowed.

"The needles on the tongue."

"Give us, give us," the people shouted. They reached up for the wine glass, but he didn't give it to them then.

"It's as fresh as the air," he shouted. "It tastes like the sun in the sky." He had never spoken this way of the wine before. He told them that the wine was fat but at the same time light, that it was fruity and yet not sweet, and that the bouquet was strong enough to drown the brain.

"It is a good wine," he said. The first of the desirable categories.

"It is a great wine." The cheering grew louder. They waited for the third category that is almost never awarded.

"It is a wine too good for men to drink," Old Vines told them. He was holding the glass up to the gods that only he recognized. "We have grown a wine fit for the saints."

No one cheered then; it was a moment for reverence, it had gone beyond cheering.

As we do, the oldest of each family comes forward with a pitcher and the pitcher is filled at the barrel and the wine is taken back to the family and sipped and tasted and then drunk by all, from the oldest down to the youngest. When all the families had tried the wine, the San Marco Brass Band broke into some gay song from the mountains to the south of here, and the time for reverence was past, and the uproar began in the piazza.

"Now comes a real treat," Bombolini shouted into Captain von Prum's ear. "No outsiders have ever done this before. You are going to be allowed to help carry the statue of Santa Maria."

Teams of men carry the statue and it is considered an honor to be chosen. There are eight men to a team and each year three teams are chosen. With Padre Polenta in the lead, the statue is carried around the Piazza of the People and then down the Corso Cavour through the Fat Gate and across the terraces. As he goes the priest blesses the doorways and the windows, and on the terraces he blesses the last of the grapes of this harvest and the roots of the vines for the harvest to come.

It is not a heavy statue, but the distance is long, and when the day is hot it can prove to be work fit only for the strong. To many, carrying the statue is a kind of penance. It was as if they were saying to God, "I sweat for you, You sweat for me." It is also one of the ugliest statues in all of Italy and possibly the world. It was made of wax and cheap paint and plaster a hundred years ago in Montefalcone, and when a team of men left here to get it, on the way back they stopped in a roadside inn for some wine and left the statue out in the sun and the rain and it melted and turned black. When the people saw it they were horrified.

"No, no," the men who had carried it said. "It was a miracle. This must be the way Santa Maria really looked, all black and roasted. It was God's wish."

To this very day the city is divided between those who think Santa Maria's melting was a miracle and those who think the melting was a simple case of drunkenness, stupidity, lying and criminal neglect. The two groups are called the Miracles and the Melters.

The statue was also hollow, whether by design or by deceit has never been known. The first team carried it all the way down the Corso Cavour, and the people came out and pinned lire to it, and those who had no money left food in her arms and put things in the cart that came along behind.

At the Fat Gate a second team took the statue and it went down to the terraces. Most of the men were older men, some as old as sixty, but they held the statue high and went down the mountain and through the grapes at a good pace. Young girls were picking the last of the grapes, and the German soldiers, getting into the spirit of things, helped them fill the baskets.

"You had better take it easy," Pietrosanto warned them. "You're going to be next with the statue."

"If those old men can carry it, we can carry it," Corporal Heinsick told him.

"They know how to do it. It's harder than it looks," Bombolini said. "They've done this for years."

"With one hand," one of the soldiers said.

"I don't know," Pietrosanto said. Heinsick called Zopf over and told him to roll up his shirt sleeve. He had an arm the thickness of a man's leg. "One of your Bavarian oxes," the corporal said proudly. Heinsick himself was built like a bull.

In the center of the terraces the statue was set down on the cart to rest, and the men and women and the soldiers walked across through the vineyards for the blessing of the vines. When the prayers were done and they came back, Bombolini asked Captain von Prum if his men were ready to accept the honor of carrying the statue.

"We have been looking forward to it," von Prum said, and the people applauded.

They lifted it up easily and put it on their shoulders, and they started back up through the terraces at a good pace. It is traditional after the prayers for the people to sing their way back up to the town, and the band plays, following along behind, because the sacred time is over and the wine waits in the piazza and the pressing of the last grapes will begin, and the greased-pole climb still lies ahead.

The Germans were good at it in the early



Eight good musicians, some of the finest thieves and bravest guards in all of Italy, played "All Hail Garibaldi!" in the piazza.

the soldiers never lost a beat. Sergeant Traub counted the cadence even though he was one of the men under the statue.

"One two three four, one two three four"—in German, loud and clear and strong.

"You had better save your breath," Bombolini warned him, but the sergeant smiled and kept on shouting. It went very well then for at least a hundred steps, but after that Traub ceased to count and then the steps slowed a little and the band, to keep in time, had to play a little slower and the people had to sing a little slower, so after fifty more paces they ceased playing "Garibaldi", and began to play the "Lament for Sardinia," a sad, slow song about some thieves who starved to death in the mountains there. Soon some of the people, even older men, impatient to get up to the piazza, began to go past the men carrying the statue.

"What's the matter with you?" von Prum called to them. "Keep it moving. Pick up the step."

For a short time after that, through a strong show of effort, they were able to pick up the step, and Traub began to count again, in a small voice. But then it seemed to be too much for them once more and the step slowed and finally, still a long way from the Fat Gate, it ceased to be what could be called a step or a march at all but became a kind of clump, the way a tired man on a steep mountain puts down his feet, one after the other, with great deliberation.

"Close it up, pick it up," von Prum said. "You're disgracing yourselves."

It didn't work this time, however. The pace remained the same.

"I told you you shouldn't have picked the grapes," Pietrosanto said. "You were supposed to take it to the Fat Gate, but I think that we should relieve you now."

"It's these uniforms," Corporal Heinsick said. "They're strangling us."

Heinsick's face was the color of our wine, *vino nero*, red, a deep, rich red, almost purple, almost black in the deepness of its redness. All their faces were red and sweat was streaming down them, salt in their eyes and on their lips and in their mouths, which was hard to get rid of because the men were gasping and sucking so hard for air.

"My heart is going to explode," Goettke suddenly shouted.

"Quiet," von Prum said.

"If the wops can do it, we can do it," Heinsick said. No one answered him.

"The first man to drop out receives a summary court-martial," von Prum said, in a low voice that only his men were meant to hear.

It is a true thing that if the desire to live were enough, no man, for example, would ever drown. But there comes a time when the body can no longer do even what it deeply desires. The Germans' legs were quivering, and it was only a matter of a few more steps before at least one of the sixteen legs would quiver too much and go under, which is what happened. The result was the same as missing a stroke with the oar of a boat. For one moment they stopped and teetered, they started to go back and held themselves and they ran forward a step or two, and there was a second at least when they came within a foot of the edge of the cart track and plunging down into the terraces with Santa Maria on their backs.

"The sacred statue!" Bombolini shouted. "In the name of God, hold it."

shouted to the Mother of God to reach down and save Santa Maria, for Santa Maria to save herself, and in the end the Germans held, although the veins were sticking out on their foreheads and their eyes were bulging.

"Who did it?" von Prum shouted.

"Me, sir," Goettke said. "I can't go on."

"Get out then," the captain said, and he pulled the soldier away and took his place beneath the statue.

"It's not so heavy," the captain said. "What's wrong with you men? I know what it is, too much wine drinking."

He was a tonic to them, for five steps. A man with a bad leg such as Captain von Prum possessed should never allow himself to get under a statue. Since his legs were not even, at every second step the statue would shift slightly and rest on his shoulder and it was as if an iron bar were pressing down on him, all the way from the shoulder to the bad leg, trying to press him into the hard white clay.

"You are doing fine," Bombolini shouted in his ear. "Only four hundred more steps to go."

At those words Captain von Prum looked into the face of failure. If they could cover one hundred more steps it would be something more than a triumph. But it would be a man who was not honest with himself, the kind of man who when someone spits in his face denies that he has been insulted, who would deny that the Germans did not go down without a great fight.

"All right," von Prum shouted at them. "We are going to go *up*. At three, we step off again. One, two, three, *step*," he called out. "*Step*. . . . *Step*. . . . *Step*."

One soldier, each time the captain called out Step, answered, "I die, I die, I die."

"Only three hundred and fifty more, Captain," Bombolini told him.

No one could say why they stopped. It is said that in a war no one can say why an attack stops. Each soldier has his own reason

stops. It was that way with the burde Santa Vittoria.

"*Step*," the captain called out, and no took a step. They stood where they w and the statue shook with the effort sin to keep it from falling.

Six young men then—it was importan Bombolini that there were six and not eig eased the poles off the Germans' shoul and not one of them made a protest, not e Captain von Prum, and they slung the st on their shoulders and started up toward Fat Gate at a fast pace and even manage break into a trot. Stompinetti saw them c ing, and he broke into a Neapolitan qu step, and they went the rest of the way u the Fat Gate as if they were going home their soup.

The Germans fell where they had sto They sprawled out in the white dust of cart track and stared up at the sky, una to move, or curled up in the dust to stop shaking of their muscles. They were still t way when Lorenzo the Magnificent, the who was to press the last of our grapes in old way, came up the mountain.

"What's the matter with these pigs ly in the dust?" Lorenzo said.

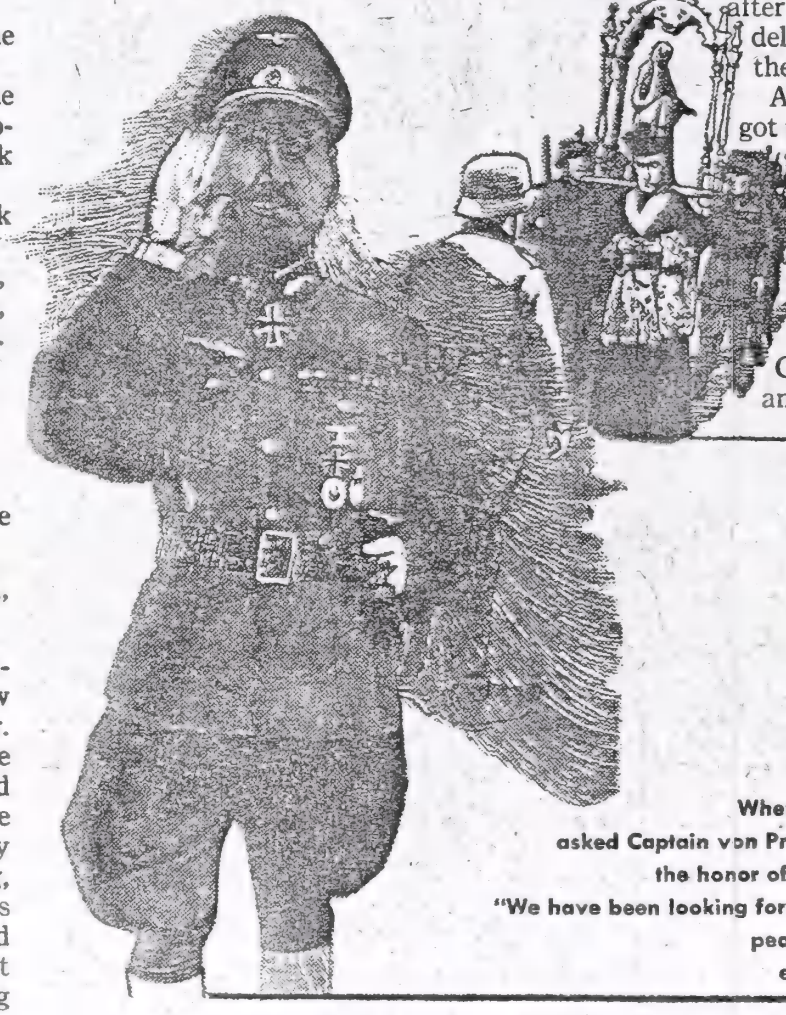
"Quiet. They're Germans," one of the m with him said.

"I can see that. All I asked was why th were lying in the dust like pigs."

"They look as if the Resistance got them," one of the men with Lorenzo sa

"They look like Fabio and Cavalca after the SS got through with ther del Purgatorio said. "They look a they have been tortured."

And this was true. When Lore got up to the Piazza of the People, statue of Santa Maria, which h been carried by nine or ten dif ent groups by then, was be placed up on the platform which Old Vines had first tas the wine that morning. And wh they were sure that none of Germans had managed to reco and come back inside the Fat Ga



When the prayers were done, Bombolin asked Captain von Prum if his men were ready to accep the honor of carrying the statue of Santa Maria "We have been looking forward to it," von Prum said, and the people applauded. The soldiers lifted i easily, and put it on their shoulders

they took out the great boulder that had be put in the saint's belly and dropped it in a c and took it away so that it would never be se again. After that they carried Santa Ma backinto the dimness of the church and put h back up on her dark dim pedestal, where Pac Polenta began to strip her of the grapes a the vines and the lire that had honored h She had served her people well.

ABILITY TO PREDICT THE FUTURE? NOW, THE SAME AUTHOR HAS WRITTEN A CONTROVERSIAL NEW BOOK, *A SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH*. HERE, BEFORE BOOK PUBLICATION, ARE EXCERPTS FROM THIS PERSONAL REPORT ABOUT GENERALS, DIPLOMATS AND OTHER PERSONALITIES WHO'VE HAD STRANGE SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES—AND VOUCH THAT THEY'RE TRUE.

BY RUTH MONTGOMERY

PSYCHIC FRIENDS

ITOR'S NOTE: Ruth Montgomery's last best er, *A Gift of Prophecy*, about Jeane Dixon d her ability to read the future, sold 1.9 lion copies. Now Miss Montgomery has tten *A Search for the Truth*, a report of her n remarkable experiences with extrasen- y perception, clairvoyance and other psy- c phenomena. The *Journal* presents the owing excerpts from this soon-to-be-pub- ed book not because we are ready to accept se phenomena as facts, but because our ders are entitled to hear all sides of what is e to become an ever-growing debate.

Nearly everyone can recall a hunch that ne true, a dream that seemed to foretell an nt, or an occasion on which he apparently ked up another's thought wave. How many es has a friend telephoned just as you were paring to dial his number? How often have found yourself thinking of someone who g ago passed from your life, only to en- nter him on the street that day? But oc- ionally, a person who has had no previous sh with extrasensory perception experi- es an isolated incident of such dramatic act that he cannot thereafter question the stence of some powerful force that man s not yet understand.

On a rainy January night in 1943, the wife General Nathan F. Twining, former chair- n of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was asleep at home in Charlotte, N.C., when a sound e a clap of thunder" awakened her.

Opening her eyes, she "saw" her husband nding at the foot of the bed, although she w that he was halfway around the world, mmanding the 13th Air Force in the Pacific eater of war.

"I saw Nate's face and hands clearly, even his West Point ring," Maude Twining re- s. "Then, as I watched, his fingers lost ir grip on the footboard of the bed, and he dually disappeared. The experience was so e that the hair literally stood up on the e of my neck."

Mrs. Twining was so agitated that she akened a neighbor, who spent the rest of night keeping her company. The next day, s. Twining received a long-distance call n a friend, whose husband was also an of- r in the South Pacific, asking if she could e down to visit for a few days.

"I had difficulty suppressing my alarm, because I felt that she was being sent to me for some reason connected with Nate," Maude Twining confesses, "but her three-day stay was uneventful. Then, two hours after she left, I received official notification that Nate had been missing at sea for more than three days. Although neither my visitor nor I had known it at the time, her husband was in charge of the search for Nate's plane, which had gone down the night of my vision."

The following day, searchers spotted two life rafts lashed together, and a Navy seaplane managed to rescue the severely sunburned, ravenous men after they had spent four days on the stormy seas.

General Twining knew nothing of his wife's strange vision on the night that his plane went down, but in his first letter to her after the ordeal, he wrote that just before the plane crash-landed, he clearly "saw" her looking in at him through the rain. The plane then hit the waves with a rending crash, broke in half, and sank within 30 seconds. Twining, as commanding general, was the last to leave the wreckage, and as his hands grasped the side of the already crowded life raft, he noticed the gold wrist watch that his wife had given him slip from his wrist.

"Maude will be mad as hell," he thought wryly while the watch disappeared into the depths of the sea. His West Point ring remained on his finger.

Psychic experiences seem to become more prevalent during wartime, perhaps because of the strong emotional link between those who are facing constant danger in the battle zone and their families at home. Mrs. U. Alexis Johnson, the wife of our new Ambassador to Japan, had a series of psychic promptings early in World War II.

Because of gathering war clouds, Mrs. Johnson and their children were evacuated from Mukden, Manchuria, late in 1940, but Johnson himself stayed on as U.S. Consul until the Japanese placed him under arrest the day they bombed Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. Meanwhile Mrs. Johnson had taken a house at Laguna Beach, Calif., and one March day in 1942 a neighboring couple told her that their radio could pick up broadcasts from the Orient. Knowing that Mrs. Johnson had learned Japanese while her husband was a language officer in Tokyo during the 1930's, the neighbors suggested that she drop in some evening to translate the Japanese-language broadcasts for them.

Mrs. Johnson thanked them, but thought no more of it for three months. Then, at 9:50 P.M. on June 8, an inner voice told her: "Go at once and listen to the Meinards' radio." She rushed down the beach to the neighbors', discovered with some embarrassment that they were having a party, but nevertheless said that she wished to hear their radio. Her host hospitably began turning the dial of his high-frequency set, and she suddenly cried: "There, get that station. They said Mukden, and that's where my husband is."

The station came in clearly just as a Japanese announced in heavily accented English: "In a few minutes you will be hearing from an American official, Mr. U. Johnson." A hush descended over the room, and at exactly 10 o'clock a familiar voice spoke across the airwaves, saying: "This is U. Alexis Johnson in Mukden. If anyone hears this, will he please contact my wife, Patricia, in Laguna Beach, or my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl T. Johnson in Glendale, California, with this message: I'm well, getting enough to eat, and hope to be exchanged by way of Lourenço Marques, Portuguese East Africa. I send my love to my dear wife and three darling children, and hope they have not forgotten their daddy."

Two interminable months passed before Mrs. Johnson received official notification that her husband was sailing on the *Gripsholm* with the first prisoners repatriated by Japan. She went to New York to be on hand for his arrival, but a letter from the FBI requested that she not meet the boat because her husband would have to remain on board for two days to help clear the repatriated Americans.

Mrs. Johnson had every intention of obeying the FBI's instructions, but as she walked along Broadway the day the *Gripsholm* docked, an inner voice again prompted: "Go to the ship." She rushed down a stairway to the subway—and reached the ship just as an old friend descended the gangplank and called out to her: "Hi, Patricia! He's right behind me!" In another moment, Mrs. Johnson was in her husband's arms.

After a brief reunion, Mr. Johnson returned to the ship to help with the identifications, but

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arranged to meet his wife at her hotel the following morning. To help her bear the tedious wait, friends thoughtfully invited her to dinner and the theater that evening. But as the entrée was served, something told her to call the hotel. Obeying, she asked to be connected with her room, and her husband's voice sang out: "I'm here! I don't have to go back to the boat anymore." Except for the psychic nudge, Patricia Johnson would have missed their first evening together in two years.

The wife of another U.S. career diplomat, Douglas MacArthur II, the late general's nephew, had an interesting psychic experience while her husband was serving as our ambassador to Japan in 1960. Mrs. MacArthur awakened at two o'clock one morning with a strong sense of foreboding about their daughter, Mimi. Slipping into a robe, she rushed down the hall of the Embassy to Mimi's room, and found it empty.

Although the hour was not unduly late for social activities in Tokyo, and although she knew that her daughter had been attending a party at the British Embassy, the feeling of danger proved so persistent that she sat for a half hour on Mimi's bed, until the young woman appeared at the door. She was covered with blood. After rushing her to the hospital, Mrs. MacArthur learned that Mimi and her escort had been in an automobile collision at the moment she awakened, and that her daughter had refused to go to the hospital without her mother.

Several years later Mrs. MacArthur had another psychic experience. Mrs. MacArthur, the youngest daughter of the late Vice President Alben W. Barkley, had received disquieting news about a close female relative; and she could not shake it from her thoughts even while spending a glorious day at a country estate outside Brussels. Leaving the others to chat on the veranda, Mrs. MacArthur wandered alone across the wide expanse of lawn, seated herself on a stump, and closed her eyes.

"Please, God, give me a sign that she will be all right," she prayed. Then, wondering how she would recognize such a sign, Mrs. MacArthur amended: "Dear God, if she's going to be all right, please let me see a deer, as a sign from You."

Recalling the incident later, Mrs. MacArthur said: "I had never before seen a deer outside of captivity, but as I opened my eyes I stared straight at a graceful fawn which stood in a clearing in the nearby forest and seemed to be intently returning my gaze." Happily, Mrs. MacArthur's relative recovered.

Helen Sioussat, who for many years headed the public-affairs department of the Columbia Broadcasting System, dined with her old friend Bernard Baruch one evening in the fall of 1944. Wendell L. Willkie, the 1940 Republican Presidential nominee, was then hospitalized; and when elder statesman Baruch wondered aloud how Willkie was getting along, Helen suddenly found herself wailing, "Oh, he's dying, he's dying."

So powerful was her inner prompting that she refused to cheer up, even when her host checked with the newspapers and reported that Willkie was much improved. "I know he's dying," Helen said, and because she was too concerned to concentrate on their gin rummy game after dinner, she departed early. She had barely fallen asleep when the telephone rang. It was Mr. Baruch, calling to tell her that Wendell Willkie had just died.

RODERICK BURNHAM OF LOS ANGELES, THE SON OF A FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT, ONCE HAD A DREAM THAT WAS CLEARLY CLAIRVOYANT. AT THE AGE OF 16 HE WAS STAYING ALONE AT THE FAMILY HOME IN CALIFORNIA WHILE HIS PARENTS AND A YOUNGER BROTHER WERE AT MAIDENHEAD IN ENGLAND. HIS FATHER WAS ON A GOVERNMENT MISSION THERE, BUT THE SCHOOL TERM PREVENTED RODERICK FROM ACCOMPANYING THE FAMILY. ONE AFTERNOON, SUCH A STRANGE UNEASINESS GRIPPED HIM THAT HE IMMEDIATELY WENT TO HIS GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE TO SPEND THE NIGHT.

TOWARD MIDNIGHT HE DREAMED THAT HE SAW HIS YOUNG BROTHER COME OUT OF THE HOUSE AT MAIDENHEAD, WALK ONTO THE PIER, AND DROP A LITTLE HOMEMADE CANOE INTO THE THAMES RIVER. THE CANOE PROMPTLY SANK, AND AS THE LITTLE BOY HUNCHED FORWARD FOR A BETTER LOOK, HE TOPPLED INTO THE RIVER WITHOUT A SOUND.

RODERICK AWAKENED SCREAMING, AND RAN INTO HIS GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM TO TELL HER OF THE NIGHTMARE. THE NEXT MORNING, A CABLE FROM HIS FATHER INFORMED THEM THAT HIS BROTHER HAD DROWNED IN THE THAMES. LATER MESSAGES DISCLOSED THAT NO ONE HAD SEEN THE CHILD FALL, OR HEARD HIM CRY OUT, BUT HIS BODY WAS FOUND IN THE WATER BESIDE THE PIER IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE. ALLOWING FOR THE DIFFERENCE IN TIME ZONES, HE WAS LAST SEEN ALIVE SHORTLY BEFORE RODERICK'S DREAM.

The wife of Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield seems always to have been gifted with a sixth sense that alerts her and her family to peril. One day Senator Mansfield arrived home from the Capitol and parked the car in front of the house, rather than pulling into the garage. Mrs. Mansfield, sensing danger, rushed out, calling to him, "Darling, please don't leave the car there or it'll be struck." At that instant another automobile zoomed over the crest of the hill and crashed into their parked car.

Mental telepathy—communication between two people's minds, without normal use of the five senses—is sometimes particularly acute in times of emergency. Two sisters, members of a prominent Washington family, were at home alone one day when a hospital attendant telephoned that a traffic victim had been brought in unconscious. "We don't find any identification on him," the caller said, "but he spoke your father's name. Can you come over right away?"

Jane and Virginia, as we shall call them, quickly hailed a cab. During the drive to the hospital Jane silently prayed, "Dear Lord, don't let it be Freddie," while Virginia kept silently repeating, "Don't let it be Jack."

On arriving at the hospital, they saw to their relief that neither of their two brothers was involved. The injured man was an employee on their father's estate. They arranged to take care of the man's medical bill, notified his wife to come to the hospital, and then returned home. As they entered the house the telephone was ringing, and when Jane answered she heard her brother Freddie's voice asking, "Sis, are you all right?" She cautiously asked why he wanted to know, and he replied: "I was running the tractor a while ago, when I heard your voice calling me. I looked all around, and thought you must be hiding behind a tree, because I couldn't see you; but when I kept hearing your voice, I came to the house to call. Are you in trouble?"

Severely shaken, she told him why she had been silently repeating his name. A few minutes later the telephone rang again. This time it was the other brother, Jack, asking if anything had happened to Virginia. "I was flying down to Richmond, when I repeatedly heard her calling me," he explained. "It was so vivid that I finally turned the plane around and came back to Washington. Is something the matter?"

Significantly, each brother had heard the voice of the particular sister who, without the other's knowledge, had been silently repeating the name of her favorite brother.

Mrs. Helen Salisbury Summers, the wife of our former ambassador to Luxembourg, has understandable reason to believe that some people have precognitive ability—the ability to know what is going to happen before it happens.

During World War II, as a high-school student in Walla Walla, Wash., she and her mother made a trip to the family ranch near Yakima. En route they stopped to visit friends in Spokane. Their hostess happened to be interested in psychic research, and that very day had an appointment with a local palmist-numerologist. Unable to keep the date, she suggested that Helen go instead.

Helen says that the neatly dressed, attractive psychic did not know her identity, but told her three things:

1. If you will call this Seattle telephone number at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, you can prevent your young brother from enlisting. He will be fibbing about his age.

2. Your return trip home will be delayed, because you will come down with a contagious disease that will cause quite a furor.

3. You will marry a high-school sweetheart, but not until each of you has crossed both oceans. Before graduating from college you will be tempted to give up school and move to the Orient, but you will not do so.

Helen Salisbury was sufficiently impressed to insist that her mother call the Seattle telephone number at 10 the following morning. She learned that her 15-year-old son was in the Marine recruiting office at that moment, swearing that he was 18. The youngster was ordered home instead of to boot camp.

Helen and her mother continued on to the ranch, but after horseback riding one afternoon Helen suddenly felt impelled to go into town for the night. Her mother argued that they would be leaving the next day anyway, but Helen's sense of urgency was so great that Mrs. Salisbury told the ranch manager to drive her daughter to the home of friends in Sprague.

"I had never felt better in my whole life," Helen says, "except for that strange feeling that I had to be in town. During the night I awakened with a raging fever, and our friends rushed me to a nearby hospital. Doctors at first thought that I had typhoid fever, but pandemonium broke loose when they discovered that they had a case of highly contagious smallpox on their hands."

The third prophecy also came to pass. Dur-
g Helen's junior year at the University of
Vashington, she became engaged to Burks
ummers, whom she had first dated in high
hool. Burks was the son of Representative
ohn W. Summers, and shortly afterward ac-
ompanied his father on a Congressional
nket to the Orient. There Burks was offered
ch an attractive job in the export-import
siness that he and Helen seriously consid-
ed getting married immediately and moving
China. Dissuaded by their parents, they
stponed their wedding until after their col-
ge graduations. By that time Helen had made
ips to both Europe and the Orient, and
urks had made another trip, to Australia.
ach had indeed crossed both oceans!

MRS. WILLIAM FAULKNER, WIDOW OF THE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING NOVELIST, IS CONVINCED THAT FOR MANY YEARS THEY SHARED THEIR ANTEBELLUM ESTATE, ROWAN OAK, IN OXFORD, MISS., WITH A GHOSTLY FEMININE SPIRIT. "MR. FAULKNER AND I ONLY HEARD HER," SHE SAYS, "BUT OUR TWO DAUGHTERS ACTUALLY SAW HER; AND WHEN I ONCE PAINTED A PORTRAIT OF AN IMAGINARY YOUNG WOMAN, THEY CRIED, 'MOTHER, YOU'VE PAINTED JUDITH!'" SINCE MR. FAULKNER'S DEATH, MRS. FAULKNER MAKES HER HOME WITH THEIR DAUGHTER, JILL SUMMERS, AT AN ESTATE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. IT WAS THERE THAT SHE TOLD ME THE STORY OF JUDITH SHEGOG, DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST OWNER OF ROWAN OAK, WHO BROKE HER NECK IN A FALL FROM A ROPE LADDER WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ELOPE WITH A YANKEE OFFICER DURING THE CIVIL WAR. "MY HUSBAND AND I WERE FREQUENTLY MADE AWARE OF JUDITH'S PRESENCE," MRS. FAULKNER SAID, "AND ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS WHEN WE WERE UPSTAIRS WE HEARD AN UNFAMILIAR REFRAIN BEING PLAYED ON THE PIANO IN THE DRAWING ROOM. SOMETIMES MR. FAULKNER WOULD GO DOWNSTAIRS TO INVESTIGATE, AND OTHER TIMES I WENT, BUT THE MUSIC INVARIABLY STOPPED WHEN WE WERE HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRWAY. NO ONE WAS ON THAT FLOOR AT THE TIME, AND WE HAD NO CATS, BUT THE SAME TUNE WOULD RESUME WHEN WE RETURNED TO THE BEDROOM."

The strangest precognitive dream that I
ve encountered among my friends—a dream
at accurately foretold the future—came to
rs. Virginia de Haven Mixsell of New York
the morning of August 24, 1939. Mrs. Mix-
ll had gone to Paris on her honeymoon in
e mid-1920's, and she and her wealthy
idegroom liked France so well that they de-
ded to settle there permanently. They took
Paris flat, and a couple of years later, after
e birth of their son, David, they returned to
e States once a year.
Shortly after David's 14th birthday Mrs.
ixsell booked passage on the liner *Nor-
ndie*, in order to put her son in school at
wrenceville, N.J. The morning they were
sail, she awakened from a deep sleep and
s sobbing into her pillow. The maid, enter-
ing with her breakfast tray, asked what had happened. Mrs. Mixsell then told her husband and the maid of this dream:

"For some unaccountable reason I was raging with anger as I rushed up the steps to our second-floor flat. In my fury I pressed hard on the doorbell, rather than using a key. The door was opened by a strange man, who looked extremely guilty and kept rubbing his hands together. He was short, had dark, curly hair, and was wearing American-type sport clothes. He ushered me into my own flat as if I were a prospective tenant, and I thought to myself, 'How dare he behave like that, when this is my flat and my furniture!' He walked into the main salon, and instead of seeing my green-and-white flowered slipcovers on the sofa and chairs, I noticed that they were covered with sheets, as if the owner had been away. In the center of the room was a trunk. Then I awakened, with the most horrible sense of foreboding that I have ever known."

It was apparently this feeling of despondency that had caused the tears, and they continued to flow all the way to the boat-train. Mrs. Mixsell had intended to return to France in two weeks, but almost immediately after the *Normandie* docked in New York, war broke out in Europe, and she could not return.

Five years later, when David reached his 19th birthday, he was inducted into the United States Army; and two nights before his division shipped overseas, he had a farewell dinner with his mother at the Stork Club. Plastic swizzle sticks were served with their champagne, and David playfully held a match to his until it softened. Then he bent it into the shape of a man, and smilingly handed it to his mother, saying: "Here's a fetish. Keep it with you, and it will bring you good luck."

A few months later, the Mixsells received notification that David had been killed in action. Utterly devastated, Mrs. Mixsell locked herself in her room and refused to see friends, but when her brother mentioned that a certain woman had called, she unexpectedly announced that she would see her.

"I don't know what possessed me to do that, because she was only a casual acquaintance," Mrs. Mixsell says, "but I have always been grateful that I yielded to the sudden urge."

The woman arrived, took her by the shoulders, and said: "Listen, Virginia, you've got to snap out of this grief, because I have something important to tell you. I was at Pennsylvania Station this morning to see my son off to war, when, glancing across the tracks, I saw your David looking at me. At the same moment, I inwardly heard him ask me to tell you that you must be brave, because you are needed. He said you can't let yourself go now."

Somewhat apologetically, the woman drew an inexpensive turquoise bracelet from her purse, handed it to Mrs. Mixsell, and said: "I don't know why I was told to give you this, but I was. It's just a little trinket made by the Indians, which I picked up in New Mexico several years ago, but for some reason you're supposed to have it."

Comforted by these words, Mrs. Mixsell pulled herself together and tried to resume a normal life. The following week, she and her son's godmother were discussing David's religious beliefs when she remembered the fetish that he had fashioned from the swizzle stick, and went to the bedroom to get it. As she lifted the lid of the old jewelry box in which she kept odds and ends, she noticed a cheap ring that had lain in the box for many years. Recalling that David had bought it for her on his first boyhood trip to the Southwest, she picked it up, and uttered a startled cry. Rushing to get the bracelet from the bureau drawer where she had tossed it after accepting it from the acquaintance a week before, she compared it with the ring. Not only did the square-cut turquoise stones exactly match, but even the Indian carvings on the coin-silver bracelet and ring were identical. It was as if David had clearly said to her, "Look, Mom, I'm still here and able to communicate with you."

The war finally drew to a close, and as soon as civilians were allowed to book passage, Mrs. Mixsell sailed for Paris, where she immediately sought to regain possession of her apartment. Through official sources she learned that a major in the German Gestapo had occupied it during the war, and that since the liberation it had been appropriated by an American colonel. She repeatedly tried to establish contact with the latter, but, since he was unwilling to be dispossessed, the colonel artfully eluded her calls. It was weeks before he reluctantly set a date when she could see her flat. Consequently, by the time she reached the apartment building she was so angry that, disregarding the elevator, she ran up the steps and pressed hard on the doorbell.

"The door was opened by the colonel, who looked decidedly guilty, as well he might!" Mrs. Mixsell declares. "He had no right to be there, but what stunned me was that this was the man I had seen in my almost-forgotten dream six years before. He was short, had curly, dark hair, and was dressed in sport clothes instead of uniform. When he even began rubbing his hands together, I was so startled that I quickly brushed past him into the salon—and nearly fainted! My green-and-white slipcovers had been laundered so many times during the occupation that they were loose-fitting and faded white. They actually resembled sheets. But more incredibly, in the center of the salon stood a trunk!"

Now, at last, she understood the reason for the despondency and tears that had accompanied the dream. Before it could become a reality, the world would be plunged into its most devastating war, and her only son would die in battle.

The man who has done the most to excite my own interest in psychic research is Arthur Ford, America's best-known living medium and clairvoyant. (Perhaps some definitions are necessary here: By a clairvoyant I mean a person who can see things or events occurring at a distance; a medium is a person through whom the living can seemingly communicate with those beyond the grave.) Ford is one of the most modest, most dedicated men I have ever known—a man who abhors the trickery to which some mediums resort.

A NATIVE OF FLORIDA, HE WAS A DIVINITY STUDENT AT TRANSYLVANIA COLLEGE IN KENTUCKY AT THE TIME OF OUR ENTRY INTO WORLD WAR I. FORD ENLISTED AND QUICKLY BECAME A SECOND LIEUTENANT. HE WAS BASED AT CAMP GRANT WHEN, UPON AWAKENING EARLY ONE MORNING, HE "SAW" THE LIST OF THOSE WHO HAD DIED THERE OF INFLUENZA DURING THE NIGHT. HOPING TO SHAKE

OFF THE CURIOUS DREAM, HE WALKED OVER TO THE ADJUTANT'S OFFICE TO SEE THE ACTUAL LIST, WHICH WAS JUST BEING POSTED. TO HIS DISMAY, HE DISCOVERED THAT NOT ONLY WERE THE NAMES THOSE WHICH HE HAD FORESEEN, BUT THEY WERE EVEN IN THE SAME ORDER AS IN HIS DREAM ROSTER.

THE FLU EPIDEMIC WAS THEN RAGING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, AND EACH DAY THE LIST OF VICTIMS AT CAMP GRANT GREW LONGER. FOR THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW, LIEUTENANT FORD CONTINUED TO "SEE" EACH DAY'S ROSTER BEFORE IT WAS POSTED. HAVING NEVER HEARD OF CLAIRVOYANCE, HE HESITATED TO MENTION HIS STRANGE EXPERIENCE TO HIS BUDDIES, FOR FEAR THAT THEY WOULD CONSIDER HIM INSANE. ON THE FOURTH MORNING, HOWEVER, HE RUEFULLY TOLD THEM THE NAMES THAT HE HAD JUST "SEEN" ON AWAKENING. THEY WENT WITH HIM TO CHECK THE NEW ROSTER, AND EVERY NAME APPEARED IN THE ORDER HE HAD GIVEN THEM.

After the war Ford went back to Transylvania, and, in addition to his divinity courses, he also enrolled in psychology classes. Eventually, he was ordained a Christian (Disciples of Christ) minister, but his growing interest in psychic phenomena gradually led him into the lecturing field. He has since traveled throughout the world giving demonstrations of clairvoyance, but in recent years Ford has concentrated on helping ministers and divinity students to recognize the validity of psychical manifestations.

Ford occasionally comes to Washington to conduct seminars on behalf of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, a group of about 2,000 prominent educators, professional men and researchers organized to investigate psychic phenomena within the framework of the church. On two different occasions I invited the famous clairvoyant to meet with small groups of interested friends at my house. Each time, the Rev. Mr. Ford tied a handkerchief over his eyes and went into trance through self-hypnosis. The room was brightly lighted both times, and I made tape recordings of the conversations.

The guests were always strangers to the medium; he did not know whom to expect until they arrived. One of the gatherings included an outstanding member of Congress, a senator's wife, an editor, a television moderator, and a state legislator. The medium went into a trance, and soon Fletcher, Ford's mysterious control—his contact among the spirits, who serves as a sort of other-world master of ceremonies to introduce various spirits—said he had messages for each. He told editor Hope Ridings Miller that she had been born in a little town with an odd name that sounded like the French word *bon homme*, meaning "good man." Hope's birthplace was Bonham, Texas!

"Your father was a doctor," the voice of the slumbering medium told Hope. "You seem to be surrounded by doctors. You married one. Your father says to tell him to try"—here Fletcher gave the technical name for a little-known drug—"in the project he is working on that has to do with aging. I've been working on it over here and find that it will help considerably." Hope was indeed the daughter of a deceased physician, and was married to Dr. Lee Miller, the resident physician at the United States Soldier's Home, a retreat for aging war veterans.

Fletcher next addressed Deena Clark, moderator of an NBC television show, saying: "A man wants to talk to you, whose name sounds like Christ, but that can't be quite right. He keeps talking about Lottie, and wants to express regret for some unhappiness he may have caused while he was in your world." Deena acknowledged that Lottie had been her father's nickname for her mother, Charlotte, from whom he was later divorced. Her mother was still living, and her deceased father's first name was actually Christos, a fact that none of us had known.

The late Senator Pat McCarran then identified himself by name to the wife of Senator Mike Mansfield, and volunteered some advice for her husband, whom he had known well during their years together in the Senate. The other women similarly received messages from departed relatives or friends, by name, and since the medium had not known my guest list in advance, he could not have consulted reference books.



ON ANOTHER OCCASION, MY HUSBAND AND I WENT TO A FORD SÉANCE AT A WASHINGTON RECTORY, WHERE THE ONLY OTHER PEOPLE PRESENT WERE EIGHT MEN OF THE CLOTH. FLETCHER FIRST INTRODUCED SEVERAL DISCARNATES—WHICH IS THE PSYCHIC'S WORD FOR SPIRITS IN A STAGE OF LIFE OTHER THAN OUR OWN. ONE WAS A MOTHER OF THREE, WHO SAID THAT BEFORE HER RECENT DEATH SHE HAD BEEN MARRIED TO THE PASTOR OF A WASHINGTON CHURCH—WHICH SHE IDENTIFIED BY NAME. SHE DESCRIBED THE PHYSICAL CONDITION—A BRAIN TUMOR—THAT CAUSED HER DEATH, AND GAVE OTHER INTIMATE DETAILS OF HER LIFE. NONE OF THE PASTORS HAD HEARD OF HER, BUT WHEN WE TELEPHONED THE CHURCH AND SPOKE TO ITS RECTOR, HE READILY CONFIRMED THAT HIS WIFE HAD DIED A FEW DAYS BEFORE OF A BRAIN TUMOR, LEAVING THREE CHILDREN. HE SAID HE HAD NEVER HEARD OF ARTHUR FORD, AND RATHER CURTLY ADDED THAT HE HAD NO INTEREST IN THE PSYCHIC FIELD.

During the séance, Fletcher reminded me that at a sitting the previous year he had said President Kennedy would be killed in a moving conveyance while away from the White House. I had forgotten it until I rechecked the tape recording. Now, only a month after the assassination, Fletcher flatly informed me that only one Southern state would go uncommitted to the Democratic convention the following summer—Alabama—and that President Johnson would easily win election to a full term. He was right, of course. Alabama did not even list Johnson on its ballot, and its unpledged delegates cast all their votes for Barry Goldwater, while L.B.J. won the election by a landslide.

Newspapermen always seem to want to talk to me at Ford's séances. At one session, his control, Fletcher, introduced somebody in this manner:

"A man here says you're going back soon to a place where both of you got your start in the newspaper business. There's going to be a big banquet, or gathering, and people will be praising you. This man's name is Charles Marsh. He says that long before you came along he owned the newspaper on which you worked in Texas."

I protested that the newspaper where I began my career in Waco, Texas, was owned by the Fentress family, but the unknown Mr. Marsh declared: "I used to own the paper, too. Ask Liz. She knows me. The night President Johnson came back from Texas, that terrible night after the tragedy, I was one of the few people who got to speak with him and pledge my friendship again." The name Charles Marsh was new to me, but I promised to check. After all, by mentioning the banquet, Ford had foretold that I was going to be honored at Baylor University in Waco two weeks later—although no public announcement had been made.

The next day I telephoned Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird Johnson's White House press secretary, and asked: "Liz, have you ever heard of a Texas newspaperman named Charles Marsh?"

"You bet I have," she replied. "He used to be an owner of the Waco and Austin papers before he sold his interest to the Fentress family. He was one of President Johnson's closest friends. As a matter of fact, Charlie Marsh launched the President on his political career; and one of Mr. Johnson's first acts after becoming President was to call on Marsh in Washington and thank him for his friendship. Charlie died not long afterward."

At a garden party in the summer of 1964, an attractive woman, Ruth Newburn Smith, asked if I knew Arthur Ford. When I replied that he had recently visited us, she said that she would like very much to meet him the next time he came to Washington. Nearly a year elapsed before his return, but on that occasion I invited Ruth Newburn Smith to meet him at my house.

I carefully refrained from telling Ford the identity of my expected visitor, and I knew so little about her myself that I could have supplied no details if I had wished. On her arrival I introduced her as "Mrs. Smith," and the medium went almost immediately into trance. For the next hour, via his spirit control Fletcher, Ford leafed through the pages of her life, and, as I later learned, gave surprisingly evidential details.

"You have a son over here," Fletcher said. "He's been here seven or eight years, hasn't he? You and he had been talking about the possibility of communication after death. Your son traveled a great deal. He was not very old—just a young man in his late twenties—but he knew he was coming over here. Your boy says he is glad you don't make the mistake of thinking of him as gone. He is very much alive. He says he has tried to come into your consciousness many times, but has never been successful except on one occasion several years ago, when he hadn't been here very long, and then you weren't sure you saw him. He tells you to re-create the same conditions as those existing when he reached you before—a detached state between waking and sleeping—so he can again give you a sign of his presence.

"I keep seeing an eagle, a symbol of a flyer. It is something he did. He places the eagle on his shoulder. It is wings. Your son was in the service. He puts his hand to his head—speaks of a crash. He did not suffer. It was quick. He had a feeling that he was not destined to stay too long there. He had been studying survival and parapsychology. He says, 'Tell Mother I have all the answers now that I ever needed. There was no pain, (*continued on page 105*)

AGIC TIME

d from page 59

l friends. And the wonderful bout friends is that they can tell to each other, whatever they ou know, I bet it's very lonely g here by yourself at the gate. times people feel lonely and be- hey're lonely and feel unloved nt to hurt others, close them out. the ways we close people out is gate . . ."

Walter wasn't paying attention. an't talk now," he said urgently. to guard the gate some more. mes someone."

heeled around and saw a work- paint-stained overalls trudging ill. A long piece of fresh lumber n his shoulder as he made his ward the gate. Breathless, Liz for the inevitable encounter. the workman reached them, a out stub of a cigarette hanging on his lower lip. Walter's hands gripped the gate once again. The workman stopped and looked at Walter.

"So open up the gate," he said. Nothing happened. The workman shifted the board to his other shoulder.

"This gate is being guarded," Walter said evenly.

"So whataya gotta do to get through a gate around here?" the workman asked tiredly. "Say a password or something?"

"Yes," Walter replied.

"OK, Buddy, it's magic time," the workman said, heading for the gate, which opened serenely before him.

Liz turned to Walter. "OK, Buddy, it's magic time? That's all it takes?"

"Sure," Walter said, smiling. "Come on through. I didn't let you in at first because you were acting so crazy, talking and stuff."

"I guess you can't be too careful," Liz replied, blinking a little, and passed into the playground. **END**

YCHIC FRIENDS

ed from page 104

lapse in consciousness. It is the orld, with different dimensions, in another plane or planet. We time or space problems, but we immerse ourselves in psychical to communicate with you.'"

that day I had known nothing of Newburn Smith's personal life or ements. And because of her ad- composure, I could not discern t extent Fletcher's messages had ccurate; but later, while writing k, I found the courage to ask her. what she wrote for me:

1957 my son, Lieutenant Robert Sedam, a redheaded Marine jet vas transferred from his fighter n in Atsuki, Japan, to Floyd t Field on Long Island to be near er, who was dying of acute leu- In 1958, a year after his father's Red showed me a review of Ar- rd's then-new book, *Nothing So* , and asked me to buy a copy im- ely. Red was enthusiastic about ing in life, but often discussed ual enthusiasm his belief in life ath.

ore I could buy Arthur Ford's Red's jet went down in dense fog Atlantic off Long Island, two before his scheduled discharge e Marine Corps. In spite of a five- and air search, no trace of the r pilot was ever found. I bought Ford's *Nothing So Strange* and to tatters.

the first and only time in my life, ith a medium in June of 1965. Montgomery introduced me to Ar- ord only as Mrs. Smith, and after he went into trance, he ntioned several facts known only and me, as well as accurate de- ns of people and events in my t and present. He also asked that re-create the same conditions as hen my son 'reached me before,' he could again give me 'a sign of ence.'

ordingly, on the night of July 28, he seventh anniversary of the Red's jet had gone down—I got d, turned out the light, laughed, d in the tone Red and I used to each other, 'OK. Speak up. Say ing!' In a matter of minutes I felt d to go into an adjoining room containing several shelves of books, among them several dozen paperbacks which had belonged to my son. Having no desire to read a book, I asked what I was doing in there, and went back to bed. Unaccountably, I got up again, went to look at the books, and returned to bed. A third time I involuntarily arose, went in, and looked at those books.

"This time I pulled out one of Red's paperbacks at random. The title was *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, a book I had never read and never intended to! As I opened the book, a small piece of paper fell out. I had never seen it before, but in my son's unmistakable henscratch writing was this statement: 'I am thoroughly convinced that the immortality of the human soul and its relation to God is a reality, but in a way not yet conceived by man. I also feel that electricity and/or electromagnetic forces are the basic powers of the universe and human life.'

"Was this Red's way of convincing me, as he had insisted so many times while here, that life does go on after death?"

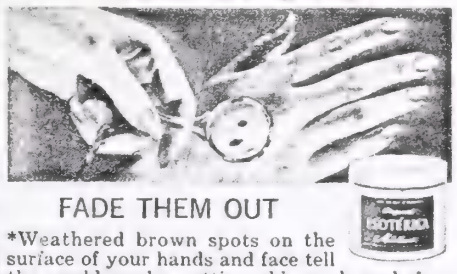
Mrs. Smith showed me the paperback book, the slip of paper on which her son had written his conviction of immortality, and the eagle on the Marine officer's insignia he had once worn on his lapel, together with his pilot's wings and other family mementos. She said Red had been dead for seven years (Fletcher had said "seven or eight"), and that he had been 26 years old when his plane crashed (Fletcher had correctly said "late twenties").

She added that after her first husband's death, she and her son had often discussed the possibility of spirit communication, and that Red had certainly "traveled a great deal."

In 1965, General and Mrs. Albert C. Wedemeyer gave a dinner party one evening for Arthur Ford at Friend's Advice, their estate near Boyds, Md. During the evening Ford went into a trance, and Fletcher brought a message to Wedemeyer from "Buffalo Bill" Cody, the general's grandfather's cousin (the rest of us had been unaware of Al's family relationship with the famed army scout).

Mrs. Wedemeyer recalls that at a previous sitting with Arthur Ford in New York, when General Jimmy Doolittle and newspaper columnist Danton Walker were also present, Fletcher (*continued*)

THOSE HORRID
AGE SPOTS*

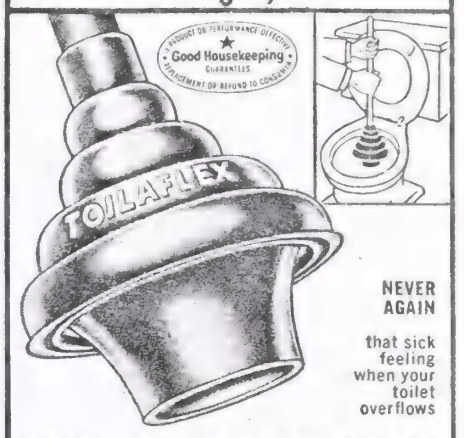


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Bound Between Pages 74 and 75 in this issue

New Discovery Now Makes It Possible To Shrink And Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch — Relieves Pain In Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both *ointment* or *suppository form* called *Preparation H®*.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of hemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home).

spoke of her deceased sister and others by name. Then, turning to Walker, he said a woman who had died of a ruptured appendix was telling him that "Danton would know about an unplucked chicken," and that a man with her was "standing in a ship and talking about Marsha—no, Martha."

"Incredible!" Danton Walker exclaimed. After the séance, he told them that when his mother was dying of a ruptured appendix at their country place in the South, their Negro cook rushed out and killed a chicken, then placed it, unplucked, on his mother's stomach. He said the primitive superstition of the area was that an unplucked chicken would draw out the poison and cure a stomachache. He added that his mother's uncle had been a seafaring man who, during the Civil War, had captured two Yankee ships off Martha's Vineyard and thereafter never stopped talking about it.

Ford is, primarily a trance medium rather than a psychometrist (one who can devise facts about an object, or its owner, by touching it), but once I handed him a pocket watch and asked if he could tell me anything about its ownership. He held it between the palms of his hands for a few minutes and then began to massage his arms as if they ached. "The watch belonged to your father," he said. "He obviously suffered a great deal with pains which shot down his arms from the shoulders to his hands. I know, because I am picking up his agony."

My father had seldom been ill until he died of his first heart attack. In his later years, however, Dad would often get out of bed in the night and run hot water over his arms and hands to ease the frightful ache for which his medical advisers had no cure. Since only our immediate family knew this, Ford could not have learned it by normal means.

Arthur Ford has sometimes triggered extrasensory reactions in others. For instance, on May 10, 1966, after completing a series of lectures in Chicago, he was chatting in his Palmer House suite with Arthur Shefti, an old friend, when he suddenly lost consciousness. Shefti called the hotel doctor, who summoned an ambulance and began administering oxygen. As Ford was being carried from the room on a stretcher, his telephone rang. Shefti, answering it, heard a voice say: "This is Margueritte Bro. I was awakened from a nap just now, by a voice which said, 'Arthur Ford is in very serious trouble. Get in touch with him immediately.' Is he all right?"

Mrs. Bro, who collaborated with Ford in the writing of his autobiography, *Nothing So Strange*, was 40 miles away, at her home in Park Forest, Ill., at the time of his attack.

Ford required hospitalization for several weeks because of an embolism. After convalescing, he spent the weekend of June 24 with television commentator John Lawrence and his wife at their home in Chestnut Hill near Philadelphia. After everyone had retired for the night, Lawrence heard his dog barking and clawing at the door to Ford's room, and went to investigate. When his houseguest failed to respond to his knock, Lawrence opened the door and found Ford lying unconscious on the floor beside his bed. The famous medium regained consciousness 30 hours later in the Chestnut Hill hospital, having again suffered an embolism.

Some guardian angel was apparently watching over Ford, who ordinarily lives alone, for he was fortunate enough to be in the company of friends each time he had an attack.

Arthur Ford does not conceal his psychic ability. Other men and women with similar talents are hesitant to reveal themselves, however. I cannot entirely blame them after observing at firsthand what has happened to Jeane Dixon since the publication of my book about her, *A Gift of Prophecy*.

Although the book stressed that the famed seeress refuses to accept payment for the use of her God-given talent, and has neither the strength nor the time to read the future for strangers, she has nevertheless received more than 200,000 letters and telephone calls, most of them begging for "readings." So many telephoned late at night that she was forced to get an unlisted number, and she is so besieged wherever she travels that a police escort to control the crowds has become a necessity.

Jeane Dixon has sometimes been the victim of personal harassment. Often, teen-agers in quest of excitement have spread false rumors that she had predicted a disaster for their area; and scarcely a week has elapsed since t publication of our book that we have n been inundated by hundreds of long-d tance calls from newspaper editors, te vision and radio commentators, a frightened citizens, who ask if it true that she has foretold a devastati hurricane, snowstorm, earthquake, other catastrophe for their city. Inste of abating, the rumors have lately tak an even more ridiculous turn. Edito from Maryland to California have ported that their switc boards were jammed callers asking if M Dixon had predict that a spaceship wou land the next day a kidnap all children b tween the ages of and 15.

Mrs. Dixon no long enjoys privacy. Sigh seeing buses grind to halt in front of her hor and office, while the to conductor announc through loudspeak that this is where Jea Dixon lives or work Tourists stand outsi St. Matthew's Cath dral, hoping to get h autograph as she leav early-morning Mas She cannot possibly a swer her volumino mail in person, and h been forced to hire se eral secretaries simp to slit the envelopes, turn the unwant money, and send for letter replies.

Most of those w write to Mrs. Dix have an urgent person problem that they ho she will solve. What th fail to realize is that asking another to find solution, they are den ing themselves the o portunity for person growth by meeting th challenge head-on.

Just as the 20th ce tury marks a mome tous breakthrough man's exploration outer space, so I belie that the next centu will open similar doo to an extensive explo tion of the human mi and the probability communication betwe this stage of life and t next—the last great u charted frontier f man's curiosity.

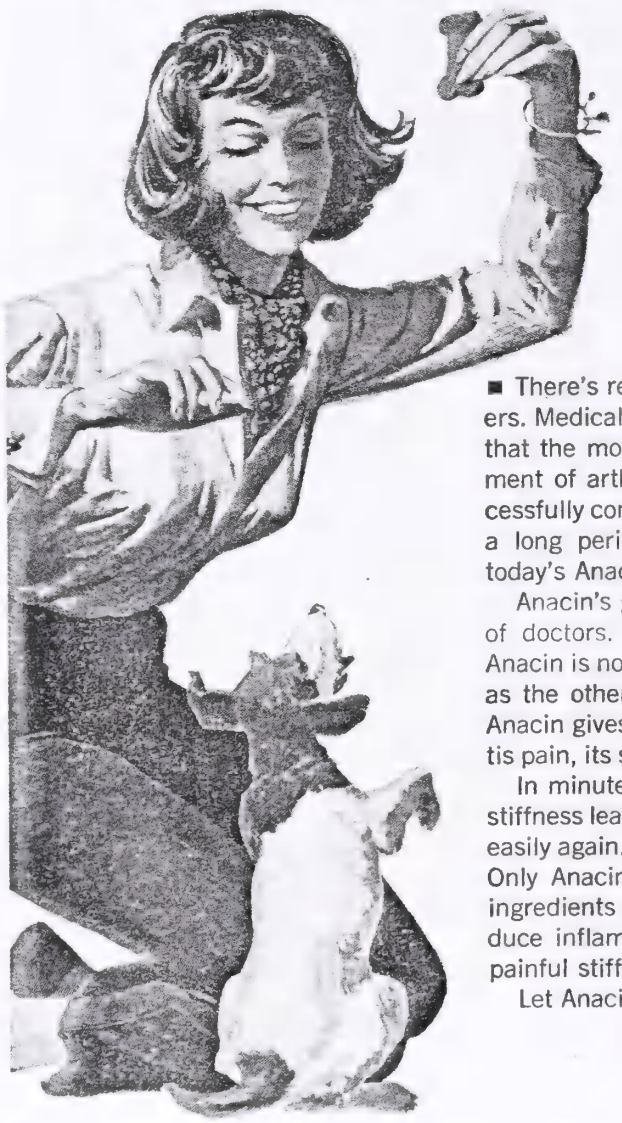
As a lowly beginner at the threshold psychic discovery, I do not pretend understand the mysterious laws th govern mental telepathy, clairvoyan precognition, and apparent communi tion with those beyond the grave. I b lieve, however, that these talents, like others, were bestowed on man in order be used and developed. Christ told "Ask, and it shall be given you; see and ye shall find; knock, and it shall opened unto you."

Unless we ask for further knowled of God's universe, and seek for it, cannot find it. Unless we knock, the do will remain closed. EN

MOST RELIABLE TREATMENT TO

Reduce Swelling of Inflamed Joints As It Relieves Arthritis Pain





Gives continuous relief for hours from minor pain and stiffness. Now twice as strong as the other extra-strength tablet in the compound doctors prescribe most.

■ There's real help in store for arthritis sufferers. Medical research has definitely established that the most reliable medication in the treatment of arthritis—the one most likely to successfully control the pain and inflammation over a long period of time—is the compound in today's Anacin® Tablets.

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Let Anacin's new *extra relief power* help you!

OFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

(continued from page 57

ff. Relatives bring their wounded chil-
n to this hospital however they can,
king for miles with the children in
ir arms, bumping in carts or the local
ses. Organized transport for wounded
ilians does not exist anywhere in
ith Vietnam. Once the relatives have
naged to get their small war victims
the hospital, they stay to look after
m. Someone must.
e corridors and wards
crowded; the chil-
n are silent, as are
e grown-ups. Yet
ck and pain, in this
l place, make a sound
e screaming.
A man leaned against
wall in the corridor;
face was frozen and
eyes looked half-
d. He held, carefully,
six-month-old baby
l, his first child. At
ht, four bombs had
n dropped without
rning on his hamlet.
mb fragments killed
young wife, sleeping
t to her daughter;
y tore the arm of the
y. As wounds go, in
s war, it was mild—
t deep cuts from
ulder to wrist, caked
blood. Yesterday he
d a home, a wife, and a
althy, laughing daugh-
; today he had noth-
left except a child
zed with pain and a
y mutilated arm.
n the grimy wards,
y plaster on child
s and arms, bandages
heads and thin bod-
were fresh and clean.
e children have
rned not to move, be-
use moving hurts
m more, but their
s, large and dark,
low you. We have not
l to see, in our own
ildren's eyes, this
gic resignation.

pparently children
classified as adults
wadays if they are
r 12 years old. Dur-
a short, appalled
it to the big My Tho
ovincial hospital,
ong hundreds of
unded peasants, men
l women, I noted a
year-old girl who had
t her left foot (bomb),
aring a bed with an old woman whose
ee was shattered; a 14-year-old girl
h a head wound (mortar shell); a
year-old girl with bandages over a
st wound (machine-gun bullet). If
u stop to ask questions, you discover
quently that someone nearby and
ed was killed at the same time, and
e is the survivor, mourning a mother
a little brother; loneliness added to
in. All these people suffer in silence.
hen the hurt is unbearable, they groan
y softly, as if ashamed to disturb
ers. But their eyes talk for them. I
e the anguish, grief, bewilderment
their eyes, rightly, as accusation.

The Red Cross Amputee Center in Saigon is a corrugated tin shed, crowded to capacity and as comfortable in that heavy, airless heat as an oven. Two hundred amputees, in relays, have lived here. Now 40 Vietnamese peasants, male and female, ranging in age from six to 60, sit on chromium wheelchairs or their board beds or hobble about on crutches and, though you might not guess it, they are lucky. They did not die from their wounds, they are past the phase of physical agony, and in due course they will get artificial arms or legs.

The demand for artificial arms and legs in South Vietnam may be the greatest in the world, but the supply is limited; for civilians it had run out completely when I was there. These maimed people are content to wait; Saigon is safe from bombs, and they are fed by the Red Cross. To be certain of food is wonderful good luck in a country where hunger haunts most of the people.

A girl of six had received a new arm, ending in a small steel hook to replace her hand. Bomb fragments took off the lower half of her arm and also wounded her face. She has a lovely smile, and a sweet little body, and she is pitifully ugly, with that dented, twisted skin and a lopsided eye. She was too young to be distressed about her face, though she cannot have felt easy with her strange arm; she only wore it to have her picture taken.

An older girl, also a bomb victim, perhaps aged 12, had lost an eye, a leg and still had a raw wound on her shoulder. She understood what had happened to her. Since the Vietnamese are a beautiful people, it is natural that they should understand beauty. She hid her damaged face with her hand.

A cocky, merry small boy hopped around on miniature crutches, but could not move so easily when he strapped on his false, pink-tinted leg. Hopefully he will learn to walk with it, and meanwhile he is the luckiest person in that stifling shed, because the American soldiers who found him have not forgotten him. With their gifts of money he buys food from street vendors and is becoming a butterball. I remember no other plump child in South Vietnam.

A young Red Cross orderly spoke some French and served as interpreter while I asked these people how they were hurt. Six had been wounded by Viet Cong mines. One had been caught in machine-gun cross fire between Viet Cong and American soldiers, while working in the fields. One, a sad reminder of the endless misery and futility of war, had lost a leg from Japanese bombing in World War II. One, the most completely ruined of them all, with both legs cut off just below the hip, an arm gone, and two fingers lopped from the remaining hand, had been struck down by a hit-and-run U. S. military car. Thirty-one were crippled for life by bombs or artillery shells or bullets. I discussed these figures with doctors who operate on wounded civilians all day, and day after day. The percentage seems above average. "Most of the bits and pieces I take out of people," a doctor said, "are identified as American."

In part, it is almost impossible to keep up with the facts in this escalating war. In part, the facts about this war are buried under propaganda. I report statistics I have heard or read, but I regard them as indications of truth rather than absolute accuracy. So: there are 77 orphanages in South Vietnam and 80,000 registered orphans. (Another figure is 110,000.) No one can guess how many orphaned children have been adopted by relatives. They will need to build new orphanages or enlarge the old ones, because the estimated increase in orphans is 2,000 a month. This consequence of war is seldom mentioned. A child, orphaned by war, is a war victim, wounded forever.

The Govap orphanage, in the miserable rickety outskirts of Saigon, is splendid by local standards. Foreign charities have helped the gentle Vietnamese nuns to construct an extra wing and to provide medical care such as intravenous feeding for shriveled babies, nearly dead from starvation. They also are war victims. "All the little ones come to us sick from hunger," a nun said, in another orphanage. "What can you expect? The people are too poor." The children sit on the floor of two big, open rooms. Here they are again, the tiny war wounded, hobbling on crutches, hiding the stump of an arm (because already they know they are odd): doubly wounded, crippled and alone. Some babble with awful merriment. Their bodies seem sound, but the shock of war was too much for their minds; they are the infant insane. *(continued)*



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Each of the 43 provinces in South Vietnam has a free hospital for civilians, built long ago by the French when they ruled the country. The hospitals might have been adequate in peacetime; now they are all desperately overcrowded. The wounded lie on bare board beds, frequently two to a bed, on stretchers, in the corridors, anywhere. Three hundred major operations a month were the regular quota in the hospitals I saw; they were typical hospitals. Sometimes food is supplied for the patients; sometimes one meal; sometimes none. Their relatives, often by now homeless, must provide everything from the little cushion that eases pain to a change of tattered clothing. They nurse and cook and do the laundry and at night sleep on the floor beside their own wounded. The hospitals are littered with rubbish; there is no money to spend on keeping civilian hospitals clean. Yet the people who reach these dreadful places are fortunate; they did not die on the way.

In the children's ward of the Qui Nhon provincial hospital I saw for the first time what napalm does. A child of seven, the size of our four-year-olds, lay in the cot by the door. Napalm had burned his face and back and one hand. The burned skin looked like swollen, raw meat; the fingers of his hand were stretched out, burned rigid. A scrap of cheesecloth covered him, for weight is intolerable, but so is air. His grandfather, an emaciated old man half blind with cataract, was tending the child. A week ago, napalm bombs were dropped on their hamlet. The old man carried his grandson to the nearest town; from there they were flown by helicopter to the hospital. All week, the little boy cried with pain, but now he was better. He had stopped crying. He was only twisting his body, as if trying to dodge his incomprehensible torture.

Farther down the ward, another child, also seven years old, moaned like a mourning dove; he was still crying. He had been burned by napalm, too, in the same village. His mother stood over his cot, fanning the little body, in a helpless effort to cool that wet, red skin. Whatever she said, in Vietnamese, I did not understand, but her eyes and her voice revealed how gladly she would have taken for herself the child's suffering.

My interpreter questioned the old man, who said that many had been killed by the fire and many more burned, as well as their houses and orchards and livestock and the few possessions they had worked all their lives to collect. Destitute, homeless, sick with weariness and despair, he watched every move of the small, racked body of his grandson. Viet Cong guerrillas had passed through their hamlet in April the old man said, but were long since gone. Late in August, napalm bombs fell from the sky.

Napalm is jellied gasoline, contained in bombs about six feet long. The bomb, exploding on contact, hurls out gobs of this flaming stuff, and fierce fire consumes everything in its path. We alone possess and freely use this weapon in South Vietnam. Burns are deadly in relation to their depth and extent. If upwards of 30 percent of the entire thickness of the skin is burned, the victim will die within 24 to 48 hours, unless he receives skilled constant care. Tetanus and other infections are a longtime danger, until the big, open-wound surface has healed. Since transport for civilian wounded is pure chance and since the hospitals have neither staff nor facilities for special burn treatment, we can assume that the children who survive napalm and live to show the scars are those who were least burned and lucky enough to reach a hospital in time.

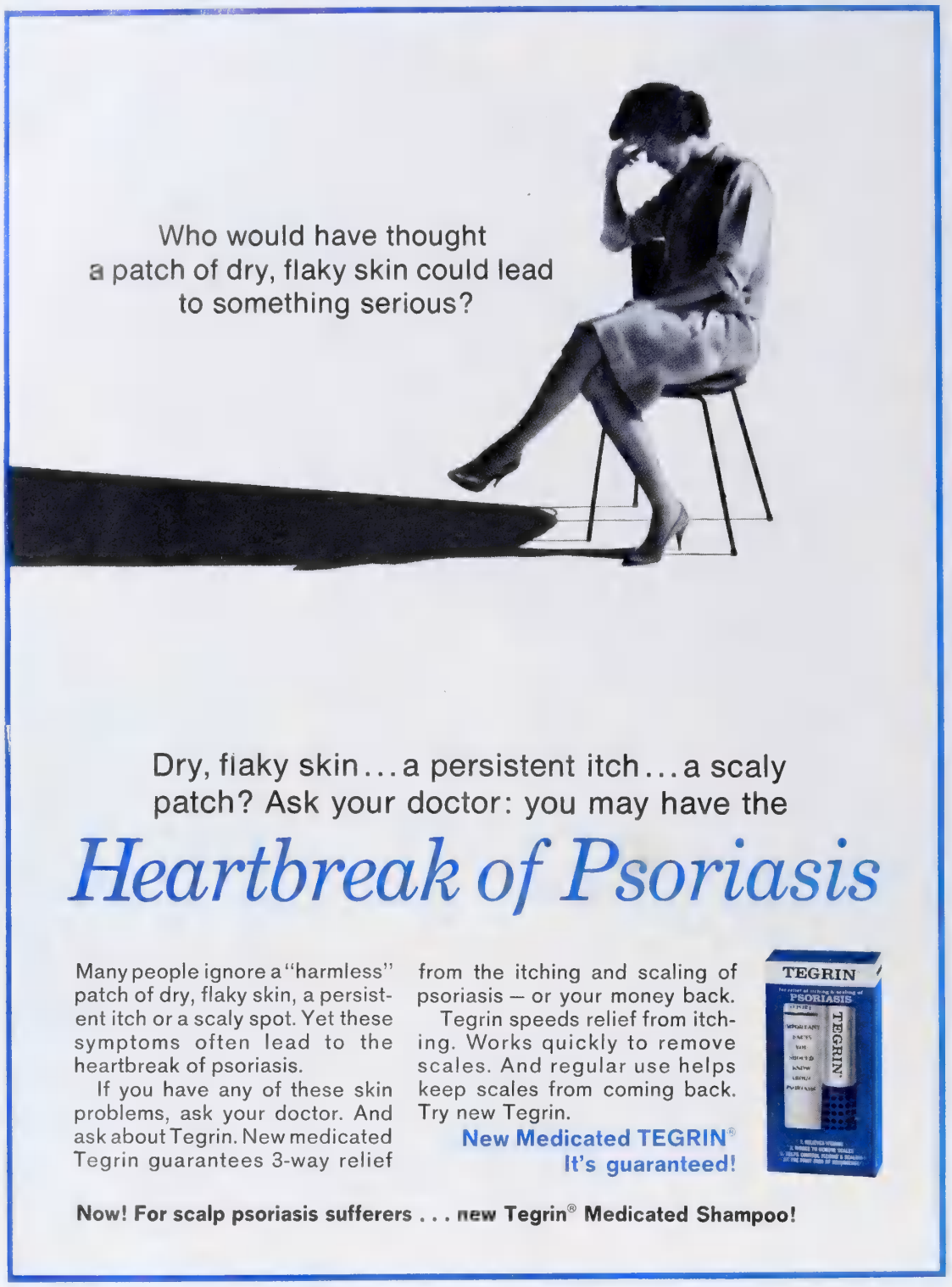
Children are killed or wounded by napalm because of the nature of the bombings. Close air support for infantry in combat zones is one thing. The day and night bombing of hamlets, filled with women, children and the old, is another. Bombs are mass destroyers. The military targets among the peasants—the Viet Cong—are small, fast-moving individuals. Bombs cannot identify them. Impartially, they mangle children, who are numerous, and guerrilla fighters, who are few. The use of fire and steel on South Vietnamese hamlets, because Viet Cong are reported to be in them (and often are not), can sometimes be like destroying your friend's home and family because you have heard there is a snake in the cellar.

South Vietnam is somewhat smaller than the state of Missouri. The disaster now sweeping over its people is so enormous that no single person has seen it all. But everyone in South Vietnam, native and foreign, including American soldie knows something of the harm done Vietnamese peasants who never harm us. We cannot all cross the Pacific judge for ourselves what most affe our present and future, and Americ honor in the world; but we can listen eyewitnesses. Here is testimony fron few private citizens like you and me.

An American surgeon, who worked the provincial hospital at Danang northern town now swollen with re gees and the person of an American pc base: "The childr over there are und nourished, poor clothed, poorly hou and being hit every c by weapons that sho have been aimed somebody else. . . Many children di from war injuries cause there was nobo around to take care them. Many died terrible burns. Many shell fragments." Si the young men are drafted in the Vietn Army or are part of Viet Cong, "when a lage is bombed, you an abnormal picture civilian casualties. If y were to bomb New Yo you'd hit a lot of m women and childr but in Vietnam you women and children most exclusively, and few old men. . . . T United States is gros careless. It bombs lages, shoots up civili for no recognizable n itary objective, and terr ible."

An American phot rapher flew on a nig mission in a "drag ship"—an armed DC plane—when Viet Co were attacking a fo fied government post the southern Delta. T post was right next t hamlet; 1,400 is usual number of pe ants in a hamlet. T dragon ship's three gu poured out 18,000 b lets a minute. Th photographer sai "When you shoot many thousand rou of ammo, you kn you're gonna hit sor body with that stuff you're hitting anybo when you shoot that way . . . a o second burst puts down enough lead cover a football field. . . . I was there the hospital for many days and nigh . . . One night there were so ma wounded I couldn't even walk across room because they were so thick on floor. . . . The main wounds came fr bombs and bullets and indiscrimin machine-gunning."

A housewife from New Jersey, mother of six, had adopted three Vi namese children under the Foster P ents Plan, and visited South Vietnam learn how Vietnamese children were ing. Why? "I am a Christian. . . . Th



Dry, flaky skin... a persistent itch... a scaly patch? Ask your doctor: you may have the

Heartbreak of Psoriasis

Many people ignore a "harmless" patch of dry, flaky skin, a persistent itch or a scaly spot. Yet these symptoms often lead to the heartbreak of psoriasis.

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ıke chicken proud as a peacock

it fancy and easy—with Betty Crocker
ped Potatoes. Creamy rich sauce
curdles. Oven-ready in just three
es. Try it on your brood this
ay. Or—any day!



THE SCHEDULE

Fade In

Fri. Oct. 21

6:00 PM — Meet at Chez Brisson 706 North Beverly Drive With BAG and baggage
Sweet punch and salted nuts will be served

6:30 PM — Bus leaves for airport
Commentary on points of interest en route by driver

7:00 PM — Lv. in H. Hughes Wooden Flying Boat
Dancing in aisle to Ina Ray Hutton's Band
Free gum and Kleenex

7:45 PM — Arr. Las Vegas
Straw drawing for rooms

9:00 PM — General Assembly in Leader's Quarters
Salute to Flag
Election of Den Mother and Father

10:00 PM — Bed . . . Lights Out
CORRECTION
Dinner (dress–informal)
Welcome Songs by Silent Sam:

Lap Dissolve

Sat. Oct. 22

7:00 AM — Gym Class and Breathing Exercises

8:00 AM — Relay Race to Lake Mead

11:00 AM — Punting Competition

1:00 PM — Death Valley Lunch

3:00 PM — Golf Tournament

6:00 PM — Prizes and Medicare Registration

7–9:00 PM — Free Time: Letter Writing and Check Cashing

9:00 PM — Dinner (dress–black tie)
Additional Welcome Songs by Silent Sam
Reading of Minutes
Future Business: Suggestions for party for 26th Anniversary
Question and Answer Period
AA Symposium
Lottery Drawing
Main Speaker
Sonny Wisecarver

12 Midnight — Sing Along in Leader's Quarters

Blast Out

Sun. Oct. 23

8:35 AM — Union Pacific leaves for Anaheim, Azusa and CU-CA MON GA

Fade Out

In my little piece, I said, "Twenty-five years is a very long time, but it is also a very short time when you love someone." I kept thinking that in the entire room was this feeling of love, a network that went around and circled back to Freddie, Lance and me and then, finally, to Frank, this special kind of man. Dinner broke up about 2 A.M. We danced, and then some of the guests went out to the gaming rooms. I stayed up that night until 4 A.M. We were all so exhilarated we sat in a group and chatted. Some had bacon and eggs before going to bed.

The next day, Sunday, Freddie and I went to church, and by the time we got back the talk started all over again. I think we talked all day; I don't remember doing anything else. (*continued*)

Ve had dinner at 9:45, when Frank to welcome everyone briefly, warmly beautifully. Then we each filled lit-glasses with aquavit from special Danish flacons for a toast. Freddie his Danish songs amidst yelling joining in because most everyone knew the songs.

he dinner itself was wonderful. The course was a divine quenelles of in champagne sauce—French and light and delicious. The next course turtle soup. Then we had fillet of and of veal (I'm sure the veal was nk's idea, because he loves it). Then d and a soufflé. There was white e, red wine, and champagne with the iversary cake.

reddie and I were almost over-lmed. It wasn't only a wonderful ute to the Brissons, but to Frank his capacity of tremendous energy knitting people together, for mak-them feel comfortable and at ease Ve're delighted Frank married Mia. 's making him a wonderful wife. She darling girl, and full of wisdom. y are marvelous together. She is a ng girl and at the same time very h an adult. She has great repose manner, a vast amount of self-tainment, which is rare in anyone, h less anyone so young. Yet she is of laughter and fun, and has a crispy se of humor. She's a remarkable ner. She gives full attention to each son to whom she speaks. All people wisdom have this quality. She er half-listens. She was a beautiful tess.

When the guests first sat down and their pictures in silver frames (I'd collected the photos without their knowledge from other friends and from my own scrapbooks) they ran up to me and asked, "Where in the world did you get this picture of me?" or, "I never saw this picture before—where and when was it taken?" Each one was meaningful to the person involved.

Another thing that generated warmth was the fact that, with the exception of Mia and Dyan, we weren't youngsters in our twenties or thirties. We were all mature and had shared much of our lives together. Claudette Colbert and I laughed about the picture we did together back about 1936 with Ronald Colman, "Under Two Flags." And during the speeches John McClain—who is travel editor of the World Journal Tribune and a dear friend for years—stood up and said that as a newspaperman he had made it a point to search the archives and discovered that no license had been taken out for our marriage. He said our anniversary was clearly a fraud. However, it had been discovered that we'd been married the day before in Juarez, Mexico. So he wished us a happy first-day anniversary.

Then Frank called on our son Lance to make a speech, and that was the end for me for sure. It was terribly touching. I stared at the tablecloth and said a little prayer that Lance could get through it, because he was decidedly pale. But he did beautifully and made us very proud indeed.

When it came time for me to stand up to speak, I said, "I'm afraid I'm going to be inarticulate, Francis."

He answered, "That'll be the day – the day you can't talk!"

Make a Club steak think it's a Filet

It's easy . . . with Betty Crocker Au Gratin Potatoes. Hearty Cheddar cheese sauce over tender potato slices. Oven-ready in three minutes. There's no tastier complement to steak . . . no matter how you cut it!





For Sunday evening Frank had transformed the ballroom into a Hawaiian luau complete with waterfall and a Hawaiian orchestra. The dinner was all Chinese buffet, and the atmosphere was completely different from the previous night. Joe E. Lewis joined Frank for some hilarious routines.

That night we came back on the plane about 11 o'clock, with Frank and Mia aboard. Frank was full of fun, singing, joining the stewardesses on the public-address system and telling jokes. He never ran out of energy and fun. Mia was enchanting. She had done a great deal of the work with Frank, wrapping the favors and gifts and such. Mostly she sat there with those great big gray eyes, just as proud of Frank as she could be. She had good reason to be proud.

I can't fully explain the emotional response our party drew from all the people who were there. But maybe Nedda Logan (Josh's wife) summed it up best. She came up to me with tears in her eyes and said, "I want to freeze this night in my mind forever. I'll never get over it. I'll just never get over it."

I don't think any of us ever really w
And that's the story.

Best regards,

Rosalind Russell

ROSALIND RUSSELL



Recipe Index

Here is a handy listing of r
ipes appearing in this issue,
cluding those from the *Jour*
kitchens and advertisemer

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VHERE THE 'ROS COOK

ntinued from page 77)

re, more notes gathered on our tour the three kitchens shown on pages -77. Some of these ideas might prove lpful to you in your own kitchen.

At the General Mills Betty Crocker tchens in Minneapolis, the experts this crumbleproof method for re-oving a cake from its pan: They ush fat on the layer pan before add-batter. (Fat is applied more evenly th a brush than with a paper towel.) ter cake is baked, it's loosened around les, let stand about five minutes, n turned out on a wire rack. To n cake topside up, they use this nple trick: sandwich cake between o wire racks and flip.

For unfrosted cakes, wire cake cool-s are wrapped in clean towels so ere will be no wire marks on tops.

And here's a great way they have of oducing an extra-light yeast dough: large bowl or pan is filled with steam-g water. A wire rack goes over this, d the bowl of dough, covered with a wel, is placed on the rack.

To cut risen yeast dough without flating, they use a string held tautly.

They fill muffin cups quickly and sily with an ice-cream scoop.

Here's an ingenious way to decorate iced cake: Dip a cookie cutter in lored sugar, and imprint it on the ke—a heart for Valentine's Day, ars for Christmas, etc.

Before broiling a lake trout or any ole fish, they suggest, scrub out the side with a cut lemon. Easy to do, d the lemon adds a nice tartness to e flavor.

"The freezer is our cookie jar," said iss Kirtland, at General Electric's nsumers Institute in Louisville, entucky. There, the staff bakes several kinds of cookies, stores them in plastic containers, the layers separated with foil; they are ready to serve.

One question the Consumers Institute is asked over and over again: How to remove the brownish iron stains that some types of water leave on dishes. Their formula: wash dishes as usual; remove all silverware and metal pans and add one or two tablespoons of citric-acid crystals (or orange-drink crystals). Then run dishwasher through a cycle without detergent. Do this now and then to prevent an ugly iron film from building up on the dishes.

To quick-dry plastic bags after washing, they put them in a dryer, dial set to operate without heat.

In the GE laundry, old, dry terry towels are kept handy to add to a dryer load. They help speed the drying process, serve as buffers so that fragile clothes are treated more gently.

In the General Foods kitchens, in White Plains, New York, we picked up many more shortcuts and good ideas.

Their easy method for slicing and serving coconut or crumb-crust pies: They dip pie plate just to rim in warm water for a few seconds, before cutting pie in wedges.

To make chocolate curls for decorating the top of a cake or pie: they let a square of chocolate stand in a warm place (90 to 100°) for about 20 minutes or until chocolate is slightly softened. They then shave chocolate into curls with a vegetable peeler or small sharp knife. The longer the strokes, the longer the curls.

Substitute ice cubes for cold water in the recipes for gelatin salads and desserts to shorten the chilling time.

To prevent a film from forming on top of a cooked pudding, these experts place a sheet of waxed paper directly on the surface while pudding is hot. When paper is removed at serving time, entire top of pudding is moist and soft.

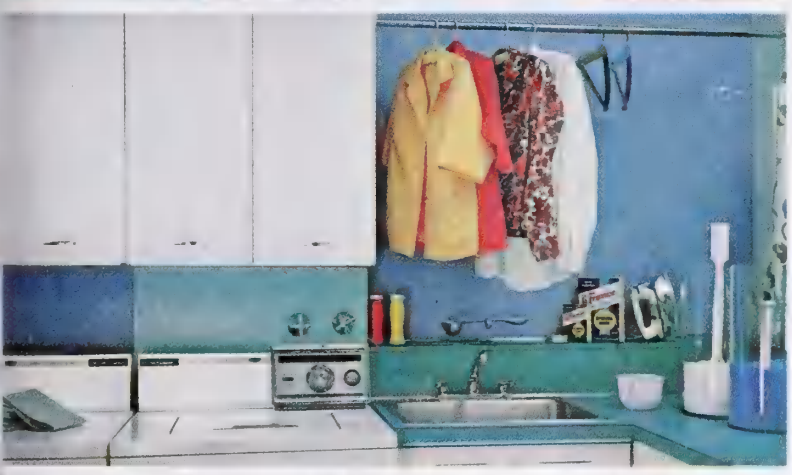
END



Appliances and sweep of low, curved wall separate GE kitchen (left) from hospitality center.



Door shelves with retaining bar, right, store sets at the Betty Crocker kitchens.



t the General Foods laundry, above, a pole above the sink is andy for hanging clothes to dry after they're taken from the dryer.

"What's Happening"

continued from next page

other night I went to a party, and a woman said, 'Don't smoke around me, I'm wearing paper!' " Where will it end? Inexpensive stores will sell carbons of originals . . . the paper of the poor will have high rag content . . . and girls in **Sean Connery** movies will wear bond paper. It's been a decade since Miss Oberon made a movie she cares to remember. But she has no reservations about *Hotel*, the Warner Bros. film in which she portrays the exquisitely gowned Duchess (no paper clothes for her).

CANVASSING THE ART SCENE: The Winter Antiques Show runs in N.Y.'s 7th Regiment Armory on Park Avenue January 20–29. Among the pre-1840 treasures: a four-poster bed slept in by Charles II, a matched (he-she) pair of cigar-store Indians. . . . The largest Andrew Wyeth retrospective show ever arranged is at the Baltimore Museum of Art through January 22, thence to N.Y.'s Whitney Museum (February 14–April 2), thence to the Chicago Art Institute for a gala April 21 opening. . . . A **Paul Klee** *retrospective show (first in N.Y. in 15 years) scheduled for N.Y.'s Guggenheim Museum from February 17–April 30. . . . At the Boston Fine Arts (January 22–March 5), a very important show:* The Age of Rembrandt. *106 canvases including loans "that will never again be allowed to leave Dutch museums." Chinese Art from the collection of King Gustav VI of Sweden (Asia House, January 5–February 12, N.Y.). . . . A* **Jackson Pollock** *Show, N.Y.'s Museum of Modern Art (March 22–May 30).*

The Italians (CBS-TV January 17) is scheduled for 10–11 P.M., EST, when everybody who shouldn't gape at **Gina Lollobrigida** will be safely tucked away. It's based on the book by **Luigi Barzini,** Italy's elegant journalist-politician. Spanning centuries in one hour requires ingenuity. "Look at this," preened Signor Barzini, leading us into the projection room. On screen: Roman mods feverishly dancing the frug as fingers slash electric guitar strings. But the sound is replaced by Vivaldi's *Concerto for Two Mandolins*, perfectly synchronized. Eye and ear telescope 200 years of culture.

If a script packed with funny lines guarantees a hit on Broadway (it doesn't), Come Live with Me, *opening in mid-January with* **Soupy Sales,** *should be a smash. "We wrote the first draft in four weeks," says 32-year-old-married-to-Judy-no-children-co-author* **Lee Minoff.** *"Stanley Price and I started in London three years ago and the rewriting's been going on since." Opposite Soupy:* **Hanne Bork,** *a (where did I put my adjectives?) Dane who may lure even men to the Wednesday matinees. "I wanted Soupy because he's very sweet," said Minoff. "I think he'll surprise them." This is Minoff's first play. For two years he worked as publicity man for* **Stanley Kubrik** *and* Dr. Strangelove, *during which time he did not keep a diary.*

That store on Manhattan's posh 57th Street (corner of Lex) isn't a store, it's the studio of **Anthony Cipriano,** sculptor. He'll do your head while you wait. And wait. And wait. Just 29 years old, student assistant to **Meštrović,** personable, gifted. Prices start at $350. He's someone people *ought* to be talking about.

In MGM's Happily Ever After, **Omar Sharif,** *an important prince, proclaims a Great Dishwashing Tournament to pick his bride.* **Sophia Loren** *wins. I mean, she still has* some *script control. "With my natural talent, I broke about five thousand dishes," said Sophia, sitting in her unpretentious on-location trailer 20 miles from Rome. Whatever you've heard about her beauty is not good enough.* Women *stare at her. "I think I like that best," she sparkled. "What I* don't *like is miniskirts. It spoils the harmony of the baw-dy. If you're going to wear a miniskirt, it's better to wear nothing. That would look better, eh?"*

Don't miss the new *in* inn in Manhattan: *Tom Jones*, a replica of an 18th-century English tavern, with stone floor, buxom serving wenches, even a dart board. At 152 E. 55th St.—a nifty place to relax. . . . Worth waiting for: **Jean-Paul Belmondo** in *Le Voleur* (The Thief). **Mary Blume** said it: "He has the combination of toughness and tenderness that makes him liked by men because they know he won't hit them, and by women because they hope he will."... **Joan Rivers,** the comedienne who appears at New York's *Downstairs at the Upstairs* from mid-January on, and who does her own material, is working on a movie. "I'm writing it with Marshall Brickman who's brilliant-brilliant," Miss Rivers tumulted, while embroidering a pillow case. "We read the first draft to friends, who laughed, but suggested we had overwritten—it ran seven hours."

PARIS—She sits. In her dark (Paris is raining), heavy living room, perched, excited, squirming to comfort on the hard-upholstered French chair, laughing, blinking, grinning about her new movie. **Shirley MacLaine,** *furling her past, waving her future, ringing for tea, flaring she isn't* either *a kook. Disciplined. Trained. A pro.*

She's been away. For two years she made no films. She wrote her autobiography, still unpublished, called Better with Your Shoes Off. *Then she returned to work. Just out:* Gambit *with* **Michael Caine,** *from Universal. Now she's on location in Paris, excited as rarely before.*

"What happened was **Vittorio De Sica.** *Came to see* me. *I didn't realize a man like De Sica thought* I *could* act. *He explained the story. In three hours I said yes."*

The movie is Woman Times Seven, *written by Cesare Savattini, directed by De Sica, produced by Joseph E. Levine, released next Fourth of July. Seven separate short sequences, she in all, a different leading man in each: Peter Sellers, Alan Arkin, Vittorio Gassman, Michael Caine (again), you name 'em; and in supporting roles Robert Morley and Anita Ekberg. "I don't think I'm a good actress," said Shirley MacLaine, shifting in her seat. "I can be if I work hard. Now I want to." Shirley MacLaine gets $800,000 per film.*

END

"What's Happening"



By Gene Shalit *Are you ready for 1967? They are (above). Those uncanny likenesses represent* **Peter Sellers** *(in makeup for next summer's film,* Woman Times Seven*). . . .* **Soupy Sales** *(making his Broadway debut in* Come Live with Me*) . . .* **Sophia Loren** *(a poor but dishonest peasant in* Happily Ever After*). . .* **Joan Rivers** *(flexing for her February appearance with* **Ed Sullivan***) . . .* **and Godfrey Cambridge** *(breaking through in a major MGM film,* The Biggest Bundle of Them All*). Mr. Cambridge yawps the rampant remark, so if Miss Loren will please move her hand, we'll tell.*

Godfrey Cambridge, the fine actor-comedian (he prefers that order), gained 60 pounds eating pizza and playing Monopoly in Hadrian's Palace in Rome while filming *The Biggest Bundle* with **Robert Wagner, Vittorio De Sica** and **Raquel Welch.** "I'm getting to be some big star," he kidded when the shooting stopped. "Fact is, I'm more powerful than **Frank Sinatra.** He married **Mia Farrow,** who has a long contract with 20th Century-Fox, and Frank tried everything to break it, but even with all his power he couldn't. But me, baby, I could do it in a minute. I marry Mia Farrow in the morning and *(snap)* Fox rips up her contract that same afternoon."

Raquel Welch! After her contrived international buildup, the mod bod made a tiny appearance in *Fantastic Voyage* with her figure miniaturized to one-eighth, one-sixteenth, one-eighth. Now she has puzzlingly won a contract guaranteeing her equal star billing with **Marcello Mastroianni** in **Joseph E. Levine's** comedy, *Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand!* That's another example of trauma in the title tank. Remember when *Gone With the Wind* was considered so long it was called GWTW? Now we have a play, *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running,* coming to Broadway in March, and Columbia's just-completed movie, *The Tiger Makes Out in the Big City with a Girl from Suburbia,* starring **Eli Wallach** (big city) and **Anne Jackson** (suburbia). They'll shorten that one.

With recorded music available at cut prices in discount stores, will it be long before Philharmonic Hall advertises a concert at 25 percent off Liszt? . . . If **Carol Channing** *scores with* **Julie Andrews** *in* Thoroughly Modern Millie*, will Hollywood wake up and star her in the film version of* Hello, Dolly*? . . . Shall we give a bonus of 13 zlotys to the writer who headlined the review of a foreign film,* Polish Film Lacks Polish*? . . . Do you have strong views about paper dresses or do you consider them immaterial? . . . Since Cartier's closes at 5:30, don't you feel sorry for* **Brigitte Bardot,** *who plays all night and sleeps all day "so I have no time to shop in the famous stores"? . . . If Lewis Carroll were living in our pop times, would he have titled his book* Alice, Baby, *and named his famous character, the Mod Hatter? . . . Can your children wait for February 13 when CBS-TV presents* Pinocchio*, and whatever you think of Gepetto's puppet, can't we all be grateful for any show that pre-empts* Gilligan's Island*? . . . Don't* **Leslie Caron's** *friends find it disconcerting to stare at her St. Laurent gown (covered with chunks of broken mirrors), only to see that they're staring back at themselves? . . . And will Miss Caron further confuse her admirers when she speaks French in the movie,* Four Days in Naples*, while everyone else in the cast is carrying on in Italian? . . . When NBC-TV shows* The Royal Palaces *January 29, featuring Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, will the scriptwriter throw in some bon moats?*

Elia Kazan, director of *A Streetcar Named Desire, Death of a Salesman, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, On the Waterfront,* twice winner of an Academy Award for direction, four times winner of the N.Y. Drama Critics Award . . . Elia Kazan is *giving it up!* "I've had it," he says quite calmly. "I was in Broadway thirty-three years. Acted in it, directed in it, produced in it—thirty-three years. A lifetime. I'm through with it. For twenty months I've done absolutely nothing but this book. Now what do you think of that?"

This book is **Elia Kazan's** novel, *The Arrangement,* a good bet to be a smash this spring. "I always wanted to write write write, even when I was directing. So I had the idea for this novel, and I wrote and wrote a *year* and the first draft was a thousand pages. Sol Stein, my publisher, said, 'This is a monster of a book,' and I said, 'No, it is a lion of a book.' This means more to me than *anything,* oh yes, more than any *movie* or any *play,* oh yes, no comparison. I'm so encouraged that a big book club has taken it: It's the Literary Guild selection for March." He lit a cigar. "This is the culmination of an underlying, unspoken, unarticulated, unrealized ambition of mine, to be a writer." After the book, no more theater. Films, yes.

It's hard to top **Tom Morse's** *opening line in a* Variety *review: "The Stockholm Marionette Theatre of Fantasy does for* The Threepenny Opera *what an iceberg did for the Titanic." . . . Next British star to stagger Americans:* **David Hemmings.** *Scion of wealthy family, fled home, lives furiously, dances wildly, drinks endlessly. Gambler, glib, blue eyes, slight build, divorced, dart fiend, impulsive, fell in love first week in America. See him star in Antonioni's newest film,* The Blow-Up*....* **Abe Burrows,** *most recently associated with* Breakfast at Tiffany's*, says his next musical will be so* camp *that instead of a director it will have a counselor. . . . That magnificent high-C diva,* **Joan Sutherland,** *who's made an international reputation playing loony dames in opera (Elvira in* I Puritani*, Amina in* La Sonnambula*, and, of course, Lucia), sing Donna Anna—a new role for her at Metropolitan Opera—in five performances of* Mozart's Don Giovanni *this month. . . . Type casting: Gorgeous* **Dina Merrill,** *in* A Warm Body *gets her first starring role on Broadway in February. She plays (end of type casting) a column*

The CBS-TV eye peeks at women January when **Harry Reasoner** and **Andrew Rooney** present *An Essay on Women* (10–11 P.M. EST). So rushed to Rooney's CBS office, where he was t ing a three-minute hourglass with his stopwat "It takes two minutes and forty-eight seconds the sand to run through this way," he said, "three minutes and twelve seconds when you t it over. I can't understand it." Rooney, a gif writer, did the CBS programs about doors, brid and hotels. "We've got a lot of thoughts ab women," Rooney said, pushing himself away fr his 1923 Underwood. "I'm angered that th don't appreciate themselves. That's the bigg rap I've got on women. They want to change, th want to be like *men,* which is idiotic. Why do they realize what they've got, and *go* with it! . We've filmed women, candidly, on avenues a beaches all over the country. One thing I learned: America's beauties don't enter contest

FOR THE RECORD: To enjoy great music, so people must close their eyes and press palm to fo head. Record companies appease them with sc ber album covers. But here comes Epic reco (applause, applause, applause) with Crossroads *series of great performances whose designs lighthearted, funny, even mocking. The price low, the quality is often high, and the names of performers are strenuous to pronounce (would like to try Švihlíková?). If your taste is baroq classical, romantic or contemporary (have I left a thing out?) put* Crossroads *on your Czech list. . A single to hear and hear again:* **Gilbert Becau** Sand and Sea *(Liberty). The tough, all-man Pa sian singer drives women mad . . .* mad! *. . . a stirs men, too. In Paris, he's known as Monsie 100,000 Volts. Shocking. . . . If you must exp ence* everything*, listen to* **Caterina Valente** *(o erwise a winner) sing* People *(London) and* **Righteous Brothers** *(among my favorites) m handle* What Now My Love *(Verve). . . . W could possibly grow tired of* Guantanamera *by Sandpipers (A&M)? . . .* **Matt Monro's** *voice is l cious, and his album* This Is the Life *(Capitol) good to bite ears by, but he's too bland during in-person appearances, needs to get more gr into his act. . . .* **William B. Williams'** *three-w review of a record by the singing group cal* **Dow Jones and The Averages:** *"Standard a Poor." . . .* **Lili Kraus's** *four-album set of pia concertos by Mozart are as beautiful as you ever likely to hear. . . .* **Simon and Garfunke** *album* Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme *(lumbia) is worth having for* 7 O'Clock New Silent Night*, alone.*

After 15 minutes, **Merle Oberon** appeared, h freed to her waist. "Forgive me," she smiled, can't do anything *with* it." The Acapulco soc arbiter sat, spoke of fashions: "I don't understa paper dresses: The *(continued on page 1.*

JOURNAL

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OCTORS' DIET – berts tell urnal y what at to eight, nger

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February Book Bonus
EXCERPTS FROM TWO NEW BEST-SELLING NOVELS



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BY JANICE TRIMBLE

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f you've done no decorating, you ne of many women with unsuspected his direction—talent just waiting to ered.

n now train for this work at home, pare time. No previous skills or ex- are required for this training. Why into the many opportunities that in- orating offers you?

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o be that only wealthy people em- rofessional decorators. That's no ue. Increasingly large numbers of ers now rely on the services of dec- They know that a decorator can pro- ty and individuality—and can often money, too.

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IE JOURNAL—February, 1967—Volume LXXXIV, Number 2. Published monthly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and ailing offices. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Subscription price: U.S., Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.00

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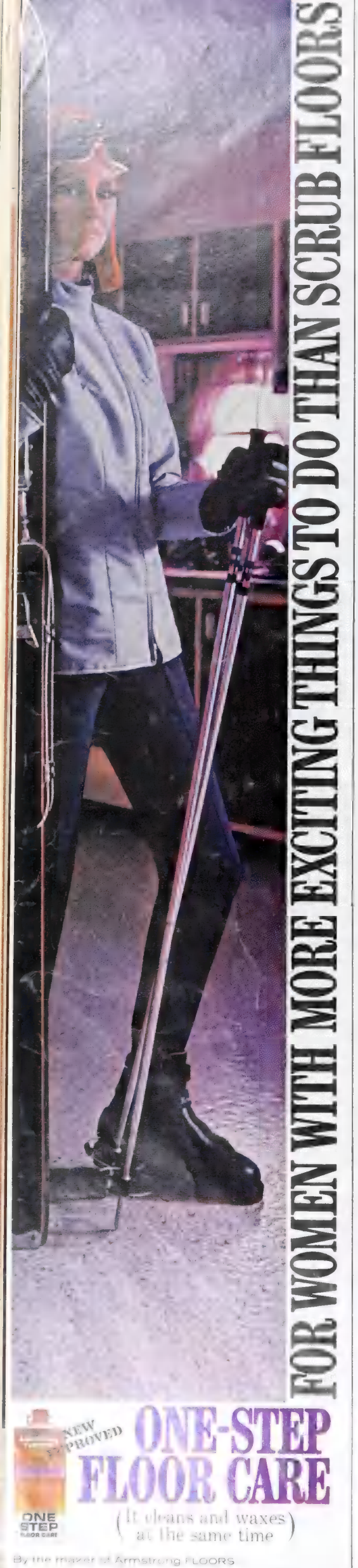
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A Report from 500 Housewives

Bored? *RIDICULOUS!*

"For every one like her, there are nine of us who are in love with our lives—and it's time we were heard!"

"She might recall the proverb: 'I felt sad because I had no shoes—until I saw a man with no feet!'"

"In this day and age, there are really no valid *reasons* for boredom—although *excuses* are not hard to find."

These are samples of the responses to one of the most widely read articles we have recently published: the report on a bored housewife, Mrs. Lois Abramson, in the November issue. At that time, we asked our readers: "What can we do for Lois . . . what can she do for herself?"

That did it! Letters have been cascading in. Thus far we have heard from more than 500 readers (including another, unrelated Lois Abramson). Their capsule reaction:

Bored? Ridiculous!

Approximately 67 percent thought there was nothing any outsider could do for the bored housewife—that she would have to help herself. Less than 10 percent said they were as bored as Lois. Twenty percent said they had been bored, but conquered it.

An overwhelming majority drew a strikingly different picture of the American housewife. Their letters spoke of active women leading busy, rewarding lives. Candidly, each wrote about her adjustment to marriage and bringing up a family, then recommended possible solutions for the bored housewife.

"Boredom is a self-inflicted disease," wrote Mrs. Rosemary K. E. Christensen, a schoolteacher-housewife in Modesto, Calif. "And just keeping busy is not the answer. Creativity is. I'd like to be bored someday. I think I'd take a nap."

In analyzing the letters, six distinct patterns emerged:

1. Nearly every woman insisted that it is essential to develop more interests within the home. The most popular activity was reading.
2. Almost every writer said, "Enjoy, enjoy!" Enjoy your children and home, enjoy being a homemaker.
3. Many women said that for her own sake Lois should reserve an occasional day off for herself, even if it meant the expense of a baby-sitter.
4. More than half suggested that bored housewives expand their horizons by doing volunteer work in religious centers, hospitals, political clubs, civic and charitable groups.
5. Twenty-five percent said that intellectual stimulation kept them mentally refreshed. They cited adult education and correspondence courses.
6. Many women spoke of religious faith. "My church fills a need in my life," wrote one woman. "The need to do something useful for others."

Most housewives said that it helped to follow a less-than-rigid schedule. Mrs. Mary A. Kotek of Beaver Dam, Wis., a teacher's wife and the mother of four children, summarized the need for what she called "flexibility." Wrote Mrs. Kotek: "The dictionary describes 'flexible' to mean, 'capable of being bent, turned, or twisted without breaking.' Well, I am being bent, turned and twisted (and a few more), and I am sure not going to break. Because I do not want to. 'Relativity' is a fun term. It means 'existence only as an object of, or in relation to, a thinking mind.'"

Mrs. Gloria Paternostro of Perth Amboy, N.J., wrote: "Spontaneity is often cited as a desirable quality for making love, but it is seldom mentioned as a desirable quality in life itself. The other day I heard there was a parade up at the school. So I dropped everything, bundled the kids into the car and went. We had a marvelous time. They had a late lunch, which threw the baby's nap schedule off, but did it really matter for one day?"

Other women said they knew just how Lois Abramson feels. "I've been in the same boat," admitted Mrs. Mary M. Brintle of College Point, N.Y. "I suspect that the underlying cause of the bored housewife problem lies less in her personality than in the current mobility of American society. There have been few times and places when the average woman lacked contact with other adults to the degree that the urban wife does today. But we can't change society. So we have to change ourselves."

Mrs. Evelyn C. Foster of Lawley, Ala., described the way she fights boredom. She bought a small camera and began keeping an elaborate family photo album—"this project can last a lifetime"—and she began to sew hostess gowns. "It doesn't take much money for materials, and they provide hours of sewing time."

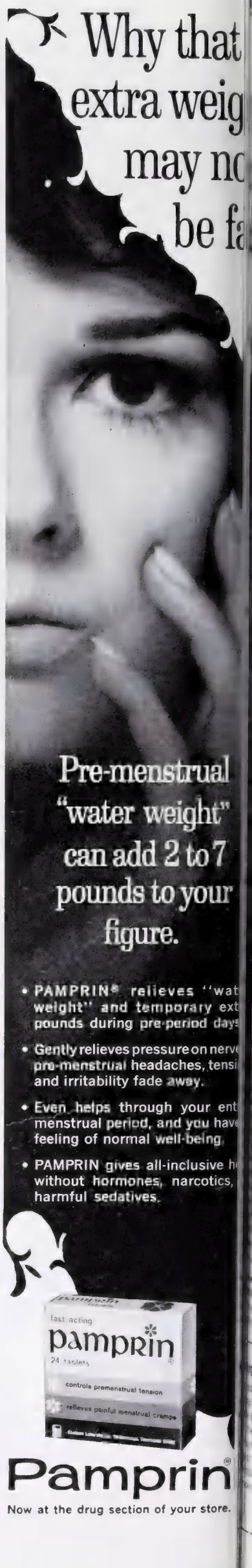
To Mrs. Dale O'Leary of Birmingham, Mich., the means of her liberation was a baby-sitting cooperative she helped organize among her neighbors—"so that the mothers can participate in outside activities."

One of the longest letters, 21 handwritten pages, came from Mrs. Janet Lesoing of Lincoln, Neb. She told how she had undergone serious surgery and had come to realize that there is no "instant homemakers' happiness pill." Instead, she wrote, a woman must "try to live and love each day to the fullest."

A handful of husbands wrote letters, too. Said Alex Apostolides of Topanga, Calif.: "What's happening to the bored housewife is life. But she prefers to escape from it, to find refuge in a Never-Never-Land of soap opera, looking for a glass slipper that's never going to show up. Happiness? It's a mirror. It reflects that which is placed before it."

Editor's Note

Warren Uzzle richly deserves credit for his pictures of "The Bored Housewife," in the November Journal, pages 97-99. Through an oversight, we did not give him credit at the time.



...ou like to draw, ...u may have ...God-given talent

...orman Rockwell



...nk of a greater waste than being blessed with a ...ility...and doing nothing about it. A talent for ...a wonderful gift. It can bring you such a reward- ...t it just doesn't seem right not to give it a chance ...and grow.

...knows this better than I. I was born in a shabby ...n New York City. I guess I always wanted to be ... remember, when I was six, drawing pictures to ...friends. At fifteen, I had earned enough from odd ...to art school. Then, over my parents' objections, ... school so that I could attend two art schools at

...n artist

...s I became terribly discouraged and wanted to ... school to start earning money. But my instruc- ...raged me to continue. One day a friend urged me ...my work to *The Saturday Evening Post*. To my ...ey bought the first three pictures I showed them. ...tarted me toward the realization of my dream... ... most of the talent I was born with.

...tists overcame greater hardships. Albert Dorne ...at 13 to support his family, studied art at home ... time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week. Went on ...one of the highest-paid illustrators in America. ...Dohanos drove a truck before turning to art. ...n Schmidt was orphaned at five. Robert Fawcett ... at 14. Austin Briggs struggled to support his ... cold-water flat.

...elp others

...er advanced, hundreds of young artists came to ...o. I gave them as much time as I could. But what ...d was a way to master the trade secrets of *many* ...rtists.

Albert Dorne found the way. One day over 18 years ago, he asked me to meet him in his studio. There, I found Dohanos, Von Schmidt, Fawcett and Briggs. With them were Ben Stahl, Peter Helck and John Atherton. Dorne pointed out the growing need for trained artists. Then he asked, "Why can't we develop a way to share our art knowledge with all who have talent...no matter where they live?"

All of us loved the idea. Taking time off from our own careers, we poured all our knowledge of art into a unique series of home-study lessons. We made over 5,000 special drawings for a magnificent set of textbooks. After we had covered the fundamentals, each man contributed his own specialty.

New teaching methods devised

Finally, we spent three years working out a revolutionary new way to correct a student's work. For each assignment the student would send in, his instructor would actually draw in black and white or paint in full color his corrections. Then the instructor would dictate a letter of criticism and advice. This way, there would be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record of his progress.

And so we started the Famous Artists School. Our faculty totals hundreds of years of top professional experience. The School started in an old barn in Westport, Conn. Today it occupies its own modern buildings, has thousands of students. Many are on the road to success.

Our students succeed

James Ryan of Los Angeles, California, is a good example. If his God-given talent for drawing had gone undeveloped, he might still be a clerk, unhappy with his low-paying job. Taking our course changed his whole future. Today he has a good job as an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft.

Virginia Bartter, a housewife from Ohio, found that our training helped her earn extra income for her family. Last year she received over $1,000 for paintings she did in her spare time and is now holding art classes in her home.

Do you like to draw? Do you have the desire to train toward a full- or part-time career in commercial art or fine art? If your answer is even a tentative yes to either, I urge you to take steps to develop your God-given talent to its fullest.

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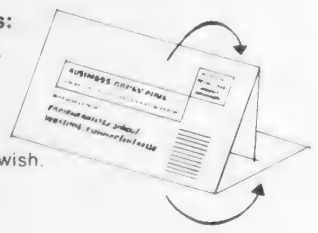
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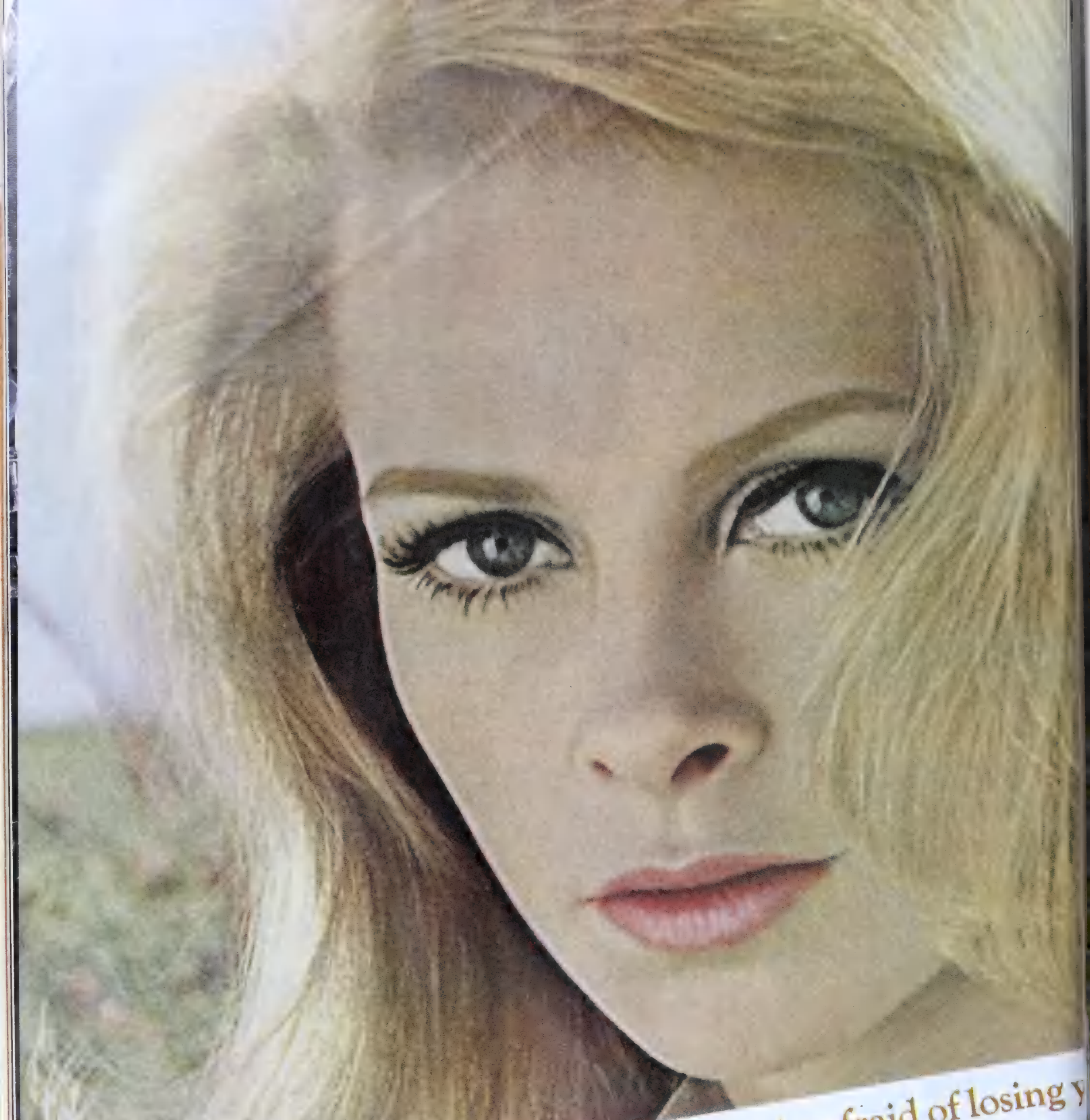
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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

Babes in the Wood

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Marriage is not a cure for a bad disposition or a warped personality. It demands the best that anyone can bring to it. In examining 500 marriages of which the American Institute of Family Relations had collected minute details, psychologist Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University concluded that nothing was more important, in promoting a successful adjustment and favorable relationship in marriage, than "having a good disposition to start with." The accompanying story of Brad and Debbie re-emphasizes this finding. It also points up the importance of discovering before the wedding some of the remediable faults that may otherwise be magnified and become fatal later. Young people have long been urged to have a physical examination before they marry. An emotional examination, a test of personality and temperament, may be even more important. No couple should go into marriage without this. Mutual understanding in advance will eliminate endless misunderstanding afterward. The counselor in this case was Hal J. May.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.
Founder and President,
The American Institute
of Family Relations

"Brad and I have fought about practically anything you can mention," said 26-year-old Debbie, fresh-faced, emphatic mother of three. "We've fought about my housekeeping, his kinfolk, my kinfolk, his jobs—Brad has wandered in and out of nineteen jobs since our marriage eight years ago—his nasty tongue and temper, his lack of tenderness, our lack of money, our kids.

"Our big troubles started two years ago when I was carrying Eloise, our youngest and sweetest, our only girl. At that time Brad ran around and told everybody he didn't want and couldn't afford a third child and that my carelessness was to blame for my pregnancy. Finally I became so humiliated and incensed at this injustice—Brad is far more interested in sex than I am—that I picked up the boys and just got aboard a bus, huge as I was, and went back home to West Virginia to visit my sister Sally and take a vacation from marriage. I had to borrow the fare from my brother Ralph, a Los Angeles attorney, a bachelor and the most successful member of my family.

"Brad promptly quit his fairly well-paid job, the best he'd ever held, dropped his evening classes in mechanics, and came bucketing across the country.

"So far as supporting and looking after the children and me is concerned, Brad has no sense of responsibility. He arrived at my sister Sally's house without a dime, without a job or prospects of one, and without apologies. Sally's husband Sam kidded him about the reason for our blow-up and asked me if I'd had to use a stick to get Brad into bed. Brad flew into a fury, accused Sam and Sally of alienating my affections and said they could feed me forever for all he cared.

"He grabbed the boys and took off for his parents' place. I had to pack our things and follow, although I hated to stay with my in-laws even temporarily. One morning I found my mother-in-law and father-in-law and their three girls seated at the kitchen table chatting over coffee. Stationed at the kitchen sink, an apron tied around his waist, stood Brad, trying with one hand to wash a mountain of dirty dishes and with the other hand to feed our two hungry, crying boys.

"Well, I was burned, really burned. Although I nearly choked with unspoken words, I said nothing to my in-laws. All I said to my husband was that I would like to take a little walk with him, please. 'Right away,' I said. His mother told Brad to finish the dishes. His father echoed her. Brad finished the dishes. Then, on our walk, he chewed me out for rudeness to his folks. I calmly told him he could leave with me and our boys or start hunting another wife. I guess he realized I was in earnest.

"Sally and Sam took us in again. For a short while Brad stopped bullying me, and our life together was harmonious or close to it. I felt almost sorry for the poor guy as he scratched around for work. Eve ally he landed a spot in an all-ni bakery.

"My brother Ralph then s money for our return to Califor In rapid succession Brad worked toy factory, for a textile manu turer, in a laundry, in a TV-assem plant. Before Eloise celebrated first birthday we had moved in out of seven apartments; the landlord held our few sticks of fu ture for non-payment of rent u Ralph redeemed them. While the of us were camping in two furnis rooms and I was trying to cook nomical, decent meals for us on a plate, Brad bought himself a t recorder and a TV set on the inst ment plan and said he intended buy a power saw he had no use Yet when I called in the installm people and signed up for a sew machine I badly needed—I make clothes for all three children—B threatened to bust up the sewing chine and then he threatened to up the installment man.

"Most of Brad's outbursts totally unreasonable; often I have idea why he is yelling and slamm doors. When he's in a rage I get shakes and walk away—if it's sible. Brad also yells and jumps the kids, but if I snap at either of boys he is on my back immediat Neither of my sons has the sligh respect for my authority.

"Brad now adores Eloise, and *is* an adorable baby, but at the v minute he is complimenting him on our daughter's cuteness and c hair he continues to tell everyb we shouldn't have three children it's all my fault.

"Not long ago Brother Ralph c to see us with a group of friends, are also friends of mine, and B went into his usual song and da about the hardship of having to and clothe a family of five. Later two boys misbehaved and I hac take a switch to them. Brad snatc away the switch, broke it up, threw the pieces on the floor in fr of everybody. My sons laughed crazy. I didn't. (continu

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, c seling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor de have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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:oa could never make a frosting like this because cocoa has most of its chocolate richness removed. Only Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate will do!
Makes enough creamy rich frosting and shiny chocolatey glaze for 3 baked 8-inch cake layers.

Creamy Chocolate Under-Frosting

:up butter or margarine
easpoon salt
ound (about 4½ cups) unsifted confectioners' sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
¼ cup milk

:am butter until soft. Beat in the salt and about 1½ cups of the sugar. :n add egg, vanilla, and melted chocolate; blend well. Beat in remaining :ar alternately with the milk, beating after each addition until smooth. necessary, place bowl of frosting in larger bowl of cold water and chill il frosting is of spreading consistency.) Use to fill and frost three 8-inch .e layers, spreading ½ cup between each layer and on top and the ıaining frosting around sides of cake. Then top with chocolate glaze.

Deep Chocolate Over-Glaze

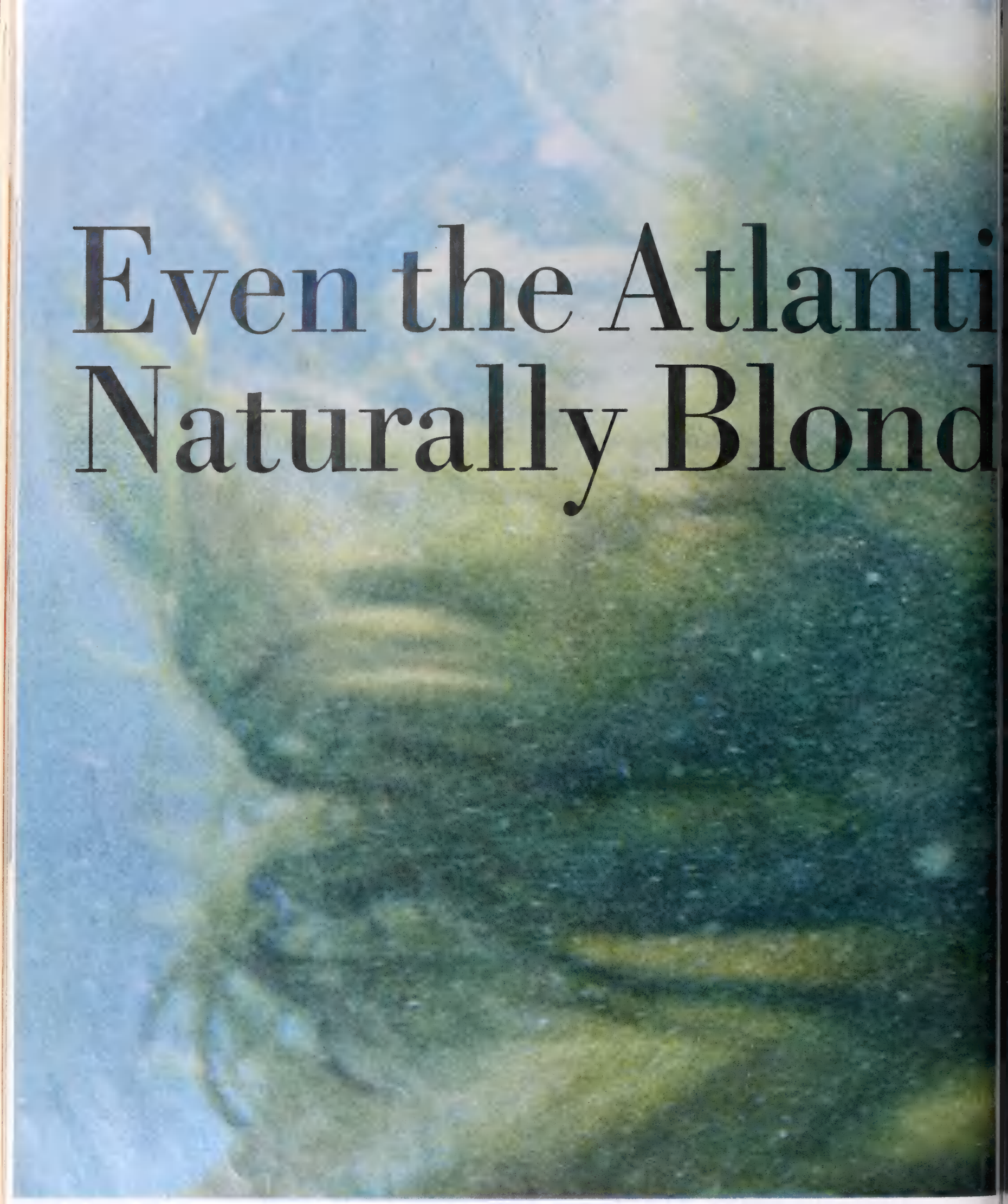
⅓ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup water
2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted over hot water
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon milk

In small saucepan, combine sugar and water. Bring to a boil and boil ½ minute, stirring constantly. Slowly stir into chocolate; then stir in butter. Slowly beat in milk. Beat until of spreading consistency. While glaze is still warm, pour onto top of frosted cake. Spread to edges and drizzle over sides at intervals. Let stand until glaze is set before cutting.



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And week after week, the shade you pick stays ex same. As if you *were* a natural blonde.

It won't fade, won't go blah, from one shampoo to

)cean can't wash ut of your hair.

ı if you douse your head in the Atlantic, or the ed Pacific.
's just part of the good news for all you washed-out d would-be blondes.
turally Blonde, we've found a way to make blond- ıral as washing your hair. After lightening, you simply shampoo it in. In just a matter of minutes, it gives you the smooth even coverage you want.

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"Right now Brad is holding down two jobs, and yet we barely get by. Daytimes he works in a hospital laboratory, at night he is a dispatcher in an aircraft plant; he devotes weekends to classes in electronics. In the few hours he is home he is either sleeping, eating or snarling. Or else he is repairing (for free) beat-up radios and television sets for the neighbors. Last month I asked him to fix my electric clock and he nearly bit my head off.

"If my mother hadn't put in her oar and objected to Brad, I probably wouldn't be married to him today. Early in life I learned to set my will against my mother and my alcoholic father; they spent themselves battling each other and made no home for me.

"Sometimes, during their brawls, I was terrified they might kill each other; sometimes I almost wished they would. My father seldom worked; my mother was just as lazy.

"Our house was always a mess. We had no regular meals, just a pot of soup or stew on the stove and leavings in the refrigerator. Once when I was very young—six or seven I suppose—a schoolmate and I were playing outside. Her mother called her in to supper. My friend went off, smiling. I knelt down on the curb and prayed my mother would call me inside to eat a meal at the table. The stars came out before I finally quit praying. Mother didn't call.

"Another time I sassed my father and he locked me in a closet for punishment and forgot about it. I was afraid to make a sound and arouse his wrath again. It wasn't until next day that my sister Sally tracked me to the closet, comforted and fed me.

"As a small girl I didn't intend to marry anybody. Probably because of my father I was scared of the opposite sex. I had four older brothers and I was fearful of their lordly ways, their airs of superiority. At high school whenever I saw a bunch of boys clustered in the hall I hurried by, afraid they might be whispering about me. Until I was seventeen I refused to date. I then saw Gary Cooper in *The Friendly Persuasion*—I saw that picture nine times—and I changed my mind. I decided marriage could be happy with a man like Gary Cooper, a Quaker, gentle, considerate, honest and kind.

"I met Brad shortly before his discharge from military service; he was nineteen and I was a year younger, fresh out of high school and working for the telephone company. On our first date I discovered Brad wasn't a scrap like Gary Cooper. He was unlike anybody I had ever known. One minute he would say he wasn't good enough for me and I would feel sad for him and torn; the next minute we would be in a tussle that would fill me with anger, a kind of helpless anger, and a deep fear.

"In the beginning my mother was much more impressed than I was by Brad's uniform, his good-conduct medal, his brand-new sports car. But then one night he went tavern-hopping with my youngest brother, and the two of them wound up in jail in a neighboring town on a drunk-disorderly charge.

"Mother insisted I quit seeing Brad at once, but I married him as soon as we could get a license—with nobody in either family present to wish us well. The first night Brad and I spent together was a calamity that may have
nently affected our sexual relati
Our relationship has never beer
factory, even though I don't eve
tion the matter because I don't v
make Brad angry.

"We were married at eleven p.
country justice of the peace and
supper. When we checked in at
both of us were tired and ext
tense; I was so frightened my tee
chattering. I don't suppose Br
ticed. There was nothing tender a
ing in the way Brad treated me. I
him to be patient. He wasn't.
everything was over he pulled
clothes and stamped out of the
I begged him to stay but he woul
my terror and inexperience, and i
ical pain, I almost hoped I wo

"After Brad had been gone an
finally quit shaking and sobbing,
my own clothes and called th
taxi. I spent the remainder of th
at my sister's place.

"Brad and I recovered fro
wretched beginning, but just bare
long afterward we went to settle
fornia—I was already pregnar
Timmy, our eldest—but we left
handsome sports car behind i
Virginia. Although he bought
with his service pay, he turned it
his parents as a parting gift. Nev
have he and I owned anything
cheapest second-hand wheels.

"In spite of our three childr
eight years together, Brad and
failed to establish ourselves like
married couple. I've got no satis
from my marriage, no financial s
no pleasure or gentleness, no p
mind.

"A month ago Brad created an
his scenes and I reached the en
endurance. I was talking on the
thanking my brother Ralph fo
thing, when Brad charged up
porch. He rattled violently at th
door, which he knows I alway
hooked when he is not home. I
could get up and let him in he ex
wrenched the screen off its hinge
the phone from me and bange
the receiver.

"All three youngsters were t
Suddenly, I felt I'd had it with
I didn't tell him so. I served him
without a word. Next day I file
for divorce.

"In my opinion Brad and I
better off without each other."

"Debbie has no cause to divorce
sensible cause," said 27-year-old
stocky young man whose square
erent chin combined oddly with
certain blue eyes. "I don't intend
her and our youngsters; why, s
the kids are my whole life.

"Debbie is seeking a divorce
grounds of cruelty, although
never raised a hand to her an
will. Apparently my cruelty con
the fact I broke a screen do
grabbed the phone away fro
Maybe I should have control
temper—I realize I'm often to
on the trigger especially wh
tired—but I had good reason to g
Her own brother agrees: Ralph
Debbie and I should get togethe
and he's said as much to her.

"My brother-in-law is one of th
fellows in the world, and he h
wonderfully generous to me, bu
I had the chance to be generous
For the past two months (co

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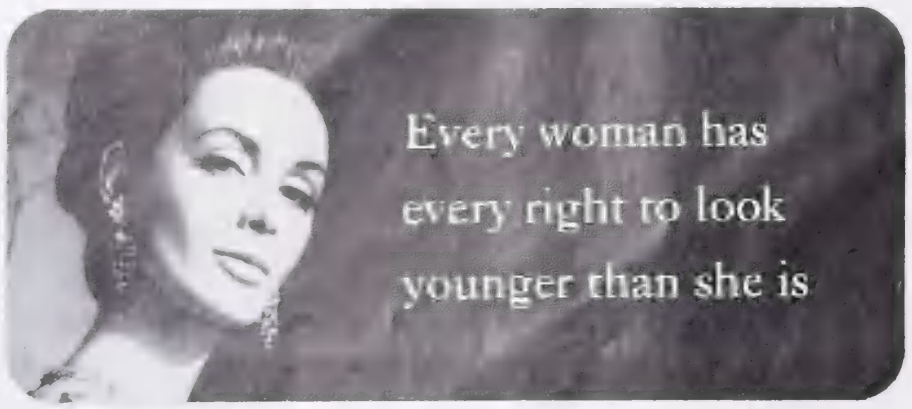
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HELENA RUBINSTEIN®

Debbie's oldest sister, Sally, and her husband have been visiting Ralph; Sally and Sam also have been very good to us and I couldn't claim otherwise. However, after Sally and Sam arrived for their visit, Debbie began to run herself ragged entertaining them, always at Ralph's expense. Many times I called our place four or five times from work and received no answer. I like to have my wife at home if I call her up. To me that is one of the satisfactions of marriage.

"One evening I got home at ten P.M. I'd gone through hell's own day, beginning at dawn or a little earlier. I was holding two full-time jobs. In just 20 minutes I had to eat supper and rush off to see one of my instructors, who had promised to explain why I had flunked a test. Before Debbie quit me it was my ambition to become an expert radio and television technician; in order to prepare myself to get the necessary second-class mechanics' license I was attending school twelve hours a week.

"As soon as I hit the porch I discovered Debbie had hooked the screen again, something I had repeatedly told her not to do. If she was nervous, why didn't she snap the night latch on the door? Then I could use my house key and walk in, instead of feeling like a stranger.

"I rattled the screen for three or four minutes. I rang the bell, although I hate to ring my own doorbell. Debbie heard. In fact she saw *me* standing on the other side of the screen. She went right on talking to Ralph. The boys, who should have been in bed, were wandering around glassy-eyed among dozens of expensive souvenirs and toys. Little Eloise was flopped beside a busted box of popcorn, feeding away, and it was plain her diapers should have been changed a long time before. After Debbie continued to talk for five minutes, I pushed in the screen door and hung up the telephone for her.

"That's all I did. Maybe I should have smacked her. I just don't know what Debbie wants or what she expects or why she filed for a divorce. Oh sure, I knew things between us have been a little edgy at times, but I thought it was because I needed more sleep and relaxation and maybe was working too hard.

"I wasn't working and studying for myself, that's for sure. The day I received my marching papers from her lawyer I was so downhearted I gave up going to school. I was studying for Debbie's benefit and our kids'.

"Both of us grew up in a low-pay area. My father worked in a textile mill, but he didn't earn enough to support our large family and so my mother worked off and on as a clerk in a grocery store. At the age of twelve I got a job in a restaurant. From five P.M. until eleven I washed dishes, made chili, French fries, slaw, scrubbed the floor.

"In the ninth grade I got a B in mathematics, my toughest subject, but soon afterward I made a foolish mistake and the teacher said to me in a quick, sharp way, 'You're wrong.' All the other kids laughed. Then and there I got the idea I was dumb, and next semester I nose-dived to a D. My parents didn't comment on my grades, good or bad.

"I took it in my head it was up to me to look after the younger kids in the family, six of them. The restau owner allowed the little fellows to fe me in the kitchen, and I could them if they were hungry, as they ally were. Most of my earnings we Mom, and the balance went into ing clothes for the kids. It gave great kick to buy Danny or Alb shirt or a pair of pants; they tickled, of course, but when I saw big smiles on their faces I felt I'd g taller on the earth. It was my wa showing off, I suppose.

"I guess I wanted recognition Mom. But when my older bro joined the service and she boasted a them so much, I dropped out of sc lied about my age and enlisted in Air Force. I doubt she or my dad bo about *me*.

"When I got my discharge I de to go back to West Virginia in sty had given my family a double allot of my pay, but I had served in a l faraway places and saved up a deal of money.

"I bought myself a brand-new s car, and zoomed home. There I t ferred title and registered the c my mother's name to please her The last of my savings I spent dining-room set for the family hou

"Shortly after the furniture wa livered, my oldest brother dropp unannounced and with nothing i hands or his suitcase, and receiv warmer welcome than I had. That end, for the first and last time i life, I went out and drank too muc landed in jail.

"Although Debbie and I were together, I hadn't proposed and I think she was thinking seriously marriage either. Imagine my ast ment when Debbie came to the house and bailed me out! She ha fied her mother and bought the bond with her own savings.

"When we met on the jail-house I knew I loved her. I proposed there, and she accepted. But bef could get my impounded car fro police parking lot, she lost her and jumped on a bus. I chased th to the next town and caught up wit

"Perhaps Debbie has told you I w out on our first night together. that's true and it isn't true. I'd h experience with girls—the tales m Force buddies told seemed to chill and I was miserably disappointed i performance as a husband. I wa appointed by her disappointment I had to get away to hide my sha

"I had high hopes that ma would change and improve life for of us. In the Air Force I learne value of an education, studied earned my high-school diploma. while I was based in Alaska, mai ing a supersonic plane.

"When she and I came to Calif at her brother's invitation, I sup I could get a similar job in an ai factory, but I lacked backgroun civilian experience.

"I've been a poor provider fo family, but if I ever get that mech license I'll be qualified to work o craft radios and do spare-time jobs on TV sets and charge subst fees for my work; our financial p would then be rosy. Debbie and three children faster than I planne not faster than Debbie planned. as I love Eloise I still think we have called a halt after the two



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Nail-Biting and Thumb-Sucking: Habit or Need?

First Mother: My son has a blanket and thumb-sucking problem. When he goes to bed, he says he's Linus, the little boy in the *Peanuts* comic strip, the one who's always holding his security blanket. And my child seems to equate his comfortable blanket, which he's had since a baby, with sucking his thumb; that's the only time he does it.

Second Mother: I don't have a thumb-sucker; my daughter is a nail-biter. The only way I've been able to get her to stop once in a while is by telling her we could put nail polish on as soon as her nails get a little longer.

Dr. Bettelheim: What do you object to about nail-biting?

Second Mother: Well, when she eats food that's greasy or salty, it hurts her fingers and she starts to cry. But I object to it mainly because it looks awful.

Dr. B.: When did she start to bite her nails?

Second Mother: She started when I was in the hospital having my second baby. She was 18 months old at that time.

Dr. B.: Why did she start it then?

Second Mother: She missed me.

Dr. B.: Yes, something was missing—you—and she tried to replace it. Since you weren't there, how did she try to provide a replacement?

Second Mother: From her fingernails?

Dr. B.: That's right. From her own body. Since the body of the mother was missing, and she obviously needed the mother, she provided herself with a substitute—kind of saying to herself, "I put all my trust and all my security in my mother, and she deserted me. I will never again put my trust in something that might leave me—and the only thing that will never leave me is my body. Therefore, I will get this satisfaction from my body."

Second Mother: Yes, but my husband was with her all that time, and he's always been an excellent father.

Dr. B.: Then why did she miss you?

Second Mother: I don't know.

Dr. B.: The fact that this nail-biting started then shows that *something* was missing; something she had to provide from her own body. Now, exactly what it was might stem from a set of circumstances we don't know about. Something else might have happened around the same time that you or your husband can't recall or may not even have observed. But since all we know is that you went to the hospital, that's what we have to start with. Maybe I can help you by going back to this other lady's problem with her son who sucks his thumb and needs his blanket at night. What is he providing himself with?

First Mother: Well, he doesn't like the thumb, and he's had the blanket since he was a baby.

Dr. B.: What did he say when the blanket wasn't there?

First Mother: He wanted something to hold.

Dr. B.: So what does he need?

First Mother: He needs to be held.

Dr. B.: No. He needs something to hold! And what else does he need?

First Mother: Something to suck.

Dr. B.: So what your boy needs is something to hold onto and something to suck.

Mothers: A bottle? (Laughter)

Dr. B.: It's not such a bad idea. What's wrong with it?

First Mother: He gave up his bottle voluntarily at 10 months. He just pushed it away.

Dr. B.: But now he sucks his thumb. Maybe it was too early for him to give up the bottle.

First Mother: You mean I should have insisted that he keep on with it?

Dr. B.: No, I don't think so. Look, why did he throw away the bottle?

First Mother: He was hungry and he could get more out of the cup; he didn't have to work so hard. But he obviously needed the sucking, too.

Dr. B.: So what could you do then?

Mothers: Give him a pacifier?

Dr. B.: Yes, you could give him the cup and give him the pacifier afterward. Because the young child needs both to get the food and to suck for oral stimulation.

First Mother: Which is better, the thumb or a pacifier?

Dr. B.: Generally, I prefer the pacifier. While it isn't always clean, it's usually cleaner than the thumb. I don't worry too much about either, but the pressure of the thumb is much more likely to cause deformation. Most of all, I like children to have both hands available to do things, and if one hand is in the child's mouth, he's only got one hand available. But I don't think thumb-sucking is such a tragedy; on the contrary, the kid provides himself with what he needs. Nail-biting is a little more devious in some respects.

Third Mother: How do you tell when the pacifier has become a habit?

Dr. B.: What do you mean by "habit"?

Third Mother: Something you do constantly.

Dr. B.: And why do you think people have habits?

Third Mother: They have a need.

Dr. B.: Right! Instead of recognizing that a need is served, you call it a habit, and in this way you confuse yourself. Because if you would call it a need, you would find out there are many ways to satisfy a need. Then you would ask yourself, "What is the *best* way to satisfy the need?" When you call it a habit, that's the end of it. This lady says, "I don't want her to bite her nails." But she hasn't asked herself, "*Why* does she bite her nails?" Maybe this might apply as a good first approach to all issues. Because when we talk about satisfying the need for sucking, then sucking becomes a need and not a habit. Typically, we form habits when there's something we need, and when the activity that we engage in doesn't satisfy the need.

Third Mother: How do you feel about limiting the use of pacifiers?

Dr. B.: Why do you want to limit it? How many adults have you known who go around with pacifiers?

Mothers: Well, they smoke cigarettes.

Dr. B.: Which do you prefer—that they should have the pacifier as children, or that they should smoke as adults, or take to the whiskey bottle? Better to satisfy their need as children, so that maybe they won't need the bottle as adults. But let's go back to the nail-biting. If it hurts this lady's child, wouldn't it be sufficient to explain this to the child? If the pain was too great, she would stop.

Second Mother: I have explained it.

Dr. B.: So why do you put the nail polish on?

Second Mother: As another incentive to stop.

Dr. B.: If somebody's hungry for food, do you suggest that he smoke a cigarette instead?

Second Mother: Yes, I do that. I smoke a cigarette instead of taking something to eat if I'm hungry between meals—so that I won't gain weight.

Dr. B.: So here you have a mother who has a great oral craving that she has to inhibit artificially. And then she has a daughter who has an oral craving that the mother artificially inhibits.

Second Mother: I really don't smoke that much.

Dr. B.: Your daughter would probably say, "I don't bite my fingernails so much." Who decides what's so much?

Second Mother: But her "not so much" does more damage.

Dr. B.: I'm sorry, but chewing fingernails has never yet damaged anybody.

Second Mother: Well, it looks awful.

Dr. B.: To whom?

Second Mother: To her, because she stops once in a while and then wants nail polish on her nails.

Dr. B.: I don't doubt she has strongly mixed feelings about the biting. But instead of asking, "Where does the stress come from, and how can I correct it?" you say, "Nail-biting is ugly and it has to stop."

Second Mother: Is there something besides a need for her wanting to bite her nails?

Dr. B.: There is nothing besides the need.

Second Mother: But I went away to have another baby.

Dr. B.: You always say, "I went away," and you hardly ever say you came back with a new baby, which is very interesting. You say, "My husband was here all the time." But what about when you came back? Were you exactly the same as before?

Second Mother: No, I wasn't.

Dr. B.: How come, then, that in this whole conversation you pay so little attention to the fact that you came home with a new baby? Or that maybe you took a lot away from your older child? Before that she was the only one; all of Mommy's and Daddy's attention was centered on her. You say she didn't lose out on anything because Daddy was there. Didn't she lose out on anything because of the new baby? She was probably very angry at the new baby. But the new baby was not to be destroyed. So she destroyed something else—her own fingernails.

Second Mother: Can something be done now?

Dr. B.: There's always something that can be done. But I think it's become much more difficult because you've already told her how you disapprove of her providing herself with this something she needs—something that essentially does nobody else any harm. I do think you should give her something else to chew. And, second, I think this child clearly shows she's deficient in getting something—and since it started when you left her, she's obviously deficient in getting something from you.

Fourth Mother: How about doing things *alone* with the older child, maybe taking her downtown, or just taking her someplace by herself?

Dr. B.: I don't think that's specific enough. Don't forget, she's providing something that goes into her mouth. It's an oral stimulation, a bodily stimulation. And there's also a lot of aggression. One thing we should keep in mind—I think that aggression in all nail-biters is much too inhibited.

Second Mother: Yes, she is a very inhibited child.

Dr. B.: Who inhibited her?

Second Mother: I know it was me, by squelching her in many of the things she wanted to do.

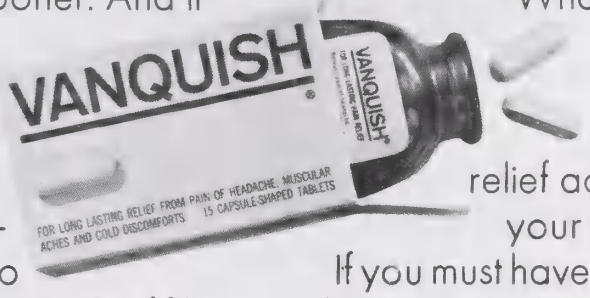
Dr. B.: Look, I have no doubt that when she's ready to date, this girl is going to let her fingernails grow. Eventually, children learn. But right now she has a need to chew her nails, and you inhibited that. And here was your new baby, who could still chew on the nipple. Since your older daughter can't have the satisfactions that come normally and naturally, she finds them where she can. When I say "naturally" I mean what she sees the baby get, what is prohibited to her, and what she has lost out on. The more you inhibit, the more she has to assert her independence from you, just to show you she's not your puppet. The more you try to make puppets out of your children, the more they will become nervous children. I can't say whether this nervousness will express itself in nail-biting. Sometimes there will be no bad effects. But whatever your child does, whether it's pretty or not, he does it for some reason—and you have to try to understand that underlying cause. Then you can do something constructive about it, and this is what really counts in the long run. **END**

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A JURY OF EXPERTS PICKS

AMERICA'S 10 BEST HOSPITALS

By ROUL TUNLEY "If I were sick and had to go to a hospital, there are only a few places in the country I'd trust myself to. You could almost count them on both hands."

If this statement had come from a mere patient, one might think he was neurotically fearful. But it was made to me by one of the most knowledgeable hospital authorities in the country, Dr. John H. Knowles, general director of what may be America's best hospital, Massachusetts General in Boston. Since America's 7,123 hospitals make up the largest and costliest system in the world, why are so few acceptable to one in the know? And which *are* the places to which medical experts would trust themselves?

Since one out of every seven Americans goes to a hospital each year, the *Ladies' Home Journal* asked a panel of 10 of the best-qualified hospital judges in all parts of the country the following:

"If you or your family required major hospital services—diagnosis or treatment—which twenty-five hospitals in the United States would you select as representative of the best? Which hospitals would you put in the top ten?"

The results, published on this page, show surprising agreement. Even more surprising are the panel's comments. They provide interesting insights about what is right and what is wrong with American hospitals.

First of all, the experts insist that all the hospitals of their choice be teaching hospitals. With the exception of the Henry Ford in Detroit, all selections for the top 10 have university or medical-school affiliations. The jury generally chose large institutions with salaried, full-time staffs. All are non-profit. The experts agreed with Duke University's Ray Brown, former head of the American Hospital Association, who said: "There is no possible way to run a hospital for profit and have it still be great."

THE TOP TEN

1. Massachusetts General, Boston. 2. Johns Hopkins, Baltimore. 3. University of Chicago, Chicago. 4. Columbia-Presbyterian, New York. 5. New York Hospital, New York. 6 (tied). Barnes, St. Louis and Henry Ford, Detroit. 7. Mount Sinai, New York. 8. St. Mary's, Rochester, Minn. 9 (tied). Palo Alto-Stanford, Palo Alto, Calif., and Yale-New Haven, New Haven, Conn. 10 (tied). University Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich., and Univ. of Minnesota Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn. For 21 runners-up, see page 134.

Many of the panelists do not feel, like Dr. Knowles of Massachusetts General Hospital, that they would entrust their lives to "only a few places." However, not one juror was willing to call more than 175 hospitals acceptable. This means that *at best* only two to three percent of our hospitals provide the kind of care these men want for themselves and their families. Out of a total of some 250 votes cast, many important cities like Kansas City, Denver and Milwaukee had not a single hospital that was nominated. Even a great metropolis like Philadelphia received only one vote in the top 10 (for the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania).

By their insistence on going only to sizable teaching hospitals, where the only staff doctors are qualified specialists, the experts underscored one of the weaknesses of the American system—allowing doctors without advanced training to perform surgery and to treat patients with complex medical problems. Because of this, many of our community hospitals have been labeled "doctors' workshops" by critics.

One of the *Journal* panelists recalled working as an internist in a small community hospital. A family doctor admitted a 25-year-old woman in a coma. She had complained of headaches and was known to be a diabetic. Her doctor proceeded to treat her for diabetic coma. The then-internist panelist looked at her and became suspicious. The girl was not dehydrated and her breathing was not distressed—two usual signs of a diabetic coma. Moreover, she had a stiff ne a hint to the internist that she might have meningitis. "I dic lumbar puncture and found an infection in the central nerv system," he said. "She did indeed have meningitis, and mig easily have died if treated for diabetic coma." Fortunately her l was saved. This happened several years ago, but this special does not believe the situation has radically changed since th "I challenge the statement that the medical profession is polici itself," he said. "Poorly qualified doctors are still a big haza on the hospital scene."

According to Dr. Martin Cherkasky, head of New Yor Montefiore Hospital and a leading spokesman in the field, "gene practitioners still take out bowels, gall bladders and uteruses eve day." Surveys conducted in Michigan and Oklahoma show th as much as three-quarters of all surgery is done by surgeo without specialty training.

Why is treatment by a qualified specialist so impo tant when there is an illness serious enough to warra hospitalization? Dr. Cherkasky offered a dramatic st tistic. "In the hands of a gynecologist, a woman wi cancer of the cervix has an 80 percent chance of a cure he said. "In the hands of someone who is not specia trained, her chances are only 50 percent."

Another hospital hazard—unnecessary operating is much more difficult to pin down, but agonizing real. In choosing institutions f themselves and their families, t experts elected to go where su things are not likely to happen. hospitals where there is little co trol by examination of remov tissue after surgery, unnecessa operations can and do occur. Th is especially true of tonsillectomie appendectomies and hysterectomies. In the Unite States, between 6 and 7 percent of all operations a tonsillectomies. In Sweden, where all hospital docto are salaried specialists and have no financial incentiv to perform surgery, the figure for tonsillectomies ru between one-half of one percent and one percent. Y it is hard to argue that American tonsils are mo diseased than their Swedish counterparts.

The panelists disagreed as to whether sufficie warmth in patient care is offered by great teaching hospitals. is often charged that the staffs are cold, scientific and mo interested in the disease than in the patient. One panelist admitte that some of our most celebrated hospitals are good in teachin and research but "lousy in patient care." Another lamented th emphasis on science and training often tends to reduce concern f the patient. The majority, however, felt that teaching and researc upgrade the overall quality of medical care. One said the charg of impersonality was a "false, tired cliché."

Dr. Russell Nelson, president of The Johns Hopkins Hospita which garnered the second largest number of votes cast, says: " think it's incorrect to say that the big teaching hospitals are mo distant in personal relations. If I were really sick, I'd want goo competent people looking after me rather than someone to ho my hand every five minutes."

Another comment was: "Which would you rather have—warn compassionate care to usher you into *(continued on page 134)*

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lutty **Nut Fudge.** You can't neak off with the rich fudge cause these crispy nuts go crunch". Shhh!



hand-tied mesh loot bag. Get ail-in coupon when you buy h's Candy.

epperminty **Junior® Mints.** ese coins coated with rich ocolate were freshly minted r robbery. Steal a cool zillion!



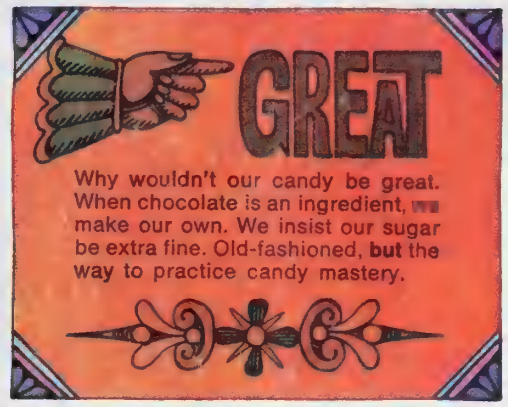








See those ear-to-ear grins when you bring home the Welch's Candy to the family. Dad, Grandpa, Grandma, your 8-year-old. Everybody is happy with all 14 varieties.





Super syrupy, **Chocolate Covered Cherries.** Break into the creamiest chocolate and get that big, juicy cherry. Luscious larceny!



NABISCO

®Welch's Candies

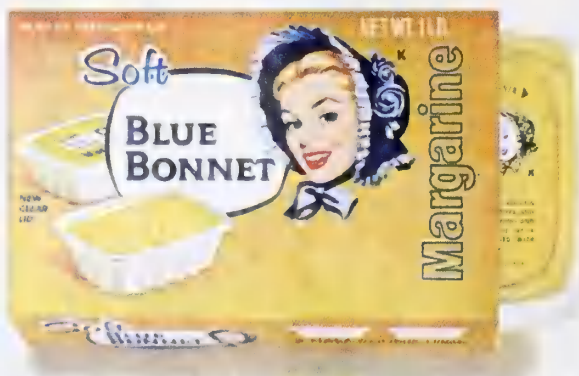
The Family Candy with good old-fashioned goodness

©1967 NABISCO



Soft or regular
you can't beat famous Blue Bonnet flavor

Soft margarine or regular margarine, you're always right with BLUE BONNET Margarine. The big difference is in the *spreadability*. New Soft BLUE BONNET spreads easier and smoother... but still has the same wonderful flavor that has made BLUE BONNET America's leading margarine. Cook with BLUE BONNET, bake with it, or just spread it on bread. Whichever you prefer, soft or regular, BLUE BONNET always tastes good and is good for you.





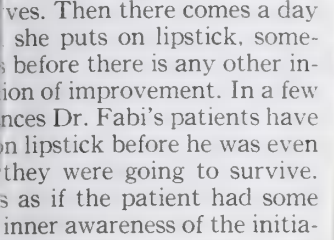
♬ Everything's better with Blue Bonnet on it ♬

Medicine Today

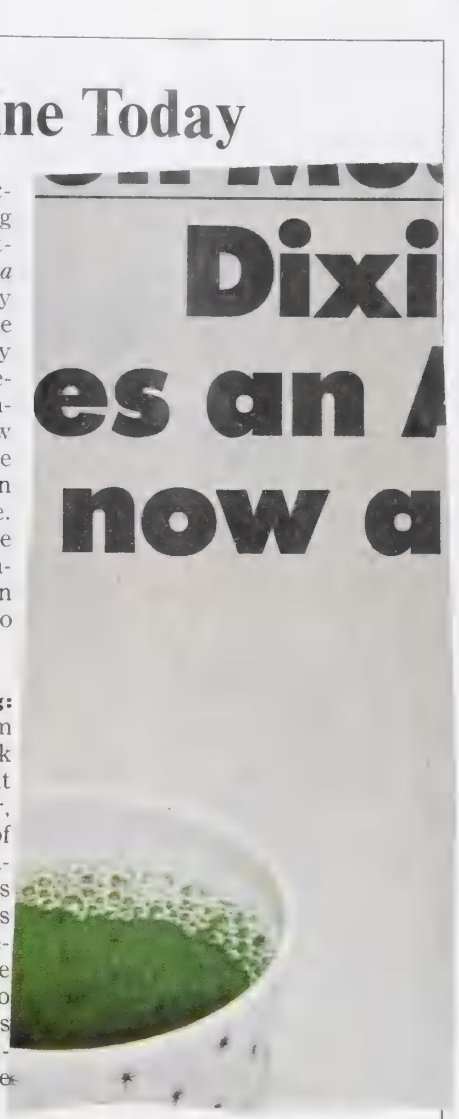
lipstick sign" may tell doc- when a sick woman is getting r, says Dr. Mario Fabi, writ- n the journal, *Pennsylvania cine*. A woman who is very ually stops using makeup, he ves. Then there comes a day she puts on lipstick, some- before there is any other in- ion of improvement. In a few nces Dr. Fabi's patients have n lipstick before he was even they were going to survive. s as if the patient had some inner awareness of the initia- of recovery," he says, "even e the physician is able to nize it."

ssible breast-cancer warning: a baby who is nursing from breasts suddenly refuses milk one, it may be a signal that mother has a breast cancer, ts Dr. Harry Goldsmith of York's Memorial Sloan- ering Cancer Center. He has four breast-cancer patients experienced this "milk re- n sign." What about the who from birth prefers to from only one breast? This different matter, Dr. Gold- believes, not a possible r warning.

mazing follow-up report on for birth control: We reported tly on encouraging tests of inds of shots, one given every ys, the other every 90 days. ng at year-long protection, Mexican and Chilean women given a single, even longer- g injection, and no pregnan- ave occurred in 10 months. is is by no means the theo- l limit. Someday, says Dr. lon Segal of the U.S. Popula- Council, a single long-lasting, ined-release capsule may be nted under the skin to give -control protection for at 20 years. Birth-control re- h is obviously only beginning.



your mouthwash to help pr of colds. That's good. But alize that your bathroom g colds. From one member of t ner.
s why you should have a Di



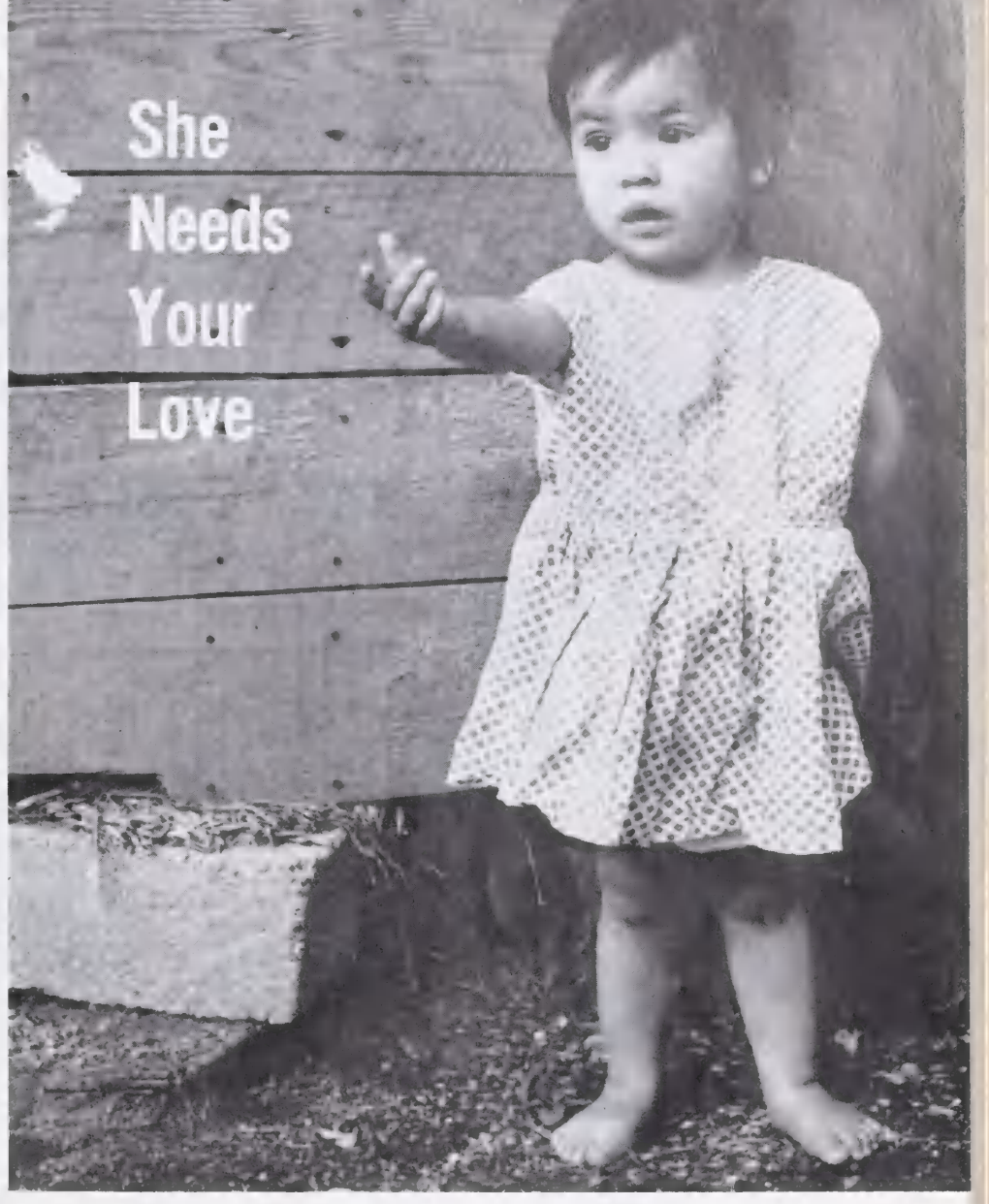
More pressure will be building up for changes in the abortion laws because of two recent medical developments. Each of these will be enormously helpful in predicting whether an unborn child suffers from any gross defect. Once women become aware that, at least in some instances, the birth of a defective infant can be predicted, there will be many who will want to prevent such births. And they will want those abortions performed legally and safely by qualified physicians.

One of the developments is a new test for German measles antibodies, announced by the Public Health Service. This simple blood test, which will soon be available, will prove to the pregnant woman and her doctor that the little rash and sniffles she had was truly German measles. If she is in the first three months of pregnancy, she has an alarming chance of bearing a defective child.

Once the test is in widespread use, every woman can know before she gets pregnant whether she is susceptible to German measles. If her blood shows antibodies, she has already had the mild disease, perhaps without even noticing it, and she has no further worries. If she has no antibodies, is exposed to the disease during the early months of pregnancy, and then does develop antibodies, she will know that she is risking having a defective baby.

The other development is the increasing use *(continued)*

D., with Victor Cohn



Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened.

Her G.I. father probably doesn't even know she exists. And since Kim is a mixed-blood child, no relative will ever claim her.

Only your love can help give little Kim, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $10 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear — you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Kim and children like her need your love — won't you help? Today?

Sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Formosa, India, Brazil, Japan and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $10 a month.

I enclose my first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____ LHJ27

☐ Please send me more information

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Government Approved, Registered (VFA-080) with Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.



"I did a slow burn



then I met Brillo,



and flipped my lid."

Brillo is a pan's best friend. So strong, so soapy, just one Brillo Soap Pad turns scorch into shine—makes pans almost as easy as plates. Never wash up without Brillo—the soap pad with muscle. Brillo—the stronger, soapier soap pad.

of amniocentesis, a procedure in which the doctor takes a small sample of [illegible] fluid for analysis. (That is



Remember your last hospital bill? Well, brace yourself. If you ever have to go again, it will be worse. Hospital costs have been going up about 7 percent yearly, mainly because of increased payroll costs. Salaries of hospital personnel make up 70 percent of your bill. Now hospitals are going to have to follow new minimum wage scales and pay for new unemployment insurance, as a result of changes in the laws.

These changes will bring hospital salaries closer to where they should be. But the result, warns Dr. Edwin L. Crosby of the American Hospital Association, will be a "20 percent, possibly 30 percent, increase in hospital costs" this year. Total costs per patient per day in a semiprivate room, for example, could reach a national average of $57 to $60, compared with the present $47.

After this year, we might go back to that "normal" 7 percent a year increase. But there will be great pressure on hospitals to make joint use of staff and facilities to help keep the bills down.

Automated medicine is here! Every month 4,000 adults are receiving computerized checkups at the Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, Calif. It takes the patient two to three hours to fill out his medical history on computer cards and to work his way through 20 testing stations. At the end of this time there is an impressive amount of information collected—before the internist sees him.

The procedures include a chest X-ray, mammography, (X-ray of the breasts for women), electrocardiogram and phonocardiogram, pulse and blood pressure readings, lung capacity tests, measurements of height, weight and skin-fold thickness (to check for obesity and underweight). Tests of hearing and vision, and measurement of ocular tension (to rule out glaucoma) are also done, and a photograph of the retina of the eye is taken. The battery of tests d on a small sample of blood in the a mated laboratory includes a blood co tests for syphilis and rheumatoid eases, blood chemistry studies, an glucose tolerance test. A urinalysis culture for bacteria is also inclu Finally comes a sigmoidoscopic ex ination by a doctor for all patients 40 and a Pap smear for all the wom

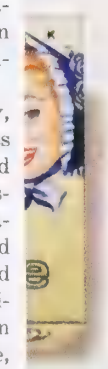
At that point the computer ta over, assembles the answers from the tient's medical history cards, and s marizes all the test results for the doc The old-fashioned way of seeing the tient first and ordering particular t has been superseded. Theoretically, w such a complete battery of tests, no would be missed. And, because the t ing is so highly automated, it is no m costly than selective testing.

Several days later the patient has appointment with the internist, who reviewed the computerized summ and who then completes the med history. The doctor examines the tient and then arrives at a diagnosis proceeds with the treatment. Sou pretty pat, but wait until that c puter turns up a pregnant man!

To carry automated medicine further the University of Oklah Medical Center, Oklahoma City, made a robot psychiatrist, according a report by Dr. Louis West in the *J nal of the American Medical Associat* After noting that one patient seeme benefit just by listening to a tape cording of her previous session wit real-life psychiatrist, the doctor m the setup a bit more complicated. experimental "robot psychiatrist" f tells the patient: "Please come in sit down." Then, just like a real p chiatrist, it asks, "Shall we begin?" at any point, the patient stops talk for two minutes about whatever is his mind, the machine says: "You w saying?" If there is still no respons repeats this, then replays the last m ute of the patient's remarks. If a tient speaks too quietly, the mach says: "Please speak up." If the pati gets loud: "There's no need to shou me, you know. I'm only a machine."

The patient wears a heart-rate tector. A tape recorder records all c ments made when the heart rate creases, on the premise that these h the most emotional significance

rine.
and
mer-
ead.
you.



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use your mouthwash to help prevent the ad of colds. That's good. But did you realize that your bathroom glass can ad colds. From one member of the family nother.

hat's why you should have a Dixie Cup Dispenser in your bathroom. With Dixie Cups you don't spread colds. You throw them away.

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Join the Anti-Cold war today and save 50¢. Send us the top of the box from a Dixie Bathroom Dispenser and the name of the mouthwash you purchase. We'll send you 50¢. It's our way of repaying you for your support in the war against colds.

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Only Capitol Record Club brings you today's most-wanted record albums at such a low average price. This introductory trial offer lets you buy twenty-one of the very latest albums on top labels for the price of eleven, plus shipping. Averaged out this brings the cost of $3.98 records, for example, down to only $2.09 plus shipping. If you decide to remain a member, you can continue to buy record albums at an average price of even less: as little as $1.99 plus shipping. Best of all, you get your *savings in advance* in the form of ten free records as soon as you buy one, as described on the reply card. There's no better offer anywhere, so mail it now!



HANK WILLIAMS
Your Cheatin' Heart · Cold,Cold Heart
MGM
905-11

House of the Rising Sun
906-87

Young
905-47

Spanish Eyes
Make The World Go Away
24-35

THE HUSSIAHS ARE COMING
Soundtrack Conducted by Johnny
UNITED ARTISTS
908-43

the race is on
Your Heart Turned Left
UNITED ARTISTS
908-29

SOUL AND INSPIRATION
In the Midnight Hour
906-69

BEST OF EYDIE GORME
I Feel Spanish Frenesi
UNITED ARTISTS
908-39

LIVE!
The Shadow of Your Smile
World of Trouble
24-59

905-14

ARTHUR PRYSOCK / COUNT BASIE
I Could Have Told You
905-52

GRAND CANYON SUITE
DEATH VALLEY SUITE
GROFE
CAPITOL
2-72

Beach Boys Pet Sounds
Sloop John B · Caroline No
24-58

Guy Lombardo's Broadway
Try to Remember · Hello, Dolly!
CAPITOL
25-59

BEATLES VI
8 DAYS A WEEK
YES IT IS
PLUS 9 MORE HITS
CAPITOL
23-58

RAY CHARLES
GENIUS + SOUL = JAZZ
One Mint Julip · I've Got News For You
IMPULSE
906-47

THE BEST OF MEL TORME
Moonlight In Vermont · Take The "A" Train · South Of The Border · Just In Time
VERVE
904-43

SAM THE SHAM and The Pharaohs
ON TOUR
906-88

WANDA JACKSON
BLUES ON MY HEART
23-06

Best of COUNT BASIE
One O'Clock Jump · Jumpin' at the Woodside · Shiny Stockings · Every day I Have the Blues
905-15

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO
ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK
Lara's Theme
MGM
906-20

ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET
BUCK OWENS AND HIS BUCKAROOS
24-47

ELLA FITZGERALD
CAN'T BUY ME LOVE
12 GREAT HITS IN ALL
VERVE
900-26

AL HIRT
America's Greatest Trumpet Artist
Mack the Knife · Sweet Georgia Brown
902-84

FRANK SINATRA
ALL THE WAY
High Hopes · My Tomorrows
CAPITOL
15-38

SONNY JAMES
YOU'RE THE ONLY WORLD I KNOW
End of the World
CAPITOL
22-09

Oklahoma!
ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK RECORDING
5-95

WEST SIDE STORY
FERRANTE & TEICHER
Maria · Tonight · I Feel Pretty
908-38

Jackie Gleason
SILK 'N' BRASS
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place
24-09

RELAXIN' DEAN MARTIN
Napoli · How Sweet It Was · Who Was That Lady
TOWER
50-18

DAVID McCALLUM
Music · A Part Of Me
CAPITOL
24-32

PATSY CLINE'S GOLDEN HITS
Just Out of Reach · I Can See an Angel
900-70

THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO
17-05

Cannonball Adderley
with the voice of Ernie Andrews
CAPITOL
22-84

KLEMPERER
CONDUCTS BEETHOVEN'S "EROICA" SYMPHONY
Philharmonia Orch
ANGEL
358-53

PETULA CLARK
IN LOVE
I will follow him
LAURIE
904-97

RAY CHARLES
BORN TO LOSE
MODERN SOUNDS IN COUNTRY & WESTERN
ABC
904-68

BOBBY DARIN
18 YELLOW ROSES
Can't Get Used To Losing You
CAPITOL
19-42

Dawn & Jonathan
MICHELLE
Yesterday · You've Got Your Troubles
CAPITOL
24-73

THE BEST OF JEAN SHEPARD
Forgive Me, John · The Other Woman · Two Faces
CAPITOL
19-22

AL-DI-LA
& Other Songs for Lovers
RAY CHARLES SINGERS
COMMAND
901-15

NAT KING COLE
L-O-V-E
The Girl From Ipanema · 11 in all
CAPITOL
21-95

Herbert VON KARAJAN
DVORAK: New World Symphony
SMETANA: The Moldau
ANGEL
356-15

THE BEACH BOYS TODAY!
Do You Wanna Dance? · Good to My Baby · 12 hits
22-69

THE VERY BEST OF jimmy durante
Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home · Chidabee Ch-Ch · 10 more
MGM
904-08

George Jones
Melba Montgomery
Blue Moon of Kentucky
There's No Justice · Hall of Shame
UNITED ARTISTS
908-32

GETZ AU GO GO
NEW STAN GETZ QUARTET FEATURING ASTRUD GILBERTO
VERVE
906-14

JODY MILLER
QUEEN of the HOUSE
Silver Threads and Golden Needles, others
CAPITOL
23-49

Original Cast Recording
GiGi
I Remember it Well · Thank Heaven for Little Girls
MGM
905-22

ORIGINAL SOUND
OLDIES BUT GOODIES 8
Chapel of Love · La Bamba · by Stars Who Made Them Famous
905-91

TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD FAVORITES
Sixteen Tons · more
CAPITOL
8-41

PETER & GORDON
TRUE LOVE WAYS
CAPITOL
23-68

ROGER MILLER
Wild Child
902-41

NIGHT TRAIN
OSCAR PETERSON TRIO
C Jam Blues · Groove
906-29

BEATLES REVOLVER
Yellow Submarine · Eleanor Rigby
CAPITOL
25-76

THERE IS ONLY ONE
ROY ORBISON
Ride Away · Two of a Kind Wondering · 9 more
904-54

PUCCINI
MADAME BUTTERFLY
LOS ANGELES · BJOERLING
3-RECORD SET Counts as 3
ANGEL
36-04A/ 04B/ 04C

JACKIE GLEASON
Music Around the World for Lovers Only · I Love Paris
CAPITOL
24-71

WOOLY BULLY
sam the Sham & the pharaohs
Go-Go Girls · Long Tall Sally · Shotgun
MGM
904-22

THE VERY BEST OF SHEB WOOLEY
Purple People Eater · Are You Satisfied · That's My Pa
MGM
905-28

NANCY WILSON
BROADWAY WITH LOVE
Here's That Rainy Day · He Loves Me
CAPITOL
24-33

DEAN MARTIN
Dino
ARRIVIDERCI ROMA · 11 ITALIAN LOVE SONGS
CAPITOL
16-59

HAVE 'TWANGY' GUITAR WILL TRAVEL
DUANE EDDY
Rebel-'Rouser
JAMIE
906-82

HANK THOMPSON
A SIX PACK TO GO
Hangover Heart · The Wild Side of Life
CAPITOL
24-60

ORIGINAL MOVIE SOUND TRACK
THE BEATLES
HELP!
CAPITOL
23-86

HANK WILLIAMS
GREATEST HITS
Your Cheatin' Heart · Cold, Cold Heart · Jambalya · Half As Much · Honky Tonkin'
906-51

FRANK SINATRA
THE GREAT YEARS
3-RECORD SET Counts as 3
CAPITOL
17-62A/17-62B/17-62C

THE FANTASTICKS
Original Cast Album
Much More
MGM
903-83

THE LETTERMEN
SHE CRIED
CAPITOL
21-42

THE BEST OF LOUIS ARMSTRONG
I Get A Right to Sing the Blues · Body and Soul
VERVE
906-58

DON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME
BONNIE OWENS
Number One Heel
CAPITOL
24-03

THE BEST OF GUY LOMBARDO
a dozen "greats"
CAPITOL
14-61

WAYNE NEWTON
RED ROSES for a BLUE LADY
One More Memory · 11 in all
CAPITOL
23-35

STANDELLS
DIRTY WATER
Little Sally Tease · Hey Joe
TOWER
50-27

SONNY JAMES
True Love's a Blessing · Every Step of the Way
CAPITOL
25-00

BILLY STRANGE
SECRET AGENT FILE
CRESCENDO
905-75

ROY ROGERS and DALE EVANS
THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO
Whispering Hope · 12 favorites
17-45

HOW SWEET IT IS
FRANK FONTAINE
When I Grow Too Old to Dream
ABC
904-89

BUCK OWENS
I'VE GOT A TIGER BY THE TAIL
Trouble and · Cryin' Time
CAPITOL
22-83

DAVID ROSE
The Stripper
Night Train
MGM
905-34

LOU RAWLS
BLACK & BLUE
Roll 'Em Pete · Kansas City
CAPITOL
18-24

THE HOLLYRIDGE STRINGS
The Nat King Cole Song Book
12 of his biggest hits in rich orchestral arrangements
23-10

KING PLEASURE
MR. JAZZ
I'm in the Mood for Love · It Might as Well be Spring
UNITED ARTISTS
908-33

CARMEN McRAE
Once Upon a Summertime · And I Love Him
MAINSTREAM
908-08

FEVER
DOC SEVERINSEN
In a Little Spanish Town · Cotton Fields
COMMAND
906-73

AL MARTINO
PAINTED, TAINTED ROSE
To Each His Own · Harbor Lights · 12 in all
CAPITOL
19-75

RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'
PHILLES
906-92

BASHIN'
JIMMY SMITH
walk on the wild side
VERVE
904-47

LYMAN '66
ARTHUR LYMAN
A Taste Of Honey · Slow Heart · Lawaa · Tiny
HI-FI
906-06

The Hits of FEELIN' HUSKY
Walkin' and Hummin' · Wings of a Dove
CAPITOL
19-91

LOVIN' SPOONFUL
DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC
KAMA SUTRA
905-97

THE RAY CHARLES SINGERS
songs for lonesome lovers
COMMAND
900-98

The King and I
ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK
CAPITOL
7-40

The Great Hits Of FRANK SINATRA
All the Way · Love and Marriage
CAPITOL
20-36

THE BEACH BOYS
SUMMER DAYS
California Girls · Help Me Rhonda
CAPITOL
23-54

THE ALL-TIME GREAT HITS of FARON YOUNG
CAPITOL
18-76

Scheherazade
Rimsky Korsakov
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM
ANGEL
355-05

LAURINDO ALMEIDA
GUITAR FROM IPANEMA
CAPITOL
21-97

Ray Charles
THE GENIUS HITS THE ROAD
Georgia · My Mind,
ABC
900-96

THE ANIMALS
ANIMAL TRACKS
MGM
905-71

JACKIE GLEASON
Music For Lovers Only
12 tender
CAPITOL
3-52

I WISH YOU LOVE
GLORIA LYNNE
Be My Love · Wouldn't It Be Lovely
EVEREST
900-57

INTRODUCING
HERMAN'S HERMITS
I'm Into · Good
MGM
904-16

THE FRIENDLY VOICE OF
TEX RITTER
Fool's Paradise · Wild Colorado
CAPITOL
24-02

BEST OF HANK THOMPSON
Six Pack To Go · Oklahoma Hills · Humpty Dumpty Heart
CAPITOL
18-78

ERROLL GARNER
A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES
Charmaine
906-00

WAYNE NEWTON
SINGS HIT SONGS
My Kind of Girl
12 IN ALL
CAPITOL
21-30

GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS
GREATEST HITS
Ferry Cross The Mersey
903-84

That's Truckdrivin'
Giddy-Up Go/Red Sovine · Ten Days Out, Two Days In/Joe Maphis · Title Song/Slim Jacobs
STARDAY
906-17

NAT KING COLE
unforgettable
CAPITOL
3-57

CAL TJADER
SOUL SAUCE
Afro Blue · Spring Is Here
904-46

MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA
Slaughter on Tenth · Theme from Grieg's Piano Concerto
ABC
906-65

LOOKING BACK
NAT KING COLE
Bird · others
23-61

THIS IS THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL
Best Loved Concert Selections
2-RECORD SET Counts as 2
84-96A/84-96B

WORLD'S GREATEST THEMES
FERRANTE & TEICHER
Theme from The Apartment · Lovers by Starlight · Dream · Rhapsody
UNITED ARTISTS
908-11

PETER & GORDON
a world without
Lucille/Tell Me How · Five Hundred Miles
21-15

the very best of CONNIE FRANCIS
My Happiness · Who's Sorry Now
MGM
905-10

FRANK SINATRA
nice 'n' easy
14-17

ROY ACUFF
All Time Greatest Hits
Fireball Mail · Wabash Cannonball
HICKORY
907-04

MEET THE BEATLES
I Want To Hold Your Hand · All My Loving
20-47

TONY MOTTOLA
LOVE SONGS
MEXICO/S.A.
Besame Mucho · Girl From Ipanema, Brasilia
COMMAND
906-05

NANCY WILSON
GENTLE IS MY LOVE
My One And Only Love
CAPITOL
27-51

MATT MONRO
This Is The Life
Honey On The Vine · Strangers In The Night
CAPITOL
25-40

THUNDERBALL
Original Soundtrack Music by John Barry
UNITED ARTISTS
908-20

RIDIN' HIGH
The Impressions
ABC
906-30

NELSON EDDY
A STARRY NIGHT
Stranger In Paradise
904-76

GIDDY-UP GO
RED SOVINE
I'm Just Lucky · I Guess
STARDAY
907-12

BEACH BOYS
SURFER GIRL
LITTLE DEUCE COUPE · 12 TOP HITS
CAPITOL
19-81

NEVER ON SUNDAY
ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK
UNITED ARTISTS
908-34

Bobby Goldsboro
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T
EWS

SCHOENSTEIN

g time, Lyndon Johnson has
as the ear-lifting owner of
beagles, Him and Her. But
aren't aware that Her died
ving a stone in the summer of
t in June, 1966, Him joined
he Great Boneyard Upstairs.
by process of canine succes-
a's first dog is now a high-
e collie called Blanco.

ho has always been high on
ndon Johnson didn't *buy*
log is the only pet he has ever
a gift. In the spring of '64,
ed at the White House in a
ad been sent by a nine-year-
n Illinois. (The White House
ridentity a secret.) She wrote:

nt Johnson:
won't be noisey but he will
rglar comes near. I think he
your loneley job a bit.

e remarkable than the dog's
is initials: his full name was
Jamie, so *how* could an L.B.J.
The President couldn't very
d shouting "*Here*, L.B.J.!";
the dog Blanco after a town
ne.

te collies are born deaf, but
hear his master whistle at 50
with great barks, he flies over
cheer up the world's "loneley-
ne President loves to watch
watch his snowy hair rise and
ch him try to show off by
wildlife.

first got to the White House,
kly picked up the short end
rivalry with Him. L.B.J.
n take Him into his office,
eagle curled up on the couch
o peered through the French
ne outside, panting with envy.
e months younger than Him;
vas No. 2, while Him's was
e made much more noise than
anco had going for him was
a tag saying L.B.J FOR THE

few months, however, the
uly warmed to Blanco and
ng him into the office, where
howed great intelligence: he
he eye and put the competi-
ospital for three days. A week
ok hands with a Cub Scout, a
earned in just 10 minutes
the Scout).

ring of '65, Him and Blanco
ng many hours together in
t's office: Him sleeping on the
Blanco restlessly nuzzled the
. From time to time the Pres-
stop work to give each of his
age; and then he'd reach into
awer for some candy-coated
s as treats for them.

n was alive, Lady Bird was
Blanco's second-class citizen-
ne made herself the collie's
'Poor Blanco," she said one
anding with L.B.J. and some
olchildren. "Him gets all the
love and no one pays *any* attention to you. Well, let's show these children how *smart* you are. All right, Blanco, *roll* over!" The dog sank to the grass, turned on his back, and lay still. "Good boy! Now roll over again." He made a whole revolution and again came to rest on his back. "Congratulations, Blanco!" she said, extending her hand. He rose and gave her his paw for a shake. "*Now*," she told her husband, "let Him top *that*."

There's no doubt that the First Lady's collie-promotion campaign helped to speed the dog toward the President's heart. By the fall of '65, he was taking Blanco up to his bedroom at night, where he did his homework while the dogs lay at his feet; and, finally, he even took Blanco to a screening of *Music Man* in the little White House theater, a screening he left twice, to check Vietnam battle reports. Amazingly, both dogs seemed to share the Boss's tastes. Mr. Johnson dislikes classical music, and so when Leonard Bernstein conducted a concert on the White House lawn, Him and Blanco barked such counterpoint that they had to be removed.

Blanco really can't be blamed for not being a good mixer. Not only is he naturally nervous, but soon after he came to the White House, he was stepped on at a lawn party. At first, he was given tranquilizers so he could mix at these parties; but the early doses were so strong that one day he fell asleep in the south driveway and was almost dispatched to dog heaven by an Assistant Secretary of State. He received 18 stitches, and has since been shy of cars as well as people.

When Blanco isn't with L.B.J., he lives in a locker room next to the White House flower shop, where he's cared for by an electrician named Traphes Bryant. There he can find himself eating Chateaubriand that was served the night before to the Premier of Italy. When not dining on a souvenir of a state dinner, he eats hamburger seasoned with vitamin powder and tranquilizers, served with milk or even ice cream. There are days when he has shared the President's lunch in the oval office, a boarding plan that L.B.J. feels is not only cozy but economical.

Twice a month, Blanco is bathed by either Bryant or the gardener in a big double sink. More frequent bathing would not only dull his sheen but could also infect his skin. On most days, at about four, he takes a nap in the locker room—unless, of course, he happens to be napping in the office of the President of the United States. But Blanco knows his place. He knows that when the Boss steps from his helicopter on the lawn and claps his big hands, he wants to hear those great barks and to see that lovely hair rising and falling like snow in the wind. **END**

BLANCO & FRIEND





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By Sybil Leek



HOROSCOPES FOR LOVERS



ARIES March 21-April 19. With fiery Mars in the solar 7th house, it will be difficult for an Aries to embark on a peaceful love affair this month. It will be very easy to fall into a quagmire of jealousy and impatience which will lead into explosions of temper. You can expect a few especially stormy periods with your partner between the 13th and 23rd. Many Aries seem to have a destructive quality in their love relationships because it is difficult for them to meet people who really understand their temperament. The most compatible sign for an Aries is Libra, but you also enjoy the witty conversation of the Gemini. Leo and Sagittarius are also harmonious, providing both partners realize that they should not brood about small quarrels.



TAURUS April 20-May 20. True Venus qualities enable a female Taurus to hold onto a marriage or love affair more successfully than most people. However, February is not going to be a very good month for your love life. The 14th to 23rd will be especially difficult, for you may find yourself needing many reassurances of love. The Taurus-Virgo partnership is one of the most satisfactory of all the combinations of signs in the zodiac. Libra is very compatible to many Taureans if the relationship begins with more than a physical attraction. You are also attracted to Scorpios, but often, after the first flush of love has faded, you may find that you have married a partner who has the same stubborn streak as yourself.



GEMINI May 21-June 21. This is going to be a month fraught with misunderstandings between the female Gemini and the opposite sex. Emotional pressures between the first and the sixth will cause financial difficulties in the second week of the month, and misunderstandings will reach their height between the 14th and 23rd. Geminis can be the most loyal and devoted mates, however, providing they become involved with someone who is fully capable of understanding their Mercurial temperament. Geminis will find that they are very compatible with Aries and Leos. It is characteristic of many Geminis that their business partners often become their marriage partners, but the steady Sagittarius is probably your ideal mate.



CANCER June 22-July 22. This will be a month when settled Cancerians will have to question their formula for happiness. By the 22nd of the month your life may become quite dramatic, and you might have to decide between a world of gaiety and a life of security. The most harmonious companion for a Cancerian is the Capricorn, who is generally capable of providing the financial security which you need for happiness. Partnerships with Pisceans also prove lasting and beneficial to both partners. Although Scorpios are able to appreciate the sensitivity of the Cancerian, you may find this partnership too demanding.



LEO July 23-August 22. Leos may find themselves thoroughly ensnared by people very close to them this month, especially between the 14th and the 24th. You often attract other people's problems because of your outward appearance of strength. But you have a very real need for harmony in your personal life and will thrive best when you find your partner within your own social circle. You are very compatible with Aquarius and will always be attracted to Aries, though you should be prepared for a clash of personalities in this fiery sign. Libra companions are also harmonious with Leo, although less exciting than Aquarians; the Libra's ability to find enjoyment in mental activity may conflict with your desire for a more active, adventurous romance.



VIRGO August 23-September 22. This is the month when an adjustment will be necessary among married Virgos and when all relationships will be difficult because you will appear more arrogant than usual. You may find yourself actually taking pleasure in bringing out the shortcomings of your partner between the 13th and 25th. Taurus is highly harmonious with Virgos if they marry young. Virgos are also frequently attracted to Scorpios that they meet in business, but this partnership rarely stands the test of time. Probably the most congenial partner for the Virgo is the Pisces, who can supply the understanding you need more than outward signs of affection.



LIBRA September 23-October 23. Libra women can expect this month to be highly emotional. From the first until the 13th you may find yourself plunging into romantic difficulties, but by the 25th you should have adjusted to the consequent new relationship. Libra women are easily hurt. They are perhaps the most vulnerable of all women, and many unhappy love affairs involve them. Often yo will feel more secure with a man who is much older than yourse particularly if he is an Aquarius, although the combined qualities Libra and Aquarius can produce conflict if there is a lack of financi stability. Leo and Sagittarius are basically harmonious to the Lib woman. You are also compatible with Aries, but an Aries may not ful understand your vanity and become impatient with it.



SCORPIO October 24-November 21. This month Venus, th planet of love, is in harmony with Scorpio, which could mal February good for romance. Be careful, though, not to show signs erratic temper to people close to you between the 13th and 28th. Th hurts that can be inflicted at this time may take a long time to erad cate. Many Scorpios often appear very domineering, which makes th opposite sex withdraw, so it is essential to find a partner who is awa of this quality and doesn't flinch from his responsibilities. The Cance ian partner is best able to fulfill these needs, but you are also ver compatible with Taurus if you both are equally intelligent.



SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21. The Sagittaria desire to be forever widening their mental horizons ma cause you to become involved in emotional situations this month whic will not benefit you in the long run. This tendency will be especial marked between the first and the sixth, and you may find yourse becoming reckless and impulsive. Sagittarian women generally have very fortunate love life if they remember that an intellectual compa ionship is more likely to last than a highly romanticized and dramat love affair, and they often marry rather late in life. Gemini, on th exact opposite side of the zodiac, is your most compatible companio But Leo and Libra will also provide highly harmonious relationship with Libra being a little more satisfactory.



CAPRICORN December 22-January 19. Many Capricorns w find that this is a month of intense discussions about lov and family life. Especially from the 6th to the 10th you will discu many personal problems with your partner, and between the 23rd ar 28th you should have finally reached agreements about future fami plans. Capricorns are highly introverted, and they often fall int moods of depression which are upsetting to their partners. Virgo is harmonious partner for a Capricorn if you both remember that loyalt and devotion can exist without a great exchange of words. You are als compatible with Taurus. Capricorns are attracted to Aries both business and emotional partnerships. But Cancer will probably fulfi your ideal, particularly if you are combining romance with a caree for a Cancer partner enjoys helping around the house.



AQUARIUS January 20-February 18. Many Aquarians ar going to miss out on a great deal of happiness this month be cause it will be difficult for them to take a big interest in their partner By the 23rd you may have to face the fact that problematic person relationships are adversely affecting your financial security, and be tween the 20th and 28th a few family quarrels will make you feel ver much alone. Aquarian women demand a great deal of freedom fro their mates. Libra is probably the most compatible of all signs and wi give you this type of freedom. A Leo alliance will also provide a grea deal of happiness, especially if there are several children in the ma riage. Geminis will provide an exciting love life, and an Aries wi always be able to provoke that active mind of yours.



PISCES February 19-March 20. This month, Venus, the plane of love, is in your sign, so there may be some conflict be tween the pleasures of creative work and a new love interest, to whic you will be particularly vulnerable. Mercury becomes retrograde o the 24th, causing decision-making to be more difficult, and it might b better to try to get along with old companions rather than succum to the temptations offered by someone you met last month. It is ofte difficult for a Pisces to make up her mind in affairs of the heart, bu when she does she is capable of great loyalty. A relationship betwee a Piscean and a Cancerian almost always endures. Pisces are als attracted to Libras. However, the most congenial partner is the Virg who generally has the same tastes and outlook on life.

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s decorator's newest idea: wild, unexpected color combinations! Dye slipcovers, pillow covers, hable lampshade. Think of the exciting effects you can create in your own home—with Rit!



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n up yesterday's pullover ubtle new Green. It's today!



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(P. S. Every item featured above was actually dyed with Rit. Wish we had space to show you all 35 exciting Rit colors!)



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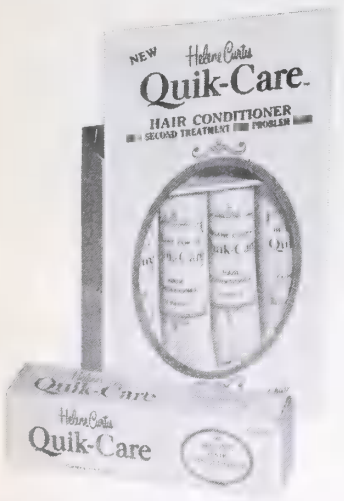
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AMY VANDERBILT

Needlework

Q: I love to do needlepoint, but in the small town where I live there is nobody else who does this kind of embroidery. Is there any organization I could join so that I might enjoy the inspiration of others with this same hobby?

A: There is The Embroiderers' Guild, a nonprofit organization with national headquarters in New York, and members (both men and women) all over the country. The membership cost is $5.00. For full information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Embroiderers' Guild, Room 1505-A, 30 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Mother's Wedding Band

Q: Would it be proper for me to wear my mother's wide gold wedding band on my right hand as a keepsake? I am not married.

A: I have seen some quite elderly women, "spinsters," do this; but I don't recommend it for a young woman who hopes to marry. It makes her seem too involved with her mother, when she should be seeking to make a life of her own.

Buffet and Tea Cart

Q: We have a lovely formal dining-room set, which includes a buffet and a tea cart with drop leaves that extend to about 66 inches. I would like to know how to use these pieces for my serving dishes, dessert, and coffee at a sit-down dinner. Also, how can I protect the wood? Would it be in good taste to use pads, like those made for dining tables, which would cover the entire piece and match the wood?

A: I prefer tiles or protective mats (which may be in a dark color) rather than a pad that would cover the entire buffet or tea cart. It is convenient to place the dessert dishes and silver on the buffet—and possibly the dessert as well, if it is a cake or pie that doesn't have to be kept hot or cold—before the guests sit down to dinner. The tea cart may hold the coffee service and be wheeled into place at the hostess's left for the service of demitasse, either with dessert or following it. Or the tea cart may be used in serving coffee and liqueurs in the living room.

Divorcée's Name

Q: I am soon to be divorced and would like to use my mother's maiden surname in combination with my husband's surname, because my own maiden name happens also to be a woman's first name. Will you please comment on the use of a surname other than one's own?

A: It is quite acceptable for you to do what you suggest. I have discussed this more fully in my book of etiquette.

Table Service

Q: When a maid passes the vegetables and dessert around the table, whom does she serve first, the hostess or the guests?

A: She serves the lady guest of honor to the host's right, then continues counterclockwise around the table, serving the hostess when she gets to her. If there are only ladies at the table, she serves the lady guest of honor to the hostess's right and then continues around the table counterclockwise, serving the hostess last.

Cleaning the Bathtub

Q: I was a guest at my aunt's home recently. On my second night she asked me to clean the bathtub. Only my daughter and I were using the bathtub, and it was not dirty; but she felt that since we were the only ones using it, it was my duty to scrub it with cleanser. Do you think it was proper for her to tell me to do this?

A: When I was a child my mother used to say, "Only a dub leaves a rim in the tub." It is good housekeeping as well as a hygienic practice to clean the tub with a cleanser after every use. Perhaps your aunt, if she has no domestic help, merely assumed that you would want to clean the tub and told you where the cleanser was kept. Guests should always keep the bathroom they use clean and orderly, when it is for their exclusive use and there is no domestic help.

Wedding Processional

Q: My daughter is to have a formal church wedding. We would prefer to have the guests remain seated as the bride enters. I have attended many church weddings and have been seated so that all I could see of the bride was the top of her head. We have had several differences of opinion on this question, so I decided to write to you. If it is acceptable for the guests to remain seated instead of rising, just how should we get word to them to remain in their seats?

A: I have attended many weddings, and at only one did I see the congregation remain seated as the bride entered. It is not only a matter of tradition that the congregation rise as the wedding march starts, but in most denominations it is a matter of regulation. The rising of the congregation is signaled by the rising of the bride's mother in the first pew on the left, who in turn gets her cue from the organist. Don't try to change this. "Offbeat" weddings disturb people. However, if the matter is optional in your denomination, your clergyman will tell you so if you discuss it with him.

I would like to hear from my readers if in their particular denominations the congregation is ever seated as the bride enters.

Tablecloth

Q: Must a dinner cloth table completely?

A: Yes, and it should have overhang. A tablecloth i datory on a dinner table formally set one. Mats are used nowadays. Howeve covered table is also ba

One of the Fami

Q: If one is a house gue hostess invites a local co dessert or a patio evening sits to the right of the hos a house guest and was se left of the host. The local seated at the right of th hostess.

A: If you had been a hou several days or perhaps a had always been seated at right when he and his together with you, or at ess's right when you we with other women and must have seemed perfec to the hostess to seat the l as she did. You were cons the time being, one of the

Eating Éclairs

Q: I am a 14-year-old girl. are served an éclair on plate with the éclair in o paper frills, should you r frill before you eat the éc into the éclair with your it is still in the frill? If y the frill, what do you do

A: Eat the éclair in the éclairs are sometimes of finger-food dessert. Whe served like this, you shoul frill and all, using the frill your fingers. You then c frill and dispose of it in venient way—in a near basket or in a large ashtra



Miss Vanderbilt welcom tions from readers, to be a in this column as space

A new booklet by Amy "Teen Manners," is now to JOURNAL *readers. Othe are: "Engagement and We quette," "Table Manners" Etiquette." Send 25c in co booklet ordered to Miss Am bilt, Box 1155, Weston, Co*

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Q: There is so much conflicting publicity about wills and probate today that my husband and I are completely confused. Why shouldn't we write our own wills and save huge legal fees? Our total "estate"—aside from my husband's life insurance—consists of our home, our car and a small stack of savings bonds in the safety deposit box.

A: Your will must be drawn—and your estate distributed—in accordance with the laws of your state, and this fact alone requires the guidance of a competent lawyer for even the smallest estate. A lawyer also may be an indispensable adviser on tax savings on your estate for you and your heirs and on how to minimize costly court proceedings by sound advance planning. His fee almost certainly will be less than $100. In some cases, a lawyer will draw a will for next to nothing.

Q: My wife and I want to give her younger sister enough money to pay her way through college. Will we have to pay gift tax on this gift?

A: Very likely not. You and your wife together may give away up to $6,000 a year per donee, free of gift tax—either from your own separate funds or by joining in "gift-splitting" if the money comes from only one of you. Furthermore, you and your wife are each entitled to a $30,000 lifetime exemption from gift tax. This means that if you give your wife's sister the entire amount in one year, up to $6,000 will be exempt from the gift tax because of your annual exclusions and any amount over $6,000 will be exempt from the gift tax under your lifetime exemptions (assuming you haven't already used up the amount by previous gifts). Of course, your wife's sister won't have to pay income tax on your gift. She will, though, have to pay income tax on any income that money earns for her from then on.

Q: I am a senior in high school now, and I must help my family pay my college costs. How much money can I expect to earn toward my education through summer jobs and part-time work at college?

A: The good news is that you can earn as much as *$5,000*, beginning with your pre-freshman summer job and ending with graduation from college—*IF* you plan ahead, develop some salable skill and save religiously as you go. This estimate includes $600 a year for summer jobs, $240 a year for work during other vacation periods and $450 for part-time work during each of your four years that school is in session. You can do this, too, without endangering your academic standing.

This total would be enough to finance most of the costs of attending many public colleges—or enough to pay nearly half the expenses at a typical private college.

Q: After subtracting our total gains on stock sales last year from our total losses, we had a "net capital loss" of $1,500. But the tax rulebook says we can only deduct a maximum of $1,000 of this amount from our $12,000 of other income in 1966. What abour our excess $500 in stock losses? Are these wasted as far as we're concerned?

A: They are *NOT* wasted. You can carry over excess capital losses for as many years as you can continue to use them up against capital gain, and against ordinary income, up to $1,000 a year when your losses exceed the year's gains.

Q: We bought our home 20 years ago, insured it for $20,000, and this has been our ceiling ever since. We know this coverage is inadequate today, but we can't decide how much more fire insurance we actually need to equal the original protection.

A: You are leaving yourselves open to financial disaster by not carrying more adequate fire insurance today. Since you bought your original $20,000 policy, the cost of actually replacing your home—on average—has more than doubled, to $41,360. It may even be higher in your particular area, depending on trends in local construction costs. Your fire insurance should be based on average construction costs in your area *today*.

Right now, in the *peak months for home fires*, get a realistic estimate of the actual replacement cost of your home and its contents and base the amount of your insurance protection on that estimate. Pledge also to review and, if necessary, to revise your fire insurance at least every three years.

Q: My daughter is 20 and is going steady with a boy only a few months older. I think she should be looking for a much more mature man who is already able to support her. She says I am old-fashioned and that most of her friends are going with boys near their own ages. I am 50, and was recently widowed, but I had many years of happiness with my husband because he was old enough to take care of me, and he did. Who's right?

A: Your daughter is—even though at 20 she is rather young for marriage in this era. The life span for men in our country is on average 6.8 years less than it is for women, and this is a key reason there are 8,815,000 widows in our land today, most of them over 45, and living as you are with only happy memories.

If your daughter marries at 20 a man of her age, her chances of widowhood before 65 are only one in three. But if she marries at 20 a man four years her senior, her chances of being widowed before 65 jump to 42 percent. By marrying partners of near equal age, our youngsters are enhancing their chances of surviving together through middle and old age.

Q: As an employer of 100 men and women, I resent the prospect of still another increase in Social Security taxes to finance a round of benefit increases. Hasn't anyon Washington heard about the "profit sque in this era of rising labor costs!

A: Sure "Washington" has heard al the "profit squeeze"—but the fact is retired individual is in the worst squ of all.

The 7 percent increase in benefits in did not make up for climbing living costs s the previous benefit hike. And the upsurg living costs in 1966 has now wiped out r of their 1965 gains.

Q: We made our first investment in the st market in 1966. Our goal is long-term gro but we're discouraged that the price of stock has actually declined. Should we se or hold on?

A: It depends, of course, on the stock chose to invest in. But if you bought a so company with solid prospects for fu growth, give your stock time to fulfill promise. Unless there has been a m change for the worse in your company o the basic economic factors affecting its cess—or unless your investigations indi you made a bad choice in the first place—l on for the long pull.

Q: I'm considering setting up a specialty f shop on my own. But I'm aware that th an era of big business and tight money, that small businesses are having a hard ti How can I improve my chances of maki financial go of it?

A: It's true that, today, your statist chances of success in a new small busi are less than 50-50. But far more import than the national trends are the specific tors that will spell success or failure for y own individual business. Here are the questions to ask yourself now:

1. Do you have considerable experie and know-how in the food specialty busin (Today, nine out of 10 business failures sult from inexperience or incompetence.)

2. Do you have a realistic goal—in te of your own competence and capital?



3. Are you prepared to commit yourself totally to your new business—not only in terms of working but also learning and teaching anybody who works for you—at least until your business is solidly established?

If you can honestly answer "yes" to e of these questions, your chances of succ are excellent. If you cannot, you should vest your time and money now in acquir experience, know-how, capital and credi and wait to make your move.

Miss Porter welcomes questions from read Those of general interest will be answered this column as space permits.

By Sylvia Porter

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PROJECT: YOU

The *Journal* staffers we photographed for our fashion story on page were perfected for the camera's all-seeing lens by Kenneth's Salon hairdos by Alan, makeup by Jackie and Hana. Each girl learned at le one thing about her own beauty and how to make the most of

Margaret Kadison, who's letting her short hair grow, learned how to cope with the problem of what to do with straggly ends at the in-between stage. Her hair was drawn back and gathered together under a big bow at the nape of her neck.





Julie Maxey, who normally wears almost no makeup, except for specia occasions, was delighted to see how much prettier she looked when a tawny-toned makeup base was used to brighten her olive-y complexion. She learned, too, how effectively gray and brown eye makeup play up her particular brand of looks.

Carol Phair's naturally dark eyebrows (right), looked unnatural with her naturally sunny blond hair. She learned from Kenneth's makeup specialists to "lighten" them with gray pencil. She also was pleased with the slightly poufed hairdo Alan gave her.



Martha Petra below, has pale skin, fair hair and eyes. Her features need color and definition. The technique s learned: light-blue shadow under the eyebrow; darker-blue shadow below that and a wide band of charcoal eyeline



Kay Bunker, right, learned that her long hair looks prettier when a few locks are tossed forward over her shoulder, to frame her face. She found that her deep-set eyes looked bigger after her eyebrows were plucked from underneath to a new, thinner line.



Pat Dowd, page 80, had been teasing her fine, long hair to give it more body. The result: lots of split ends, an overteased look. Alan added a fall for fullness and body without teasing. She liked it so much, she decided to buy one of her own.

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Helene Curtis
where beautiful young ideas begin





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The Man Who Knows A About Women—And Tell

By Barbara Walters, of N.B.C.'s *Today* Show

We were lunching in the posh hangout of rich and fashionable Manhattanites, and all the while the brilliant young man with the cherubic expression kept saying the most irreverent things about the most celebrated ladies:

"Barbra Streisand? A great personality, but she has nothing to do with fashion. I don't see why she was ever put on the best-dressed list."

"The Ford women? Anne Senior and her two daughters are all very nice, but most of the time they're overly dressed with too much hair."

Who would *dare?* The president in charge of the most deliciously gossipy newspaper in the country, that's who. John B. Fairchild, that's who, and fairer child of fairer fortune there has not recently been. In the colorful mélange that is the world of fashion and society today, John Fairchild, 39 and dimpled, is the barometer of who is news and therefore "in."

His newspaper bears the deceivingly banal name of *Women's Wear Daily* ("WWD" to intimates). Until six years ago it was just one of the nine successful but otherwise unremarkable trade papers of his family's publishing empire. Then, in 1960, young John came home from a training period in Paris to be publisher of *Women's Wear Daily*. Highly opinionated, but blessed with courage, curiosity and, above all, taste, he transformed the paper from a dry sheet, read in detail by needle-trade workers, to a juicy high-fashion and high-society report that is scanned with glee and terror by ladies who wouldn't know which end of a needle to thread. The next best thing to being at a party, they say, is to read about it in WWD, to see the exclusive pictures, and decipher WWD's original code names for the famous. For example, in WWD, GG is "Gorgeous George" Hamilton. "LL" is "Lovely Lynda" Bird Johnson. "Her Elegance" is Jacqueline Kennedy, and "Her Ultimate" is best-dressed socialite Mrs. Loel Guinness.

No hand-kisser he, Mr. Fairchild enjoys nothing more than a good feud, real or manufactured. WWD's most famous feud to date was with a personage no less well connected than Liz Carpenter, press secretary to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson. The feud began when WWD published a sketch of Luci's wedding gown in advance of the White House's release date. The White House retaliated by barring *Women's Wear* reporters from the wedding. But the paper had the last word. At wedding time, its reporters merely checked into a hotel right across from the White House, where most of the wedding bridesmaids and ushers were staying. By using their eyes and ears, the operatives from *Women's Wear* managed to know more about the wedding than most of the guests. And although Mrs. Carpenter made no attempt to hide her disp she did not cancel her subscri the paper.

Fairchild himself claims to l tle interest in fashion except sionally. "People take fashio too seriously," he declared. "I married to a fashionable wo wouldn't let her be written a spills over on her husband, ar is married, let's say, to a prof man, it can be very diffic embarrassing."

He takes great care to k personal life far from his busi tivities. At home in Connect rarely discusses fashion w lovely English wife, Jill, nor choose her clothes. "I just bills," he says. He attends v fashion shows, and skips the time parties to which he is inv invited. He has already wr nonfiction book about fashio currently at work on a novel about the women I know so w confided. "Those rich, fash women who have everything, consumed by their own ambit

Last year, Fairchild was pr to president of Fairchild Publi in charge of all of the compan pers. But *Women's Wear* still not only his philosophy but personal opinions. For instanc Jacqueline Kennedy is "beyon ion. A national monument."

That her sister, Lee Radziwi jects to *Women's Wear* beca always refer to her properly a Lee Radziwill, and she want called Princess or just plai Radziwill."

That Lady Bird Johnson " looks nice these days, much than she used to. But she compare to Jackie. There ju the romance."

That Princess Grace is "in M Who cares when she comes her sonally, I find her dumpy."

That Audrey Hepburn i gamine. That little-boy look ished now."

And that "good taste actua nothing to do with money. these women who dress too From the back, you can't t mothers from the daughters. ful. So are those falls of fak Who wants a wife to come hon take her hair off?"

Only once at our lunch did he at all suspect to me. That was when he said, "Most of what I know of these famous women I read in my own paper." Somehow I find that hard to believe.



END

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Why "Frodo Lives"

By Judith Crist

Sometimes the signs of the times sneak up on you. There's the boy wearing a button declaring that "Frodo Lives" and a chalked message on a fence urging us to "Go Go Gandalf." A teen-ager, announcing a "horrible song," chants, "Fifteen birds in five fir trees, their feathers were fanned in a fiery breeze. . . ." Two collegians pore over some scribble-scratches they describe as "Elvish calligraphy"; a lad who's long built a reputation as a non-reader is having his third go-round with a 1,300-page trilogy; a proud father notes that his 16-year-old daughter is an authority on Middle-Earth genealogy, and a dungareed pair in the local cola parlor greet each other with "May the hair on your toes grow longer." Reports from high schools and college campuses across the country confirm that this is going on all over.

What's going on all over is hobbitry, the latest fad of the nation's teen-agers, and distinguished by its seeming incongruity with our image of today's young people. Hobbitry is, at first glance, so totally at odds with the usual bemusements of the 10-to-20 set that grown-ups tend to look askance and away. At second glance, however, you might find out something reassuring about a generation whose enthusiasms almost automatically set adult teeth on edge.

The hobbit is a creation of J.R.R. Tolkien, a retired Oxford philologist who in his student days had a penchant for inventing languages and, finally, places and people to go with them. He invented the Elvish language, Middle-Earth as its place and hobbits as its speakers to amuse his own four children, and about 30 years ago published his first tale, *The Hobbit*. Fifteen years later he completed a 1,300-page trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*. The books attracted a small circle of admirers when they were published here a dozen years ago; republished in paperback, however, they started selling like pizzas, and instigated the formation of Tolkien societies and Elvish clubs in high schools and on campuses.

Hobbits, Mr. Tolkien explains, "are (or were) a little people, about half our height and smaller than the bearded Dwarves. There is little or no magic about them, except the ordinary everyday sort. . . ." They're plump and dress chiefly in green and yellow and go barefoot "because their feet grow natural, leathery soles and thick, warm brown hair like the stuff on their heads (which is curly); have long, clever brown fingers, good-natured faces and laugh deep, fruity laughs (especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it)."

Odd heroic characters, these, for a generation distinguished for its unclipped hair and unwashed atmosphere, its penchant for the premature cynicism of *Mad* magazine, its passivity that leads to experiments in sex and psychedelics because they're "easy." For the followers of the pow-bam-splat mock heroics of Batman, the anti-sociabilities of *The Catcher in the Rye* and all that is sick and black in the human comedy, the activities of the heroic hobbits seem even odder. Tolkien's first book tells of the adventures of hobbit Bilbo Baggins in discovering the One Ring of Power and bringing it back to his Shire, and the trilogy, which expands the fairy tale to epic proportions complete with genealogies and language keys and place names and maps galore, follows the adventures of Bilbo's nephew Frodo. There are battles and wars and contests, songs and chants and, above all, a prose of lyric simplicity to enchant the imagination. There's little sex; Lovely Ladies are rescued and heroes settle down with wives to write their histories.

It's all far from the hot-rod, folk-rock revolt image or the drug-inspired sensations so many are seeking—and yet it isn't, on reflection, surprising. Didn't we—in the midst of song sheets and Big Apples and jitterbugging—retreat into Romance, for that is basically what hobbit history is? True, we pursued it, in our post-fairy-tale days, through the *Aeneid* and the *Odyssey* and the *Idylls of the King* and Scott's novels—and none of these is fashionable and few are required reading anymore. Tolkien explains he has "tried to modernize the myths and make them credible"—as well as readable for a generation used to facile speech.

More important, no youngster is going to believe in a beautiful knight on a white charger whose strength is as the strength of 10 because his heart is pure. He knows too much history and/or sociology, alas, to find knighthood enchanting in its feudal backgrounds and to dream of Greek heroes and of gods who walked the earth. But give him hobbits—and he can escape to a never-never world that satisfies his 20th-century mind, because that world is meticulously constructed, from alphabet to topography to folk song to political structure to smoking habits. And once there they can find their private pleasure, for the author himself vows there is no message and no allegory, only a story for the reader's taking. The taking takes effort—and, amazingly, the "easiest way" generation is making that effort. Like revolt, retreat into a private world is another way for the young to spurn grown-ups. By instinct, I suspect, we'd like to leave hobbitry to them. But if, like me, you venture to explore Middle-Earth—well, my "Frodo Lives" button's right there in the top drawer of my desk. **END**



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ould you like to learn how the nation's leading diet experts and their families lose weight and keep it off? Here, for the st time, 87 authorities disclose exactly what, when and how they eat and exercise, and why they recently made important anges in their meals. You'll discover their private caloric secrets, and you'll even get to peek into their refrigerators!

THE DOCTORS' OWN DIET

By Peter and Barbara Wyden

oth of us have been overweight for more ars than we care to recall, and we are under- ndably envious of everybody who is not. rudgingly, we have begun to concede that ese Other Americans—the attractively trim es—must be eating less than we do and that ost of them must somehow be getting more ercise. But how did they do it? How did ey subdue their hunger pangs? How did ey manage to skimp on their favorite foods d drinks? How did they contrive to exert emselves physically when they, like the rest us, don't really have to? Surely these priv- ged citizens knew secrets that had been thheld from the rest of us.

Among the trimmest people we have met, it happens, are doctors who spend their es trying to persuade other people to take weight. And so we went to them with a quest nobody seems to have thought of be- re. "Don't tell us what you want us to do," said. "Tell us what you do yourselves, and hat your families do, to get trim and stay at way." We made this request to 87 lead- g diet specialists at the nation's most pres- ious universities, hospitals, clinics and Gov- nment agencies, and to every member of the te American Society for Clinical Nutrition. e also talked to many of their wives and ildren. These families generously agreed to en up their caloric private lives (and some- nes even their refrigerators) for our inspec- n, and the results add up to what may well today's biggest unreported diet news.

We discovered that there has long been a Doctors' Diet" that maxi mizes the chances more vigorous health and longer life, and it's high time that the rest of us knew all about it. Furthermore, within the last few years, many—indeed, probably most—of the best-informed physicians and nutritionists have quietly made substantial changes in the way they eat, drink and live. We will analyze these patterns here for the first time, including the way these experts' wives shop, cook and feed their children.

It all boils down to this: The doctors who have changed their habits to take advantage of the latest life-saving scientific findings *do* eat, drink and exercise very differently from most Americans, and so do their families; but nothing that these experts practice for their own health protection is particularly difficult to imitate by run-of-the-calorie dieters. In fact, you can live like the canniest, most up-to-date medical specialist simply by adapting the doctors' habits to your own accustomed ways.

We think this is astonishingly cheerful news because these doctors, as a group, are unquestionably the most knowledgeable nutrition authorities in the world today. They don't merely read the books and scientific papers on diets and dieting. They write them. They run the laboratories where most of the current diet information and treatments used by other doctors originated in the first place. These are the doctors whose speeches at medical conventions you see reported in your newspapers. We talked with 28 of them in detail, usually at leisure in their homes; another 66 responded to our 44-part questionnaire. (There were 87 in all because seven interviewees also filled out the questionnaire.)

Almost unexpectedly—they all turned out to be human.

For it's surprising, but true, that the experts are not ascetics or superhuman dieters. They shun almost no normal foods and, by and large, probably eat a more varied fare than most of us. They don't count calories. They're not forever "going on a diet"—or struggling with their consciences because they feel they should. They use no diet pills and no special diet foods. They don't give up most of their little personal food idiosyncrasies. They don't constantly sermonize their wives and children about the evils of eating. Like the rest of us, some doctors are still trying to stop smoking but find that they miss their cigarettes or cigars too much and that they gain weight when they give up tobacco.

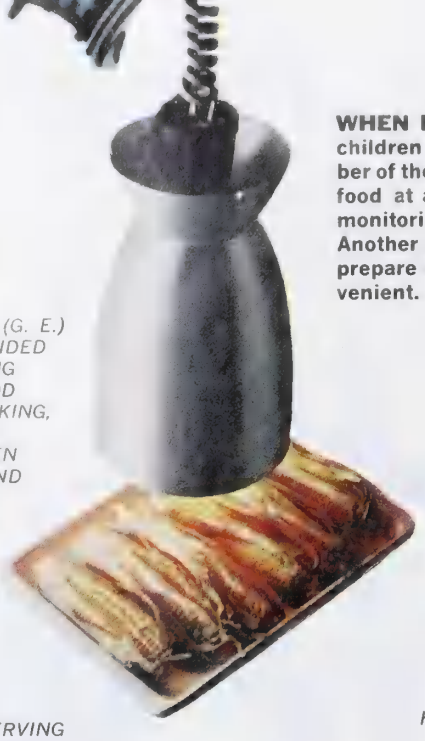
Of course, there are a few doctors who merely "eat to live" and never take a noontime break over anything but a tuna-fish sandwich without butter or mayonnaise. (One of them told us, "It would never occur to me to ask, 'What'll I have for lunch today?'") But this is a tiny minority. Far more typical is Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, director of the Heart Disease Control Section of the Chicago Board of Health, who confessed, "I have to struggle all the time. I love to eat."

Even Dr. Fredrick Stare, chairman of the Department of Nutrition at Harvard University's School of Public Health and one of the most zealous crusaders against caloric excesses, admitted wistfully: "I enjoy eating. It would have been most pleasant to have had a couple of sausages and a couple of fried eggs today for breakfast." *(continued on page 126)*

WHEN DAD IS LATE

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By MARGARET DAVIDSON, Home Management Editor



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Photographs by Ben Somoroff. Illustrations by Gerry Gersten



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WHEN DAD IS LATE

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OVEN CONTROL TAKES CLOCK-WATCHING OUT OF OVEN COOKING. THIS SPACIOUS OVEN CAN BE SET TO COOK FOOD UNTIL IT'S DONE, THEN AUTOMATICALLY TURNS ITSELF DOWN TO SERVING TEMPERATURE. FOOD CAN BE KEPT THERE, THEN SERVED DIRECTLY FROM OVEN AT DINNER TIME. WHIRLPOOL.





AUTOMATIC SURFACE UNIT CAN BE SET AT "HOT" FOR BROWNING MEATS, AT "WARM" FOR KEEPING FOODS HOT, OR AT ANY TEMPERATURE IN BETWEEN. THE CONTROL IN CENTER OF THE UNIT DOES THE POT-WATCHING. IT'S ESPECIALLY DESIGNED TO BE USED WITH FLAT-BOTTOMED ALUMINUM UTENSILS. PHILCO.

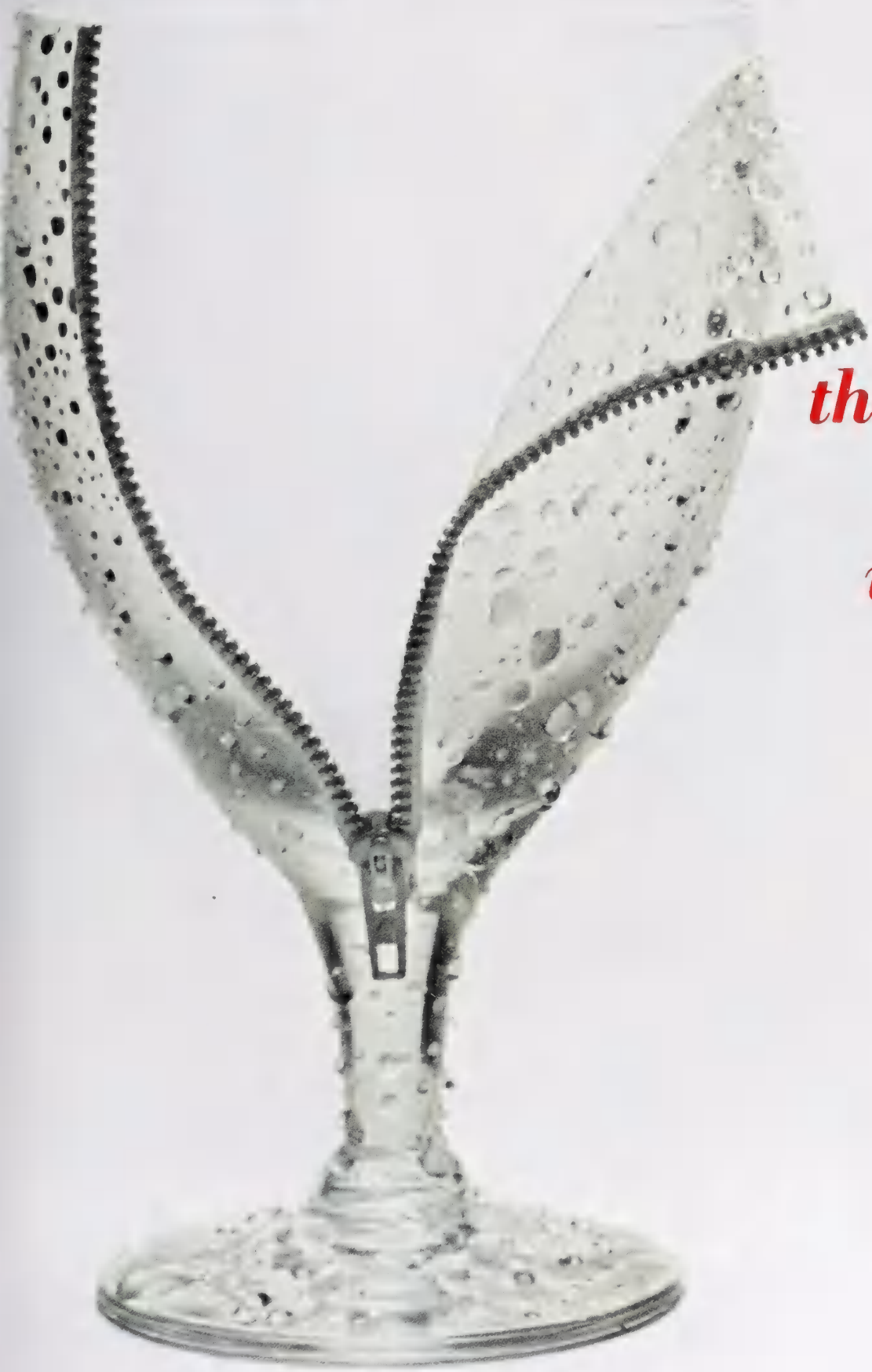


WARMING DRAWER IS BUILT INTO A CABINET UNDER A COUNTER, AND PIPING-HOT FOOD CAN BE TRANSFERRED TO IT DIRECTLY FROM THE RANGE. CONTROLS CAN BE ADJUSTED TO RETAIN THE DESIRED DEGREE OF MOISTURE—MEATS STAY JUICY, ROLLS STAY CRISP. THERMADOR.



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have it even better. That's what the experts said at a Ladies' Home Journal-Kelly Girl F

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES IS OVE WHO WON? WE DID.

Women have never had it so good. They have rights and opportunities today the likes of which the Western world has never seen—and their future is going to be even better. This was the collective opinion of 10 distinguished panelists—sociologists, anthropologists, economists and lawyers—who participated in a seminar on the future of women sponsored jointly by the Ladies' Home Journal and Kelly Services, Inc., which, with its Kelly Girl Division, is one of the largest employers of women in the country. Three hundred female opinion-makers attended the seminar and applauded the news of the great advances made by the sex that no one would dare to call "weaker" any more.

Indeed, women today are in many respects much better off than men. What do they have that men don't? The gentlemen of the panel pointed it out repeatedly: choices.

Women can now work continuously, not at all, or assume any role in between. They can marry or not, early or late, permanently or frequently. They can have children or not, and decide how many and when. In other words, they can do anything men can do, and then some.

Women's legal rights, too, have reached historic level. Attorney Harriet Pilpel, a lovely example of how to stay soft and feminine while succeeding at the bar, put to rest any complaint that women are second-class citizens under the law. "They can own and dispose of their own property, work and keep their earnings, will their belongings with no greater restrictions than men, and they have an equal voice in the care and upbringing of their children. Indeed," she pointed out, "they are 'more equal' than men in some respects since they have a legal right to be supported by their husbands, and, in case of a divorce, usually get custody and control of the children."

Job opportunities, too, are better than ever, one expert said, and women are taking advantage of them. Forty-six percent of all American women between the ages of 18 and 64 are now in the nation's labor force, and in the future only one in 20 women will go through life without ever working at all.

How important is this fact to the rest of our society?

Question, from Dr. Mary Calderone, director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States: "If every working woman in the United States stayed home on a given business day, what would happen?"

Answer, from Mary Keyserling, director of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor: "The economy would fall apart."

Dr. Eli Ginzberg, Columbia University economics professor and chairman of the National Manpower Advisory Committee, supported this view: "It is the woman who is the mainstay of the middle-class family in America. There is no possibility of ever ejecting her from the labor force again without undermining the American economy." (Several gentlemen mumbled that they wished *they* had that kind of job security.)

Moreover, today it's no longer mostly young women who work. The period in a woman's life when she is most likely to be employed is between the years of 45 and 54. More than half women now in that age bracket hold jobs Mrs. Keyserling said she believed that this indication that women "seek wider horizons" their children are grown.

Dr. Ginzberg offered a different theory. troduced it with "a very simple story to ma point. . . . If you go and look at New England teries, you see John Smith buried with hi wives laid out alongside of him. In the twe century, you go to Woodlawn and see Jane buried with four husbands alongside of her.

"The point is," he continued, "that women very long time in our modern age. One quar all you women in this room will live to be a eighty-five, and if there are even slight imp ments in health, you'll live longer. If you liv long and if you tend to marry men older than selves, you have to recognize that you will b ows for a long time. These are just the facts Therefore, part of the explanation for Mrs. K ling's data, I'm convinced, is that women w be a bit more secure because they really anti a longer period of not having their hus around."

Dr. Ginzberg also felt that the divorce rat factor: "You cannot have an increase in what the 'pattern of sequential marriages' without of women instinctively realizing that you just know what the silly man you married might d might pick himself up and disappear. So it is forting to be able to earn your own living."

Since working women are now a reality r than a topic for discussion, many adjustments follow, not only in public attitudes, but in th ditions of work itself. This was the theme of i sioned comments by Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, nent psychiatrist, author and *Journal* contrib "If you consider work an important part of a an's life," he said, "then special arrangements to be made for the place and hours of work a children during these hours, so that mother and work will not interfere with each other bu be mutually supportive."

Day-care centers with highly trained pers are now absolutely essential, Dr. Bettelheim and in order to get these centers operating, we understand that children will benefit from th much as mothers will.

"I also believe," he said, "that if we are se about work being part of the woman's life, em ers will have to make arrangements so that ing mothers can be just that, namely, mothers also work. Certainly there must be a shorter ing day for mothers, a closer working to home considerable flexibility of working hours—a bility that permits them to absent themselves work when the child needs them."

Work hours are going to have to be more fle for everyone in the future, if the future turn the way physicist Herman Kahn sees it. Mr. K is head of the Hudson Institute, a research la tory that is engaged, among other things, in a s of the quality of life in the last quarter of this tury. We pass his predictions on to you with th minder that this is his scenario, not necessarily

Mr. Kahn sees reliable drugs for birth co weight control, appetite control, mind co pleasure control, and some genetic control. A that isn't enough to give you sweet dreams of he also mentioned there would be ways to mo all citizens who might be out of control.

According to Mr. Kahn, (*continued on page*

Assessing the role of women at a Ladies' Home Journal-Kelly Girl seminar (reading from top): Dr. Richard Farson, Dr. Mary Calderone, Journal *editor John Mack Carter, Mary Keyserling, and Dr. Ashley Montagu. All agreed, along with six other speakers, that the women of this country are at the threshold of a golden era.*

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The Cup of Sorrow in Every Woman's Life

P. L. TRAVERS is, well, Mary Poppins. She keeps saying firmly that she isn't, but nobody quite believes her. A distinguished poet and writer of children's tales, she is best known, to her own surprise, as the creator of the most famous—and certainly the flightiest—nanny in the world. Last year Miss Travers accepted an invitation to become Radcliffe College's first writer-in-residence. The following conversation was recorded by writer Janet Graham in Miss Travers' beautiful 200-year-old house in London shortly before her departure for Cambridge, Mass., where her arrival touched off demonstrations by enthusiastic Harvard men and Radcliffe girls welcoming Mary Poppins to Harvard Square. She is now at Smith College.

"She lives near the King's Road, not far from the pub known as the World's End," friends told me. *East of the Sun, and West of the Moon,* I thought. What address more apt for the elusive creator of Mary Poppins, who has shunned personal publicity all her life and who once said her heart's desire was to be called Anon.

I stood on her threshold wondering what her first words wou give you Three Wishes . . ." or possibly, smelling the bl journalist, "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum . . ."? The door stood open, and end of a long, dark passage a voice rang out:

"Do you know anything about washing machines?"

Quite properly, hers is a world where magic meets rea pressed a few knobs, cast a few spells, and got the machine goi She gazed at it, entranced. "You see, everyday life *is* a mirac

Then, "Shall we go upstairs to my studio? After you."

Halfway up the stairs, I paused, my hand on the banister stole a look behind me. I had to know: Would she slide up to But the author of *Mary Poppins* walked up, in the usual mann

We talked about pigs, proverbs, plum cake, and the wishes. Then, in answer to my questions, the w has brought boundless joy to millions of chil grownups began to talk of joy, happiness and

P. L. TRAVERS: Real happiness can exist, I think, only in direct relation to sorrow: either the cessation of sorrow, or sorrow accepted and digested. I know that sorrow lies like a heartbeat behind everything I have written; perhaps it is a necessary element of joy.

When accepted with open arms, sorrow can be not only borne but lived with, respected; even, if you are lucky, loved because it teaches you so much. If sorrow is not accepted, it becomes resignation, misery, or, most debased of all, self-pity. But true sorrow is productive: it can bear fruit.

JANET GRAHAM: **Do women, by their very fruitfulness, know more of sorrow than do men? I remember Eve's punishment was "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children. . . ."**

P.L.T.: I would not like to say they "know" more of sorrow, but it may be one of woman's purposes in life to bear something of the sorrow of the world; indeed, I sometimes think that our whole meaning may lie in that verb "to bear." Some of us bear the sorrows which inevitably go with having children; others bear the grief of having no child, and this may be infinitely more painful.

J.G.: As painful as the sorrow of growing old, perhaps?

P.L.T.: The sorrow of aging—ah, yes, that's a sorrow that happens all through life. Because every stage of growth is a parting with something—parting is always dying a little—and a going to meet another thing unknown.

J.G.: People today seem to be almost ashamed of showing grief. If someone suffers a tragedy in silence, everybody says approvingly, "She's taking it very well." Is this *really* taking it very well?

P.L.T.: Ah, well . . . in England we are apt to set great store by showing a "stiff upper lip"—a feature that is not always becoming. And I try to discourage it in children. For a boy to be told, "Boys don't cry"—how difficult! How repressive! A child, to be able to recover quickly, needs to go to the full of his grief.

J.G.: Even though the cause of the child's sorrow may seem to us a very trivial thing?

P.L.T.: Trivial or not, it may be true, nonetheless. You see, the cup of sorrow is always full. For the grown-up it's a flagon, for the child it's a thimble, but it's never less than full. Children may feel their inability to carry this full cup, that it's more than they can bear—particularly when they're not quite sure or clear in their minds what the cup is full of.

Nevertheless, it's something one should be grateful for, at any age, a brimming cup; it has its rewards, though you have to go as delicately as Agag in order not to spill it.

J.G.: But shouldn't one try to protect children from sorrow—from the truth about death, for instance, until they can handle it?

P.L.T.: What more can you give children than the *truth*, bitter and difficult though it sometimes is? Any distortions of truth are s to make in their presence. You will remember, in my story o *Delaney*, the Irish groom, and how when he died the parer thought of hiding it from the children. They had loved Johnn not least because he despised formal education and insisted should be taught only "singing, and dancing, and a thorough edge of the stars and constellations."

And these he used to teach them night after night, as we noble art of spitting: the long spit, the drop spit and the over-the-shoulder spit.

Well, when they were told of Johnny's death, one of the remarked calmly, "Now we can have his emu's egg."

"Oh, heartless, heartless," cried the mother, looking at th frightened eyes, seeing perhaps her own death and the four wrangling over her jewels.

But they were not heartless, they were using a common device to protect themselves from disaster. Children have str deep emotions, but no mechanism to deal with them. If once their hearts fill up, they know they will be drowned. So they the nearest material thing to keep down the rising flood.

The amulet of the children in the story was the emu's e fold in healing magic, holding within it Johnny's death, an ing them safely past it.

J.G.: Then there is the grief of losing things. One man I know his sixties, is still resentful because his mother gave away h lantern while he was at boarding school. When he came h holiday, he found it had gone forever.

P.L.T.: It is always difficult for a grown-up to realize how a child's inner life is bound up with a particular possession. remember, a beloved doll, with a clear, serene china face. A was my mother trying to tidy up the room, putting the toys the cupboard, and being daintily, fiercely cross. She was lik in a forest, her eyes sparkling with a kind of doe-like rage. La she picked up the doll. "Put it away yourself," she said, an it, with a ferocious gesture, to where I sat on the bed. But I my arms a moment too late, and the doll's face struck the iro and shattered to smithereens.

"Mother, you've killed her!" I cried in despair—feeling th in my own body.

My mother sat down and wept. Her tears fell slowly into She picked up the broken china pieces and cradled the bod arms. "Forgive me, forgive me," she said to the doll, but I k was speaking to me. All my life I've remembered this scene. grieving, and even then I somehow knew it, not merely for the doll, but because she had hurt her child. *(continued on p*

Illustrations by Werner Kappes



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My husband brought home Cold Power and I had a fit." Writes Mrs. Paul A. Smith, Dobbs Ferry, New York

husband did me a favor on Saturday and hopping for me. Instead of bringing home al detergent, he got Cold Power. I had a I had a pile of laundry so I had to use it y and I have never been so happy with ults.

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Mrs. Paul A. Smith



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Let's see now...Liver & Chicken, Kidney & Chicken, Giblets & Turkey, Fish & Chicken, Chicken & Egg, Turkey & Bacon, Chicken, Turkey, and Tuna & Kibbled Chunks...all in single-serving cans (no leftovers).

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J.G.: Parents ache with remorse at hurting their children, but don't children also ache at hurting their parents?

P.L.T.: Yes, indeed! Disobedience to parents can be one of the great sorrows of childhood. In fact, the naughty child often sorrows from a deep longing to be good—you may remember that I wrote about this in *Mary Poppins*, in a story called *Bad Tuesday*. Whenever I was bad-tempered or cross, the grown-ups would reproach me and say, "Aha, the black dog is on your back!" And sometimes I could even feel the weight of him sitting on my shoulder, breathing down my neck. But then, at long last, the magic would happen, for some unknown reason the crossness would melt away and the black dog would vanish. And then I would be so at peace with myself that I would feel for a moment in love with the whole world.

J.G.: How can a child learn compassion, or pity for someone other than himself?

P.L.T.: I don't think that compassion or pity are things to be asked of children. They can't afford them—they haven't enough emotional money in the bank. These are difficult feelings even for grown-ups. I clearly remember the first time I felt compassion, or feeling-with, when I was about six. I was resting by my mother in her big bed on a Sunday afternoon, with a bright tropical sun outside, and the blinds half down. She was reading aloud the story of the Crucifixion from a book of Bible stories called *Peep of Day*. There I lay beside her, with my head pressed into the pillow, swollen with tears, flooded with grief.

"What on earth is the matter?" she demanded, looking at my sodden face.

"I'm drowning, I'm drowning," I cried to her, and I really thought I was.

"Nonsense," she said sensibly. "Take my handkerchief. Wipe your eyes! Blow your nose, you look awful. Now, tell me what it's about?"

"I'm so *sorry* for that poor man!" I said, blubbering.

That was the last straw. "Really," she said, looking like an outraged deer, "I take the time to read to you when I should be resting, and all you do is lie here and cry and feel sorry for a poor man. Dry your eyes and don't worry. It was a *long*, long time ago."

But the truth was that it was only a long, long time ago for *her*. She had forgotten that for children it is always the present and that it is possible for them momentarily to drown in despair for poor men everywhere because they know nothing of time.

They do not even know that the sun will rise again tomorrow—at least they cannot be sure. As a child I always had a terrible moment of sadness at sunset—indeed I often have it still—when the sun was going over, the day was [illegible] and the friendly, collecting [illegible] not yet come. I would experience sorrow for something—what I didn't know—and I would rush lighted house for comfort. Many children feel this.

And, as with the sun, so with the moon. Some years ago, I had a child four staying with me; it had been a full moon some days before, and the moon was waning. He came running to me in tears, sobbing, "It is broken, the moon is broken!" No explanation would convince him, so we had to mend it together every night for two weeks until it was whole again.

J.G.: He was lucky in being able to communicate his grief to you. So few children ever really listen to small children. They are one of the great misunderstood minorities, unrepresented and unheard.

P.L.T.: Yes, they are in some ways like the inhabitants of an occupied city, a city which has been overrun by a race of grown-ups, with their incomprehensible laws and ridiculous demands.

I had to stop a young child one day doing something which he desperately wanted to do. At first he was sullen, feeling the need of an excessive tantrum. But, having no awful swear words at hand, he looked at me in a frenzy of despair, tears running down his face, and cried, "Oh, you are a . . . you are a . . . you are a BEASTLY person!"

That phrase has stuck with me in sorrow. If he'd used some rude and blasphemous epithet, I could have forgiven him. But "beastly person" had in it all the anger and frustration, but all the love at failing to make me understand.

It is a true anguish for a child not to be able to communicate his feelings to the adults around him. I used to watch my parents and think silently, "You amaze me! You've learned so much, you've lived so long; and yet you cannot hear, you can't answer my questions, you can never, never enlighten me."

And I often wonder: Are there perhaps children now around me, secretly looking at me and saying, "She cannot tell me, she doesn't know."

This, perhaps, is one of *my* sorrows.

I left P. L. Travers, haunted by question, yet more certain than of the answer. The author of *Poppins* is one of those rare gi who have not forgotten; she h joined that tall, remote, unlisten of occupation. Readers of he recognize this strange quality i of one drawing an unbroken through the adult maze, back moods and thoughts of childhoo were not so, why should a st have written her this letter, poignant proposal:

"Dear Madum: Will you m *when you grow up?*"



"I suppose you want the day off."



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Nobody in public life in America today excites more interest—and in some circles, more controversy—than Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Is he as Machiavellian as his critics claim? Why was he so very close to his brother, the late President? What common outlook on life did they share? Why did he finally run for elective office? Here is a unique view from one who knows him as few others do, his sister-in-law, Jacqueline Kennedy:

THE REAL ROBERT F. KENNEDY

"If you were able to survive what happened in November and go on with life as it had to be gone on with—it made you deeper and older beyond your years—that makes you more reflective—you have seen too much. □ I think he is the most compassionate person I know, but probably only the closest people around him—family, friends and those who work for him—would see that. □ People of private nature are often misunderstood because they are too shy and too proud to explain themselves. Their actions can be called Machiavellian or aloof, or whatever, by people who don't understand them. You don't want others to know your emotions, so you won't open up; and you give people your actions alone to judge you by, which sometimes isn't enough, especially for people who want to embrace you. □ Part of it is upbringing. President Kennedy had a horror at the doctrinaire, which I think he got from education, travel, the different groups he lived among, and reading history. That was the family atmosphere, and it rubbed off on everyone. I remember in the early days of my marriage being always surprised at political discussions at the Kennedys. They would often concede the points of the other side in the midst of some heated talk. In the political arguments I had heard before, I was used to hearing one side taken violently and any consideration of the opposite viewpoint was heresy. I began to think that that kind of doctrinaire thinking is what leads to wars, and that the most important quality in a politician is an ability to understand the other side, even if he opposes it. □ Why did he run for elective office? I think he might have run for elective office at some time in his life—had President Kennedy lived—because I think he would have wanted to remain in public service or government. Second, he wanted to carry on, of course."

(For a "How America Lives" report on the Robert F. Kennedy family, please turn the page.)

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A KENNEDY



Photographs by

Senator Robert F. Kennedy does a lot more than toughen his eldest son Joe in touch-football games. He and Mrs. Kennedy encourage all nine of their children to pursue high standards of excellence—and often use fun and games to teach the hard lessons of life. Here's what happened when the *Journal* spent a weekend at Hickory Hill, the Kennedys' estate outside Washington—and tried to persuade this super-energetic, fiercely competitive clan to sit still (sit still?) for a revealing family portrait.



"Bobby and my children are really the only things that count," says Ethel Kennedy.

BY GAIL CAMERON

It was Saturday morning at Hickory Hill, the sprawling 10-acre home of Senator and Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy in McLean, Va., six miles outside Washington. The hour was still early, and the surrounding countryside had not yet stirred. Hickory Hill, however, had erupted. *Voom! Pow!* It was like walking into central headquarters of the go-go generation.

"Do you *dare* me to jump off the roof of the shed?" shrieked Kerry, a dainty 7-year-old blonde, vaulting through the air from the wide stone terrace into the center of a huge bush; overhead at the same second a freckle-faced 11-year-old boy came hurtling out of a 300-year-old hickory tree on a Tarzan rope.

"That's David," announced a white-uniformed woman, as she bolted briskly down the hill carrying a folding playpen. "He's the tough one."

"*I'm Batman!*" David bellowed, as he took off like a rocket after Bobby, 13, who had been vigorously chinning himself, and Michael, 8, who materialized out of nowhere. Now they were shooting across the lawn, blasting through bushes, trampling plants, tearing up the side of the house, onto the roof, down the other side, back up, ("grab him, he's slipping," "you touch me and you'll be sorry") in an upstairs window and out of sight.

Good grief, I can remember thinking, *it's all true.*

A workman now came rumbling around the corner driving a multicolored carnival cart, usually spilling over with children, but at the moment carrying only Panda, a big, shaggy sheepdog, and Brumus, a gargantuan black Newfoundland, both asleep. From the stable in the opposite direction, a dazzling-pink golf cart was careening across the grass with 10-year-old Courtney at the wheel; it roared past the big trampoline near the pool, neatly crushed a Huckleberry Hound coloring book, ran over a yellow Peanuts sweatshirt emblazoned "To dance is to live—to live is to dance," deftly missed a gardener and headed straight for the tennis court. Joe, 14, was taking a lesson, and Christopher, 3, and Matthew Maxwell Taylor, 2, were giddily emptying a fat wastebasket full of tennis balls, gleefully rolling them in every direction.

Ethel Kennedy, looking like a mod mom in pink and white shorts and a floppy pink sun hat, was talking on a white phone, trying to get the directions to Potomac, Md., where Kathleen, 15, oldest of the brood and only absent member, was competing in a horse show at the Potomac Polo Club, riding two of the family horses, Geronimo and Attorney General.

"*The filly is back!*" shrieked Courtney, as if bringing the good news from Aix to Ghent. "That's a *baby*, Christopher, just like *you!*" At this bulletin, Christopher dropped everything, including his pants, and stumbled off in the direction of the stable yelling, "*Baby . . . baby . . . baby,*" followed in a flash by Matthew, who immediately fell flat on his face in the grass. Courtney swept him up, and they headed for the riding ring, where Kerry, perched high on a fence, was already screaming at them, "Do you *dare* me to jump in the ring with Killarney and the filly? Or should I climb up on the roof and jump off?"

The former Attorney General and current junior senator from New York was at present in conference behind a hedge, talking earnestly with several intense, athletic-looking aides who were briefing him on South Africa, which the Kennedys would be visiting in a few weeks; he simultaneously soaked up sun on his already deeply tanned face, as they sat, stretched out in chaise longues at one end of the long swimming pool, into which some of the most illustrious names (*continued on page 142*)



All the Kennedy kids are athletic, competitive—and unspoiled by their fame.



Hickory Hill is like a busy day camp. Here Sen. Kennedy enjoys a moment of repose.





JOURNAL

Fashion Testing at the Journal

Clothes you see each month in the *Journal* aren't picked looks alone. Though we'd never dream of showing anything that isn't chic and pretty, our fashion staff is determined to be sure that every single suit, coat, dress, accessory we use really lives up to its looks. How? First we comb "the market," often visiting as many as 100 manufacturers a month, to select what we think is best. When everything is gathered together at the *Journal* offices, our own special process of selection and rejection begins. We ask *Journal* staff members with good but typical (not model-perfect) figures to try on these clothes in front of a full-length mirror, to walk in them, sit in them, see how they look and feel under live-action conditions. In short, we scrutinize these clothes as carefully as you would, if you were buying for yourself. Here, four pages of spring coats that came through with flying colors, all worn by *Journal* staffers. **BY TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor**

Fiction department secretary CAROL PHAIR, *opposite, travel-tests a sunny yellow coat by Gunter for Ginala. Of puffed wool ottoman, 5–13, 6–14, $100. Lesco Lona bag; shoes by Mademoiselle.*

Beauty assistant KAY BUNKER *sets a beautiful example on her way to a photographic session. The coat: of wool plaid by Ken Meritt for Braetan, 3–13, about $60. KJL earrings; Kayser gloves; Greta handbag.*



Journal Miss *editor* MARGARET KADISON *calls in on the teen circuit. Her wave-length wool coat by Faye Wagner for Dani Jr. comes with a sleeveless white sheer wool dress. 3–13, $125, including dress. Handbag by Tano.*



by David Montgomery. Hairdos by Alan of Kenneth.



On-the-run fashion assistant PAT DOWD *gets coffee to go. Her dashing military-look coat by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. Of wool gabardine, 5–15, 6–16, $110. Julianelli shoes at Lord and Taylor. Bagatelle bag.*



Assistant fashion editor MARTHA PETRASH *catches a cab in a taxicab-yellow coat by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. Of wool gabardine, 5–15, 6–16, $110. Bag by Greta, KJL earrings, Burmel scarf.*

Production assistant JULIE MAXEY, *opposite, stops for a paper in a newsy white wool billiard-cloth coat by Luba for Elite Juniors, 5–13, $110. Comes with matching skirt and yellow wool jersey T-shirt.*

All fashions at Bonwit Teller, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago; I. Magnin, West Coast. Prices slightly higher on West Coast.


Newsweek

Mr. Catesby Brings It Of



Much as they feared the Captain, their romance blossomed and thrived, against a background of weirdly named animal ailments.

Copyright © 1965 by John Moore. From his book of short stories, "Among the Quiet Folks," recently published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Illustrations by Ron Chereskin



The Captain was in his fifties, a tough old bird not easily tricked; but Catesby thought himself a clever bloke—and the girl was too pretty to resist. Besides, there was the farm she'd inherit.
By JOHN MOORE

ghts grew cold after his wife ran away, Captain courted the blond barmaid he Lion, and soon he brought her to hi-detached house on the cliffs over- Swansea Bay. To the neighbors he ed her as his housekeeper; but the ad come into disrepute lately through ke on the part of a local weekly, which inted an elderly farmer's advertise- or *Housekeeper, single, 25–30, strong, l, willing* in the column headed LIVE- AND PETS. So the neighbors disbelieved ptain's story, and their giggles and hurt his pride.

ought a remote little farm among the ins, at a place called Cwm-y-Rwyddfa tled down there with his girl. He ar- to have her surname changed by deed d innocently supposed that everybody about would assume that she was his ar from it: the postman, the policeman, nister from Chapel Bethesda, and an C.A. inspector known as Roberts the who came prying round and accused starving his cows—all assumed that a widower and that Myfanwy was his *r*. He was too proud to argue with rs about his private affairs, so the girl ed his daughter as far as Cwm-y- lfa was concerned. This did not dis- Myfanwy, who would smile to herself t now and then.

tain Salvador Miguel Meredith-Jones that time a man well into his fifties, nosed and handsome, not unlike the s of Satan in Victorian editions of *se Lost*, but with a large black mus- which he touched up with a little dye ver it showed signs of becoming griz- His mother had been Spanish, and he ever forgotten the language which he rned at her knee; he had a great store proverbs, which he translated for My- s benefit. She didn't much like them, y were what she called sarky. He knew well, for his Welsh father had owned small steamers which carried coal to tar and brought back ore from Ruelva, il from Málaga, oranges from Almería. or himself had gone to sea when he xteen and had got his master's ticket he was thirty; but when his father died, him a little fortune, he immediately to "look after his money."

Captain looked after his money so hat his wife, fed up with his cheese- , went off with an open-fisted bookie rumpled pound notes into little balls uffed them into his trouser pockets.

The Captain had refused to divorce her, detesting equally the scandal and the expense. In all respects he became increasingly mean; but this troubled Myfanwy less than you might think, for she was a young woman who took the long view: the less he spent now, the more there would be in the bank when he was gone. She noticed that he became chesty in the cold weather and coughed dreadfully at night. His heart was apt to pitter-patter, he said; and she remembered him telling her that his father had gone sudden, with his heart. When she suggested calling a doctor, he quoted one of his Spanish proverbs: "God cures the patient, and the medico pockets the fee!" Later that evening he suddenly quoted another: "More people have died because they made their will than because they were sick"—causing Myfanwy a moment of dismay, for in her mind she had been buying herself a nice little house not too far from the lights of London, and a leopard-skin coat, and a small car, and a pleasure cruise in a liner, where sitting at a cocktail bar or splashing in a swimming pool she would at last meet Mr. Right.

Meanwhile, she was not discontented with Cwm-y-Rwyddfa farm. She'd been brought up in the country; and now she milked the cows, fed the pigs and looked after the chickens. When two of the ewes died, she enjoyed bringing up their lambs on the bottle. As for the Captain, she was really quite fond of him in a way, despite his meanness and his sarkiness now and then. She was a little frightened of him, too, which made life less dull than it might have been at Cwm-y-Rwyddfa.

Indeed, the couple might have continued to live at Cwm-y-Rwyddfa farm happily until death did them part but for one of the cows falling sick, and the Captain ringing up the new young vet rather than the old one, because he reasoned that the new vet might be both cheaper and more up-to-date.

A glow of yellow lamplight in the windows of the farmhouse gave it an air of comfort and homeliness which appealed to the young vet, who knew little of either. He lodged with a gaunt and bearded female called Mrs. ApHugh, who treated him not half so well as her yapping Peke or her cat. She would slap down before him a tepid pot of tea and a nearly cold plate covered by a quite cold plate enclosing a small piece of fatty bacon and a broken egg fried into a shapeless slab, and she would say in her menacing fashion: "There's your breakfast, Mr. Catesby, and I trust you'll have no niggling complaints this morning." Then she would coo to the cat: "Did it want the top of the milk with all the lovely cream on it then?"

This morning Mr. Catesby had missed his breakfast altogether. He had been called to a calving case, and when he got back it was too late even for the fried egg. "You cannot expect to treat my house as a hotel, Mr. Catesby." As he set out empty-bellied on his rounds, self-pity seeped through him with the dank November cold. He thought of all the things he would say to the bearded hag if ever he won a football pool. He cursed the lazy old skinflint for whom he worked as Assistant with a View to Partnership—if indeed he could ever afford to buy his share of the practice. He coveted the luck of film stars and heavyweight boxers and playboys who married heiresses. He gave himself indigestion with resentment and envy and with the lumpy cheese sandwiches he gobbled for lunch. At three o'clock he rushed back to his Small Animals Clinic, which he hated because he'd acquired a distaste for small animals through his acquaintance with his landlady's cat and Pekingese. Then, just as he was looking forward to thawing out his legs before the gas fire in his digs, the surgery telephone rang, and a man with a damnably imperious voice was saying "This is Captain Meredith-Jones of Cwm-y-Rwyddfa." Another of those Welsh tongue-twisters! Mr. Catesby hated Wales because it was the native land of Mrs. ApHugh. "Spell it, please," he said, and the man did so.

And here it was, ghost-gray in the fading light, lonely at the top of the valley between the steep hills; but it looked wonderfully welcoming to Mr. Catesby as he went up to its front door. He could smell bread baking, and he wondered whether he would be offered some tea. If a man had a pretty young wife for company, he thought, one who could bake and roast and make a Yorkshire pudding like his mother had done in Huddersfield, it wouldn't be a bad life, even in this cold and lonely back-of-beyond. Mr. Catesby was impressed by the contrast between the farm's snug security and the wildness of the surrounding hills. He would like to lie in a feather bed cozy beside that Yorkshire-pudding-maker and, as he cuddled her, hear the bitter wind blowing round the chimney pots.

So he was thinking, when the door was opened and there stood just such a plump and cozy girl as might indeed have warmed a man at the chilliest season. Because of what was in his mind he felt himself blushing, and she stared at him in surprise, as if to say: "The new young

(*continued on page 138*)



They held hands behind hayricks and snatched kisses in cowsheds.

HOUSE OF FRESH-CUT COLOR

BY MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor

Almost everything that Jack Baker does, he does with flowers in mind. As a painter, Baker says they're his favorite subjects. At home, he devotes every spare second to growing them in great abundance. His enthusiasm for flowers, his fascination with their strong, clear colors, is reflected in every corner of the Baker family's transformed carriage barn in Santa Barbara, California.

To the first-time visitor, the message is immediate and exciting—transmitted through Jack Baker's exuberant flower paintings and the masses of flowers brought in from his own garden (looking as though they'd been scooped up in armfuls and dropped in bunches into every imaginable kind of container: wicker baskets, clay pots, painted metal tubs, papier-mâché and wood buckets—a glass jar or coffee can set inside to hold water.). There is, too, the surprise of furniture painted in vibrant, flower-garden colors—all this against a unifying background of white walls. And here and there, throughout the house, unmistakable evidence of an understanding and appreciation of primitive design.

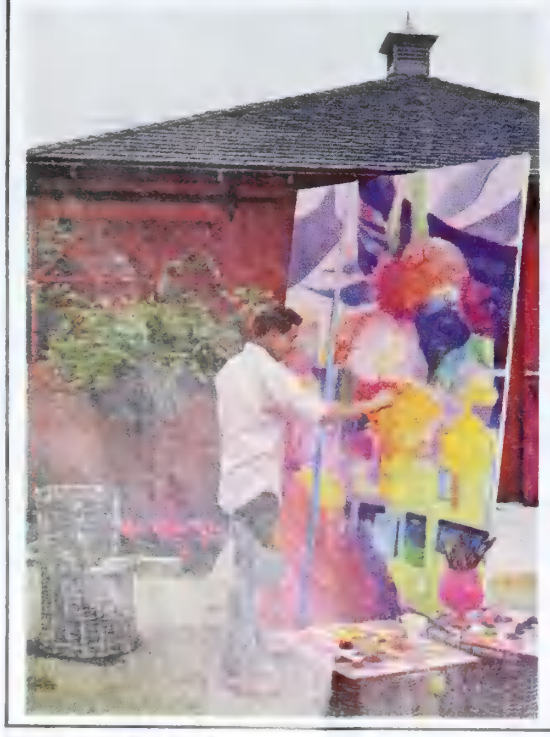
Time spent in India and in Ethiopia, where Jack, his wife, Lynn, and his son, Daniel, now 15, lived for over two years, left an indelible impression.

"This contact with primitive design qualities and color has had a great influence on my work and on our house," Jack said. "I love clear colors. I love an impact, whether it's in painting, flower arranging or decorating. I think a house should be fun. It should *be* the people who live there, and always be a kick to come into." *(continued)*





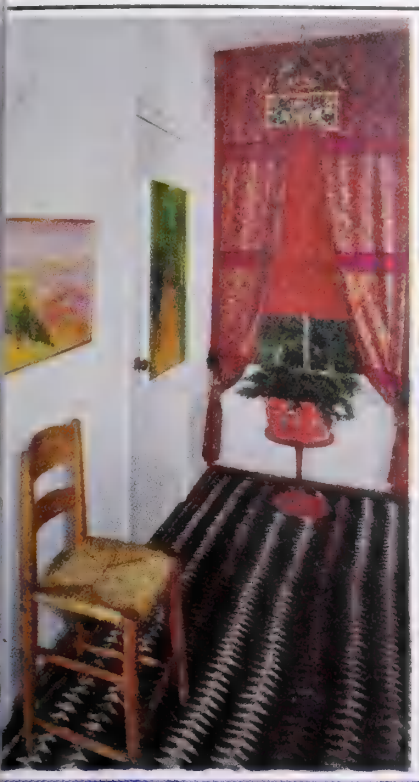
Three views of the living room right: On the valances (top), flamboyant angels, once part of an Indian stage set. In one corner (bottom), grouped with one of Jack's paintings and a bright pink chair, so many pots of flowers, the effect is like a flower garden. Designs on coffee table (opposite) were made with stencils—also from India. (Below) Jack Baker works outdoors.



Photographs by Max Eckert


PHOENIX ART MUSEUM









For the last nine years, at Santa Barbara High School, where he teaches art, Jack Baker has been encouraging young people to discover new potentialities in even the most ordinary things. He applies the same thinking to his own house, which is full of visually exciting objects rescued from the ordinary. The dining table, opposite, is just one example. It was on its way to the thrift shop when Jack asked his mother-in-law to give it to him instead. "It was a ghastly old mahogany table. I've spray-painted and decorated it fifteen times over the last ten years. I've done it over just for a party.

"In fact, I love what I call 'decorating for the moment.' Let's say we're having a dinner party for eight. I might spray-paint the table top a new color and design just for the occasion. It takes only two hours for the paint to dry, and you have something new and exciting for your guests.

"I've seen lovely houses where the furniture hasn't changed for the last fifteen years—gosh, that seems to be a dull approach to living. Perhaps people shouldn't invest so much money in furniture—then they'd feel freer to make changes. I prefer furniture that's not particularly valuable, the kind that I can suddenly decide to paint purple if I'm so inclined, without any qualms. In my garage I have a group of old things kicking around—the discard sort of thing—that I picked up in junk shops. I don't hesitate to spray-paint them over and over again. I have a tremendous supply of spray paints in brilliant colors which I use to get all kinds of different effects."

He also has a stock of spray paints for the artificial flowers that he frequently builds into his fresh-flower arrangements to get special effects, or when the flower he wants is out of season.

Although Jack's brilliantly colored paintings are well known (he's had several one-man shows all over the country), he has great respect for his wife Lynn's color sense: It was her idea to paint the ceiling beams throughout the house a rich royal blue.

Things collected on their travels show up delightfully and unexpectedly throughout the Baker house: beads, toys, ceremonial objects, fabrics. Jack's children appear to have inherited their parents' love of collecting. Daniel, Liza, 9, and India, 7, "are all mad collectors," says Jack. "India, especially. Currently she's collecting her hair. Every time she gets it cut it goes into a little bag labeled 'India's Hair.'

"I hope this collecting is something that stays with them. The flowers and the color bit, too. I'm sure it will. They've lived with this all their lives. In fact, they're constantly surprised at other people's houses—that they don't have 'things' in their houses similar to what we have here. But, of course, this is a 'home' house. It's a family house. And I do hope that the one thing it really projects is an exuberant quality—a sort of joy."

For parties, Jack Baker often likes to move in a new painting or two (opposite) to go with the table setting. In hallway (top left) are curtains made from a richly colored Portuguese fabric. In front of window, a wood plaque with a set-in mirror bought at a bazaar in Jaipur. Hand-painted washtub on a base serves as a planter. India and Liza (top right) peer down into the living room. A collection of Indian temple toys (bottom) is displayed uniquely on two old Korean chests. Drawers turned upside down and covered with bright, shiny paper are pedestals.

Make a Wish Come True

Close your eyes and dream about your wedding. Imagine what you'll be wearing. Will it be a regal dress with a long, graceful train? Or do you see yourself in something short and sweet? Perhaps you picture something just a little bit different, like an airy lace cage. Now make a wish. Open your eyes and make your wish come true. By NORA O'LEARY, *Patterns Editor*





Wish for a long princess dress of Herbert Meyer's heavy cotton cloque. Vogue design 1727. (To give the skirt extra body, we added a fat bias cord at the hem.) Organdy petal headdress designed by Halston, Vogue 7082. Flower girl's organdy dress has yoke and bonnet of lace and eyelet by Record Lace. Vogue design 6776.

Wish for a short, sweet dress (right) of Wm. Anderson dotted swiss. Scallop it, as we did, at hem and sleeves. Add bows of picot-edged taffeta ribbon. Vogue design 6881. Flowered stockings by Chadborn-Gotham; Newton Elkin silk shoes.

Wish for a dress that's different (far right)—a cage of nylon net embroidered with Orlon yarn by George Richardson. Sleeves and hem are banded in white satin. Vogue design 6908. Satin bow by Halston. Herbert Levine satin pumps with flowers.

Wish for a romantic dress (bottom), of silk satin, with yoke, sleeves and train of delicate reembroidered lace by O'Callaghan. Designed by Belinda Bellville of London, Vogue 1741. The headdress: a triangle of matching lace. Ringbearer wears jacket and shorts of Amity's blue velveteen. Butterick design 2831.

Wish for a long dress (opposite), its train flowing into two panels from a big high bow in back. Of Onondaga slubbed silk. Vogue design 1745.

Backviews on page 137

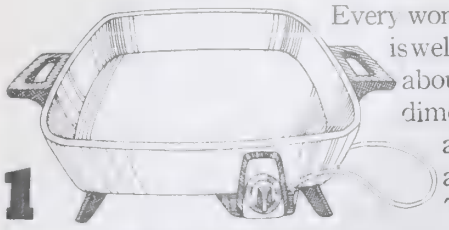
Photographs by Francesco Scavullo
All hairdos by John Lance of Coiffures Americana.
All fabrics available at B. Altman & Co., New York.





Steam: The New Beauty Essential

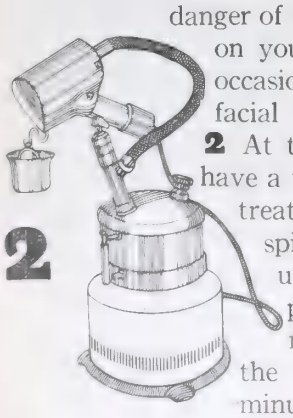
By Susan Harney, Beauty Editor



1

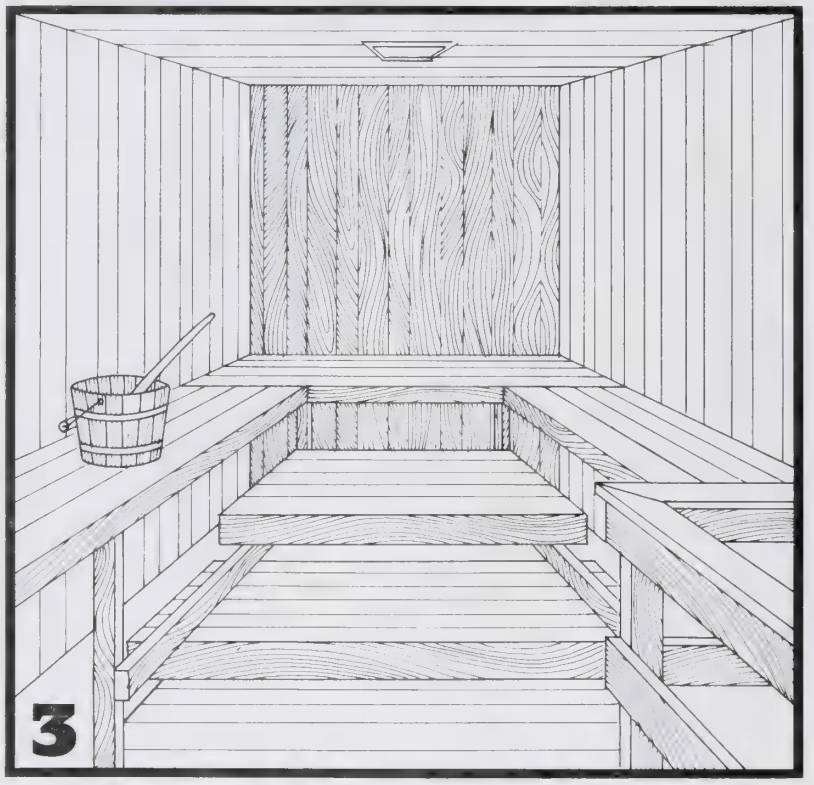
Every woman on today's wave length is well aware of the current to-do about steam—the new fourth dimension in skin care that's as basic to your beauty life as sleep, diet and exercise. This miraculous mist, available to everyone, can make dramatic differences in the color, tone and texture of your skin. It's quick. It's easy. It's time-tested: a beauty treatment as ancient as the pyramids that uses steam to open the pores gently, encouraging the skin to cleanse and purify itself. Circulation is stimulated. And the total effect is a softer, smoother, glowing skin. So whether you're leaving your teens or entering your fifties, whether you use a do-it-yourself method or one of the marvelous new machines, whether you go to a salon or do it at home, start steaming now.

1 A simple way to steam your face at home: use an electric frypan—one with a temperature-regulating dial like the G. E. Frypan shown above. Fill it with about one-half inch of water, and turn dial to 400 degrees. While water is heating, cleanse your face thoroughly with cream. When water begins to steam, lean over pan, face parallel to water. If steam is too hot at any distance, simply turn the dial down. Steam for about five minutes, or more if you like. If you don't own an electric frypan, lean over a bathroom basin. Turn hot water on full force, using a towel as a tent over head and basin. Never use a teakettle to steam your face; the stream of steam is too concentrated and might burn. And never steam over a gas burner, because of the danger of fire. Finish up by splashing cold water on your face (this will close the pores). Or occasionally end your steam treatment with a facial mask or cleansing grains.



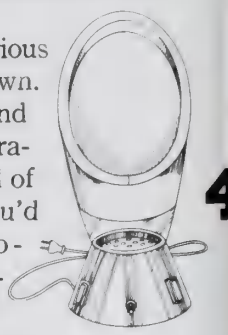
2

2 At the Helena Rubinstein Salon, you can have a thorough professional skin treatment—one that will inspire you to inaugurate a regular home face-steaming program and serve as a model for it. First step in the salon treatment is a 10-minute face-steaming with the salon's Deep Mist Vaporizer (dry skin gets just a touch of moisturizer before the steam session). This is followed by a skin-cleansing treatment and facial massage with medicated creams—excellent for circulation. The final step is a medicated mask to tighten and close the pores.



3

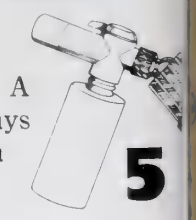
3 At the Charles of the Ritz Beauty Spa in New York, you can stretch out and relax on a bench in a specially designed redwood room. In less than seven minutes, your whole body gets the benefit of pore-cleansing heat. The sauna treatment is a superb way to cleanse the skin, relax your entire body and at the same time shed a few pounds. After you leave the sauna at this salon, you're treated to a massage and a facial, leaving you with a glorious, all-over feeling of well-being.



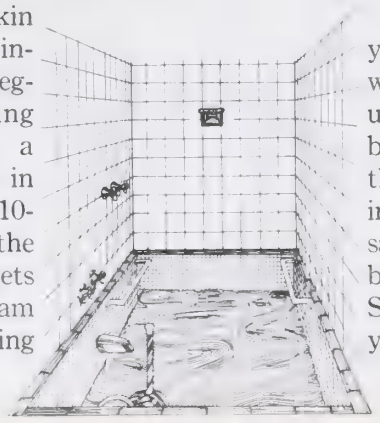
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4 Almost like visiting one of these luxurious salons: invest in a beauty machine of your own. The Saunda Facial Sauna costs only $30, and comes with four of the specific beauty preparations you'll need to carry out the same kind of complete, deep face-cleansing program you'd get professionally. The Saunda is easy to use. Just add a few ounces of water to the pan, plug the unit into an electrical outlet, press your face into the mask, and within a few seconds, you'll feel the soft, warm mist generated by the machine. Steam your face for about 10 minutes, then follow through with the beauty preparations that come with the Saunda.

5 Hot showers and baths, too, give you some of the benefits of steam. If you're a shower addict, but love the luxury of using a marvelously scented and soothing bath oil, you can have both with Shower Scent. A replacement for your regular shower head, it sprays a fine, measured mist of bath oil at the flip of a switch. Just shower as usual, then, when you've soaped and rinsed, turn on the oil spray, allowing the bath oil to mix in with the water for a skin-softening finale to your shower.



5

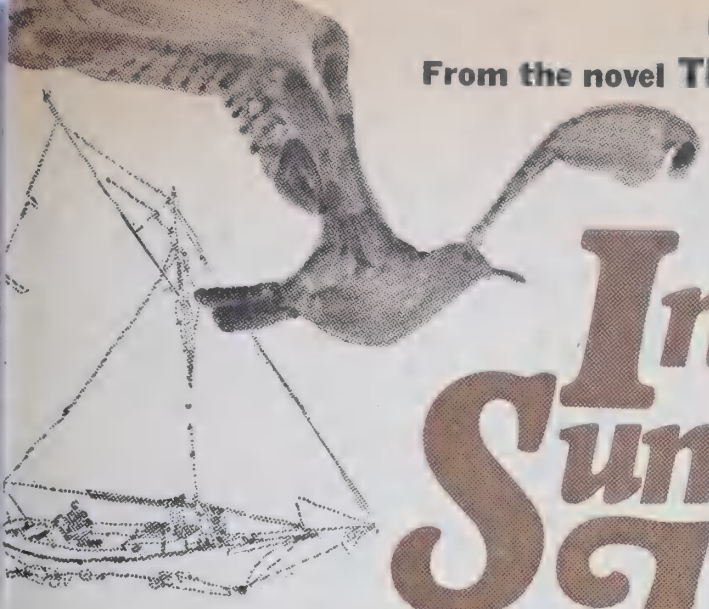


6

6 On the other hand, if you're a bath buff, you can combine a steamy-hot soak in the tub with a whirlpool bath. The Jacuzzi whirlpool unit, shown at left, fits right into your own bathtub. The combination of heat and water that you get this way is both wonderfully relaxing and stimulating, and gives your skin the same kind of rosy glow produced by a steam bath. There's a whirlpool bath at the Kenneth Salon in New York—another way to indulge yourself in this steamy beauty bath. **END**

Illustrations by Loring Eutemy

From the novel THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, by Vance Bourjaily, the JOURNAL presents an excerpt celebrating the carefree hours of youth when every good gift of life seems attainable: love is unfailing, seas are always calm, and winter will never come.



In the Summer of the Valve Trombone

rations by Bernie Fuchs

as best man at Dave Doremus's first wedding, and I walked ide the second wife to his grave. There were three perfect months ny life—his, too, I feel quite sure—when we sailed together. Those e the June, July and August on the Friendship sloop, that started in Maine when the war was over, and Dave said: "Let the meek erit the earth now, Ozark James. We'll take the sea."

We had a covenant that said we'd spend some time that way, ed 1941. Dave and I had been friends for a long time, starting en his father's career as a New Deal administrator brought the ily to St. Louis for a school year, '35–'36, 10th grade for Dave and . But we'd gotten out of touch, as boys will, after he left St. Louis. en I'd done poorly enough in grades at day school so that I needed ostgraduate prep-school year to boost me into college. I had a couple ootball letters by then, and was asked to report to the prep school ly, which I did, more out of impatience to be there than from any ous interest in playing. Baseball was my game.

I got there after lunch, was directed to a room where I left my s, and went on to the gym to draw a uniform.

It was a big squad, maybe 40 kids, and since I didn't know which hem I might want to know, I got dressed quick and was on the d before most of the rest.

The only thing I could do with a football that showed much in the of skill was throw passes—not the biggest thing in the single-wing e. But my arm was in good shape from summer baseball, and I ed the passers, after calisthenics, and started throwing hard and , whenever the fat boy up front centered me the ball.

A tall end with a nose guard ran out, cut across, and I figured I'd him have a good one, full speed, that he could drop for the nice ch. He didn't, though the ball made a real clunk when he took it o his stomach; the jerk held it, jogged, cut, jumped up and tossed ack, yelling: "Come on. Put some steam into it." And it was Dave.

Straight-A Dave; why should he be getting tutored for college? He sn't, of course. It was just that he'd spent the previous year out of ool completely, joining his father in London; and when Mr. Dore- s finished the job there, he thought as long as they were over he'd e all his unused and accumulated leave and look around Europe h his boy.

The two had been to France and middle Europe, Greece and goslavia, and even spent a week in Nazi Berlin. 1938.

When Germany marched into Poland, 1939, on the third day of early football practice, Dave didn't turn out. I remember the ch sending me to look for him, and me taking my cleats off, swing- the shoes in one hand and the helmet in the other. Climbing the irs to Dave's room. We hadn't yet managed to change over and m together, though we did that shortly afterward.

He was sitting on one of the beds, with the radio on, and it's the y time I remember seeing him look pale. "They've done it, rney," he said. "Those bloody storm troopers."

"The Poles will give them a fight," I said.

"They won't last two weeks," Dave said.

We talked about whether to quit football. Neither of us liked the game all that much, but there was no fall tennis for Dave. He said: "You know something? Let's go out and work. It might not be a bad time to stay in shape."

I said it wasn't our war.

Dave would play tennis, I'd play baseball, when we went on to Harvard the next fall, but that didn't work out. Harvard was unimpressed with my day-school grades, and a few A's and B's from prep school weren't enough to change its fair mind. Dave went there, I went to a smaller school, and by the time Dave would have been a sophomore and eligible to play varsity tennis he was at Parris Island, training with the Marines.

I was told his classmates at Harvard missed him, but were unsurprised. He took the war more seriously than anyone else I knew, and in the summer between freshman and sophomore years, the summer before Pearl Harbor, had written me a note explaining. I got it in some town in northern Missouri, where we were playing a series. I'd played a poor game, and was taking a shower at the rooming house we stayed in when a left-handed Indian pitcher named Abe Anniston shouted through the door: "Barney, there's mail for you."

I took the letter from him and went up to my room, and lay on the bed in the heat in my underwear to read it; it was written in pencil.

". . . was sailing this guy's boat for him, down to Block Island, and the breeze was so good I thought I'd go out a little and come in again. Out in the ocean. Anyway, figured it was OK because I didn't have anyone with me. Been supposed to take the owner's kid along for crew, but the kid was a little scared to go out with only two of us. Told him I'd square it with his father, and went alone. It's a 30-foot cutter, sleeps four. Anyway, I got out a way and got chased down. The Coast Guard. Real cutter.

"They came alongside and a joker with a megaphone yelled to get back over to the Sound, or they'd tow me back. When I got in, they followed over, and there was a big mess about regulations and sailing zones, and I don't know. I had my passport, but all I kept thinking was titles: The War's Here. It's Here. It Got Here While I Wasn't Looking, and I can't sail where I want to any more.

"You know what they do in Alexandria? The English are sailing wooden boats back and forth to Cyprus, with messages and supplies. So I called my father, when the Coast Guard guys let me go, and told him, and then I said was there any way I could get to Alexandria? Dad laughed, and said if I wanted to help with the war, come down there. There were people working to get us to be less neutral, and there were plenty of things I could do to help them. And the next thing, I found myself saying: 'Dad, I'm going to join the Marines.' Just like that. And now, Barney Jesse Ozark James, I say it to you, too. Only. Not I'm going to, but I have.

"Why the hell couldn't I have had the sense to join the Coast Guard, myself? This way I'm not going to be seeing much pretty water again till we all get out. Yessir, yew tew, I reckon. What I keep thinking is: When it's over, let's buy a boat and sail some. Want to?"

The reader of that letter had had a genuinely lousy day; he'd struck out twice, flied out to left field, got a single to left in the ninth

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and forced out. Lost it, by five runs. Old Tim was still our manager; though we were playing a tougher kind of ball, we were still theoretical amateurs—when we won, Tim would bet each man on the team ten bucks he couldn't jump over the dugout bench. If there was one. When we lost, the bet was for meal money, two dollars. I felt a little bit like taking the two bucks and joining the Marines myself. Or maybe, like my brother Alex, the tank corps; though I wouldn't have had to memorize the vision test, which someone sold him, to do it.

Wrote Dave a card: "OK, shipmate. Yes. I want tew."

Captain Dave Doremus, commissioned in the field, won a Silver Star leading his company's advance at Iwo Jima; he was wounded twice in the same day. The second time his shoulder was shattered and he lost part of the use of his right arm. Alex won nothing, but his loss was more serious: whether it was sand, or dust, or desert sun, or bad rations, or having his spine jarred, Alex went blind. His eyes had never been much, and I guess Libya—his group was with the British—wasn't the place for them. I won nothing but the automatic ribbons and clusters fighter pilots got for completing zilch number of missions, but I lost nothing either except the same four or five years everybody lost.

I had to go to Washington, right after I got discharged, to see a lawyer. Our father had died, just before I got home, and they were holding up on settling the estate until I was back. The reason I went to Washington, rather than St. Louis, was because Alex was living there. He'd married before he went overseas, and he was living at his wife's home.

I saw the man who was going to represent him at the settlement before I even saw Alex himself; it didn't take long.

"Does Alex know how much Dad left?" I asked.

"Nobody knows precisely, Captain James. There's been some preliminary calculation, of course."

"I didn't ask that. I asked if Alex knew."

"No. Not as yet."

"All right," I said. "I want Alex to have whatever there is."

"Excuse me?"

"I've got two eyes and no dependents," I said. "Alex is blind and has a child."

"Your brother's wife has some means, Mr. James," the lawyer said, returning me to civilian life.

That was the point. Tanny had a little money, not much; I wanted my brother to go in with just a little more than she had, and Dad hadn't been a millionaire. Alex might keep some control that way. I liked Tanny all right, and I wanted to keep on liking her. She'd liked Alex enough to want to marry him, and I wanted her to keep on, too. There wasn't anything else I could even try to do about it.

The lawyer sighed and twitched a slightly fussy mustache. "I suppose your brother's not to know that you've signed your share over?"

"You suppose right," I said. "He gets it all, and thinks it's half."

"Very well," he said. "I'll send you some documents to sign. I'd appreciate it if you could show them to some attorney, to be sure they are as you wish. I'll represent you both, Captain. And there'll be no fee except for actual expenses out of this office."

That stopped me. Even so I may have been feeling slightly noble, but when I saw my brother holding the child that was born while he was away, I didn't even feel less guilty. If there'd been a man around who'd known how to gi him one of my eyes, Alex could have had it and I might have f square. A little later they were laughing because Tanny had mov the living-room sofa over without thinking, and Alex had sat down a magazine rack and broken it. She laughed nicely.

As long as I was in Washington anyway, I went to see Dav father. Mr. Doremus didn't have an office at the White House a longer; he wasn't a Truman man. He'd retired from Government, a was writing a newspaper column of political comment, though wasn't spectacularly successful.

He was too kind a man, I think, and had too many loyalties have written things that would get people all excited. He'd asked to meet him for lunch at the Cosmos Club, and though it was our fi meeting since St. Louis, years before, I knew him as soon as I walk in. I knew him because there he was in the lounge, standing, talkin a slight, frail, attractive man with luminous white hair, and he h the same appearance of total attention to another person's proble that Dave projected. I went up without hesitation, when the oth man left, and introduced myself.

"I think I would have known you, Barney." He shook hands— easy, unaffected old man who said warm, simple things that made y feel he took real pleasure in your company. He told me as we together that Dave was on Cape Cod; he hoped I'd go on up and fi his son.

"He's in damaged health," Mr. Doremus said. "But you'll fi nothing wrong with his spirit."

Dave wasn't at the Cape, but I found people in Wonamass which was his town, who could send me to Freeport, Maine. "Just go down to t shore, and start looking under boats," man said, and it was as easy as that. man was under a nice, fat tub of a bo which was hauled out in a small boaty at Freeport. Painting.

"Barney James!" He cried from un the rudder. "Sir, I'll have your craft rea to sail tomorrow." He wriggled out, pul a shirt around his shoulders and came o to me. I'd have hugged him if he had been so full of paint.

"Dave the Dormouse," I said. " God. Have you got another brush?"

"What are you doing this lov summer?"

"No plans," I said.

"Yes you do. Want to hear your pla We're going to sail this thing out f hundred feet into Casco Bay in the mo ing, and drop anchor and get half-dru and stay that way all summer."

"I've never been on a sailboat bef Dave. What kind do you call this?"

"It's a Friendship sloop," Dave s

"Will it go out in the ocean?"

"We could sail it to England."

"I just came from there," I said. "T might not want me back so soon."

"Take off your shirt and pants and h yourself to a paintbrush." Dave tossed own shirt on a sawhorse, turning sligh away from me, and I saw the scars.

His back was crisscrossed with th growing deepest around the right shoul blade where the tissue hadn't yet tur white. This inflamed part was a good inches across, a diagonal scoop 10 inc long and an inch deep.

"Boy," I said. "They used the wh spool of thread on you, didn't they?"

"Does it look bad, Barney? I fo about it. Except I have to paint with left hand."



Drifting was our style that summer. For a week we sailed around Casco Bay, going nowhere . . .

"You'll be a first baseman yet," I said. "How much for the boat?"

"Three hundred, and about a hundred more to the man here for lping me haul and scrape it."

"Can I buy half?"

"Will you sail it with me?"

I'd really been thinking of something else for the summer. I'd been inking I'd sail for a week and then I'd go get my old view camera id buy it a couple of lenses, and go up to the Laurentians in Canada play Ansel Adams. But I said: "Gave you my word on it, didn't I? ve got another mustering-out installment coming ——"

"Spend it on booze for the voyage," Dave said. "We'll need an ean of gin to sail this vessel in."

"You're the captain, Captain," I said, and he slapped the rear of y pink officer's pants with a wet paint brush. Then I had pants fit paint in.

It was a plain, wide comfortable boat, that Friendship sloop, and dn't have a name. Oh, it had one: the girl Dave bought it from had imed it *Bucky*, and we let that stand. But we always called it *The riendship Sloop*, as if that were a name rather than a kind. The girl id sold it, now that pleasure boats were back in production after the ar, because she wanted to race.

Not us. Drifting was more our style. We had a big cabin below, with bunks on either side, and we'd bring the mattresses up into the roomy cockpit, put them one on each side of the tiller and move along slowly, by sail or motor as the mood ok us. For about a week we just poked around Casco Bay, going where in particular.

"The idea of a shakedown cruise," Dave said, "is if you start aking, lie down."

"In about an hour," I'd say, "if I keep oving right along, I should be able to ake it from here to the cooler for a beer. I do, shall I get you one?"

One afternoon we took the girl who'd vned the boat out, quite a nice girl named Iarian something.

She'd been to a party the night before, id asked if she could have a drink to eady her.

"Soon," Dave said. "We neither shake or stir martinis, Maid Marian. We sail em gently around till cool."

When we gave her the drink, she got isk and started worrying about Dave's ture. She didn't seem too worried about ine.

"What *are* you going to do?" she asked.

And when Dave smiled and shrugged, I ld her: "We may go into the business of ixing people's martinis for them, if this ean-motion thing catches on."

"It's surefire," Dave said. "We'll de- ver at clubs and docks and moorings . . . owly."

"That's pretty ambitious," I said.

"It'll be a worldwide fleet of martini oats," Dave said, dreamily. "Barney, ould I trouble you to inch your way for- ard, and do that thing you do with the nchor?"

"Lower it?" I said. "Slowly?"

"Today we'll celebrate," Dave said. You may drop it. Slowly."

And at that we sprang into frantic ac- on, for we were at the cocktail-hour clam ed, and cocktail hour started, morning or fternoon, when the tide got right. The am bed was just off a long point; we an- nored and leaped overboard in trunks and neakers.

Dave kept a T-shirt on, because of the ars and having company; Marian sat on eck and watched us splashing around, filling a bucket with the prettiest cherrystones, nothing larger allowed.

We swam them back to the boat. "Quick," Dave cried, and I pulled myself up and reached for the bucket. "The knives, the knives. There's not a moment to lose."

Those tender clams, so fresh from the sea. We sat with our legs over the side, holding fruit-jar martinis, opening clams for ourselves and the girl, sucking in the clam meat, sea water and all, and scaling the empty shells back into the bay.

It seemed to me that Marian and Dave might have some use for privacy, then; I swam ashore and walked the rocks, counting sanderlings and checking tide pools for an hour or so.

By the time we sailed her back, Marian was so taken with the way we fit her boat, with its scruffy oak decks and its plain, honest gear, that she gave us a new mainsail, one she'd been planning to return.

"That's a nice girl," I said, as we gloated over the big, new spread of cloth.

"That's a lascivious remark," Dave said. "And you could have left out a couple of those tide pools. She loves another. But never mind."

"Are there other fish in the sea, Captain?"

"You are damn well Ozark right," Dave said, and in the morning we sailed northeast, toward Bar Harbor. In the afternoon we stopped at Bath, so Dave could pay a call.

"Fishing season in the sea?" I asked hopefully, but he said no. These were older people; the man had been a governor of Maine, a friend of Dave's father, and had lost a son in the Pacific.

"Dad seemed to think they'd like to hear about the war out there," Dave said. "I don't know. I'll go, anyway."

"I guess I won't."

"No." Dave was shaving. "Coming ashore, though?"

"I need something to play," I said. "An instrument. Mind if I slip your bunk overboard and put in a small piano?"

Actually, for cruising, I thought a clarinet would be nice—I'm bad on any instrument, but can play most of them a little.

I went shopping in Bath, didn't find a second-hand clarinet, but someone put me onto the high-school band director, and he had cheap instruments. I bought a cornet and, because he had no use for it and wanted only another five dollars, a valve trombone. He even threw in music books so I could try to teach myself.

I'd thought of trying to find Dave a guitar, an instrument he'd spoken of trying to learn, but from the crooked way his right hand held a clam knife it didn't seem like much of an idea.

We lay over that night in some little bay. Dave said we might go on to Bar Harbor in the morning, to pick up passengers, but needn't press on sternly since the passengers didn't know yet they were going to be picked up. How we loved that morning sleep, after too much military service, with the dark cabin warming slowly and the salt from yesterday's ocean bathing making our skin stiff—I don't know how late we would have slept that day if we hadn't heard a powerful outboard motor go by early, very close and noisy, felt something bump us slightly and go off, rocking us with its wake.

"Hell," Dave said. I could see him in the shadow on his side, up on one elbow. "What's he trying to do?"

We tumbled out of the bunks in our underwear, ran on deck and back to the stern. We could see the little boat going away in a straight line for shore.

"Am I really awake this morning?" I said. There was no one in it.



"We were named for spinsters!" Lavinia said. "Do you think we will be?"



Tish was getting along fine with "The Saints" on the valve trombone. She was a lovely friend.

"That is one empty boat," said Dave. For we were high enough above the water so that we could see that nothing was in the dory except for lobstering gear.

Puzzled, we looked back in the direction it had come from. In a minute or two we could hear new sounds.

"There come some more," Dave said. We could see two new boats, coming around a point, headed our way.

"It's the morning of the empty boat race," I said.

But right after that we could see that the new ones had men in them, two in each. We watched them come up and go by, chasing the empty boat, but they didn't come close to us, nor did they return our waves.

"Those are lobstermen," Dave said. "Peculiar breed, sir, as of course you know from Missouri."

"Quite," I agreed, and at that we heard something splashing, by the bow, and a voice called cautiously: "Hey."

We turned our backs to shore and trotted forward, and there was a fat, muscular-looking blond man in the water, hanging onto our anchor line. He was fully dressed.

"Hey, are they gone?" he asked.

Dave looked back. "They're almost to shore. That your empty boat?"

"Yeah. Did it make the beach?"

"Sure did."

"They gotta think I jumped out and ran for the trees."

"You'd better come aboard," Dave said.

The big man looked up soberly, floating by the anchor line and clinging to it, and said: "I ain't much of a swimmer. I figured I could fight'm better on shore. Then I saw your boat here."

"Fight four of them?"

"I could."

We heaved him up with us, keeping an eye on the men in the other lobster boats who were half a mile away now and on shore, looking at the empty one. Our man rolled onto the foredeck, putting cabin structure between himself and shore, lay on his back with water pouring out of his clothing, and said: "Those clamheads cut my pots loose."

"You a lobsterman?" Dave asked.

"Stiggsy Miller," he introduced himself; still lying on his back, he stuck his hand up in the air to be shaken. I kept watching the men on shore. "I get back from the war, how do you like it? They're trying to say I can't trap lobsters in my old place. How do you like it?"

"I don't think I like it," Dave said. "What'd you do?"

"I went out and found my pots gone, and that took the rag off the bush right there," Stiggsy said. "By damn, I started pulling theirs. I got fourteen good lobsters in that boat, let alone a new motor."

"Their lobsters?"

"Yeah."

"You sure the same men cut your pots?"

"I don't know. I get out there, I'm so damn mad I don't care. They're all together, those guys."

"You're in trouble," Dave said.

"I know it." Stiggsy turned on his side, raised up on an elbow, and water started running out from new places under his clothes. "You think I'll ever get dry?"

"We'd better get you out of here," Dave said.

"They'll think I ran. Think I'm up in the woods, like a bear cave. Half wish I was, too, I'd claw 'em."

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. I just got so mad."

"You'll find dry shorts below," Dave said. "I don't think an our pants will fit you."

Stiggsy Miller finished turning over, and raised up onto hands and knees. "I shouldn't have taken their lobsters, said, and started to crawl toward the cockpit. "That's wh call a stupid trick." He rolled over the coaming around edge of the cockpit, like an infantryman going over an exposed r line, landed on his knees and crawled on into the cabin.

Dave smiled at me. "Guys get drowned for it," he said.

Stiggsy's head poked out at us. "I got so mad," he said. "But I'd drown a man stole from my pots, too." He got into a crouch looked up over the stern, toward the beach. "They ain't back y he said.

"They may have someone watching your boat, though," I guessed.

"Listen, could you . . . are you guys leaving here, or what?"

"You want to go? Come along."

"Would you?"

"What about your new motor?" Dave asked.

Stiggsy grinned. "Aw, hell, it ain't paid for."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywheres." He thought a moment and added: "I been tr to fight the whole town since I got back. Like it was the only t in the world."

"Got family there?"

He shook his head. "Not worth staying for."

"We'll take you, Stiggsy. Ever been on Cape Cod?"

"Nope."

"That's where we're apt to wind up. Now you stay inside."

Stiggsy disappeared, and Dave started our motor while I ha up the anchor. When I got back to the cockpit, Dave was turning boat toward shore.

"You going in there?" I asked.

"Co-pilot to pilot," Dave said. "Think we better had, sir. T see us turn and take off, they'll pur*sue* us—catch us, too." He smiling. "Want to tell Stiggsy?"

I went below. Stiggsy was in knee-length army underwear, and of my shirts, lying on Dave's bunk, quite comfortable. When I plained, he yawned and nodded. His confidence in Dave seemed limited.

Dave took us to within 20 or 30 feet of shore. The wind and were moving us back out, but when he set the motor to idle, we c just hold steady.

Sure enough, as we approached, one of the lobstermen came o the pines at the edge of the beach where he'd apparently been tioned, watching for the fugitive to try to slip back to his boat.

"Take it, pilot," Dave said, and when I had the tiller, he tro up to the bow and called to the lobsterman: "Anything wrong?" man stared back without answering. Dave jumped off, into w waist deep, and waded ashore.

I could hear some of what they said, on the breeze—or what I said, asking for information. The other man mostly shook his h Then there came an exchange of shrugs and they separated, the going back to his post in the pines, Dave to the abandoned bo confess I was a little tense, and wished he'd get back out, now things were clear. As if he'd caught my anxiety on the airwaves, I looked up at me, smiled, held up his left hand and opened and cl it, thumb meeting fingers. Then he leaned into Stiggsy's boat, pi up an empty five-gallon bucket, and judiciously selected six lob from the live box. He waded back out with them, past the bow, came even with where I was sitting at the helm.

"The coolest customer," I said. "Are those things loaded?"

"I offered to buy them. Man said they weren't his to sell, help self if I didn't mind eating dirty, stolen stuff. Here." He raised t the water and poured the live lobsters around my feet in the coc "Sic him, boys," Dave cried. "That man wants to eat you."

We went on up to Bar Harbor that day.

Stiggsy Miller made an agreeable passenger. He'd been an a

sergeant, until six weeks before, and he took over the galley. We sted very little.

e didn't have any money with him, but the first night in Bar or he borrowed $10 from each of us, found a poker game and won nore.

was the chauffeur's game, he told us; of the different kinds vants people brought up to their resort homes for the summer, hauffeurs were the sports.

e paid us each back $18; he'd played big-time army poker with any money, and the customary return to lenders, he said, was y back plus 10 percent.

was for just taking what I'd loaned, but Dave shook his head at 'Eighteen's right," he said, and I understood this was a matter nor. After that we were free to accept or decline Stiggsy's stand-ffer to take our money into the chauffeur's poker game. I gen- declined, so Stiggsy won me a pretty good pair of binoculars night anyway—I was trying to teach myself sea birds. Dave ed to like risking something on his man. "It's better than owning ehorse," he said.

You not a gambler?" Stiggsy asked me.

Used to like it. Horses are my vice, as a matter of fact, but I wanted to own one." It was something I'd picked up from ball-ngs, summers before the war. Stiggsy said he'd find me the ie in town, but I really wasn't ready. If I was going to get back hat, I'd want to follow a meeting someplace, read the papers and orms. "It's funny," I said. "I'd forgotten betting on horses." looked at them. Dave was stretched out on deck. Stiggsy was ing some kind of ointment around the deep scar. There wasn't enough for Stiggsy to do around the boat, and he mothered us gruff way, getting up early after one of his late games to cook fast, even shining brass, though the Friendship sloop had little gh of it.

don't know whether I'll bet horses again," I said. "Guess I t. Sometime. Right now, if you gentlemen can stand it . . ." nd I closed myself in, down in the cabin, to practice my cornet. sy and Dave were surprisingly tolerant of the noise I made. r maybe they weren't. When I went up, half an hour later, they were gone and so was the dinghy. I decided they must have gone ashore for groceries. The people we'd come to find were away that week, but it was no strain waiting for them—we'd even n into an unpremeditated routine, there at our mooring: they'd ff on their morning trip; I'd stay aboard, practicing, and then go n deck and read. In the afternoons we might sail out somewhere im, taking people with us, or if there wasn't anyone along, give sy a lesson. He'd developed a clumsy but enthusiastic way of hing around, as long as he didn't get too far from the boat. He to fish, and sometimes we helped him, though I can't say our was spectacular except for the day we got into a run of tinker erel and brought in over a hundred to distribute around the e in other boats. We generally had dinner on board at the moor-sometimes Dave and I went to parties afterward while Stiggsy d poker—Dave knew quite a few people in Bar Harbor.

ne morning that we talked about horse racing I came up from my ice and saw a dinky little blue and white rowboat bobbing y with two large girls in it. The one who faced me from the seat was a floppy, friendly-looking girl with short, dark, silly, hair blowing around—why, hell, a lovable-looking girl. The , whose hair looked pretty similar from behind, was rowing, so I n't see her face.

ne one facing me called, "Ahoy. What was that noise?"

smiled, and let them row closer before I said: "Who wants to ?"

'm Letitia Harris," she said. Nobody ever looked less like her was Letitia. "I want to know."

was drowning cats," I said.

Wasn't it some kind of trumpet?"

Cornet."

You see?" said lovable Letitia to the other girl, who now turned ead up from the oar handles and looked at me. They had to be s, if only because of the hair; but this one looked more composed, er-eyed, less floppy.

A cornet's not a trumpet, is it?" the second one asked.

May we come aboard?" Letitia had a low-pitched, excitable voice; she was, I thought, a cuddly, stuffed-toy of a girl, and I was having a great time looking at her.

"You certainly may." I reached down for the painter, and pulled their funny little blue and white boat in close.

"May I play your cornet?"

The second girl, who was really prettier in a conventional way, said, "She says she can play the trumpet, but I promise you she can't."

I held the boat while they climbed up. They were wearing swimsuits and small, unbuttoned sweaters. Letitia's swimsuit was two-piece, and the sight of the skin between made the tips of my fingers tingle.

"How does she go on the valve trombone?" I asked the more composed sister, and Letitia cried, where was it?

And the other girl said: "She's never even heard of a valve trombone before. I'm Vinnie."

Vinnie was shorter than Letitia, compact; she was a little more like her full first name, somehow, which was Lavinia.

"We were named for spinsters," Letitia said. "Do you think we will be? Where's the trombone?" And then, before I could answer: "We're twins. Can you tell which is which? Look." And I had to laugh, for she was half a head taller than Vinnie. I offered a drink, which they accepted giddily—Lavinia no less so than the other, now that she was settled. I got the trombone up and oiled the valves. Letitia—Tish—made a lovely show of pouting into it, looking down the bell, rattling it, and finally pressed it to her wide, lipsticky lips and made it say BLOOP.

"There." She was delighted with herself. "Do you have any olives?"

"She's the worst clown," said Vinnie.

"In my part of the country, clowns don't come pretty like that," I said, and therewith, very likely, settled my hash. If some mountain boy was going to sit around picking out a twin girl to call pretty, Vinnie was going to have something to say about which one. I saw it in the way she suddenly snapped her head back, looked at me, and then purposefully drank off about a quarter of a Mason jar of martini at one, sustained, awful gulp.

"Help," said Letitia calmly, "Vinnie's going to be drunk."

"I'm sorry about the olives," I said. "Dave, whose boat you're on, he'll be bringing some back."

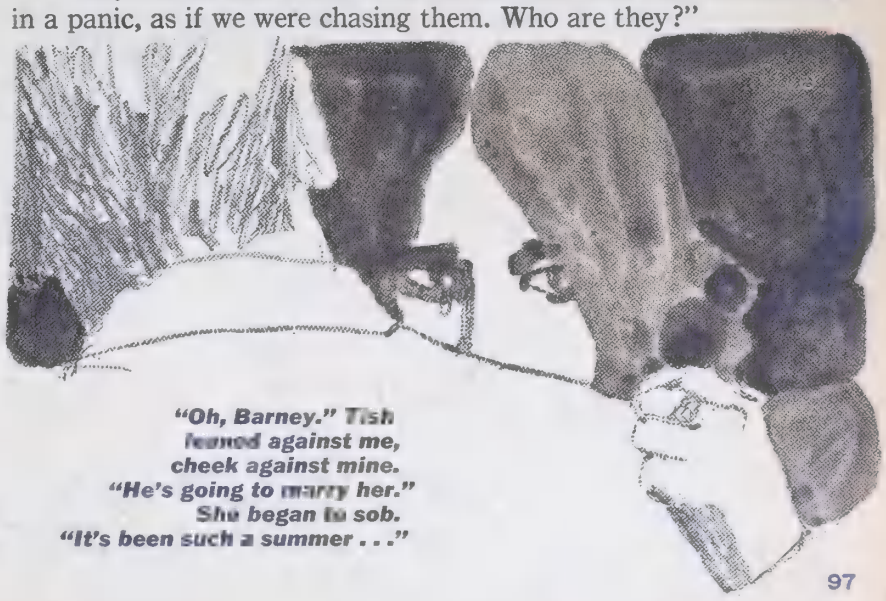
"Is Dave the redhead or the fat one?" Vinnie asked, speaking carefully and not at all abashed at letting me know they'd had us under observation. She stood; the gin had really hit her quickly. She swayed in a dignified way, and said: "Ne'er mind. Nev Er Min. D." Tossed her head, smiled. "We will find out. We will be back. Come along, Letitia." She bobbed her head at me. "We'll be late to lunch."

I saw Dave and Stiggsy rowing out just then, and pointed at them, promising that olives and gin and even lunch were coming; but the twins pretended that it panicked them, they cried that they hadn't been introduced, and they scrambled into their silly boat, almost swamping it, and rowed away in a heap of giggling, glorious, 19-year-old flesh.

"Barney, Barney," said Dave, coming alongside. "How could you let them leave?"

"They hadn't been introduced," I said.

"They waved and called, 'Hi, Dave,' and then they rowed away in a panic, as if we were chasing them. Who are they?"



"Oh, Barney." Tish leaned against me, cheek against mine. "He's going to marry her." She began to sob. "It's been such a summer . . ."

"They're the Harris twins," I said. "Utterly impossible to tell the difference between them." I sighed happily; I could still see them moving off toward lunch. Vinnie rowed pretty well. "That was quite a little boarding party," I said. "And they'll be back tomorrow for their music lesson."

"Here," said Stiggsy. "Get the box, will you?"

We stayed aboard that night, drinking beer instead of liquor for a change, and listening to Stiggsy talk. The war had been a very different thing for him. He'd been a rear-area man, which made it curious, for he was far more a fighter in temperament than Dave or me. Or Alex.

"I told them I was a lobsterman, when I got drafted," he said. "Guess they thought that was some kind of a damn cook. Anyway I got sent off to cook and baker school. Hell, boys, I could see right away the thing to be was a mess sergeant, and I bucked hard for it." He had made a lot of money—Stiggsy was being candid—not so much in poker games as in selling food to civilians. "Got close to five thousand bucks," he said. "In postal savings. Listen, I'm going to leave you guys."

"That's sudden," Dave said. "Thought you were coming to Cape Cod?"

"Why, Stiggsy?"

"Aw, I don't know. Listen, there isn't much I can do for you, and . . . well, look. You guys are going to be needing that bunk space. I mean, like them girls this morning."

We both protested, but it was pretty sensitive of old Stiggsy—he seemed many years older, to me, at 29 than we did at 24. Sensitive because I'd been thinking pretty much the same thing. I don't mean I was that sure of the twins, but if not them, then other girls would turn up.

So, of course, I protested harder, but Stiggsy said: "Look, I gotta get my money. I'll go in when the boats are out, see? And I'll get down and meet you on the Cape. OK? Maybe look around down there for a few days ——"

"There's not much lobstering around Wonamasset," Dave said. "Of course, there're other towns ——"

"I'm getting off the water." Stiggsy sounded vehement. "Sailing around with you guys is one thing, I mean nice. But I want to work warm and dry from now on."

He had a lot of energy and a lot of strength, and I'm sure he'd begun to feel that mothering me and Dave wasn't a sufficient way to use it. Still, it was plain he left reluctantly (and we did try to reassure him), and that he'd have been glad to be Dave's shipmate a while longer.

We rowed him in early next morning, and when we got back we had cold beer and cold lobster for breakfast and lay in the sun awhile. About 10 I brought up the cornet and said: "Let me see if I can call some chickens."

"Mmmm." Dave sounded sleepy. "I'll take the Plymouth Rock. You can have the Buff Orpington."

"Don't frighten them," I said. "They're very shy."

I started through, loud and bad, *When the Saints Go Marching In,* which uses only the first five notes of a major scale, and is the brass-instrument equivalent of playing *My Country 'Tis of Thee* with one finger on the piano.

I'd half-thought they might not come, but it was like magic; I was going through for the fourth time, sounding smoother, when the little blue and white rowboat appeared, rather close at hand, coming round the end of a nearby cabin cruiser. This time Letitia was rowing, and Vinnie, the shorter twin, yelled: "You're getting better."

"Has Tish been practicing?" I called.

"Don't talk to her. It's her day to row, and she can't talk and row at the same time."

"I can too," cried Tish, and lost an oar. They were close; Dave dived in and retrieved it. Then he caught the prow of their dinghy and swam it over to where I could grab a rope.

"That's Dave," I said. "Dave, Letitia at the oars. Lavinia in the coxswain's seat. But you mustn't expect to be able to tell them apart."

Tish had turned around and was looking at Dave. "Do you always swim with your shirt on?" she asked. He had halfway hauled himself onto deck, and he stopped like that, balanced on his hands and stomach muscles, and looked at her soberly.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she cried. "Was I terribly pert?" She frowned so, at herself. "Oh, don't be cross."

For, as water drained off, the thin cloth of his T-shirt became stuck to his back, became nearly transparent, and the ridges and scallops of the scarred area were plain as bas relief.

"Who could be cross with you?" Dave said, smiled and finished coming up. We helped the girls aboard, and the second determining moment was over. If there'd been any questions left as to how we'd choose up sides, there wasn't any now. Vinnie'd picked the Ozark Kid—now Tish picked Dave. Would have fair broke my heart, if Vinnie hadn't been so yummy.

What I shall tell next is surely a digression, but it is one of the things I store in memory with real love, getting it out now and then when I am alone to play through, like a marvelous old dance record.

It is noon the same day, and we have blooped the trombone, drunk the health of a friend, and agreed to go for a sail and swim quite soon now or maybe sometime. I am still excited by Tish's long legs and scatterbrained sweet abandon, but she is fastened to Dave, and Vinnie is close beside me, moving right along toward someplace I want to go to. But I do not know the speed, or how many furlongs: these are gently reared, State of Maine girls, recent graduates of a not-unfashionable junior college. That we will kiss, cuddle and sigh is plain, from the way Vinnie's nice, firm leg presses mine, thigh to thigh; if I move slightly, she moves too, reestablishing touch. She gives me a green-eyed glance, and her lips have nuzzled my neck.

Tish's hand is under Dave's T-shirt, fingering the scar, and he smiles and removes it.

"Be a good girl and Daddy will let you play with the nice scar later," he says.

"She doesn't have any sense," says Vinnie. "Does she? Did you ever see anybody with less sense?"

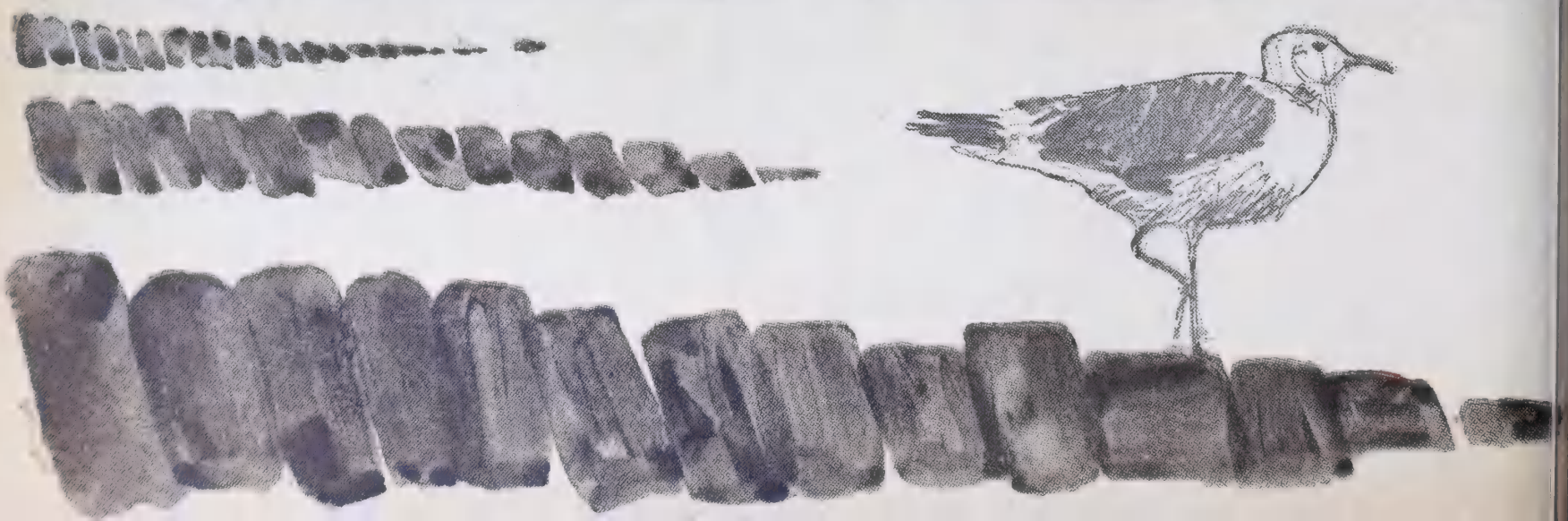
Tish jumps up, standing at the edge of the deck, just beside where Dave sits with his legs in the cockpit. "That's all right," she cries, but not spitefully. Not even a taunt—it's a crow, a carol. "Vinnie's a virgin!"

And she jumps off backward, holding her nose, into the water with a big, laughing splash. "Take me rowing, Dave," she gurgles down there. "Let's leave the young people alone."

Dave, grinning, hops into their rowboat, hauls Tish in, and they start rowing off.

Vinnie jumps away from me; then she laughs, a pure, hard, triumphant laugh, and yells across the water at her twin: "Maybe I didn't think Dickie Pritchett was all that nice," and she pulls away the top straps of her one-piece bathing suit and peels it down, laughing even harder.

Dave is rowing and staring, Tish is (*continued on page 147*



THE ATHENIAN LUNCHROOM WAS BANKRUPT—JAVARAS THE OWNER HAD NO HOPE OF FINDING A BUYER, UNCLE LOUIE THE CHEF WAS DESPONDENT, APOLLO THE DISHWASHER WAS IN A RAGE. BUT TRAGEDY BECOMES COMEDY

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK. From the best-selling novel,

A DREAM OF KINGS

By Harry Mark Petrakis

Matsoukas walked briskly beneath the sign that read, ATHEN AN LU CH, EVE YBO Y WE COME, pausing only an instant to examine the dilapidated exterior of the lunchroom. He shook his head and entered the doorway. The battered pie case, the dented and tarnished coffee urns, the worn counter, the tables with faded and stained cloths cast a pall of wretchedness from wall to wall.

"Where are all the bloody customers?" Matsoukas asked loudly. "Has the city been evacuated? Is there no sign of life?"

Javaras, the owner of the lunchroom, came slowly from the kitchen. He was a tall, thin man in his late fifties with a dark and mournful face. He smelled of rancid cheese, coffee grounds, stale bread and disaster.

"The place is a graveyard," Javaras said grimly. "Who are we fooling? When the prospective buyer gets here this afternoon the only way we will sell is to subdivide it into cemetery lots."

"Success in any endeavor is a benefit to be won, old sport," Matsoukas said. "We may yet turn this enterprise of your enslavement nto the instrument of our liberation."

Uncle Louie, the chef, came to stand in the doorway from the kitchen. He was a shriveled grasshopper of a man with a high, grease-iddled chef's cap perched crookedly on his head and a face like an mbalmer's model.

"I am ashamed of both of you!" Matsoukas cried. "I expected to ind the place gleaming with high polish and both of you quivering with anticipation. In less than two hours the redoubtable broker, Aristotle, will be here with the buyer we are after. We should be bristling with confidence, and instead your demeanors suggest a wake."

"We are out of eggs," Uncle Louie said in a grieved voice. "Apollo won't go after a dozen."

From the kitchen the shrill voice of Apollo responded, his shaggy ead visible through the chute opening above his sink. "I am a dish-asher!" he cried. "Not an errand boy!"

Javaras ignored them both. "What happened at the Union Hall?" e asked Matsoukas.

"Complete victory!" Matsoukas said gleefully. "I told my friend, ocal 77 Vice President Orchowski, that all afternoon today, coffee, weet rolls and ham sandwiches are free in the Athenian Lunch. The nen who enter will pay and you will carefully give each one the little hite cash-register receipts. These receipts will be turned in to rchowski and you will reimburse the Union Recreation Fund for neir total. In return Orchowski promises to keep this place packed all fternoon." He turned toward Uncle Louie. "Did you bake the ham?"

Uncle Louie nodded. "A twenty-two pounder," he said. "Just in me too. The meatman severed our credit this morning."

"And sweet rolls?" Matsoukas asked.

"Two hundred and twenty-five, along with thirty loaves of bread," avaras said. "Only two days old and I got them all at a discount." e paused. "I just filled both five-gallon urns with fresh coffee."

"We better get some eggs," Uncle Louie said.

"Go lay some!" Apollo cried from the kitchen.

"You better shut your face!" Uncle Louie cried wrathfully.

"We are all under a strain," Matsoukas said soothingly. "But we ust remain calm. The secret of victory lies in organization, and our anning has been extraordinary."

"I don't like it," Javaras said. "It's risky, and dishonest, too."

"Life is risky," Matsoukas said, "and as for business, old sport, it rives on dishonesty. Do you realize at this very moment that real-tate swindler, Aristotle, is trying to unload a restaurant deader than ours on the buyer? That pigeon is going to get plucked. The only uestion is whether Aristotle or I do the plucking. If we pull off this le, you are free after five years of bondage, and I," he paused and a flush of heat swept his cheeks, "I will fly my son to Greece!"

He snapped his fingers. "Let us prepare now," he said. "Polish that abominable pie case and sweep the cursed floor. Find a fresh apron and a clean cap. We must move as the great Pindar counseled, to the swift movement and the strong beat of life itself!"

After a brief flurry of regular customers at lunch, the counters emptied again. Only a stray patron came in for coffee. Matsoukas waited just inside the front door, staring anxiously at the street. Javaras stood nervously behind the cash register. Uncle Louie and Apollo bickered with one another to pass the time.

"Where are the union boys?" Javaras asked. "It won't look good if the buyer finds the place empty."

"Patience, man," Matsoukas said. "I told Orchowski to start sending his boys in after two o'clock. What good are patrons before the buyer arrives?" He stiffened suddenly. "Here comes the pigeon now!"

On the street outside the lunchroom appeared the broker, Aristotle, a heavy-jowled man in a checkered vest with a large gold watch chain suspended over his huge belly. The buyer was small and dapper with a wide-brimmed Borsalino set carefully on his head. Aristotle held him tightly by the arm. The broker pointed out the shabby exterior.

"Look at the well-fed wolf!" Matsoukas snarled over his shoulder to Javaras. "Trust that bloody stinknose to find cracks even the termites can't locate! I'm surprised he has the nerve to show his face after being fined last year for selling tickets to Greece on a steamship that didn't exist! Bloody crook!"

As they approached the door he burst into a hearty smile and pulled it open.

"Welcome!" he cried. "Come in, gentlemen! Good to see you again, Aristotle, my dear friend!"

The broker and buyer entered the lunchroom, the buyer taking an apprehensive look at the cracked window frame. Under the expensive hat he wore thick-lensed spectacles, and through them his eyes became large, magnified spheres.

"How are you, Matsoukas?" Aristotle said, his tone indicating he couldn't care less. "Mr. Cascabouris, this is Mr. Matsoukas, broker for the seller."

"Delighted, sir!" Matsoukas shook the buyer's hand warmly. He motioned for Javaras to approach. "This is Mr. Javaras, a compatriot, and a restaurant man for thirty years. Mr. Javaras, allow me to present to you Mr. Cascabouris, and my distinguished colleague, Aristotle, a man with a reputation venerated on land and on sea."

Aristotle coughed and fingered his heavy gold watch chain.

"Why do you wish to sell, Mr. Javaras?" Cascabouris asked bluntly.

"Frankly, I am tired," Javaras said. "I need a rest."

Aristotle looked around the lunchroom, empty but for a single customer lounging over a cup of coffee. "Put a bed in that corner," he said, chuckling. "You should not be disturbed."

"Men are like bells," Matsoukas said loudly. "You cannot tell which ones are cracked until they ring." He motioned to one of the tables with four chairs. "We will make a rapid tour of the facilities first," he said, "and then return to the table there to watch the trade. Customers are what is important. Fixtures can be renovated."

"These fixtures look like they should be burned," Aristotle said. He made a desultory gesture of apology to Javaras. "No offense."

"I cannot afford a match," Javaras said grimly.

Matsoukas threw him a look of dismay. "Always kidding!" he cried. "I don't think Mr. Javaras fully appreciates what a wit he has! Cannot afford a match indeed!" He winked slyly at Cascabouris.

"Let me take your hat, sir," he said.

"He might as well keep it on," Aristotle said. "We won't be staying

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very long." He looked around. "Besides it might get soiled." He fluttered his fingers again at Javaras. "No offense."

Matsoukas gritted his teeth and led them through the swinging door into the dark and gloomy kitchen.

"Notice how spacious and roomy the icebox is," he said. "The stove appears a little worn, but it is still in grand condition. They don't build them of cast iron like that anymore."

"They haven't since the Civil War," Aristotle smirked and nudged Cascabouris. Matsoukas winced slightly, and then, recovering, introduced them to the chef. Uncle Louie offered his cold, limp hand after wiping it furiously on his apron.

"And that is our dishwasher, Apollo," Matsoukas pointed to the shaggy-haired man at the sinks. "He has lost four assistants in the past month because of the frenzied activity, but he remains undaunted and carries on alone!"

Apollo glowered at them and pulled up his pants, which were held around his waist by a length of rope. As Aristotle and Cascabouris passed out of the kitchen Uncle Louie motioned to Matsoukas. "We need eggs," he whispered. Matsoukas waved him a hasty reassurance and followed the others out of the kitchen. Javaras waited with a forlorn look, as if he expected they would head straight for the front door.

"It has been a long time," Aristotle said gravely, "since I have seen a place so ripe for total demolition. I would not trade this entire establishment for a three-wheeled pushcart." He shrugged again at Javaras. "No offense."

"A Greek businessman is not fooled by appearances," Matsoukas said grimly. "He knows well that many a flashy stainless-steel surface conceals a cemetery vault. Isn't that right, Mr. Cascabouris?"

Cascabouris nodded sagely, and Matsoukas held his chair. He gave him a slight push toward the table.

"Coffee for these gentlemen," he waved briskly at Javaras. "Perhaps a ham sandwich?"

"Just coffee," Cascabouris said.

Aristotle sat down with a poignant sigh suggesting the whole affair was a waste of time. Javaras brought the coffee, and nervously sloshed some into the saucers.

The first group of union customers arrived, a half dozen express handlers in leather jackets. They sat in a boisterous group along the counter and ordered coffee and rolls. One buffoon ordered four ham sandwiches to go. Javaras glared at him, but complied to avoid any disturbance. To each man leaving, the owner was careful to hand out the small white register receipt.

"Mr. Javaras has to be extremely careful in recording his receipts," Matsoukas whispered to Cascabouris. "The income he derives from this incredible business makes him a joyous target for the Internal Revenue agents."

Aristotle grunted and drew his gold watch slowly and with ceremony from his vest pocket. Cascabouris raised his eyebrows, silently showing he was suspending judgment.

A tumult at the door attracted their attention. About a dozen men were trying to enter at once, jamming the doorway. Javaras stared at them incredulously. Matsoukas knew there had not been that many people in the lunchroom since the afternoon a rumor had gone around the neighborhood that Uncle Louie was a bookie. The men filled almost all of the counter stools.

Matsoukas made a resigned gesture with his hands. "All day it goes like this," he said to Cascabouris. Aristotle frowned.

Javaras moved swiftly to take their orders. Coffee and sweet rolls. Coffee and ham sandwiches. One man asked for a lamb chop, but he quickly changed his order to coffee.

Before this group had been fully served another half dozen men entered, closely followed by what appeared to be the entire membership of Local 77. In a flash every stool and chair was occupied.

"Uncle Louie! Apollo!" Javaras shouted. "On guard!"

Cascabouris looked at Aristotle, and Matsoukas could see he was impressed. He reached up and slowly removed his hat. "Perhaps we should watch from the kitchen," he said to Matsoukas. "It is not proper to occupy tables when customers are waiting."

"I commend your good judgment," Matsoukas said cheerfully. "As a restaurant man yourself you know every chair must pay its way." He led them into the kitchen, where they stood peering through the porthole of the door, the little buyer straining on his toes. The first load of soiled cups and saucers came down the chute into the sink and splattered the startled Apollo with water.

"What the hell. . . !" he said.

"Coffee!" Javaras shouted from the front. "Louie, ten ham sandwiches! Sweet rolls on eight!"

Uncle Louie was feverishly piling ham sandwiches on a large tray mumbling to himself. Javaras ran around frantically assembling sweet rolls and pouring coffee.

"I think I had best assist them," Matsoukas said to Cascabouris. "The regular waitress is ill today." He removed his suitcoat and hung it carefully over the back of a chair. He rolled up his sleeves and tied a clean apron around his waist, humming to himself.

"I'll take that tray of sandwiches out front," Matsoukas said to Uncle Louie. He picked up the tray and, with a final broad grin at Aristotle, he moved swiftly into the fray.

He poured an endless stream of coffee and swept countless sweet rolls onto napkins. Javaras, bathed in sweat, made another urn of coffee, splashing the grounds over his apron in his wild haste. Still the door banged open and more men piled in. There was no place to sit, and they stood three deep behind the stools and chairs waiting for the occupants to finish.

"Twenty ham sandwiches!" Matsoukas shouted. "Nine sweet rolls! Fifteen coffees!"

Uncle Louie came from the kitchen with a massive tray of ham sandwiches piled in tiers. He staggered under the load, and by the time he got to the coffee urns they were all gone. Men reached over the counter to snatch them off the tray. More men appeared outside and when they could not enter because of the jam at the door, stood peering fretfully through the glass. The men leaving had to push their way out.

Matsoukas rushed to the kitchen for more cups and saucers, pausing an instant to smile warmly at the broker and Cascabouris, who stood watching the turmoil in amazement. In the corner Apollo had his head bent almost into the suds, his arms and hands working like a frantic swimmer trying to keep from being drowned. "More cups and saucers!" Matsoukas shouted at him. "Put a move on, man!"

Apollo raised his head dripping with suds and water. His lip trembled. "What the hell . . .!"

Uncle Louie clutched Matsoukas by the arm in panic. "I have an order for two fried eggs!" he gasped. "I told you!"

"Compose yourself!" Matsoukas cried. "Tell him the bloody hen is sulking!"

He rushed back toward the swinging door, and Aristotle and Cascabouris moved quickly out of his way.

"A little quieter than usual today," Matsoukas said with a breathless smile. He pushed against the door, and it would not give. He pushed harder, and when he finally shoved with all his strength the door sprang open, scattering the half dozen men who had been pressed against the other side.

In the next ten minutes two police cars drove up with screaming sirens. When the policemen had assured themselves there was no riot in progress, they set up orderly lines along the sidewalk and directed traffic in and out of the lunchroom.

"Coffee!" Javaras shouted hoarsely, handing out the white register receipts as fast as he could bang out the amounts. "Sweet rolls! Ham sandwiches! Cups! Saucers!"

"Ham is gone!" Uncle Louie cried shrilly from the kitchen. "I have a little salami! No eggs!"

"Salami sandwiches!" Matsoukas shouted. He was drenched in sweat, his shirt glued to his back. On his next trip into the kitchen he paused to grin at the broker and buyer.

"Incredible," Aristotle said in a stunned voice. His cheeks quivered like a man caught in the grip of a nightmare. Cascabouris made his cross. "Police to direct the traffic!" he marveled. "Fantastic!"

Things quieted down slightly after that. When word spread that the lunchroom contained nothing besides toothpicks and water, the crowd lined up outside dispersed, grumbling. The tables and stools began to empty.

Uncle Louie had collapsed across a chair, his face beet-red, his hand pressed against his heart as if he (*continued on page 135*

WORK WONDERS WITH CANNED AND FROZEN POULTRY PRODUCTS

Chickens and turkeys have been hatching into the most amazing new forms lately. Miraculous is the only word for the galaxy that ranges from canned smoked turkey, turkey rolls, breaded turkey patties and frozen turkey slices to canned chicken fricassee, frozen barbecued chickens, chicken breasts, frozen chicken livers, pressed chicken meat and chicken à la king, canned and frozen. Most economical, these new-style birds! With little fuss, no waste, they make fascinating dishes in practically no time. Like those perched on this ice-age block: back row, Chicken à la Suisse—a party entrée made of chicken à la king; Feather Fowlie—a classic, hearty Scottish soup made with lamb, canned chicken fricassee and vegetables. Front row: Chicken Logs, filled with a spicy cream-cheese mixture; Turkey Roll Bigarade with a subtle orange sauce; Moroccan Barbecued Chicken with lemons and avocado. For all these recipes and many, many more from prepared poultry products, *turn to page 121.*

Photograph by Henry Sandbank

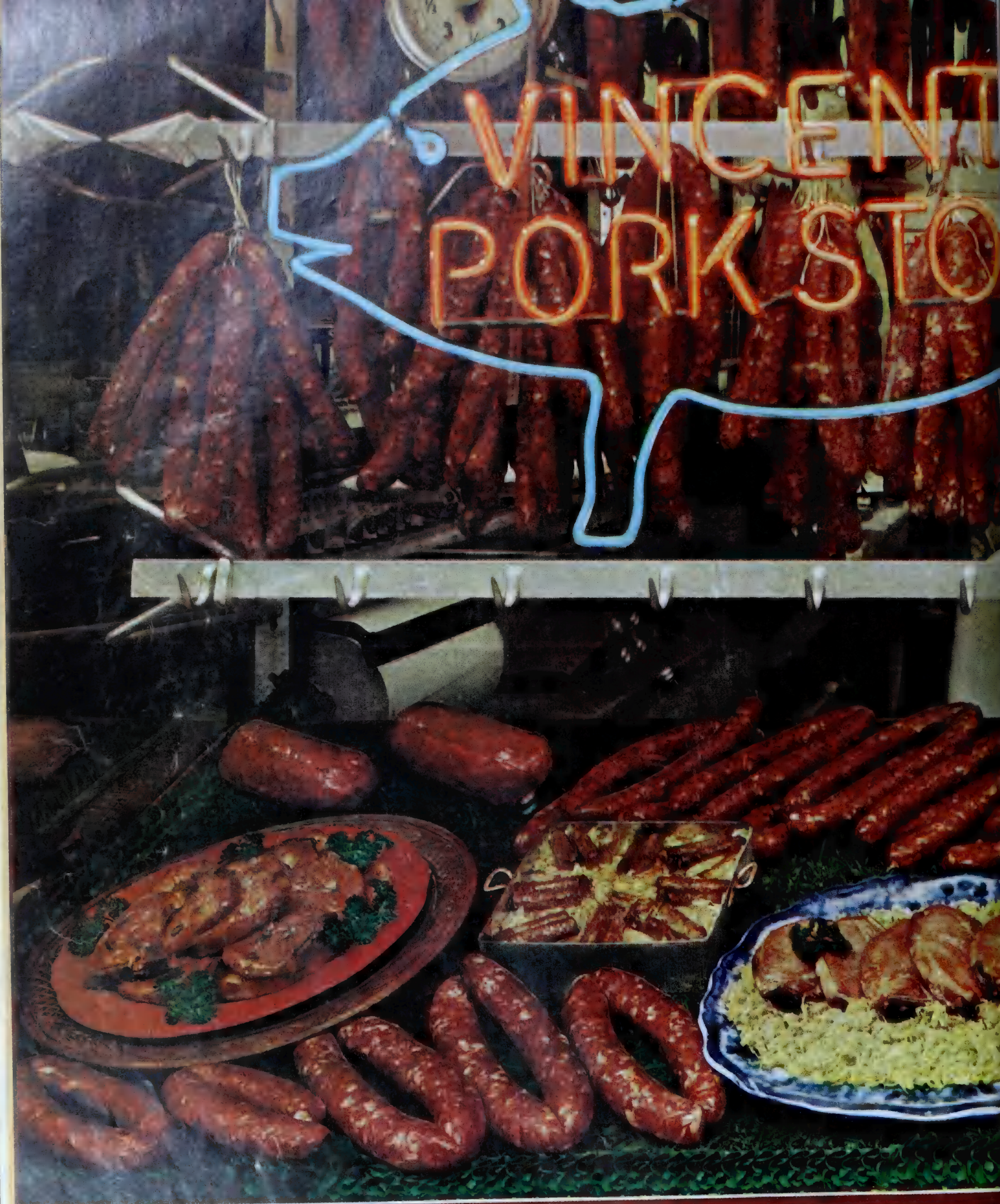


The Blue Danube Cookbook

A river, a waltz, and now a cookbook is the Blue Danube. The subtitle of our cookbook condensation for the month, THE BLUE DANUBE COOKBOOK (Doubleday, $4.95), is "A Culinary Journey down the Danube, stopping in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria." It is indeed a cook's tour of these lands of Wiener Schnitzel, Goulash, Strudels, hearty whole-meal soups and, of course, the famous, towering Tortes. Stage center here is just one menu from the over 200 recipes: **Fresh Tomato Soup** afloat with fat little **Semolina Dumplings**, from Yugoslavia; **Beef** with a spicy-hot **Gherkin Stuffing**, from Czechoslovakia; traditional, tangy **Vegetable Marrow with Dill Sauce** from Hungary; and **Beethoven Cake**, a six-layer, coffee-frosting-filled fantasy from Austria. The scents, the flavors, the magic of these nostalgic dishes have been collected in this volume by author Maria Kozslik Donovan, who grew up in sight of the Danube. She intertwines the recipes with colorful reminiscences . . . of the glorious pre-war abundance of her grandmother's four larders; trading family jewelry during wartime for a smuggled goose, and, in more flush times in Bucharest, feasting on an entire pound of caviar with champagne while planning a bear hunt. For selected recipes from this cookbook, please turn to page 122. **JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH: NUMBER 16 OF A SERIES.**



Photograph by Ben Somaroff
Copyright ©1967 by Maria Kozslik Donovan.
From the book, "The Blue Danube Cookbook,"
to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



The Hog of the Future is here. For decades, breeders have been hard at work trying to produce leaner, trimmer pigs with meat that is tastier, whiter, less caloric. Now the little pig that goes to market is much changed—and so is his public image. The doctors and nutritionists who once frowned upon him as difficult to digest now value pork as a most important source of the B vitamin thiamine. Even the diet-conscious admit that the new-style, bu eyed, lean pork chop has fewer calories and just as much protei as a minute steak. Big news, too, in cooking: the old idea that yo must roast pork very slowly till a meat thermometer reaches 185 has gone by the board. Now, up goes the oven to moderate (350° down goes the time. When the internal temperature is only 170

your pork roast tastes better, it's juicier and tenderer, has less spatter and shrinkage. Displayed above, amidst a phantasmagoria of sausages, are, left to right: Pork Chops Vallée d'Auge cooked in cider; Sausages Normande with apples; Little Ribs of Kassel adapted from a recipe of the famous Luchow's; Roast Pork Boulangère. Recipes on page 116. By POPPY CANNON, FOOD EDITOR

Experts Reveal Good News of The New Pig



LINE A DAY

By Poppy Cannon

WHAT'S FOR DINNER TONIGHT? HERE IS A WHOLE MONTHFUL OF ANSWERS TO THAT ETERNAL QUESTION—A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN FEBRUARY. ALL ARE FAST, EASY, TIMELY AND NEWSY. FIND THE STARRED RECIPES IN THE RECIPE INDEX, PAGE 150. LENT BEGINS WITH PANCAKES ON MARDI GRAS. AND CREPES GISMONDA (PICTURED ABOVE) MAKE AN ELEGANT ENTRÉE.

CREPES GISMONDA

PREPARE A 2-OZ. PKG. WHITE SAUCE ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, ADDING AT LAST 2 TB. GRATED CHEESE. TO 2 (10-OZ.) PKG. THAWED, DRAINED FROZEN SPINACH, ADD 2 TB. CHOPPED ONION, PALELY GILDED IN 2 TB. BUTTER OR MARGARINE. ADD 1 CUP SLICED MUSHROOMS. COOK 5 MINUTES. FILL A DOZEN 8-INCH PANCAKES OR CREPES. ARRANGE SEAM-SIDE DOWN IN SHALLOW BUTTERED BAKING DISH. ANOINT WITH SAUCE. SPRINKLE WITH ¼ CUP GRATED SWISS CHEESE. BAKE AT 350° 10 MINUTES OR UNTIL CHEESE IS GOLDEN. SERVES 6.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
 BELGIAN ENDIVE	 GROUNDHOG DAY	 PANCAKE TUESDAY
5. Beginning of Mardi Gras high jinks in Belgium. Belgium means endive. Cook the little heads tender in consommé, drain, enwrap with ham.	**Onion Soup** **Braised Endive with Ham** **Brown-sugar-glazed Carrots (frozen)** **Macedoine of Cut-Up Fruits**	**6.** For Collop Monday . . . cut thin-sliced, tenderized breast of veal into oyster-size "collops." Dip in beaten egg, seasoned crumbs. Fry.	**Veal Collops with Tartar Sauce** **Instant Mashed Potatoes** ***Lemon Buttered Sprouts** **Warmed Apple Strudel à la mode**	**7.** Pancake Tuesday. The Estonians served pigs' feet . . . We make French-type crêpes by adding 3 eggs, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk to a 10-oz. pkg. popover mix.	***Pic** **Crép** **Rad** **Ripe** **Can** **Bl** **Po**
12. For Lincoln's Birthday—a log cabin of sandwiches walled with breadsticks, roofed with more sandwiches halved crosswise. See diagram, page 110.	**Old-fashioned Vegetable Soup** ***Log Cabin of Sandwiches** **Raw Vegetable Sticks** **Banana Splits**	**13.** Love Week begins—ancient festival of Lupercalia. Now is the season of symbols of Love, even stews must have heart-shaped croutons. An old French custom.	***Lamb Sauté Heart Croutons** **Potato Sticks** **Asparagus with Parmesan Cheese** **Orange and Romaine Salad** **Apples Stuffed with Mincemeat**	**14.** For Valentine's Day (also Eastern E'en in Scotland), make old-fashioned heart-shaped cookies by rolling out refrigerated sugar cookies. Colored frostings come in squirt cans.	***Sc** **Fo** **Sco** **m** **Tur** **Cl** **Ton** **Es** **Old** **Va** **Ce**
19. Almost as famous as the yellow rose of you-know-where is the grapefruit with a built-in blush. Sometimes the blush shows on the cheek, but not always.	**Pink Grapefruit Halves** ***Eggs in Little Casseroles** **Basket of Salt Sticks and Sesame Seed Rolls** **Apple Butter** **Mugs of Coffee**	**20.** Madly different is a new amber-rose and golden condensed mushroom soup with big slices of mushrooms. For sauce, simply add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup water, milk or wine.	**Golden Mushroom Soup** ***Jambalaya** **Mixed Green Salad** **Blue Cheese Dressing** **Crushed Pineapple Coupe**	**21.** New as new and highly practical are dunk 'n' thaw frozen fruits, sealed in plastic bags. Drop in warm water about 8 minutes and they're ready to serve.	***Po** **w** **Sa** **Gre** **Pap** **Pe** **Con** **Pe** **St** **(f**
26. Frangipane Pronto . . . flavor egg custard pudding (from a mix) with 1 tsp. almond extract. Fold in 6 crumbled macaroons and sprinkle with slivered almonds.	***Oven-Fried Turkey Parmesan** ***Tomato Rice** **Zucchini Italienne (canned)** **Raw Spinach Salad** **Frangipane Pronto**	**27.** Bedevil fish sticks. Brush with salad oil made sprightly with mustard, hot pepper, paprika. Heat. Canned pears grenadine: splotch of grenadine, dash lemon juice.	**Deviled Fish Sticks** **Potato Puffs** **Artichoke Hearts (frozen in limebutter)** **Pears Grenadine** **Chocolate Sandwich Cookies**	**28.** Raisin Crumb Pie. So easy it's sinful. Canned apple-raisin pie filling, a frozen baked pie crust. Top with buttered crumbs, cinnamon sugar. Bake 10 min. at 400°.	***Ch** **Au** **Squ** **W** **Spi** **(f** **Avo** **W** **Rai**



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herbets.

Shrimp Sautéed in Garlic
***Grilled Eggplant Steaks**
Frozen Italian Green Beans
Candle Sherbets

THURSDAY

2. If Groundhog sees his shadow, winter stays. So snare it in chocolate drizzled over a white-frosted cake. Hide it till the sun goes down.

***Planked Steak Ringed with Mashed Potatoes**
Grilled Tomatoes
Onion Ring Salad
Shadow Cake

FRIDAY

3. Day of St. Blaise, who cures sore throats. Honey and lemon juice is one of the oldest and best of remedies. Add it to tea for a fine ski-ball.

***Sausages Normande**
Buttered Peas and Onions
***Wilted Greens with Bacon Dressing**
Frozen Eclairs
Ski-balls

SATURDAY

4. In Japan, this is the beginning of spring. Scatter beans for luck. We scattered ours out of a can into a skillet.

***Turkey à la Japonais**
***Pot Luck Beans**
***Good Luck Carrot-Rice**
Lemon Parfait packaged

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Breaded Shoulder Lamb Chops
Creamed Onions with Walnuts
Green Bean Salad
Pretzels in Hot Garlic Butter
Frosted Brownies

9. "Ho see, fat choy" is the Chinese New Year greeting, traditionally . . . fried clams and lettuce. Tonight the Kitchen God flies off to report on the family.

Fried Clams (frozen)
Chinese Snow Peas (frozen)
Fried Rice
Shredded Lettuce
Kumquats and Fortune Cookies

10. Scholastica was the twin of St. Benedict, whose namesake is Eggs Benedict. They become Scholastica when whipped cream is added to the usual Hollandaise sauce.

Minestrone
Eggs Scholastica on Potato Patties
Buttered Spinach
French Pastries

11. Idea from dreamboat caterer Barry Strauss: cheese-filled ravioli topped with cream sauce plus a handful of seedless grapes, liberal splash of cayenne.

Ravioli du Barry
Baby Limas
Raw Cauliflower and Anchovy Salad
Orange Whipped Dessert
Ladyfingers

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Smoked Fish
Swedish Meat Balls (frozen)
Pickled Beets
Mashed Carrots with Nutmeg
Boiled Potatoes
Strawberries under Snow

16. Long ago in England swains tied strings to heart-shaped red apples and tossed them through the windows of their ladies' boudoirs.

Veal Chops
French Fried Onion Rings
Broccoli with Cheese Sauce
Cranberry Bread (from a mix)
Red Apples
Tray of Cheese

17. To serve with a chef's salad of canned king crab, Swiss cheese and "love apples" (cherry tomatoes), bake lover's knots from strips of pie pastry, frozen or homemade.

Clam and Pea Chowder
Chef's Salad of Crabmeat with Lover's Knots
Herbed Bread
Cheesecake (frozen or packaged)
Cherry Sauce

18. Gallants and galantines belong to the week of love. A true galantine takes a week of work, but we have a wonderfully quick version made with chicken spread.

***Chicken-Tongue Galantine**
Hot Potato Salad
Deviled Eggs on Chicory
Raspberry Yogurt over Frozen Raspberries

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a mix.

Beef Pot Pie
Shoepeg Corn, with Chopped Peanuts
Scalloped Tomatoes
Assorted Relishes
Lafayette Gingerbread
Red-Cherry Pie Topping

23. To fill bought cream-puff shells, make your own *crème patisserie:* instant pudding mix stirred up with thin cream, 2 drops aromatic bitters, splotch of almond extract.

Tropical Fruit Cup (canned)
Hickory-Salted Calves Liver
Baked Potatoes
Lima Beans in Cheese Sauce
Cucumber and Watercress Salad
Cream Puffs

24. The Four Seasons serves a glorious Apricot Mousse. Improvise by whipping 1 cup pureed apricots or junior food into 1 pint lemon sherbet. Re-freeze.

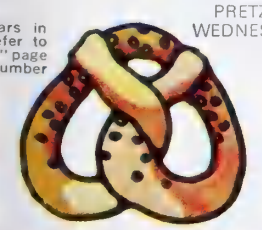
***Fish Gratin Hapsburg on Green Noodles**
Baby Beets with Rosemary
Fresh Sliced Mushroom Salad
Tart French Dressing
Apricot Mousse

25. Salaams to a Salmi of chicken livers (1 lb. sautéed) tossed in a sauce of 2 Tb. each brandy, tomato paste, currant jelly, 1 tsp. gravy coloring, a can beef gravy.

Cranberry Cocktail
Salmi of Chicken Livers
***Risi Bisi**
Escarole-Green Goddess Dressing
Pink Peppermint Sundaes

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PRETZEL WEDNESDAY



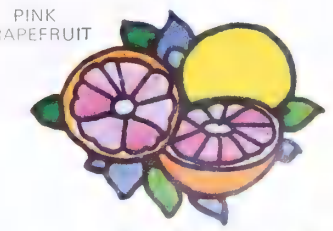
CHINESE KITCHEN GOD



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



PINK GRAPEFRUIT



ernard Gray; illustrations by Tom Daly

Line a Day continues on page 110.

Was a time cooking rice was art, knack, chore. "Wash in 7 waters," we were told. "Rub between fingers to loosen starch." "Cook in much water." "Cook in water to cover." "Must rinse." "Never rinse." Whoops! Which cookbook did you read? All this belongs to the past. Modern packaged rice rarely needs washing, draining, or rinsing. But there are several types. Long-grain or regular, parboiled or converted, precooked or "instant." We've put all the facts, ma'am, about all the rices into a chart: What's what, how much, how long to cook. Now at last you can transpose recipes from one kind of rice to another. Turn to page 124.



Photograph by Lyn St. John

Rice à la Grecque. The Greeks have an immemorial genius for great rice dishes. In this whole-meal creation, made with peppery sausages, onions, lettuce, pimiento, the rice is sautéed in oil, cooked in broth. Use any kind of rice in your supermarket. Just consult our chart for the right way to cook the kind of rice you pick.

Persian Rice with a Golden Eye . . . Long, long ago in Persian gardens, rice like this was served with the golden eye of a raw egg yolk in the center, to be stirred into the rice. Modern hostesses prefer an apricot. Either one enhances the Oriental splendor of dates, almonds and lemon. What more glamorous accompaniment to ham, pork or broiled chicken, changing them into a repast fit for a sultan? Made in minutes—how few depend on which kind of rice you choose. With our canny chart, all are fail-proof.

Jambalaya one of the m famous dish Louisiana— perfect for t Mardi Gras season. A tr Creole medl of green pep garlic, ham, shrimp, oliv tomatoes, bedazzlemen spicery. And rice prepare according to legendary a of Bayou-la that every grain stands apart, "sepa as a pearl."

Party Chicken

oup makes it taste simply spectacular



KEN VIA VENETO

nds chicken parts
p flour
p butter
ham strips
2 cans Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
1 cup chopped canned tomatoes
3 medium onions, quartered
1 teaspoon basil, crushed

Use 1 large skillet or prepare in 2 skillets (about 10 inch) by dividing ingredients equally. Dust chicken with flour; brown in butter; remove. Brown ham. Stir in soup, tomatoes, onions, and basil; add chicken. Cover; cook over low heat 45 minutes or until tender. Stir now and then. Uncover; cook until desired consistency. 8 servings.



AST OF CHICKEN MAGNIFIQUE

ole chicken breasts
out 3 pounds), split
up butter or margarine
s sliced mushrooms
out ⅓ pound)
2 cans Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
1 large clove garlic, minced
Generous dash crushed thyme
⅛ teaspoon rosemary, crushed
⅔ cup light cream

l large skillet or prepare in 2 skillets (10-inch) by dividing the ingre-
s equally. Brown chicken in butter; remove. Brown mushrooms. Stir
up, garlic, and seasonings; add chicken. Cover; cook over low heat
inutes. Stir now and then. Blend in cream; heat slowly. Serve with
rice mix. Garnish with toasted, slivered almonds. 8 servings.

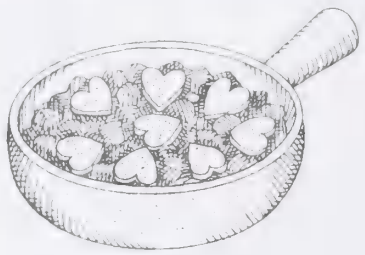


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LINE-A-DAY
BY POPPY CANNON

LAMB SAUTÉ

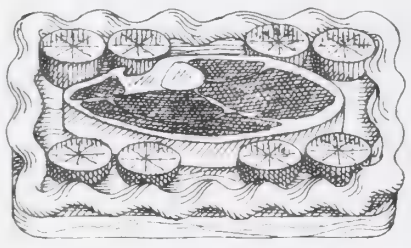


3 lbs. boned lamb, cubed
3 Tb. butter or margarine
¼ lb. sliced mushrooms
¼ cup chopped shallots or onions
1 (10½-oz.) can beef broth
1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce
½ cup white wine
1 Tb. chopped parsley
1 bay leaf

Have 3 lbs. tender or tenderized lamb cut into inch cubes. Sauté until golden brown in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ¼ lb. sliced fresh mushrooms and ¼ cup finely chopped shallots or onions. Sauté 5 minutes more. Add 1 (10½-oz.) can beef broth, 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce, ½ cup white wine, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and 1 bay leaf. Cook about 25 minutes or until meat is tender.

Serve with croutons, traditionally cut into heart shapes. Serves 6.

PLANKED STEAK



Rub each side of a (3-lb.) sirloin steak, about 1½ inches thick, with a mixture of 1 tablespoon liquid gravy seasoning and 2 teaspoons dry mustard. Place on heat-proof plank or a foil-covered chopping board. Place under broiler 4 inches from heat. Broil 1 minute on each side. Turn and cook 5 minutes on each side for rare. During last 5 minutes surround with well-seasoned, oil-brushed and crumb-sprinkled, halved tomatoes and make a border of mashed instant potatoes. Bring plank to table. Just before serving, slightly warm ¼ cup bourbon, ignite, and pour flaming over steak. Serves 6.

WILTED GREENS WITH BACON DRESSING



1 lb. raw spinach
1 medium onion thinly sliced
8 slices bacon
⅓ cup cider vinegar
1 Tb. prepared mustard
½ tsp. garlic salt
½ tsp. sugar
⅛ tsp. pepper

To 1 lb. well-washed and dried raw spinach leaves add 1 medium onion, thinly sliced and separated into rings. Cover and chill in the refrigerator.

For dressing: Snip 8 slices bacon with scissors into bits and sauté till crisp. Add ⅓ cup cider vinegar, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon each garlic salt and sugar, ⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper. Heat the dressing until it is bubbling.

Just before serving, pour hot dressing over salad, tossing gently to wilt greens. Makes 6 servings.

POT LUCK BEANS



Empty 2 (1-lb.) cans red kidney beans into a skillet. Add 1 onion, cut into thin (¼-inch) strips, 3 tablespoons vinegar (any kind) and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Heat over medium heat for about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serves 6.

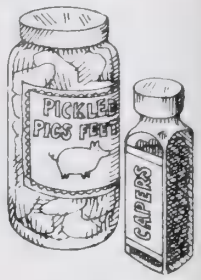
BRUSSELS SPROUTS IN LEMON BUTTER



Plunge 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen Brussels sprouts into ½ cup boiling water. Cook according to package directions.

Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in small saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Drain Brussels sprouts. Arrange carefully in a pyramid as shown in the illustration. Pour lemon butter over the pyramid. Garnish serving plate with thin slices of lemon. Serves 6.

PIG'S FEET VINAIGRETTE

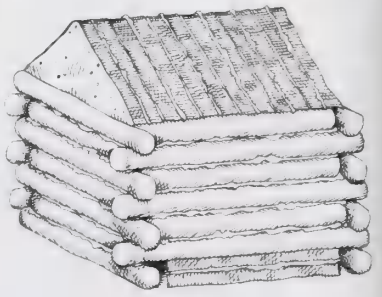


2 (9-oz.) jars pickled pig's feet
1 Tb. chopped parsley
½ cup salad oil
¼ cup lemon juice
2 Tb. capers
½ tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Drain 2 (9-oz.) jars pickled pig's feet. Sprin generously with 1 tablespoon chopped parsl Mix together ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup lem juice, 2 tablespoons capers, ½ teaspoon ea dry mustard and salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepp Whir in a blender or shake in a jar.

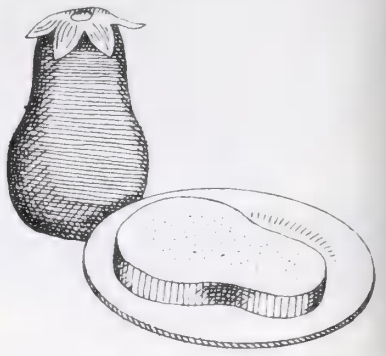
Arrange pig's feet on platter. Serve ca sauce over or alongside. Six servings as appetizer.

LINCOLN LOG CABIN OF SANDWICHES



Stack three whole sandwiches as the "found tion." Build cabin around them, using bre sticks as logs, cream cheese or peanut butter "mortar." Alternate whole breadsticks shown with shorter ones, which yo u cut to The roof is three more sandwiches, cut in h diagonally and placed peak up. Use toothpic to hold roof sandwiches securely.

EGGPLANT STEAKS



Cut 2 large eggplants (approximately 1¼ l each) lengthwise into ¾-inch thick slices. Bru liberally on both sides with ¼ cup bottl Italian dressing. Sprinkle ½ teaspoon orega over top. Place on lightly greased baking sh that has been rubbed with 1 cut clove garl

Broil only on one side until dark like ch crusted steaks. Sprinkle with 2 teaspoons coa salt, and ½ teaspoon fresh pepper. Serves

KRAFT

EVERYDAY MEATS GO GOURMET



spanish stew

2 lbs. beef, cut in 1-inch cubes
1 8-oz. bottle Catalina Brand French Dressing
2 cups water
1 cup sliced stuffed olives
8 small onions
8 small whole potatoes

A superb company main dish with a tart-sweet secret: Catalina Brand French Dressing from Kraft. Brown meat in ¼ cup dressing; add remaining dressing and water. Cover and cook slowly 2 hours. Add olives, onions and potatoes; cook 45 minutes or until meat and vegetables are tender. Thicken liquid for gravy, if desired. Serves 6 to 8. Tangy, tomato-y sweet Catalina makes both the meat and gravy taste marvelous.

KRAFT

WINNING WAYS WITH VEGETABLES



green beans elegant

1 cup Kraft Mayonnaise
¼ cup Kraft Oil and Vinegar Dressing
2 tablespoons Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese
2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen whole green beans, cooked, drained
Tomato wedges
Parsley

Use Kraft Mayonnaise to turn green beans from a so-so side dish to a go-go highlight! Combine mayonnaise, dressing and Parmesan cheese. Pour over beans; mix lightly. Place in individual casseroles; top with tomato wedges. Bake at 350°, 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6 to 8. You'll find that velvety Kraft Mayonnaise has an indispensable talent for brightening up and bringing out the flavor of every food it touches!



YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE

to use these COOKBOOK-SIZE pages

royal onions

6 large onions, peeled
1 3-oz. can mushroom pieces, drained
¼ cup Parkay Margarine
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
1 5-oz. jar Old English Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread, Sharp
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

The golden filling in these onions has the rich cheddary goodness of famous Old English Cheese Spread, from Kraft. Cook onions in boiling water about 15 minutes; drain. Cool. Scoop out centers of onions, leaving ½-inch shell. Chop onion removed from center. Cook onion and mushrooms in margarine until tender. Add bread crumbs, cheese spread and seasonings; mix well. Fill onion shells; bake at 350°, 35 to 40 minutes. Serves 6. Old English Cheese Spread is just one of a variety of delicious Kraft Cheese Spreads in jars....all at your grocer's dairy case.



potatoes gusto

⅓ cup Parkay Margarine
4 cups sliced cooked potatoes
1 cup sliced onions
⅓ cup chopped green pepper
Salt and pepper
½ cup shredded Cracker Barrel Brand Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese

The delicate flavor of Parkay Margarine enhances this vegetable trio. Melt margarine in skillet; add potatoes, onions and green pepper. Cook until browned, turning frequently. Season to taste; sprinkle with shredded Cracker Barrel Cheddar Cheese, and continue cooking until cheese melts. Serves 4 to 6. Parkay browns evenly...melts goodness into every bite. For cooking, or at the table, taste the delicious difference in Parkay.



asparagus aurora

1 pkg. Kraft White Sauce Mix
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
¼ teaspoon curry powder
2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen asparagus, cooked, drained
2 slices crisply cooked bacon, crumbled

This elegantly creamy curry sauce is easy when you use new Kraft White Sauce Mix. Prepare sauce mix as directed on package. Add egg and curry powder; mix well. Serve on asparagus; sprinkle with bacon. Serves 6 to 8. Whenever a recipe calls for white sauce, depend on Kraft White Sauce Mix for homemade results without a lot of homework.



THE KRAFT KITCHENS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
FOR GOOD FOOD AND GOOD FOOD IDEAS

noodles romanoff with shashlik

2 lbs. round steak, ¾-inch thick
Kraft Herb and Garlic French or Oil and Vinegar Dressing
Small button mushrooms
Cherry tomatoes
Green pepper, cut in squares
2 pkgs. Kraft Noodles Romanoff

Go continental! It's easy with Kraft Noodles Romanoff! Slice meat in thin strips. Marinate in dressing 2 to 3 hours. Alternately thread meat, accordion-style, with vegetables on skewers. Broil 10 to 12 minutes, brushing frequently with marinade. Serve with Noodles Romanoff prepared as directed on package. Serves 8 to 10. Kraft Noodles Romanoff comes with plump, tender egg noodles plus an authentic Noodles Romanoff sauce—ready to cook up fresh in 12 minutes!





high hat pork chops

6 pork chops, ½-inch thick
Kraft Oil
* * *
2 tablespoons Parkay Margarine
⅓ cup flour
⅔ cup milk
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

The rich Italian accent in the topping comes from Kraft Grated Parmesan—the "seasoning cheese." Brown chops in oil; place in baking dish. Melt margarine; blend in flour. Stir in milk; mixture will be very thick. Cook, stirring constantly about 2 minutes. Beat in egg; cook until mixture is shiny. Add remaining ingredients; mix well. Top each chop with cheese mixture. Bake at 350°, 35 minutes. Serves 6. Kraft Grated Parmesan is all Parmesan—nothing added. And it's aged over 14 months to give you true Italian gusto.

meat balls deluxe

⅔ cup (6-oz. can) evaporated milk
½ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
1 3-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained
¼ teaspoon celery seed
1 lb. ground beef
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 tablespoons Kraft Oil
Hot curried rice
Parsley

The savory sauce on the meat balls is delicately seasoned with Miracle Whip—America's favorite salad dressing! Combine milk, salad dressing, mushrooms and celery seed; mix until well blended. Season meat with salt and pepper; shape in balls. Brown in oil. Add Miracle Whip mixture; heat 20 minutes. Serve over curried rice combined with parsley. Serves 4 to 6. Miracle Whip's famous flavor comes from a bouquet of fresh-ground spices—a unique Kraft blend.







YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE



OD COLESLAW

COTTAGE CHEESE COLESLAW

CALIFORNIA COLESLAW

Real cool coleslaws need real mayonnaise... Best Foods

hat puts the zest in coleslaw best?
est Foods. It's real mayonnaise.
ull-bodied so it stays creamy and smooth
en when thinned. Delightfully tangy.
et, light and delicate to bring out flavor.
o play it cool. Perk up wilted appetites
ith these great coleslaw ideas.
ut remember, it takes Best Foods Real
layonnaise to bring out their best.



BASIC COLESLAW

1 quart shredded or chopped cabbage
1/2 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/2 teaspoon salt

SEAFOOD COLESLAW

To basic coleslaw add:
3 tablespoons catsup
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
1 (6-1/2 to 7-1/2 oz.) can tuna or salmon, drained
1/4 cup chopped radishes

COTTAGE CHEESE COLESLAW

To basic coleslaw add:
1/4 cup cottage cheese
1/4 teaspoon celery seed
1/2 cup shredded carrot
1/4 cup green pepper strips

CALIFORNIA COLESLAW

To basic coleslaw add:
1/2 cup quartered marshmallows
1 (8-oz.) can crushed pineapple, drained
1 tablespoon pineapple juice

HIS IS NO PLACE FOR "SECOND BEST"—BRING OUT THE BEST WITH BEST FOODS REAL MAYONNAISE



Use Winter to Grow More Beautiful

Winter can mean more beauty for you, for cold weather is acknowledged to provide wonderful conditions that are beneficial to human skin . . . bracing and refining . . . bringing a fresh peaches-and-cream loveliness.

"Why then have I not had this beauty treatment from our American winter before?" you may ask. The answer to this important question is that, while winter coldness refines and beautifies, the harsh American winter causes the surface skin to shrink. This is nature's way of keeping out the cold. The tiny oil ducts of the skin are starved of their natural protective oils by this shrinkage, resulting in wrinkle-dryness and loss of complexion youth.

Modern scientists have now discovered a solution—a way to make the cold bracing American winter bring vivacious beauty to the complexion. This discovery takes the form of a tropical moist oil that makes it possible for women of every age to enjoy and utilize the natural beauty benefits offered by the cold weather.

A "beauty secret" was made known to modern chemical scientists when they noted the remarkable properties of this tropical fluid or moist oil. It was a fluid with unique "peeled" characteristics. It did not contain the sealing elements present in ordinary oils, thus it permitted absorption. The value of this is graphically illustrated when the stem of a rose is coated with ordinary oil and placed in water. Immediately the rose is rendered powerless to assimilate the life-giving moisture on which its beauty depends. Thus, it can be seen, the tropical moist oil provides the adequate means by which the surface complexion can be beautified. Further, it leaves an invisible film on the skin to assist nature in providing a defense against lack of surface oil-and-moisture and consequent shrinkage and wrinkle-dryness.

This moist oil is also "isotonic" (meaning that it is of a pressure consistency to balance with the skin's own fluids). These fluids surround the plasma colloids (the skin's water carriers) to keep them in necessary fluid abundance. It is essential to keep these colloids in a healthy state because it is their separation, through dryness, which shows up on the face in the form of wrinkles. Further, being hygroscopic, this moist oil attracts and absorbs moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and, used as you would a powder base, it promotes a petal soft and dewy texture that holds make-up beautifully all day long.

In tropical countries this beautifying fluid is known as oil of Ulan, in England and other parts of the world as oil of Ulay. In America it is available from druggists as oil of Olay. Women today, who conscientiously care for their skin, no longer need have qualms about American weather conditions. Instead, with the aid of oil of Olay, winter weather can now give your complexion a peaches-and-cream loveliness.

Beauty Skin-Care Consultants Recommend

Beauty-care consultants are now recommending that, to take full advantage of the benefits of this moist Olay oil, it should be smoothed over the face and neck daily before making-up. In this way it checks wrinkle-dryness and gives the skin a youthful bloom and radiant beauty.

* * *

Radiance is restored to the complexion when it is gently massaged each night with a vitalizing night cream. Smooth on Olay vitalizing night cream with upward and outward strokes, paying particular attention to the crow's-feet area. This will ease away all traces of wrinkle-dryness and give the skin an English countryside bloom.

* * *

Keep your hands beautifully soft and smooth by applying a few drops of oil of Olay after working in water. This moist oil will replace the loss of natural oils drained away by the water and detergents.

Advertisement

THE NEW PIG

continued from page 105

SAUSAGES NORMANDIE

Brown-and-serve sausages, canned apple slices and maybe a dollop of applejack make this extra-quick and extra-elegant dish.

1 lb. brown-and-serve sausages
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 (1-lb.) can apple slices
1 lb. green cabbage, shredded (about 6 cups)
1½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 cup heavy cream
2 Tb. brandy or applejack, optional

Quickly brown 1 lb. brown-and-serve sausages in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Remove and keep warm. Drain 1 (1-lb.) can apple slices, saving the juice. Add enough water to the juice to measure 1 cup; set aside.

Sauté drained apples in the sausage oil that remains in skillet. Cook for 5 minutes or till lightly browned.

Place about 6 cups shredded cabbage in a medium saucepan. Add the apple-juice-water and ½ teaspoon salt. Cover and bring to a boil. Cook 5 minutes over medium heat. Drain well. Return cabbage to same large skillet. Arrange the sautéed apples on top of cabbage. Put browned sausages on top in a pretty pattern.

Combine remaining 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup heavy cream and 2 tablespoons brandy or applejack. Pour over the casserole. Cover and cook over medium heat for 10 minutes. Serves 6.

STUFFED PORK SHOULDER

Sometimes known as Mock Duck. Like duck it is delicious served with cranberry sauce or spiced fruits.

1 (3-lb.) pork shoulder, boned
¼ cup diced pork fat
2 cups herb-seasoned bread-stuffing mix
1 cup cut-up, pitted prunes
2½ cups chopped onion (about 2 large onions)
½ tsp. powdered rosemary
½ tsp. powdered sage
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 cloves garlic, crushed
¾ cup dry white wine
1 cup water
¼ cup flour

Trim all fat from a 3-lb. boned pork shoulder. Dice enough fat to make ¼ cup. Place the fat in a heavy Dutch oven and cook over low heat to render out the fat (about 15 minutes). Do not remove crisp bits from the hot fat.

Prepare 2 cups herb-seasoned stuffing mix according to package directions. Then add 1 cup cut-up, pitted prunes and ½ cup chopped onion. Spoon stuffing into cavity of pork shoulder. Close opening with skewers.

Rub into pork a mixture of ½ teaspoon powdered rosemary, ½ tsp. powdered sage, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper. Brown pork shoulder on both sides in the pork fat. Add 2 cups chopped onion, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, and cook about 5 minutes. Pour in ¾ cup dry white wine and ½ cup water. Cover, reduce heat and cook slowly about 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Remove meat, keep warm. Skim off as much fat as possible. Combine ¼ cup flour with ½ cup water, and add to pan juices. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Serves 6.

LITTLE RIBS OF KASSEL

Kassler Ribchen mit Sauerkraut is the German name for this delectable combination of smoked pork chops, apples and sauerkraut. Wonderfully flavored with caraway.

6 (1-inch-thick) smoked pork chops
1 large onion, sliced
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 (1-lb) can sauerkraut, drained and rinsed
1 medium peeled, sliced t
1 Tb. cara
1 clove g crushe
1 tsp. sal
⅛ tsp. pe
½ cup dr wine
½ cup wa

In a large skillet, sauté 6 (1-i smoked pork chops and 1 la sliced, in ¼ cup butter or Cook for 5 minutes on each sid chops from pan and set asi (1-lb.) can sauerkraut, dr rinsed, 1 medium apple, pee and sliced thinly, 1 tablespoo seeds, 1 clove garlic, crushed, salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½ white wine and ½ cup wa sautéed onions and butter Mix well.

Place sauerkraut mixture quart heat-proof casserole. To sautéed chops. Cover and ba for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

PORK BOULANGERIE

A classic preparation of pork a bed of sliced potatoes. Lo French villages it was carr town bakeshop to be cooked- name.

2 lbs. potatoes
½ cup chopped onions
½ cup coarsely chopped parsley
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
3 to 4 cups beef bouillon (from about 2 [10½-oz.] cans)
1 (9-rib) roast (a 3½ lbs
1 Tb. flou
1 tsp. po sage
1 tsp. pa
½ tsp. ga
¼ tsp. m glutam

Pare 2 lbs. potatoes and slice In a small bowl, combine ½ cu onions, ½ cup coarsely chopp 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspo Toss with a fork to mix well tatoes in layers in a 13½x8½ long casserole, sprinkling each some of the onion-parsley mi layer of potatoes should be carefully in a pretty pattern tatoes down well with hands. cups beef bouillon just leve layer of potatoes.

Trim the fat from a (9-rib (about 3½ lbs.), leaving a lay inch thick on the outside of r a sharp knife, score fat in pattern.

Combine 1 tablespoon flo spoon powdered sage, 1 tea prika, ½ teaspoon garlic salt spoon monosodium glutamate the pork loin, set on top of casserole. Roast in a mode (350°) for 1½ to 2 hours (abo utes per pound of meat). Ser

SPARERIBS MENTON

The town of Menton on t Riviera is famous for lemons, sorts of ways in all sorts of d

4 lbs. pork spareribs, cut into 3-rib pieces
1½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
2 medium onions, sliced
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 cups w
½ cup sa
¼ cup re vinega
1 tsp. dry
2 Tb. tom
½ tsp. su
¼ tsp. pe
3 whole l

Cut 4 lbs. pork spareribs servings. Sprinkle with 1 tea and ½ teaspoon pepper. Pla roasting pan. Add 2 onions clove garlic, crushed, and 2 cu ter. Cover pan and bake in (350°) oven 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, combine ½ cu ¼ cup red wine vinegar, 1 te mustard, 2 tablespoons

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GF
GENERAL FOODS



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PARSLEY RICE. Combine 1 c. uncooked rice, 1 tsp. salt, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 2 c. water. Cook to boiling. Stir, cover, cook at very low heat 14 min. or till tender. Heat ¼ c. sliced green onion, ⅓ c. diced green pepper, ¼ c. slivered unblanched almonds in 2 tbsp. butter or margarine 1 min. Fold into freshly cooked rice with ½ c. chopped parsley. 5 servings.



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tomato paste, ½ teaspoon sugar, remaining ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Drain ribs, discard liquid. Brush ribs with salad-oil mixture. Place pan of ribs back in oven with 3 whole unpeeled lemons in pan. Bake 1 hour longer, basting frequently with remaining salad oil.

At serving time, cut each lemon in quarters and serve with ribs. Makes 6 servings.

SMOKED TENDERLOIN EN CASSEROLE

6 sweet potatoes (about 2 lbs.)
1-lb. smoked pork tenderloin (unsliced)
1 cup drained crushed pineapple
½ cup heavy cream
½ tsp. salt
2 Tb. butter or margarine

Bake 6 medium sweet potatoes (about 2 lbs.) in a hot oven (400°). After potatoes have baked for 30 minutes place a (1-lb.) smoked pork tenderloin (unsliced) in a shallow pan. Cover bottom of pan with ½ inch water. Bake in oven with potatoes for 30 minutes more.

At end of cooking time, slit potatoes in half. Scoop out pulp; discard shells. Remove tenderloin from oven and cut into (¼-inch) slices. Keep warm.

Combine sweet-potato pulp, 1 cup drained, crushed pineapple, ½ cup heavy cream, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Place mixture in a greased casserole. Top with pork slices and heat at 400° 10 to 15 minutes. Serves 6.

PORK SCHNITZEL WITH CHARCUTERIE SAUCE

A schnitzel is a cutlet, and it need not always refer to veal.

2 fresh pork tenderloins (about ½ to ¾ lb. each)
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 egg
2 Tb. milk
2 Tb. flour
12 saltine crackers, finely crushed *or* **½ cup cracker crumbs**
¼ cup butter or margarine

Split 2 (½- to ¾-lb.) fresh pork tenderloins in half, lengthwise. Score lightly with a sharp knife. Cut each tenderloin fillet crosswise into 3 pieces (making 12 pieces). Sprinkle pork with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Beat 1 egg with 2 tablespoons milk. Dip pork in 2 tablespoons flour, then in egg mixture. Roll in ½ cup fine cracker crumbs.

Heat ¼ cup butter or margarine in a large, heavy skillet. Sauté pork in hot butter or margarine over medium heat about 10 minutes on each side until all traces of pink have disappeared from meat. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

CHARCUTERIE SAUCE

¼ cup finely chopped onion
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 (10¾-oz.) can brown gravy
¼ cup red wine vinegar

In a large skillet, sauté ¼ cup finely chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine till soft and golden. Add 1 (10¾-oz.) can brown gravy and ¼ cup red wine vinegar. Bring to a boil and cook over low heat about 5 minutes. Serve along with Pork Schnitzel.

PORK CHOPS VALLÉE D'AUGE

The name Vallée d'Auge usually refers to foods cooked with cider.

2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ cup flour
12 thin quick-fry pork chops
½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup cider
¾ cup water
½ cup chopped scallions

Combine 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and flour in a paper bag. Add pork chops, a few at a time, and fry pork chops, a few at a time, to coat. Save excess flour.

Heat ½ cup butter or margarine in large heavy skillet. Add pork chops, a few at a time. Brown on both sides and remove to a platter. Keep warm.

Off heat, add leftover flour to drippings and stir, scraping up any crusty bits from bottom. Over low heat, add cup cider and ¾ cup water and stir briskly. Cook, and stir, until mixture is smooth. Then add ¼ cup chopped scallions and browned pork chops to pan and cook over medium heat 10 minutes more. Serve sprinkled with remaining ½ cup scallions. Serves 6.

PORK STEW WITH DUMPLI

2 lbs. pork shoulder, cut in 1-inch cubes
½ cup flour
1 Tb. salt
1 Tb. paprika
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 onions, sliced
2 cups apple juice
2 cups water
¼ cup tomato paste
1 tsp. powdered sage
¾ tsp.
1 clove crus
3 med cut i circl
1 (10-o froze
¼ cup
Dumpli
2 cups bisc
¾ cup

Cut 2 lbs. pork shoulder cubes, or have your butcher cubes in a bag with ½ cup flour, spoon salt, 1 tablespoon paprika, teaspoon pepper. Keep excess flour.

In a large, heavy skillet, brown butter or margarine. Brown a few pieces at a time; remove and keep warm.

In the same pan, sauté sliced, until golden. Put pork in pan with onions. Add juice, 2 cups water, ¼ cup t 1 teaspoon powdered sage, thyme and 1 clove garlic, cr to a boil. Cover, reduce heat minutes. Then add 3 carrots (10-oz.) package frozen lima bine leftover flour with ¼ ter. Stir into stew. Cover 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, prepare du combining 2 cups all-pur mix and ¾ cup milk. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls, in Cover and cook 10 minutes, cook 10 more minutes. Serv

EGGS IN LITTLE CASSEROLE

1 (1-lb.) can stewed tomatoes (2 cups)
1 Tb. flour
½ tsp. sugar
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. dried basil
½ tsp. oregano
6 smok sausa
2 Tb. bu marg
6 eggs
½ tsp.
¼ tsp.

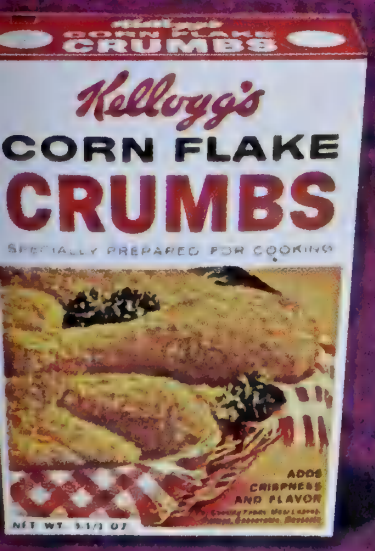
In a medium saucepan, comb can stewed tomatoes, 1 table ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teasp teaspoon dried basil (rubb fingers), and ½ teaspoon ore stirring, over medium heat f or until mixture is slightly t

Meanwhile, sauté 6 smok sages in 1 tablespoon butt garine until brown and done

Pour tomato mixture int greased casserole (about 6 or 6 individual baking dish sausages on top of tomat Carefully break 6 eggs an tween sausages. Sprinkle eg teaspoon salt and ¼ teasp Dot top with 1 remaining butter or margarine. Bake heated 400° oven 6 to 8 mi eggs are set but not hard. Ser



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cane sugar and fresh, whole milk.

CHERRY-O CREAM CHEESE PIE

e Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs
lespoons sugar
p butter or margarine, melted
oz.) package Borden's Cream Cheese or
gle Brand Neufchatel Cheese
ups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened
ondensed Milk (condensed milk must be used)
p lemon juice* (measure accurately)
spoon vanilla extract
lb. 5 oz.) can prepared Cherry Pie Filling
Cherry Glaze"*

Combine Crumbs, sugar, butter; mix well. Press firmly, evenly on bottom and sides of 9" pie plate. Chill. Let cheese stand at room temperature till soft; beat till fluffy. Gradually add Eagle Brand, stirring till well mixed. Add lemon juice, vanilla extract; stir till well mixed; turn into prepared crust. Chill 2 to 3 hrs. (do not freeze) before garnishing top with Cherry Pie Filling or Cherry Glaze.

*Do not use lemon extract. If you use frozen lemon juice, make juice of regular strength.

**CHERRY GLAZE: (makes 1 cup)

1 cup (½ of 1-lb. can) drained, red, tart, pitted cherries; 2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons cornstarch; ½ cup cherry juice
Blend sugar and cornstarch; stir in cherry juice. Cook till thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Stir in a few drops of red food coloring if desired. Add cherries. Cool; garnish top of pie.

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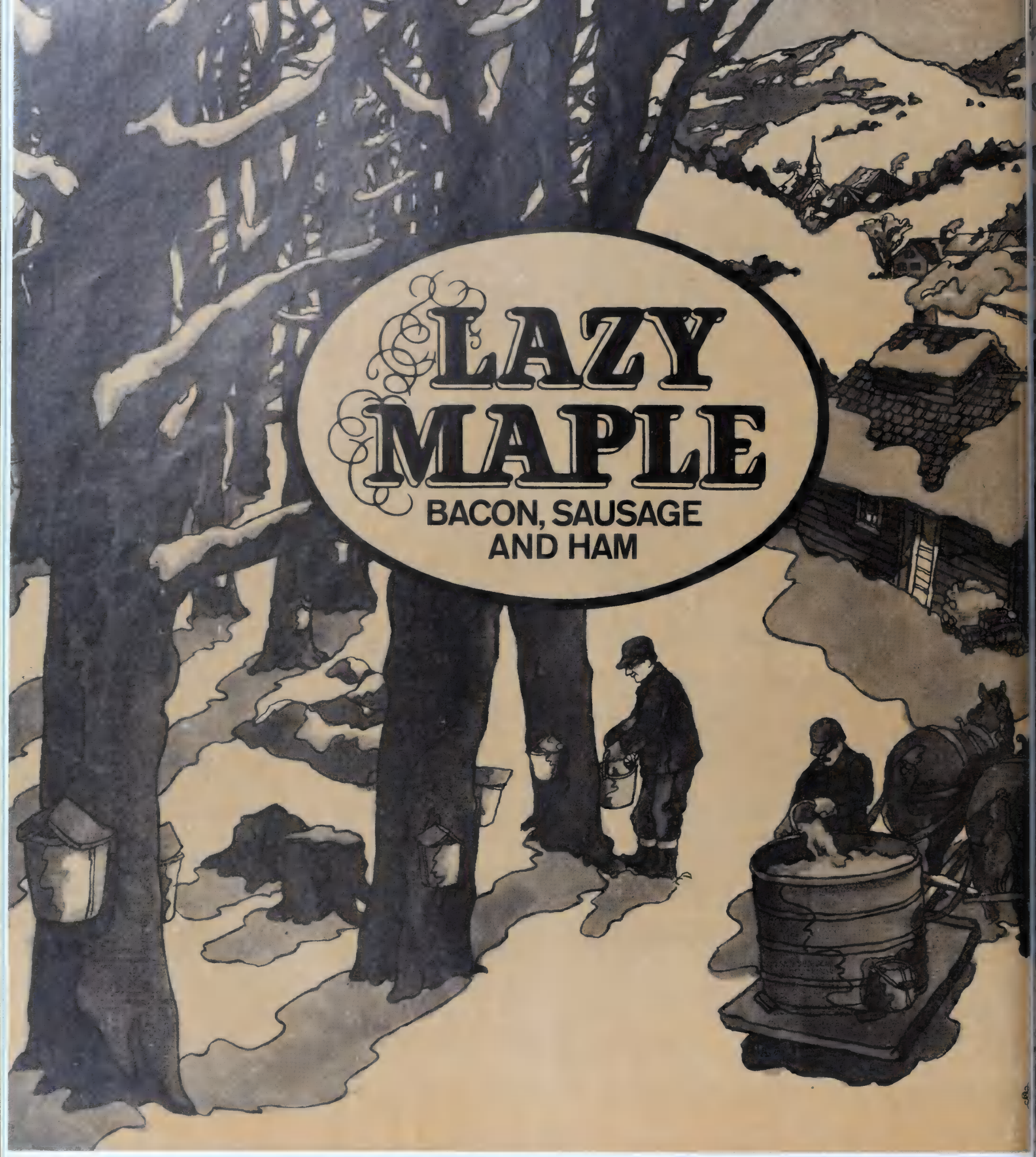
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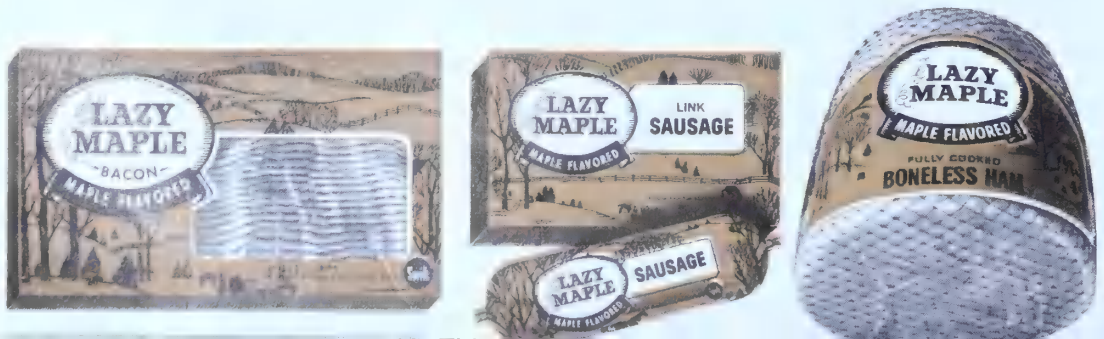
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TRY PRODUCTS

ued from page 101

THER FOWLIE is a thick Scottish and chicken soup—practically a Serve in soup bowls, prettily with sweet, white onion rings, ed.

ty 3 (15¾-oz.) cans chicken fric- nto a large saucepan. Add 1 cup ooked lamb, ½ cup diced celery, ll onion, sliced, 1 tablespoon d parsley, ½ tea- poultry season- teaspoon mace. ogether.

2 (10¾-oz.) cans broth. Bring e to a boil, then for 20 minutes. efore serving add light cream and 1 egg yolk. Serve up piping hot. 6 servings.

KEN LOGS make -catching lunch- supper dish from ackaged, pressed slices rolled a cream-cheese For dramatic hors d'oeuvres, iny chicken logs, the slices tighter tting each into logs."

small bowl, com- (8-oz.) pkg. soft- ream cheese, ½ pped dill pickles, spoons chopped 1 tablespoon stershire sauce, easpoon paprika. eam-cheese mix- til fluffy.

1 (8-oz.) pkg. of pressed chicken Spread 2 table- cream-cheese along one edge slice. Roll up nd skewer with ick. Dip ends g" in ¼ cup hopped parsley. 6.

nks to handy turkey rolls, sgiving joy is sy to serve any the year, with mum of fuss.

ROLL BIGARADE ressed-up affair classic orange- uce and garnish ge sections.

1 (2-lb., 6-oz.) urkey roll according to package ns.

a vegetable peeler, remove the in of 2 medium oranges. Try not off any of the inner white rind. in into thin (⅛-inch) julienne bout 2 inches long. Drop into 2 iling water and cook 5 minutes. nd save.

on the two peeled oranges and later use.

lve 2 tablespoons sugar in 3 ons red wine vinegar over low dd ½ cup port wine, 1 teaspoon ra bitters and cooked orange Cook for 4–5 minutes.

Pour sauce over turkey 10 minutes before end of cooking time. When done, slice turkey and arrange slices on platter before serving. Spoon gravy over meat. Garnish with the peeled orange sections. Makes 6 servings.

Avocados, onions, lemon sauce—add them to a barbecued chicken, bought frozen, for a frolic of color and the rich, exotic flavor of **MOROCCAN BARBECUED CHICKEN.**

Defrost 1 (3-lb.) frozen barbecued chicken and cook according to package directions. Sauté 1 medium onion, chopped, in 1 tablespoon salad oil till golden.

Mix 1 tablespoon flour in 1 (6-oz.) can lemonade concentrate, blending well. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon liquid gravy coloring, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Add to sautéed onion and cook till mixture becomes thickened (about 5 minutes). Pour over barbecued chicken. Before serving, arrange avocado and fresh onion slices in a ring around the bird. Makes 6 servings.

The Japanese adapted the quick stir-fry method of cooking thin slivers of meat and vegetables. In **TURKEY À LA JAPONAIS,** this ancient method is put to good use with green peppers and turkey-breast slices (they come packaged and frozen).

In a small saucepan, combine 2 tablespoons dry sherry, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1½ tablespoons sugar and ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Bring to a boil and pour over 1 (2-lb.) pkg. frozen turkey-breast slices. Let mixture stand 10 minutes.

Clean seeds from 1 medium green pepper and cut into small strips.

Drain turkey slices and dust with a mixture of 2 tablespoons cornstarch and ½ teaspoon ginger.

Fry turkey and green pepper in 4 tablespoons salad oil till turkey is tender (about 5 minutes) and peppers are just soft.

Serve with horseradish. Makes 6 servings.

OVEN-FRIED TURKEY PARMESAN gives pre-breaded turkey patties an Italian twist. They're quickly "fried" in the oven.

Line a shallow baking pan with aluminum foil. Pour in ¼ cup salad oil. Place in hot (325°) oven for 5 minutes.

Sprinkle 6 pre-breaded turkey patties with 4 tablespoons Parmesan cheese and 1½ teaspoons oregano.

Remove pan from oven. Place patties in hot oil. Bake for 7 minutes at 325°. Turn with spatula and bake 7 minutes on other side. Remove patties from pan. Let drain on paper towel. Sprinkle patties with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley just before serving. Makes 6 servings.

In **CHICKEN A LA SUISSE,** an elegant sauce like a Swiss fondue transforms canned chicken à la king. Makes a rich topping for broccoli. Hint of sherry? Yes!

Empty 3 (10½-oz.) cans (or 6 [7½-oz.] pkg.) frozen chicken à la king into the top of a double boiler. Add 1 cup grated Swiss cheese and ¼ cup sherry. Stir until cheese melts.

Meanwhile, cook 2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen broccoli spears according to package directions.

Drain and arrange broccoli spears on platter and spoon chicken mixture over top. Garnish with pimiento strips, if you like. Makes 6 servings.

A galantine is a dish made of poultry or meat cooked in a gelatin stock and pressed into a mold. **GALANTINE OF CHICKEN AND TONGUE** is an ultra-fast version of this classic dish. Comes out shimmering—beautiful enough to steal the show at any dinner party or luncheon.

You will use 2 (12½-oz.) cans consommé Madrilène. Open one and measure out ½ cup. Mix with 1 envelope unflavored gelatine over low heat until gelatine is dissolved.

Then combine with rest of consommé madrilène and 3 tablespoons sherry. Add ½ cup sliced green onions and 2 teaspoons sweet basil.

Into a quart mold, pour ¾ cup consommé mixture and refrigerate while you prepare the meat.

Spread 2 (5-oz.) cans chicken spread over 1 lb. tongue slices. Top set consommé with tongue slices. Alternate a layer of tongue with a layer of remaining liquid consommé until all tongue is used.

Refrigerate mold for 4–6 hours. To unmold, dip galantine quickly into hot water, cover top with a platter, invert and gently remove pan. Slice to serve. Serves 6. **END**



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THE BLUE DANUBE COOKBOOK

continued from page 103

FRESH TOMATO SOUP WITH SEMOLINA DUMPLINGS

(Paradajz Corba Sa Griz Knedlama) Yugoslavia

For the soup:

2 pounds fresh tomatoes (or a 2-lb. 3-oz. can peeled tomatoes)
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper to taste
1–2 teaspoons hot chili pepper
3 tablespoons oil or lard
2–3 cloves garlic
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon plain flour

For the semolina dumplings:

2 tablespoons butter
2 eggs, separated
4 tablespoons semolina
¾ cup sifted flour
Salt

Quarter and cook fresh tomatoes in a pint of water (or use canned tomatoes) seasoned with salt and pepper. After about a half hour strain through a fine wire sieve but retain liquid.

Heat oil in a separate saucepan and fry lightly the chopped garlic and parsley. Blend in flour, fry till golden in color, then dilute with strained tomato liquid, stirring all the time to avoid lumps in the flour. Mix in the pulp of tomatoes, add sugar, and bring soup to boil without a lid. Keep boiling slowly while you prepare dumplings as follows:

Cream butter with yolks of egg, add semolina, flour and salt. Beat separately until stiff the whites of egg and fold in carefully with the semolina mixture. With the help of a spoon, cut dumplings from this batter and drop into boiling soup. Cook for 10 to 15 minutes until all dumplings have risen to the surface. Serves 6.

BEEF WITH GHERKINS

(Znojemská Pečeně) Czechoslovakia

Czechoslovakia is famous for its pickled gherkins "à la Znaim." These gherkins are flavored with dill and are excellent as a garnish for roasts, *schnitzels*, and, in the summertime, served ice cold directly from the refrigerator, they are delicious and help to clean the palate. Here the beef roll is stuffed with gherkins, thus the name *znojemská pečeně*.

1 flank steak, weighing about 2 pounds
3 tablespoons lard or bacon fat
1 teaspoon Hungarian sweet red paprika
½ cup sliced fresh (or canned) mushrooms
2 slices bacon, chopped
2 or 3 sour gherkins
Salt
1 cup stock or canned bouillon
1 level tablespoon flour
½ cup sour cream

Cut the piece of beef lengthwise into halves, pound each half very well with a meat hammer. Trim into identical rectangular shapes. The meat trimmed off is put through a grinder. Heat a tablespoonful of lard or fat, sprinkle with paprika, and lightly fry the ground meat. Mix with the sliced mushrooms, the bacon, and spread this over half of the meat. Lay 2 to 3 sour gherkins in the middle, cover with the second half of the meat, and roll up tightly. Tie all around with a string.

Heat 2 tablespoons of the fat in a deep saucepan, put in meat, and fry all over till golden. Add half the stock or bouillon, cover with lid, and steam very slowly, for about 1½ hours, or until tender. Remove string, slice, and keep warm. Add flour to the fat in the pan, dilute with rest of stock, and add sour

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rve meat with this sauce and ith potatoes or bread dump- es 6.

le—We garnished with swirls se Potatoes made from 1 en- serving size) instant mashed prepared according to label di- Pipe around and over top, using tip. Brush with beaten egg. 00° for 15 to 20 minutes.

E MARROW WITH DILL SAUCE

ek) Hungary

erhaps one of typical of the mmer vegeta- hes in Hun- accompanies amburgers, mb chops, or joyed on its se of its fra- or. At Hun- rkets the al- dded vegeta- w is sold by , the same as ut that one the barrel. getable mar- uash) used in s large (it can rge, weighing pounds), is ped, and has a and flesh. To t for winter, ewives bottle shredded, be- ers of coarse

s vegetable or summer

ni)

ons butter owdered dill cream espoons flour ned bouillon sugar s vinegar

marrow, cut into halves, out all seeds, nely shred in ghetti-like ut in a large berally sprin- er with salt. covered, for hour, then thyour hands, of all liquid. ucepan, heat add the dill, carefully), d steam the marrow. Do any water. , in a mixing nd the sour the flour and

When marrow is cooked (about s), pour the cream mixture it come to a boil, uncovered. mer, very gently for a few hen add sugar, vinegar and n.

ner, chilled, this dish is very Serves 6.

N CAKE

ntorte) Austria

tal Basic Sponge Cake t recipe) ons strong black coffee

espoons unsifted ners' sugar

½ pound butter
3 tablespoons roasted and chopped hazelnuts or slivered almonds

Bake your sponge cake at least a day before. Cut each cake into three layers. Fill each layer with the following cream and also coat the outside with it:

Prepare a very strong, espresso-type coffee. Cream egg yolks and mix with sugar. Put into a double boiler, adding the coffee. Cook while beating until a thick coffee custard is obtained. When cool, mix with the separately creamed butter. Sprinkle outside of the cake with coarsely chopped, roasted hazelnuts. Serves 8.

Ed. Note—A quicker version, but not authentic, can be made with 1 (1-lb., 2½-oz.) pkg. yellow-cake mix. Bake according to directions then split and fill as above. You will need a double quantity of frosting for it.

CONTINENTAL BASIC SPONGE CAKE

Continental cakes are never monumental in their appearance. At first glance they seem rather flat in comparison with certain cake-mix cakes. But the secret of Viennese-Hungarian cakes is that one should barely taste the basic cake or pastry—the filling is what counts!

6 eggs, separated
6 level tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon finely grated lemon rind
1-inch stick of vanilla bean
¼ teaspoon baking powder
5 rounded tablespoons cake flour (10 level tablespoons)
Butter for greasing tin

Beat the egg yolks with the sugar until the mixture becomes a pale lemon color. Add the grated lemon rind and the vanilla bean, split open and scraped. Add baking powder. Beat the egg whites till stiff. Fold into yolk mixture carefully, alternating with spoonfuls of sifted flour, and take care not to bruise the mixture.

Well butter a deep (8-inch) cake pan or spring-form pan and dust with flour. Preheat your oven and bake cake in a 350° oven for 35 minutes. Serves 8.

EGGPLANT SALAD OR MOCK CAVIAR

(Kopelo) Bulgaria

You will encounter this dish all over the Near and Middle East. It is a salad made with eggplants, but it resembles caviar, which is why in Rumania they call it mock caviar.

3 or 4 firm, medium-sized eggplants
4–6 tablespoons salad or olive oil
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper
3 cloves garlic, crushed (or 1 onion, minced)

Roast eggplants in a hot oven over a rack. When outer skin begins to flake and is black all over, take out and peel. Place eggplants in a large mixing bowl. With a wooden spoon, crush the eggplant by beating, and when it becomes a pulp, slowly, while still beating, pour in the oil and the vinegar. Now add the salt and pepper, mix in the crushed garlic or, if preferred, the finely minced onion. Let chill thoroughly in the refrigerator before serving. Serves 6–8.

Ed. Note—A blender works well if you work in spurts, turning it off so that mixture does not become too fine.

FISH GRATIN "HAUS HABSBURG"

(Donauschill "Haus Habsburg") Austria

This recipe is one of the specialties of the famous Restaurant Spanische Hofreitschule in Vienna. The Spanish riding school, with its magnificent white stallions who dance and prance to music, is the pride of the Viennese.

The fish used for this dish is fillet of *Donauschill*—the finest Danube fish. A very good result, however, is obtained by using whiting fillets, fresh or frozen.

4 tablespoons butter
A little plain flour
Milk
Salt
White pepper
8 fillets whiting (fresh or frozen) or sole or flounder
½ cup shelled shrimp, fresh or frozen
½ cup canned button mushrooms, drained
4 thin slices smoked ham
Grated Parmesan cheese

Prepare a white sauce with 2 tablespoons butter and a little flour and milk, enough to make 2 cups. Season carefully with salt and white pepper. Wash the fish fillets, dry, and dust with flour. Heat 2 tablespoons of butter in a frying pan and fry fillets on both sides till light golden. Remove and place in a well-greased oven-proof dish. In the same frying pan, heat the shrimp and the mushrooms.

Cut into 2 pieces each thin slice of ham and place on top of the fish fillets. Surround with the shrimp and mushrooms and pour the white sauce over it all. Sprinkle generously with grated Parmesan cheese and brown under the broiler. Serves 4.

Ed. Note—"A little flour and milk" is about ¼ cup flour, 2 cups milk.

(continued)



Everything's in this box. Just open it. (So far, it's pretty easy. Right?)


Add water to the one-step crust. Mix, let rise, spread on a pan. (Easy as pie.)


Pour on the slow-simmered pizza sauce. (Don't look now, you have an audience.)


Then sprinkle on the tangy, Italian-style grated cheese. (It's child's play.)


Just pop it in the oven. (There seems to be a crowd gathering.)


You are a star. (Everyone's cheering; now if you can, try to be modest.)

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And you will go. To be helpful. To be close. With the warmth of your love. And the gentleness of your understanding.

And in this trying hour you will be particularly grateful for the strengthening and consoling presence of your clergyman . . . for the funeral director, too, whom you will find an *island of calm* with quiet, knowing, sympathetic answers to the multitude of sudden, insistent questions.

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BLUE DANUBE *continued*

FRESH CUCUMBER SALAD

(Uborkasalata) Hungary

In Hungary this dish is one of the favorite salads, used as a garnish with chicken fried in bread crumbs, with *Wiener schnitzel*, and with roast goose. Since cucumbers are rather difficult to digest, it is important to prepare them always a day in advance, by letting them stand in salt and then squeezing out all the juice.

3 firm cucumbers
Salt
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
½ teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon Hungarian sweet paprika

Peel cucumbers and slice very thin. Put in a china or glass bowl and liberally sprinkle with salt. Cover and let stand overnight. Squeeze out all the juice. Transfer to a salad bowl, dress with the white wine vinegar to which a little sugar is added, and sprinkle top with paprika. Serve chilled. Serves 4.

ORANGE BISCUIT CAKE

(Narancstorta) Hungary

This is one of my favorite standbys: a cake that needs no baking. It should be prepared the day before, and, to facilitate unmolding, use a spring-form cake pan.

The Filling:

7 level tablespoons sugar
4 egg yolks
A little vanilla
2 large oranges
½ pint heavy cream, stiffly whipped
3 dozen ladyfingers or sponge biscuits
½ cup rum
½ cup milk
Candied orange slices to decorate

Prepare an orange custar
sugar in the top of a doubl
in the egg yolks one by on
and the juice of the oran
the grated peel of 1 orang
custard thickens, then rem
cool, mix in the whipped c
a portion of this cream fo
outside of the cake, which
the following day. Dip ea
or sponge biscuit into the
milk and line the bottom
your (8-inch) spring-forn
Spread with the orange-cu
Next comes again a la
flavored ladyfingers. Top l
ways be ladyfingers.

Cover and place cake ov
refrigerator. Just before
mold and coat the outside
maining orange cream. D
candied orange slices. Serv

CALF'S LIVER PAPRIKA

(Porkolt Borjumaj) Hunga

1 pound calf's liver
2 tablespoons bacon fat
1 small red onion, chopped
1 teaspoon Hungarian swee
Salt

Cut liver into half-inch-th
each slice into thin, ribb
Cut strips again about on
inches long. Do not wash
this is what toughens liver

Heat the fat in a frying
the chopped onion until g
kle with the paprika, incre
in the small pieces of liver,
ring all the time, until
color, about 3 minutes. S
and salt only at the table.

Garnish with dumplings
Serves 4.

SO YOU CAN'T COOK RICE? *continued from page 108*

There are in this world hundreds of different kinds of rice and probably just as many different ways to cook them. And every single one, to paraphrase Kipling, can be *right*. But it's all very confusing, even to an experienced cook.

So, after months of research in our *Journal* kitchens, sorting of recipes, comparing, testing, tasting, we have evolved a Master Plan and a chart. Armed with same, anyone can cope with any type of rice generally found on your grocer's shelves.

Here is our plan: Use a heavy saucepan, preferably one with a close-fitting lid. Combine rice with liquid, add fat, salt and other seasonings if desired. Bring to a boil, uncovered, stirring with fork once or twice. Cover. Turn down heat and cook according to chart directions. When ready, all liquid should be absorbed and rice should be tender but not mushy. Fluff with a fork and serve.

A smidgin of oil, butter or margarine is the best insurance for the rice that stands apart, every grain separate. The rice may be tossed for a few moments with the heated fat or you may add the fat to the cooking water. In either case be sure to use it.

All our recipes have been prepared with regular long-grain packaged rice. By referring to the chart, next page, you can substitute other types of rice.

The *Journal* breaks a long-established rule against mentioning brand names. In the interest of clarity and because we know of no other way to tell the story, we are including in our chart the brand names of the most popular nationally distributed brands in each category.

Regular, long-grain whi
most popular type sold i
the United States. Genera
to cook, needs no washin
(Medium or short-graine
sold in bulk, may or m
washing, depending upon

Parboiled rice, often kn
verted," has been cooked
steam-pressure process be
This method "drives in"
enclose natural vitamins
within the kernel. Parboile
a little longer cooking than
rice. Has a subtle nutlike

Packaged, precooked. Th
has been cooked, then del
then dried by a special p
ess. Sometimes it is kn
"Dream of Durrani," who
the king of Afghanistan ar
oped the technique.

Parboiled, precooked ric
ing been treated before
grains are cooked then
This rice takes a minimu
only about 3 to 5 minut
other types of precooked r
be allowed to stand, cover
minutes longer.

Brown rice is the whol
grain of rice, with only t
and a small amount of
moved. It has a pronou
taste and a slightly chewy

Wild rice is not actuall
a marshy grass seed—a t
delicacy. Wildly expensive
pound). But you can get
combination of wild an
rices. Both types are listed

TYPES AND PREPARATION OF RICE

YPE	RICE	LIQUID	BUTTER, MARGARINE OR OIL	SALT	COOKING TIME	APPROXIMATE YIELD
r Milled Rice grain) et r olina	1½ cups	3 cups	1 Tb.	1 tsp.	14 min.	4 heaping cups
led e Ben's nverted	1 cup	2½ cups	1 Tb.	1 tsp.	20 min.	4 cups
ged ked ute Rice* nna ant Rice	2 cups	2 cups	1 Tb.	½ tsp.	Bring to boil. Let stand 3 to 5 min.	About 4 cups
ked and led e Ben's ck Rice	2 cups	2 cups	1 Tb.	½ tsp.	Boil 3 to 5 min. Let stand 3 to 5 min.	4 cups
Rice rain) r Brand	1 cup	2½ cups	1 Tb.	1 tsp.	45 min.	4 cups
ce e Ben's & Long n Rice	1 cup	2½ cups	1 Tb.	1 tsp. or use seasoning in package	25 min.	3 cups
Pierce pawah	1½ cups	3 cups	no fat	1 tsp.	Boil rapidly 10 min. Let stand 20 min.	4 cups

package directions for Seasoned Rice Mixes . . . various types: Spanish, Saffron, Fried, l, Rice Valencianna, also various rice pilafs and rice and macaroni combinations.

age directions say: "Bring water, salt and butter to a boil. Add rice. Cover. Remove from Let stand 5 minutes." Or, even easier, we find: Bring all to full boil together uncovered. Off heat, let stand 5 minutes.

PERSIAN RICE WITH A GOLDEN EYE

3 cups water
1 Tb. lemon juice
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1½ cups regular, long-grain rice
¼ cup pitted dates
¼ cup flaked almonds
6 apricot halves or 6 raw egg yolks

Combine 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil. Add 1½ cups regular long-grain rice. Cover and cook over low heat 15 minutes or till liquid is absorbed and rice is tender.

Meanwhile, cut ¼ cup pitted dates into thin slivers. Toss together cooked rice, dates and ¼ cup flaked almonds. Place rice mixture in 6 individual ramekins and top each with a chilled apricot half, or a raw egg yolk. Makes 6 servings.

JAMBALAYA

¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup chopped onion
1 medium green pepper, cut in strips
1 clove garlic, crushed
¼ tsp. chili powder
¼ tsp. cumin
4 cups cooked rice (regular, parboiled or precooked)
2 cups cooked shrimp
1 cup cooked ham, cut in julienne strips
2 cups tomato juice
1 cup small, whole, black pitted olives
3 or 4 drops hot pepper sauce
1 Tb. parsley, chopped

In a large skillet, heat ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 cup chopped onion and 1 medium green pepper, cut in strips, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ¼ teaspoon chili powder, and ¼ teaspoon cumin. Sauté for 5 minutes or until onions and peppers are tender. Add 4 cups cooked rice, 2 cups cooked shrimp, 1 cup cooked ham, cut in julienne strips, 2 cups tomato juice, 1 cup small, whole, pitted black olives and 3 or 4 drops hot pepper sauce. Cover and cook over low heat 3 or 4 minutes or until mixture is thoroughly heated. At serving time, sprinkle with a tablespoon of chopped parsley. Makes 6 servings.

RICE À LA GRECQUE

½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups regular long-grain rice
3 cups chicken broth
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 cup pepperoni or other spicy sausages, sliced
1 cup shredded lettuce leaves
¼ cup pimiento, diced
½ tsp. nutmeg

In a medium saucepan, sauté ½ cup chopped onion in ¼ cup butter or margarine for 5 minutes or until onion is clear and tender. Add 1½ cups regular long-grain rice and cook, stirring, for 3 or 4 more minutes. Stir in 3 cups chicken broth, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and cook over low heat about 15 minutes or until all liquid is absorbed and rice is tender, but not mushy.

Meanwhile, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine sauté 1 cup sliced pepperoni or other spicy sausage, 1 cup shredded lettuce leaves, and ¼ cup diced pimiento for 4 to 5 minutes.

At serving time, toss together rice, sausage, pimiento, lettuce and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Makes 6 servings.

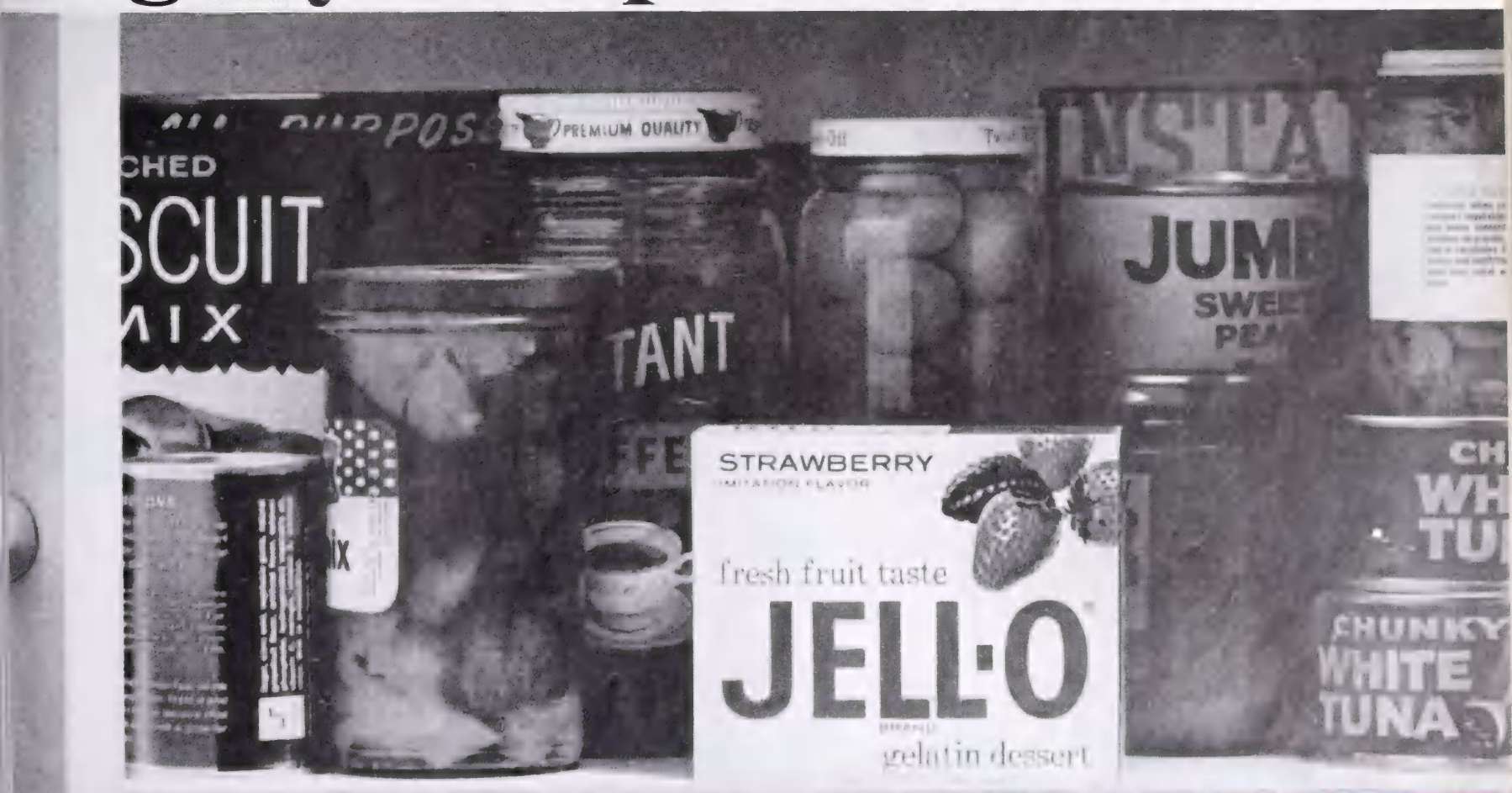
RISI BISI

Rice and peas as in Venice.

2 Tb. olive oil
2 Tb. butter or margarine
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup long-grain rice
2 cups chicken broth
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen green peas
¼ cup Parmesan cheese

(continued)

ow many great desserts are you ding in your cupboard? Turn the page...



RICE *continued*

In a medium saucepan, heat 2 tablespoons olive oil with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Sauté ½ cup chopped onion for 5 minutes. Stir in 1 cup long-grain rice, coating well with oil and butter. Cook 2 minutes. Stir in 2 cups chicken broth, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cook over low heat 10 minutes, covered tightly. Add 1 (10-oz.) package frozen peas. Mix into rice well. Continue to cook covered 14–15 minutes more or until rice and peas are tender.

To serve: Place in chafing dish over hot water. Sprinkle with ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 6.

GOOD LUCK CARROT RICE

3 cups water
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1½ cups regular long-grain rice
1 cup shredded carrots (about 2)
½ tsp. nutmeg

In a saucepan, combine 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil and add 1½ cups regular long-grain rice, 1 cup shredded carrots (about 2 medium carrots), and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Cover closely and cook over medium low heat about 15 minutes or until rice is tender. Makes about 4 cups or 6 servings.

TOMATO RICE

Almost any kind of fruit or vegetable juice may be substituted for half the liquid in cooking rice.

1½ cups tomato juice
1½ cups water
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1½ cups regular long-grain rice
1 cup chopped tomato
1 tsp. sugar
½ tsp. basil leaves, crushed

In a saucepan, combine 1½ cups each tomato juice and water, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil and add 1½ cups regular long-grain rice, 1 cup chopped tomato, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon crushed basil leaves. Cover and cook over medium heat 15 minutes or until rice is tender. Makes 6 servings, about 4 cups.

SENEGALESE RICE

2 (8-oz.) cans Spanish rice
1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce or 1 cup condensed tomato soup, undiluted
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 Tb. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. hot-pepper sauce
¼ tsp. thyme
¼ cup olive or salad oil
2 cups mushrooms, sliced
2 cups cooked chicken, diced
2 hard cooked eggs

In a medium saucepan, combine 2 (8-oz.) cans Spanish rice, 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce or 1 cup condensed tomato soup undiluted, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce and ¼ teaspoon thyme. Cook over medium heat 4 or 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, heat ¼ cup olive or salad oil in a large skillet. Sauté 2 cups fresh sliced mushrooms for 3 or 4 minutes or until lightly browned and tender. Remove mushrooms from pan, then add 2 cups cooked chicken, diced. Heat thoroughly for 3 or 4 minutes.

Pile rice mixture in center of large attractive serving dish. Top with mushrooms and chicken and surround with 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs.

Eggs may be sprinkled with a few drops of hot pepper sauce if desired. Makes 6 servings. **END**

THE DOCTORS' OWN DIET

continued from page 61

The testimony we collected on the experts' struggle to create exercise for themselves also rings familiar. "I don't have the willpower to do calisthenics," said Dr. Philip Harris, director of nutrition for the Food and Drug Administration. "The idea of doing jerk-ups would drive me nuts," said Dr. Ancel Keys, director of the physiology laboratory at the University of Minnesota. Dr. Elizabeth Munves, who teaches nutrition at New York University and was president of the New York State Dietetic Association, plays French-language records while she does her Canadian Air Force exercises, and observed, "It's as boring as watching paint dry." Even one of the most ardent advocates of exercise, Dr. Herman Hellerstein of Western Reserve University, who runs in place every night before going to bed, said, "Am I bored? Of course; it's like taking medicine."

All right, then, what *do* the experts do besides denying themselves fried eggs and sausage on most mornings, and managing, with notable exceptions, to put up with the ennui of manufactured exercise?

To begin with, and perhaps most important of all, *they are quite literally weight-watchers.* The weight of most of these doctors and their wives has remained remarkably steady over the years, and we suspect it's no coincidence that they climb on the scales far more often than most Americans. Most of the experts we talked to weighed themselves once or more a week. Of the 66 doctors who were surveyed by our questionnaire, 47 weighed th once or more weekly and 15 themselves each day. And th just examine the results with detachment. Whenever thei creeps up a few pounds, they brake on right away" and cut food or liquor or both. A gai pounds is considered positivel ing in these families.

Of course, it's not the mer weighing oneself that really co the instant fortitude in the fa even slightly expanding waist Philip L. White, director of f nutrition of the American Me sociation, weighs himself only o six weeks or so. Instead, he m that he shaves with his under because his practiced eye tells h his abdomen shows signs of against his belt. When it does, immediate steps. Instead of sk at coffee-break time (he switch regular milk about eight years has a low-calorie soda. Instead of soup with his luncheon sand has only a cup. At dinnertime down on portions.

For Dr. White, who is 44 a 10½ inches tall, watchfulness a time has paid off nicely. When with him, he weighed 158 pou years before, he weighed 162; previously, 165. He frankly ad ing been influenced by recent that it's wise to be somewha weight. "My best weight woul to 154," he said. "I'm going to down to 155, but I don't inten appear." Nor does he intend himself of certain cravings. H spite his gentle and restrained

Let them out of the box.

With these recipes, you can get some pre desserts out of those boxes of Jell-O Gel inside your cupboard.

They're all light desserts—even refres each one starts with Jell-O, "the refreshi

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ly hardworking and tense, and
relaxes with a bourbon-and-
ighball as a "sleeping elixir" at
. Regretfully, he also smokes 2½
cigarettes a day, and concedes
y serve him not only as pacifiers
ppetite depressants, too.
ing on such a scale is probably
mong our sample of experts, but
to one's weaknesses is not. It's
t most of the doctors are in-
in devising ways to accommo-
ir quirks in moderate and med-
mmendable style. Dr. Irvine H.
5; 5 feet 10; 146), director of re-
t the famous Cleveland Clinic
mer president of the American
Association, still smokes four
s a day, but he never lights up
one until the predinner cock-
. Dr. Page had less trouble giv-
hat is perhaps his favorite food,
appens to be peanut butter, but
his fellow experts have not seen
ke such sacrifices.
r questionnaire we asked, "What
greatest single food thrill or
ion?'" The replies confirmed
ing for fun need not go out of
and that nothing in the human
ce is more subject to individual
an the taste buds. Of our 66 re-
ts, 46 confessed at least one ca-
kness. Among the dishes listed
cream sundaes, apple pie, hors
s, gumdrops, chocolate, cheese,
popcorn, and such headier cate-
s "French gourmet dinners,"
sserts," "any good food" and
e's cooking."
lady doctor listed "whipped
but added that she manages to
is craving. Others also said that they tried their best to "avoid" their favorite food. One doctor, who listed candy as his potential downfall, said he kept consumption down by never carrying change for his office building's candy machine. However, almost all others reported that they did indeed partake of their forbidden fruit, but "in moderation" or "with restraint." Typically, Harvard's Dr. Stare is inordinately fond of Liederkranz cheese with crackers. Typically, too, his wife reports that the doctor very rarely eats Liederkranz, and the last time he had some he nibbled on it so sparingly that she finally threw quite a bit of it away.

Here we have the ultimate secret of The Doctors' Diet. It is by no means the only secret, and we will soon examine how the country's most sophisticated eaters have translated the latest scientific findings for themselves and their own families by changing their consumption of such specific foods as meat, eggs, table spreads and other staples. But before we do, it is crucial to understand how the doctors are able to apply a policy of moderation to all their eating and drinking. They have done it principally by redesigning at least two of their daily meals and all their between-meal snacks (yes, the experts do snack, as we shall see). Only dinner is likely to be a conventional affair. What we discovered is that not one of our doctors (and few of their wives) eat what most of us call three "square" meals a day.

The Doctors' Diet becomes most visible at breakfast because that's the time when tradition is most apt to collide with modern medical thinking. Very few of our doctors had ever had problems with elevated blood cholesterol levels, and by no means all are convinced that cholesterol of itself is a life-shortening poison. However, all are acutely aware that eggs are the chief source of dietary cholesterol. Of the 66 experts who answered our questionnaire, 36 had cut down on eggs in recent years. The majority had also reduced their intake of those popular breakfast foods that are not only high in animal fats (now suspect as possible factors in heart disease) but also extraordinarily rich in calories: 38 use less butter; 38 use less bacon; 40 use less whole milk.

Among our other group, the doctors we met personally, the de-fattening of breakfast was an even more pronounced trend. Four of them had gone to extremes that are not generally recommended: they went to work on nothing but black coffee or coffee and juice. Many others enjoyed eggs or bacon only once or twice a week, or only once a month or even less frequently. For these men, the once typical American breakfast had become a Sunday treat. Cleveland's Dr. Hellerstein, however, has eaten only one visible egg (eggs not used in cooking) a year since 1950, and he usually partakes of this delicacy at the annual meeting of the American Society of Arteriosclerosis. "It's a private joke," he said. Chicago's Dr. Stamler has eggs less than once a month and, like quite a few of his colleagues, even removes the cholesterol-rich yolk from hard-boiled eggs whenever he spots it in a salad. He happens to be fond of bacon, and savors a couple of very well-done slices every month or so, but breakfast sausages, which also contain a lot of fat, are mere visions of his more opulent past.

"Yes, I ate a sausage with some wheat cakes sometime last spring," the doctor told us in the fall.

For many doctors, these self-imposed morning restrictions pose the day's touchiest dietary dilemma. Harvard's Dr. Stare (age: 56; height: 5 feet 10; weight: 150) posed the question succinctly: "What the hell are you going to *have?*" Dr. Stare has cut way down on sausage and bacon. To cut calories further, he drinks only a little orange juice (two to three ounces compared with six to seven ounces some years ago). And, starting four years ago, he has been eating eggs only once or twice a month, normally when traveling on planes. His basic morning food (and that of many other doctors) is dry cereal. Luckily, Dr. Stare is fond of it, and makes it somewhat more interesting by helping himself to about four different kinds and mixing them. Unlike many of his colleagues, he uses regular milk. "I'm not a skim-milk devotee," he said. "It's almost like putting water on cereal."

In addition to cereal, the doctors' breakfast leans mostly on coffee (often with skim milk and artificial sweetener) and toast with very little margarine or butter or, preferably, with jam or marmalade. Dr. Benjamin Alexander, a hematologist at the Cornell Medical School, gave up eggs nine years ago and stopped using table spreads about two years later. He prides himself on having injected a little variety into his mornings by keeping five or six kinds of jam to pick from. But the real answer to our doctors' morning problem is their principal appetite depressant, (*continued*)

se Delight

pitted black
z.) Jell-O®
sugar

1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softened

, measuring syrup. Add water to syrup to make
erries in halves. Dissolve gelatin and sugar in
Add measured liquid and lemon juice. Pour ¾
tin mixture into a 1-quart mold or an 8x4-inch
until set, but not firm. Blend remaining gelatin
ally with cream cheese. Chill until very thick;
fluffy. Fold in cherries. Pour over set gelatin.
; unmold. Garnish as desired. Serves about 6.

art mold or 9x5-inch loaf pan, double recipe.

Red and White Marshmallow Dessert

1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O Strawberry-Banana Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup cold water
1 cup miniature marshmallows
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water. Pour into a 9-inch square pan. Chill until firm—3 to 4 hours. Cut into cubes. Fold marshmallows into whipped cream; layer with gelatin cubes in a 1-quart serving bowl. Makes 5 servings.

Note: For 2-quart bowl, double recipe, and chill cubes in two 9-inch square pans.

Grasshopper Dessert

1 package (6 oz.) Jell-O Lime Gelatin
¼ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1½ cups cold water
½ teaspoon peppermint extract*
2 cups prepared Dream Whip®
Whipped Topping or whipped cream

*Or use 2 tablespoons green crème de menthe.

Dissolve gelatin and sugar in boiling water. Add cold water and flavoring; chill 2½ cups in a bowl until slightly thickened. Chill remaining gelatin in a 9x5-inch loaf pan until firm. Cut into ½-inch cubes. Blend topping with the slightly thickened gelatin. Pour into a 4-cup serving bowl. Chill until firm. Arrange cubes around edge of bowl and garnish. Serves 8 to 10.





one that even the experts are rarely conscious of, and that is—work. Doctors are notoriously busy and rarely bored. The truth is that they normally don't have the time to think much about their appetites until the end of the day.

And a lucky thing it is, because almost none of the doctors we met had a "regular" lunch on a normal work day. "We're not truck drivers," observed Dr. Hellerstein. We encountered several men who did find themselves ravenous by late morning and showed up in their hospital cafeterias for lunch rather promptly around 11:30 A.M. Most of our doctors, however, eat alone at their desks or with colleagues, often at informal business meetings. Soups, meat or fish sandwiches, salads, coffee, skim milk, fruit or—more normally—no dessert are almost invariably the menu. Not one doctor we interviewed had a drink for lunch.

Most of our experts do not like to flaunt their personal habits before unskilled eaters in order to make an educational point, but some of them don't mind. Dr. Stare not long ago went to a luncheon of businessmen who ordered traditional meat-and-potato meals. Dr. Stare had only a bowl of vichyssoise, and reports, not unhappily, "They were very embarrassed." His associate, Harvard's Dr. Jean Mayer, who has authored more than 300 scientific papers on overweight, also is frequently forced to nibble while others gorge, especially at banquets. He, too, almost enjoys turning away food. "I'm a professor of nutrition," he told us. "I can afford to be rude. If I refuse food, I'm doing my job."

By evening our experts, not surprisingly, are without exception pretty hungry. Looking in on their dinner hour, you might not spot much at first glance that would strike you as unconventional, but we looked rather closely, and discovered plenty of differences between the habits of the doctors' families and those of most sedentary middle-class white-collar Americans; enough differences, in fact, to give us critical clues to the secret of staying trim without being swept into the feast-and-famine cycle of dieting that has become so drearily familiar in many households.

Quite possibly, you might spot the doctor and his wife having a cocktail. Most likely it would be Scotch, or bourbon or gin with low-cal tonic. Most of the men who do have predinner drinks have given up Martinis because they are relatively high in calories. At dinner, you would most likely see no wine except on the most festive occasions. There would probably be no bread and butter on the table and no sauces. If there are potatoes at all, they certainly would not be French fried, because most doctors' families gave them up. ("The last time we had French fries was ten years ago.") In fact, there would be little or no fried food of any kind. If there is any dessert other than fruit, it is probably ice cream or sherbet, and it's mostly for the children. The doctor's wife might have a normal portion, the doctor himself probably much less.

What would be most important, however, would also be least apparent, and that's the careful hold-down by the doctors on fats and on the sizes of portions.

It's time here to take a deep breath and state with every possible emphasis that our doctors' families maintain extremely vehement feelings about *all fats*. They fear it with a passion. Better than most families, they know that more than 42 percent of the average American's calories come from fats, while the American Heart Association suggests that 25 to 30 percent would be vastly healthier. The doctors that even a little bit of fat con of calories, so every uneaten our another step toward a trim fig which explains why some doc rather silly-seeming trouble to a there is even the slightest visibl the stuff left on a piece of meat for instance, they don't just cut make sure to get it all, even i

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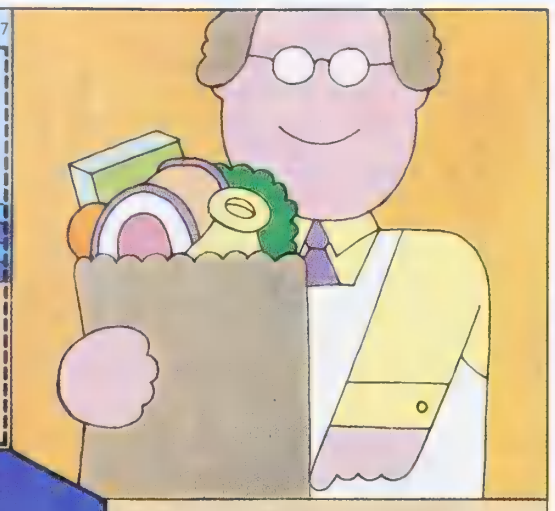


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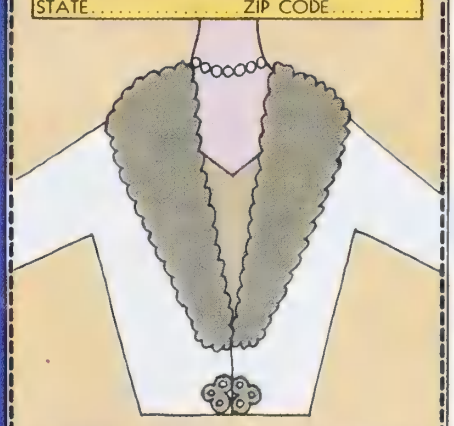
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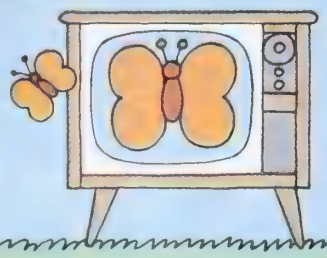
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trace of meat, too. They may
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ctors' wives go shopping. Most
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e were told, "I just don't have
e house." While there is less of
arly suspect animal fats in margarine, many doctors' wives in recent years also cut down on margarine (which is by far their preferred fat for cooking) because they know it contains exactly as many calories as butter. The same diligence dominates all their shopping. Most of these wives ve cut way down on all cheeses except cottage cheese. When they buy cookies, and they often do for their children, they usually buy plain ones, not those with rich fillings. But mostly they just buy far less of the popular high-fat items than other wives. When these women replenish their supplies of potato chips, and they do, they may buy a bag or two per month. They buy few commercially made cakes or pies. Their most unconventional fat-reducing measures, however, concern meat.

"The American public thinks meat is 'low cal,'" said Harvard's Dr. Mayer. "It isn't."

Most people just don't like to believe that meat is rich in fats, especially the best cuts. Consequently, the doctors' wives probably buy meat less often than any Americans except the very poor. Although their husbands enjoy excellent incomes, these wives rarely buy porterhouse steak, or standing rib roast beef. "I feel sinful when I get a good steak," said Dr. Stare's wife, Helen, and she buys it only about once every three weeks or even less often. More frequently she buys London broil (flank steak). She also confided, "It's quite a treat when we have hamburger."

Two of the three Stare children happen to be grown up, and hamburger is not exactly a rarity in most of the doctors' homes where there are youngsters to be fed. But, like Mrs. Stare, the doctors' wives know that ordinary hamburger as sold in most stores is very fatty indeed. Almost without exception, these women buy ground round or chuck. Instead of roast beef, they buy sirloin tips or rolled roasts. They know that pork contains a lot of fat, especially in variety meats like hot dogs, and so the doctors' wives don't buy much pork, except perhaps ham. And they try to serve fowl or fish or casseroles based on spaghetti and vegetables often.

What surprised us most of all was the quantities the doctors' wives buy. At Dr. Hellerstein's Cleveland home, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of hamburger is enough for the doctor, his wife, Mary, and their six children, aged $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 13. And a two-pound meat loaf lasts not only for dinner but usually yields a couple of sandwiches the next day. When Mrs. Ivan Frantz, whose husband runs the cardiovascular laboratory at the University of Minnesota School of Medicine, buys a five-pound rolled roast, she has enough meat for two meals, even though there are five sons in the family, aged seven through 20. Dr. Page's sons, aged 22 and 24, still eat frequently at home, yet his wife, Helen, told us: "A leg of lamb lasts forever in this family. Say it's six pounds. We'll have it roasted the first night; sliced cold the next night; then we'll have a stew or curry that takes us two nights to eat up; and maybe one of the boys gets a sandwich out of it."

Obviously, the doctors and their families tend to practice partial self-denial by taking a nibble where most of us take a mouthful. Several also told us they consciously cultivate the habit of eating slowly so they can enjoy it more. (Dr. Ancel Keys, who has studied the eating habits of so many thousands of people throughout the world that his findings landed him on the cover of *Time*, observed, "The majority of people I know who are seriously obese are fast eaters.") Even more importantly, the doctors feel that to waste a bit of rich food is not nearly as sinful as *(continued)*

loading it into an overfed body. Many of them, consequently, have worked hard to develop enough willpower to *taste* rich foods, but not to feast on them.

"This custom of 'clean up your plate' is dreadful, ridiculous," said Dr. Stare, who also has dedicated himself to discouraging the habit of urging "seconds" on guests who have already had quite enough. We enjoyed a delightful dinner on his 50-acre farm near Wellesley, Mass. (the fish poached in wine was superb), but when the seconds were passed around there was so little on each platter that only a dolt would have helped himself to more than a teaspoonful or two.

To many a doctor, the act of passing up food that is already inviting him from his plate is a routine experience, and he doesn't only do it at official functions where he is quite likely to eat half or less of the servings. He does it at home, too. Typically, when we asked Dr. Henry Janowitz, head of the Division of Gastroenterology at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, about his dinner that evening, he mentioned, along with such other fare as honeydew melon, "I had one third of a sweet potato."

The concept of nibbling is especially applicable to desserts. Very few doctors demonstrate the discipline and disdain of Harvard's Dr. Mayer, who said, "I avoid them like the plague." He relents only occasionally to take "a teaspoonful or two" of sherbet. He never touches ice cream. His wife and fiv
albeit in amazing modera
peeked into the Mayer r
found the scraggly rema
box of cherry-vanilla ice
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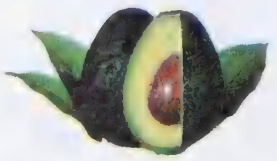
Our doctors' families a
even eat!—cake and pie.
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liquor (the other princ
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portant as a source of co
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is rigorous, however. In
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Dr. Joseph A. Johnston
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pital, reported, "We had
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most fell apart." On the c
Johnston, tense and on t
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"It's a damned sigh
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Surprisingly, when w
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The atmosphere at the
table tends to be talkativ
A few doctors use the déc
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said Dr. Herbert Pollack
dent of the New York Di
tion. "There's a feeling
down to a meal to which
attention has been paid."
intrigued to discover tha
families talk about almo
dinner except food. Ag
the doctors told us, "We
doesn't that look good!""
so many other things to t

Could it be that the
verbally on food, the less



Thin slices of mellow California avocado,
lightly salted...crusty French bread...a glass of wine.
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A loaf of bread, an avocado, and WOW!



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Do you have a specia
raising children
If It We
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page 28

seemed to work that way in many of families, but the exceptions demoned once again that individual varia- within The Doctors' Diet can be as ic as the differences between the rs' personalities—as long as the amount of consumed food and r does not cause a weight gain. The member of this reporting team was nated to be invited to dinner at the neapolis lakeshore home of the us Dr. Ancel Keys (age: 61; t: 5 feet 6½; weight: 160), who has en a gourmet cookbook with his Margaret (55; 5 feet 6½; 140). r doctors had alerted us: "Wait ou have one of Ancel's candlelight ers."

re enough, dinner was excellent. the highballs before the meal, Mrs. served what tasted like an excelRoquefort-cheese dip. Actually, it made of dry curd cottage cheese, d in the blender with non-fat milk, juice, minced clams, a dash of salt nly a small bit of blue cheese. Dinnder the candles lasted a delightwo hours or so and consisted of lating conversation plus beef broth ni, boiled beef without a trace of e fat, peppers with eggplant and to, fresh fruit and a flawless bottle ne.

When I'm faced with dinner without it's like some sort of punishment," Dr. Keys. "We usually kill a bottle een the two of us."

almost all the homes of the doctors isited, we discovered that the fa- , mothers and children eat three what different diets. Yet the varia- almost never require separate ing or separate cooking for any member of the family. More or less unconsciously, these families live by three medically accepted principles: (1) Intensely busy males in sedentary jobs run a relatively high risk of heart disease if they are overweight, especially when they are middle-aged or older, so for them trimness is a vital health measure; (2) housewives work about as hard as most factory workers and keep longer hours, and their arteries tend to stay in better shape than those of men, at least until after the menopause; (3) it rarely pays to make an issue of food with any child; the best way for him to learn healthy eating habits is by parental example and by simply not keeping foods in the home that the parents don't want him to have.

In general, we found that the males in our sample families ate by far the most restrictive diets. They were also the trimmest. Quite a few of the wives were five or ten pounds over their ideal weights, but even though they indulged themselves more than their husbands, we met not one woman who deserves to be called "fat." Many have an egg for breakfast (usually soft-boiled and almost never fried). For lunch they are more likely to fix a salad than to clean up high-calorie leftovers, if there are any. At dinner they are more likely than their husbands to help themselves to seconds. Their biggest problem, naturally, is to keep from excessive nibbling throughout the day. Their principal weapon is keeping busy. The working wives we interviewed were invariably grateful that they more or less naturally escaped the dangers of what one doctor called "not really hunger pangs but boredom pangs."

New York University's Dr. Elizabeth Munves (45; 5 feet ¾ of an inch; 127) said, "I never get pangs when I'm busy. If I were home and smelled dinner cooking, it might be different."

One of the most pleasant surprises we encountered was the relative lack of friction between these parents and their children over food. There were a number of overweight children in our sample, but none was seriously obese, and in almost each case the doctor-father felt that the overweight was a temporary problem of adolescence that the children would outgrow.

A few parents are even beginning to feel a little sorry for their youngsters' Spartan lives. "We have desserts only twice a month," reported Dr. Munves, "and I actually get to feeling guilty. I think the kids ought to know what a pumpkin pie is."

Almost none of these parents take their "enforcer" roles too seriously. And on those occasions when they did crack the whip, they discovered, like other parents, that it doesn't do much good. Several described their children's eating habits frankly as "bizarre," but almost all the parents do little but attempt to keep the consumption of soft drinks, candy, chocolate and desserts to reasonable levels.

Fortunately, The Doctors' Diet has a way of manifesting itself to children subtly, yet unmistakably. When Skipper, Dr. Page's 15-year-old cat, was two months old, her famous owner switched her to skim milk and other low-fat foods. When his sons asked why, he told them that the cat's life was being lengthened by the change.

"Kids remember that," Dr. Page said, and they remember much else.

"I don't like to make weight and nutrition an issue with the kids," said Dr. George Christakis, assistant dean of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, who has sons aged six, seven and 12. "We don't propagandize the children."

The point is that he doesn't really have to.

When we visited Dr. Christakis he was the director of the Bureau of Nutrition of New York City's Department of Health, and the principal purveyor of the famous "Prudent Diet," which has become the most widely accepted regimen designed to prevent heart attacks, mostly by cutting down the total fat intake and substituting polyunsaturated (vegetable) fats for saturated (animal) fats. In the last few years, Dr. Christakis halved his egg consumption, doubled his intake of fish and veal and cut down quite a bit on beef. In his home, no child could fail to conclude that Mummy and Daddy don't think highly of animal fats or overeating. Other doctors, who do suspect that the children require indoctrination, keep the lectures low-key.

"I tell them they're going to get their pipes rusty if they eat too much fat," said Dr. Fred Schilling, medical director of the Continental Insurance Co. His eight children range in age from five to 13, and he told us that fat in rich ice cream and whole milk has actually become "repulsive" to them. Also, his milk bill went from $72 to $4 a month when the family started using powdered non-fat milk five years ago.

When doctors decide to get tough with themselves, their (*continued*)

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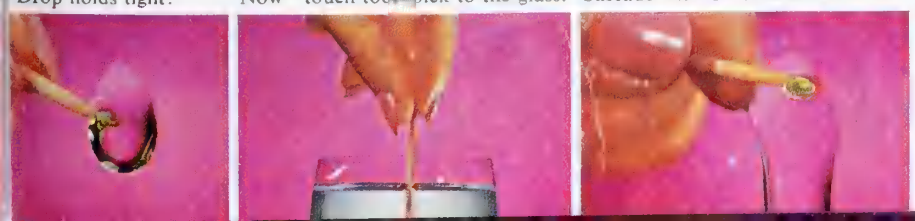
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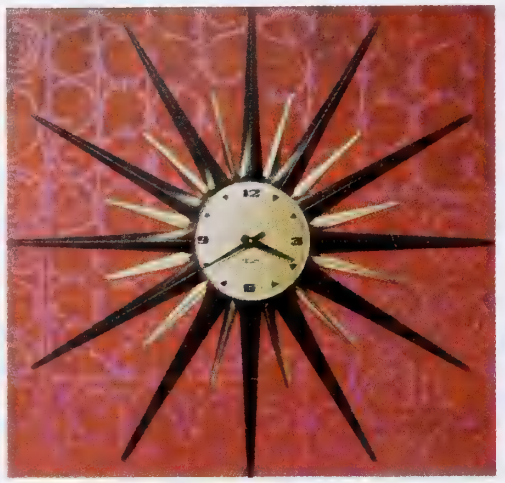


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Progress in the World of Time

methusis can be rather forbidding. Not too long ago, Dr. James M. Hundley (age: 51; 5 feet 10), a former Assistant United States Surgeon General and now executive director of the Institute of Medical Sciences at Presbyterian Medical Center in San Francisco, found that he had gained 17 pounds within six months after he stopped smoking. When he reached 177, he decided to cut out lunch and go for a walk instead. Unfortunately, he is also one of the few doctors who had not had anything but coffee for breakfast in 25 years.

"Of course I was ravenously hungry later in the day, and ate as much for dinner as I used to eat for lunch plus dinner," he said. But this lasted for only a week. Thereafter ("with some backsliding") Dr. Hundley lived on little more than a normal-sized dinner plus two drinks of bourbon and water to "keep me from nibbling before I go to bed." After a year, he was back to his normal weight of 160 pounds.

Many doctors frown on meal-skipping, but they are beginning to show increasing interest in the fairly new idea of dividing the day's meals into six or eight or more small snacks. Dr. Clarence Cohn, director of the Division of N Science at Chicago's Reese Hospital, firs six human guinea pig a diet in 1962 and their reactions with six other subjects w "free-eating." He fo the blood cholester dropped in four of snackers, and psyc who administered te 12 subjects found snackers were "happi they had lived on snac spectacularly, several reported that while the stayed unchanged, had evidently been uted by their new ea tern because their w had shrunk by one to a half inches.

By no great coincid Cohn (55; 6 feet; 170) staying trim by snac many years. His wife (47; 5 feet 6; 142), like "Clarie invented a the his eating habits."

Before Dr. Cohn mile to the Winnetka to catch his 6:35 A.M. t town, he has juice, three kinds of mixed d with skim milk, a slice with margarine and marmalade and blac For lunch he may ha and a cottage cheese mato salad with Fren ing, or a small hambu Cohn happens to be to sweets, and admi some embarrassment, always has a candy ba the afternoon. Dinn standard affair witho ("alcohol is a lost cau house"), but the port small. A 4½-pound si roast yields two me some sandwiches for th and their three childr 12 to 16.

"When a recipe s enough for four, I have for five and some lef said Mrs. Cohn.

Dessert (fruit, pie cream in small doses) as a separate meal 9 P.M., and before bed doctor usually enjoys a Swiss-cheese sandwich like chocolate layer cak rolls and eggs are rese Sunday.

Mrs. Cohn eats a diet. She has fruit, cof skim milk and a piece for breakfast. Aroun A.M., she has a piece with cheese or a cold for lunch, usually the she is hungry around 2 P.M., she may have piece of bread with cheese. At 4:30 she n has a piece of fruit. Th the day she eats like band. As a former resea endocrinology, she culated that her eigh snacks add up to 2,000 calories—not en cause weight gain.

ohn children are also snackers, parents are particularly pleased nacking has caused the young- ut down on their portions and, the all-important *total* food Like us, these kids cannot eat a " their mother said. "If they emselves an ice-cream cone, small scoops because I never n big ones."

have seen, the evening hours e of temptation even for the ght-conscious physicians. Of pondents to our questionnaire, ey don't have bedtime snacks, of the doctors we met person- ink or nibble after dinner. Dr. ps two little plastic boxes on de table: one is filled with the other with dried apricots. versity of Minnesota's Dr. aid, "I'm liable to eat all the evening; peanuts and e my weakness." The crucial he doctors' night-eating is that *fool themselves* about it; they counts," and a night-eater e room during the day for any sinning."

me principle of pay-as-you-go all culinary excesses. Most of s relax about their eating and n weekends, and almost all ad- jor caloric splurges on festive (55 of our questionnaire re- did). But they have learned ulge in excesses often enough lories to mount up during a eek. Almost always, they ac- his "averaging out" just from hough some have developed ys to "pay" for particular in- Several of our doctors are r, but they almost never have ney've been doing heavy yard vard's Dr. Mayer is extremely od cheese, but he noted, "It mes when you've already had to eat." When he craves a ortion of wonderful cheese, he makes a whole meal of nsommé, cheese, bread and

eful juggling of optional foods s also allows the doctors at sionally to enjoy "forbidden" , in The Doctors' Diet, have ted to the rank of delicacies: toes, potato salad, bacon, and, of course, desserts. And larly insistent hunger pangs questionnaire respondents ad- y have them), they use such epressants as soup, fruit, wa- 20 cups of coffee a day, and, invariably to their great re- co.

t take us long to identify an- to The Doctors' Diet: their practice moderation in the same problems experienced bers of The Overweight So- gely a matter of willpower. as most of us steady dieters matter of motivation. And in ment the doctors enjoy spe- ages. Clearly, a fellow cannot igure as a diet expert and ap- weight before his patients, nd friends. He cannot be a r and at the same time a person. It helps that he is informed than the rest of us; actually count calories to a few daily spoonfuls of des- mount up just enough to into the insidious cycle of eight gain. But there is an- other, much more ominous spur: almost all doctors have truly accepted the regrettable fact that overweight, especially if combined with elevated blood pressure and blood cholesterol levels, shortens life

It is no accident that the doctor in our sample who ate the most restricted diet of all, Dr. Bruce Taylor (51; 5 feet 11½; 165), is chairman of the Department of Pathology at Evanston Hospital, who learned about dieting from human autopsies. In the 1940's he became increasingly impressed by the presence of fat deposits within the arterial walls of heart-disease victims. He then conducted some of the pioneering research on ways to reduce these deposits by manipulating the fat contents of the diet. As a result of his work, Dr. Taylor quit eating eggs ("I have one a year"), all table spreads, all cream or milk, all dessert except fruit, and he eats meat only once a day.

"At dinner parties, I take a lot of tossed salad and things like pickles, beets and green beans, then my plate looks full," he reported. "You slug away at that and you look like a hero."

Dr. Taylor estimated that only about 10 percent of his calories derive from fats, which is definitely not recommended as a general diet. In fact, we found a few doctors who developed unpleasant stomach symptoms when they tried to cut down to 25 percent. But, since recent medical findings firmly link exercise with the health of human arteries, especially in males, most of our doctors labor hard to overcome their distaste for artificially created physical exertion.

Dr. Taylor walks his beagle two miles a day and mails his letters one at a time so he has an excuse to make more trips to the mailbox. Dr. Mayer walks an hour to get to his club for lunch and back to the office. Dr. Stare plays tennis regularly and often finds a sensible reason to take a very fast walk. Dr. Alexander does exercises in bed for 15 minutes in the morning and not only walks to his office (a mile each way), unless it rains, but clutches his briefcase for a final 400-yard fast run through the park on the way home. Dr. Stamler does five minutes of daily calisthenics, never takes the elevator to his fourth-floor office and swims at the "Y" several evenings a week. Dr. Page plays tennis and exercises in the shower daily before dinner. Dr. Hundley does 20 minutes of calisthenics after dinner in the basement with his seventh-grade son. "It's a good father-son routine," he said.

Many of our doctors rarely take elevators for less than four or five flights of stairs, and several of them told us that they try, whenever practical, not to pick up the phone but, instead, walk and see in person whomever they wanted to contact.

At bottom, we suspect, the doctors put up with this effort—and with some deprivation—because they consciously decided they enjoy living more than eating. Dr. Mayer put it like this: "Everybody always claims they don't want to live forever. I do—if I can be fit. There are more rewarding things in life even than *pâté de foie gras*. I want to be around and know what's going to happen." END

AT THE BUS STOP

By Herbert Scott

In the cold dawn
waiting for the bus

the tingle of school children
among themselves

touching and shoving,
the wind fulfilling

the promise of hair
blown across faces

and the eyes, the eyes,
always the eyes

touching and shoving.



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RECIPE:

- 1 pkg. Durkee Cheese Sauce Mix (or 10½ oz. can cheese soup)
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup cooking sherry
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 tsp. Durkee Paprika
- 3 cups cooked ham, cubed.
- ⅜ tsp. Durkee Black Pepper
- 8 oz. noodles, cooked & drained
- 1 can (3½ oz.) O&C French Fried Onions

Combine first 7 ingredients in saucepan. Stir over low heat until mixture comes to boil. Remove. Add noodles. Pour half into 2-quart casserole. Layer with 1 cup of Onions, then remaining noodle mixture. Cover and bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Top with remaining Onions. Bake five minutes more. Serves eight.

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continued from page 34

the next world, or cool, scientific care to pull you back into this one?"

A more serious charge against some of our important institutions is that they are not sufficiently interested in community needs. Many top hospitals remain relatively aloof, refusing to take patients with certain diseases because they feel they already have enough similar cases for study and training. Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York was singled out as a great hospital but one that hardly served the needs of the community. (It rated fourth in the top 10.)

Yet a great hospital need not be aloof. Massachusetts General, which was on everybody's list of the top 10, functions very much as a community facility. It takes all comers—alcoholics, stroke patients and others with diseases many teaching hospitals turn down. "If my interest were only teaching," said Director Knowles, "I'd throw out a third of the patients tomorrow."

The experts agreed that in a fine hospital everybody functions in a fishbowl. Residents and interns look over the specialists' shoulders, and there is plenty of post-operative scrutiny by pathologists. Says Dr. Charles Letourneau, a leading consultant: "There's no such thing as a conspiracy of silence in a teaching hospital, no chance to cover up mistakes. If a physician has done something wrong, there's always somebody to jump down his throat. There are few unnecessary operations, because everything's out in the open."

Most of the selected hospitals have between 500 and 1,000 beds. Only one (the University Hospital in Seattle) is under 300 beds, and only two are under 500. The experts conceded that there are excellent small hospitals—Hunterdon Medical Center in Flemington, N.J., and Thayer Hospital in Waterville, Maine, for example—but these are exceptions. Small hospitals generally lack staff, range of interests and the scientific equipment. As Dr. Nelson said: "The difference between a good hospital and a mediocre one is that the former has the full scope of services to respond instantly to any situation. Even simple things, like an appendectomy or an obstetrics case, sometimes require the services of several branches of medicine."

The selections demonstrated that to be great, a hospital must be excellent in all departments. "One outstanding doctor doesn't make an outstanding hospital," said one panelist. The most striking example of this is Methodist Hospital in Houston. Judging by the number of front-page stories about this hospital during the past few years—almost entirely because of the dramatic heart surgery of the renowned Dr. Michael DeBakey—one might have expected it to be high on the list. Actually it got only one vote in the top 10.

Although Catholic hospitals are numerous and excel in "T.L.C." (tender, loving care), almost none figured as a top choice, with the exception of St. Mary's in Rochester, Minn., a hospital used by the doctors of the Mayo Clinic. On the other hand, Jewish hospitals surpassed all others *as a group*. In fact, Ray Brown asserted that "there isn't a bad Jewish hospital in the United States." In the top 25 were such well-known Jewish hospitals as Cedars-Sinai in Los Angeles, Mount Sinai and Montefiore in New York City, and Michael Reese in Chicago. Their excellence was attributed to the generosity of the Jewish community toward their hospitals, their pioneering in establishing full-time, salaried chiefs of staff, and the unusual interest shown by trustees in their jobs.

Compared to European countries, where hospitals historically are looked upon as public utilities to be tightly controlled, our institutions are free-wheeling indeed. Generally speaking, Europe's hospitals are staffed only by fully qualified specialists. In countries like West Germany, Sweden and England, a family doctor "loses" his patient at the hospital door and "regains" him when he's released. In the United States, where hospital privileges are granted to most doctors, including general practitioners, we have achieved results that are both good and bad. On the plus side, the wider extension of hospital privileges has tended to upgrade all doctors, including general practitioners, by keeping them abreast of scientific developments. The European general practitioner left out of medicine's advanc have exposed the average p more capricious range in qua

In an emergency, obvio may not always be a choice. there is simply no good hospi When one can, however, it v prudent to do what the ex make a beeline for the larg hospital. Only 17 percent of o fit this description, but, f they comprise half the beds.

As Dr. Knowles sums it teaching hospital, the setu keep everybody honest. If I h an operation, I'd want as m in on it as possible. I'd insist be in on the case as well as doctor. I'd also insist that e tissue removed be examine thologist. I'd want everyth hospital to be as much in t possible. If you can tell a p one thing, tell him that!"

More Outstanding Hos

The following hospitals order, were listed by the panel of experts to rank hind the nation's best:

Duke Hospital, Durham,
Montefiore Hospital, New
University Hospitals, Clev
Hartford Hospital, Hartfor
Michael Reese, Chicago
Cedars-Sinai, Los Angeles
Rochester Methodist Hosp
Rochester, Minn.

Tied:

Methodist Hospital, Hous
Peter Bent Brigham, Bost
Strong Memorial Hospital
University of Rochester
Rochester, N.Y.
Hospital of the University
Pennsylvania, Philadelp

Tied

University Hospital, Seatt
University of California M
Center, San Francisco
Presbyterian-St. Luke's, C

Tied

University Hospital and H
Clinic, Birmingham, Ala
University Hospitals, Madi
Cleveland Clinic Hospital

New York University Me
Center, New York
Vanderbilt University Hos
Nashville
Baylor University Medica
Dallas
Beth Israel Hospital, Bost

THE JURY

Dr. Lester Breslow, Directo
lic Health, California; Ray
Duke University; George
University of Chicago; Dr
Cherkasky, director, M
Hospital; Dr. Dean Clark,
Medical and Hospital Adm
tion, Graduate School o
Health, University of Pit
Dr. John Knowles, general
Massachusetts General H
Dr. Charles Letourneau, e
hospital consultant; Dr. D
tauer, executive director,
Medical Center; Matthew
Jr., dean, University of
Medical Center; and Dr.
Nelson, president, The Joh
kins Hospital.



EK MEETS GREEK
m page 100

ke. Apollo had locked him-
ilet. Matsoukas bent over
ing his face and then dried
slipped back into his coat
ubilantly toward the buyer
ame into the kitchen. For
in thirty years there was a
ope on the owner's face.
varas said to them all.
u think?"
s raised his arms and
is toes to embrace Javaras
shoulders. "Magnificent!"
motion. He turned to Mat-
nodded fervently with
in his eyes. "Magnificent!
ificent!"
it, eh?" Javaras said. He
e verge of tears himself.
ras," Cascabouris said in a
ice. "Permit me to extend
felicitations. Twenty-five
usiness myself, ten different
g restaurants and small
and I swear to you I have
ed activity such as this. In
could make a fortune."
Matsoukas cried. "That is
h!" He threw a look of tri-
grieving Aristotle.
ou," Javaras said softly.
' He looked numbly at the
ips of his worn shoes.
discuss an offer at once,"
id. "Mr. Javaras has made
e. He is prepared to let the
t a price covering his in-
a small profit. A contract
in a few moments."

raised his hand. He smiled
cannot tell you how im-
," he said. "I know that
see can possibly equal this
vity. But . . ." he paused.
er a young man. My heart
year a man could make a
, but in three months I
ad. This kind of activity
ill me sooner."
silence followed the buyer's
as staggered as if he had
n the stomach. Matsoukas
ul moan. Hope sprang like
ristotle's graveled cheeks.
bouris!" Matsoukas cried.
nasty! It is not always as
was today! Sometimes it
An hour, two, and maybe
nd not one patron enters!"
fiercely at Javaras, who
in horror.
," Javaras said hoarsely.
much quieter than today,
. I swear it."
s shook his head vigor-
are modest, Mr. Javaras,"
n't be. Your spirit and en-
ilt this fantastic business.
testament, a shining ex-
ery restaurant man in this
. I will never forget I have
to a moving experience.
y friends, good-bye."
through the swinging door,
leaped to follow. "I think
consider that little jewel on
. ." His voice faded and
out the front door with the
ers working in furious pat-
ukas watched them go.
xed his arms, as if he were
culation. Uncle Louie came
le them. "Are they coming
ked.

"What is my faith?" Matsoukas said somberly. "To admit what is. What is, is catastrophe."

A single truck driver entered and sat down on a stool. "Ham sandwich and coffee," the man said.

"We are closed," Javaras shook his head. "There has been a death in the family." He waved the man farewell.

Apollo came out of the toilet and stood a moment staring at the mountain of dishes that engulfed the sinks. "What the hell . . .!" he cried, and turned and went back into the toilet. They heard him snap the lock.

"Ye mortal men, resign yourselves," Matsoukas said. "The world to destiny belongs." He uttered a sigh that swept from deep in his bowels, and then he straightened his shoulders. "Do not despair, my friend," he said to Javaras. "Every disaster opens a perspective on the human condition. The true mettle of a man is revealed in his response to what seems to be defeat." He started through the swinging door.

"Where are you going?" Javaras asked.

Matsoukas paused.

"I go to the offices of Local 77," he said gravely. "Perhaps we can salvage something from this debacle. Perhaps my friend, Orchowski, will allow us to settle for twenty or twenty-five cents on the dollar. I will try."

"I expect nothing," Javaras said mournfully, "and will receive less."

"If you come back this way bring some eggs," Uncle Louie said. END



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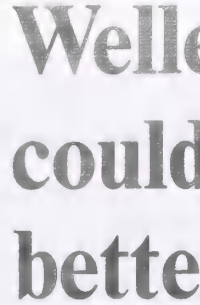
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BATTLE OF THE SEXES

continued from page 66

a probable 10 to 15 percent of American households will have a disposable income of $40,000 or more a year—in terms of current dollars and after taxes. What does a country look like that has that many rich people in it? "A combination of Dallas and Southern California," says Mr. Kahn. "Services would get very expensive, goods very cheap. In other words, people have ten-room homes and three cars and two helicopters and one submarine, but they don't have a maid."

In this world, too, work hours are likely to decrease from the current 2,000 a year to between 1,600 and 1,700, and it is not improbable, according to Mr. Kahn, that they might drop as low as 1,000. This enormous increase in the amount of leisure time, coupled with all the money we are going to be earning, will cause "an erosion of work-oriented values." When these values vanish, Mr. Kahn believes, "the question of giving people's lives meaning and purpose is likely to be foremost." It will be easier for women than for men to cope with this condition because "women don't have an executive syndrome . . . women can achieve their fulfillment to some degree in the home and in their children. The man who doesn't go to work, who spends as much time surf-riding as working, is not much of a figure to himself or to his child. The differences between men and women will be minimal. Women will be more vocation-minded, men less so. Women will work in ever-increasing numbers, especially on a part-time or temporary basis."

Anthropologist Ashley Montagu also believes women will have an easier time adjusting to the future. Dr. Montagu believes in the natural superiority of women, a subject he wrote a book about a dozen years ago, and has grown more certain about ever since.

"The female is constitutionally much stronger than the male because she has to bear the future members of the species, and she must be preserved if the species is to persist," he said. "Very crassly, to illustrate what this in fact means: If all the males on this earth were at this moment to drop dead, the world of the human species would go on. If, on the other hand, all the females on this earth were to drop dead at this moment, you can see what the consequences would be for the species."

Dr. Montagu warned that women will cease to be equipped for the future if they continue "migrating toward that ultimate destiny of complete equality," and embrace masculine values. "Masculine intelligence may succeed in exterminating the human species," only kind of intelligence ceed in saving it is the kin women are endowed, and ability to love, to laugh, t

Dr. Richard Farson, di Western Behavioral Scien echoed Mr. Kahn's predic world of the future, getting to be less easy than it is n ing to have to find a way man beings not for the w form but for what they a beings, their ability to live to their potential." And he the best and worst are ye women. "The more impro are made in their lives, the tented they will become."

"In a sense, women hav so good, but with improv higher expectations, new new higher-order needs t We get a discrepancy b we're doing and what we possible to do. This discre makes discontent. . . . T created need not be para ever. It can be energizing and it can push us into a

Women have the natural just to this better life, he s do not. Women will accep themselves; men will not. conceive of this seminar be situation," he concluded. seminar on the future of group of them sitting in listening to a group of wo them. Very hard to think a

But maybe we'll try th —

The Journal Pan

Dr. Ethel Alpenfels, profe thropology, New York School of Education
Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, psychology and psychia sity of Chicago
Dr. Mary S. Calderone, e rector, Sex Information tion Council of the U.S.
Dr. Richard Farson, direct Behavioral Sciences Inst
Miss Mary Feeley, mon ment consultant, Union ings Bank
Dr. Eli Ginzberg, professor ics, Columbia University
Mr. Herman Kahn, direct Institute
Mrs. Mary Keyserling, dire en's Bureau, U.S. Dep Labor
Dr. Ashley Montagu, ant author
Mrs. Harriet F. Pilpel, not and authority on lega women



"Now where would I hide if I were a garter snake?"



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How Journal Readers Pinch Pennies

Last October the *Journal* ran an article on "How America's Wealthiest Families Pinch Pennies." We welcomed any penny-pinching suggestions from readers, and received an overwhelming response with a great variety of ideas—ranging from solid suggestions to whimsical inspirations. Here is a sampling:

I do my weekly shopping after I have eaten, saving money on the snack food I do not buy.—MRS. GEORGINE PAST, *Dayton, Ohio.*

To really save money when I sew, I buy good fabrics at discount stores, remnant counters, and sales.... By buying my pattern first, I can check the yardage requirements and do not buy more than I actually need. . . . By taking advantage of the various styles that can be made from one pattern, I can have several dresses for the price of one pattern (separates can be made by using a skirt of a dress pattern and adding a waistband). . . . I keep working files of patterns, zippers, buttons, etc., many of which, if saved, can be used again.—MRS. ELIZABETH TIMMONS SAN CHEZ, *Imperial Beach, Calif.*

During the year I buy sale items that I use for gifts and bridge prizes. I also save boxes and paper and ribbons to use when wrapping the gifts. —MRS. ALICE PHILLIPS, *Vernon, Vt.*

I can't bear to throw away the little plastic tartar-sauce containers I get with drive-in fish and chips. Now, I stack them next to my good china, and feel rich, rich, rich.—MRS. JOHN L. LANDT, *Spokane, Wash.*

I have learned how to do my own spot removing and I use only the do-it-yourself dry cleaners. I hang the garments while warm (this saves pressing them).—MRS. WILLIAM E. BANNISTER, *Somerville, Mass.*

I have a hall closet just to store "sale" groceries. I keep extra soap, sugar, coffee, toothpaste, etc., and thus do not have to run to the store for one item and end up buying 10 others.—MRS. G. V. SMITH, *El Segundo, Calif*

I have a penny-pincher habit that surprises me. Although I am usually a spendthrift, I do save the cotton that comes in the pill bottles. (I use it to remove nail polish.)—MRS. SYDELL OKEN, *Freeport, N.Y.*

After reading about the penny-pinching socially prominent millionaires, I am happy to find that by saving money we're not only thrifty, but CHIC!—MRS. WOODROW MAGNESS, *Austin, Tex.*

I bought a deep freezer and now buy meat (beef at 49 cents per pound) in large quantities. I also stockpile "specials" and freeze them, including a kitchen hacksaw and very sharp knives. By having this equipment I can buy meats and cut them to suit myself (also whole chickens).—MRS. STANLEY JAJE, *Fruitland Park, Fla.*

When making large purchases, I "shop" for credit to find out just how much it *really* costs (1½ percent interest per month can actually amount to 18 percent per year). —MRS. VICTOR KAIN, *Filion, Mich.*

I buy several pairs of the same color nylon stockings. When one runs I have a replacement, and I never end up with one ur but otherwise perfectly go ing.—MRS. ELBA GUENTH *wood, Calif.*

This suggestion may seem but I've found that mar overlook it: I make it a spe to save and file the guaran come with appliances, wat With them, in case of a de free service.—MRS. E. G JR., *Wallace*

I always bu at the post o cost more machines i —MRS. M NUGENT, *Ch*

A box of ir milk is al standby in board. It i nomical whe and bakin HARLAND *Gallipolis, O*

I grow a bit along with and petunia my flower Saves me a year!—M F. SZIICH, *Springs, Col*

I am a rin I rinse out bottles, d boxes, syru etc. Usually just enough one more tim JAMES F. M *bury, Mass.*

We have sav deal of mon niture by bu used pieces vate homes ads in the have becom teur "exper tiquing fu (Anyone ca if they jus the directio kit.) . . . My and I take bag" lunche offices (I fin for figure co We hire our old to do m painting an jobs on our He charges able rates, the money to buy many o things.—MRS. JEANNE HO *Angeles, Calif.*

I invested in a hair clippe cut my sons' hair, and trim band's between his barber ha For entertainment, we use and libraries. (Expensive books are available, and, e rental basis, this is a saving CLARA O'CONNER, *Galesb*

The best way to save mon to spend it!—MISS A. L. *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Make winter warmer with Lipton Onion Soup Mix



Lipton Pepper Steak

1½ pounds boneless chuck steak
2 tablespoons shortening
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
Water
2 med. green peppers, cut into thin strips
1½ tablespoons cornstarch

Cut meat into thin strips 2 inches long. In large skillet, heat shortening and brown meat, turning frequently. Stir in Lipton Onion Soup Mix and 2 cups water. Cover. Simmer 30 minutes. Stir in peppers. Simmer, covered, 10 minutes, or until meat is tender. Blend cornstarch with ½ cup water. Stir into skillet. Cook, while stirring, until thickened. Serve with rice. 4 to 6 servings.



Lipton Potato Whip

2 pounds potatoes (6 medium), cooked
1 cup hot milk
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix.

Mash hot, cooked potatoes. Add milk, butter or margarine, and Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Beat until light and fluffy. 4 to 6 servings.

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Go ahead, whistle. He won't come.

a dog Friskies Mix. And he's *your* dog.

nstance, he's a dog who loves things that go
runch. And Carnation pressure cooks Friskies
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eels "top dog" after a good bowl of Friskies.
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amount the National Research Council
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From a Cornish Kitchen

By MARGARET HAPPEL

Add a fillip to your February menus with good-tasting, old-fashioned recipes culled from the blue-flagstoned kitchens of my childhood in England's westernmost county, Cornwall. The bounty of lush dairy meadows, apple orchards and the ocean, which surrounds the land on three sides, brimmed from our ice-cold black-slate larders. My appetite, sharpened by the salt wind of the Atlantic, was assuaged by the warm comfort of fragrant pies and breads—for all traditional Cornish recipes are seasoned by the herbs and spices brought by the Mediterranean merchant men who have traded here for over 1,000 years.

CORNISH QUICK PUFF PASTRY

A homey version of French puff pastry—just as rich, twice as quick. Make up a batch and have some on hand in your freezer or refrigerator as a basis for Cornish pies or pastries. Or glamorize your own favorites with this puffier-than-possible crust.

2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
¾ cup ice water
¾ cup butter or margarine, cut in small pieces

Combine 2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour with ½ teaspoon salt in a large bowl. Sprinkle with ¾ cup ice water. Mix lightly and form a ball quickly. Turn onto a lightly floured board. Knead 3 minutes. Roll into a 6x12-inch rectangle. Cover two-thirds of rectangle with ¼ cup butter or margarine, cut in small pieces. Fold rectangle evenly into 3 parts. Wrap dough and chill 30 minutes or freeze 15 minutes.

After dough has chilled, turn fold to left and repeat, adding ¼ cup butter or margarine, rolling and folding. Chill 30 minutes or freeze 15 minutes. Repeat, adding final ¼ cup butter or margarine, rolling and folding once more.

Chill 30 minutes or freeze 15 minutes or until needed. Use in following recipes.

CORNISH PASTIES

Perhaps the most famous of all Cornish dishes is the pasty. Traditionally everyone marks his initials on his own pasty before baking. It is also traditional to place the seam down the center of the pasty instead of at the side. Follow our instructions for a delightful meal-in-a-pastry-shell, a complete luncheon or supper dish.

1½ basic recipe Cornish puff pastry (or make up 2 [10-oz.] pkg. pie pastry mix. Not authentic, but quick.)

Filling:
1 lb. ground round beef
1 Tb. chopped parsley
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. dried marjoram
¼ tsp. dried thyme
½ cup *thinly* sliced potatoes
½ cup thinly sliced onion rings

Egg Glaze:
1 egg yolk
2 Tb. cold water

Divide basic pastry dough into 6 even pieces. Roll each out to an 8-inch circle. Prepare filling by combining 1 lb. ground round beef with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon dried marjoram and ¼ teaspoon dried thyme.

Atop each circle pastry, on half of it, place a layer of thinly sliced potato, thinly sliced onion and then meat. Dampen edges well. Fold pastry over to form semicircle. Seal edges well. Flute. Carefully manipulate fluted edges so they form a seam running down the center of the pastry. Brush each with egg glaze. Bake at 400° for 30 to 40 minutes until deep golden and meat and vegetables are tender. Makes 6.

MABIER PIE

"Mabier" is the Cornish word for chicken. Words and food in Cornwall have a strong Breton flavor. Here is a great way to transform cooked chicken into a creamy pie similar to the croustades and quiches of France.

1 recipe Cornish puff pastry (left) (Or make up 2 [10-oz.] pkg. pie pastry mix. Not authentic, but quick.)

Filling:
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1½ cups chopped onion
2 Tb. chopped parsley
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. mace
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
3 cups finely diced cooked chicken
½ cup light cream or milk
2 eggs

Roll out ⅔ Cornish puff pastry dough on a lightly floured board. Use to line a 9-inch pie plate. Refrigerate pie shell and remaining third of pastry for later use.

Prepare filling: Heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a medium skillet. Sauté 1½ cups chopped onion until tender—5 to 10 minutes. Stir in 2 tablespoons parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon mace and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg.

Toss 3 cups diced cooked chicken with sautéed onion mixture. Place in pastry-lined pie plate. Roll out reserved pastry to form a lid for pie plate. Damp edge and seal firmly together. Flute edges and decorate. Make a small hole in center of lid. Beat ½ cup light cream and 2 eggs together. Brush a little on pastry lid. Bake at 425° for 20 minutes or till golden brown.

Slowly pour remaining cream and egg mixture into pie through hole in pastry lid. Reduce heat to 350°. Bake 20 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6.

STAR-GAZY PIE

Originally this dish was made from whole herring—so plentiful in the Atlantic waters of North Cornwall. The heads and tails were supposed to stare at you—hence the name. Our version dispenses with stares and tails, uses flounder. Any white fish fillets will do.

1½ basic recipe quick puff pastry (or make up 2 [10-oz.] pkg. pie pastry mix. Not authentic, but quick.)

Filling:
6 small fillets of flounder (about 2 lbs.)
1½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
¼ cup prepared mustard
2 Tb. finely chopped onion

Egg Glaze:
1 egg yolk
2 Tb. cold water

Divide 1½ recipe basic dough into 6 equal parts. Roll out each into an 8x6-inch rectangle. Wipe fish with damp paper towels. Season each fillet with salt and pepper. In a small bowl, combine ¼ cup prepared mustard and 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion. Spread a little of this mixture over the darker surface of each fillet. Fold each fillet lengthwise into thirds to seal in filling.

Place each folded fillet in th a pastry square. Dampen edg pinching edges together firr with egg glaze made by beati 1 egg yolk with 2 tablespoons Bake at 400° for 25 to 30 minu crust is deep golden and fish (Use cake tester to pierce check fish.) Makes 6.

SAFFRON BREAD

Legend has it that Phoeni brought saffron to Cornwall dried fruits and spices of t Mediterranean. All are blen old, old recipe for saffron lectable when fresh. Or can but be sure to wrap well, as sa to make the bread dry.

½ tsp. crumbled saffron
2¼ cups milk
2 (¼-oz.) pkg. dry active yeast
¼ cup sugar
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. salt
1 Tb. grated lemon rind
¼ tsp. n
6½ cups purpos
½ cup d candie (optio
½ cup c dark r
½ cup li
½ cup c walnut

In a medium saucepan, heat crumbled saffron and 2¼ cu lukewarm. Remove from h (¼-oz.) pkg. dry active ye sugar, 2 tablespoons butte garine, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 grated lemon rind and ¼ tea meg.

In a large bowl, combin sifted flour, ½ cup diced c (optional), ½ cup currants sins, ½ cup light raisins a chopped walnuts. Add lukew liquid. Beat well with woode electric mixer. Let rise in a v covered with a damp cloth, in bulk (about 1 hour).

Turn out onto a floured bo well. Divide evenly betwee inch) well-greased loaf pans. til level with top of pan— place, covered with a damp at 375° for 40 to 45 minut golden, crusty and hollo when tapped on bottom.

Remove from pan. Cool o Brush top lightly with 1 tabl ter or margarine, melted Makes 2 loaves.

SPLITS AND CREAM

Thick Cornish cream is lege old recipes call for slow scaldi for 12 hours, until thick and d Try our quick method and bite-size yeast and buttermil lashings of strawberry jam.

1 (13¾-oz.) pkg. hot-roll mix
¾ cup buttermilk
1 egg
1 cup he
2 Tb. su sugar
Strawbe

Make up 1 (13¾-oz.) packa mix according to label direc ¾ cup buttermilk (heated to and 1 egg. After first rising, d into 18 equal pieces. Place greased cookie sheet. Cover w Let rise till double. Bake at minutes.

Beat 1 cup heavy cream *almost* buttery. Fold in 2 superfine sugar. Serve with rolls, "split" in half. Top whipped cream and straw Makes 18 splits.

Hunter's Soup.
t sounds delicious.
But what is it?

is isn't sipping soup. It's eating soup.
e kind of thick, lusty soup you'd expect to
at a hunting lodge in the country.
ark. Meaty. And extra-generous.
th steamy turkey. And lean beef. (Turkey
beef in the same soup? Yes. Turkey and beef
e same delicious soup.)

We splurge on the vegetables. Eight of them. All steeped in a rich, thick stock. Heady with herbs and spices. With a good solid splash of Burgundy to deepen the flavor.

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ement

ning Table ens

still use table linens that and even those most en- t easy-care fabrics admit ays turn to the iron for vely old damasks, hand- nd other special ones. So htful appearance of your l celebrations may depend y you wield an iron. The that brings out the best egins with proper moist-

Sprinkling

time by moistening ma- nd lightly—fabrics should ot limp or actually wet. ay to moisten fabrics is plant watering gadget—ry fine and uniform. ironing follows washing ove tablecloths and nap- rs while they are slightly achines can be set to stop Some dryers, by the way, accessories that can be en a whole load of dry handy for large table- tching napkins. Another ers: always remove linens entirely dry, for in this e less wrinkled. cs are moistened, fold there are as few wrinkles n place them in a plastic "season" for at least half e ironing stint is delayed, nens usually need more ther materials to achieve ispness; also, very thin dampened quite thor- y tend to dry as the iron- An iron that steams or eat help in coping with areas, but it doesn't have re to take the place of pt for some synthetic and rials.

Ironing

s with the threads rather or on the bias so hems main straight and even. ularly important with cloths where there is a y to go round and round. th in half and iron in the fold (but avoid pressing . Press first on one side, er; and finally, open and where it was folded. Be material in setting tem- ls of irons: higher tem- e needed for linens than rics, although medium- require lower settings "cotton") than double d-loomed fabrics.

Thoroughly

s until dry; moisture left s fabrics to wrinkle and dry. This one step is the ssional, whose linens in- their best. Slow, even ron, almost leisurely in are usually the best way s effectively.

Helpful Suggestions

▪ A well-padded ironing board helps emphasize the texture of linens and makes the ironing job easier, too.

• For fine, lacy materials, open-work embroidery, or any very fragile linens, a sheer press cloth, the kind you can see through, protects the fabric.

• Heavy linens usually require ironing on both sides. For heavy textured materials, iron first on the right side, then on the back, so the surface will have most interest. For satiny damasks, finish on the right side. On the other hand, a few homespuns respond to a light steam pressing.

▪ Press monograms, appliqués and lacy materials on the back side so design stands out effectively.

• Party-day linens are prettiest without any creases. A good idea is to avoid pressed-in creases and lightly fold the cloth for storage. The resulting fold can be pressed out just before using. A good way to store these big cloths is rolled on a cardboard tube.

• Place mats and runners are ironed without creases. Small tea and luncheon napkins are usually folded in fourths—easy to store in compact piles. Dinner napkins can be ironed without creases and finger-creased or stored flat. The custom of folding napkins decoratively is gaining popularity, and it's easiest to start with the flat squares.

• Most table "linens" do not need starching; but for materials limp and lifeless with repeated use, try one of the spray finishes to add body.—BETTY WADSWORTH



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2. With wet hands, shape mixture into 8 patties, about 4 x ½ inches.
3. Brown in skillet over medium heat. Turn once but do not flatten . . . this presses out the juices.
4. Serve on **toasted split Sandwich Buns.** Serve with onion slices, dill pickle slices, catsup or mustard.

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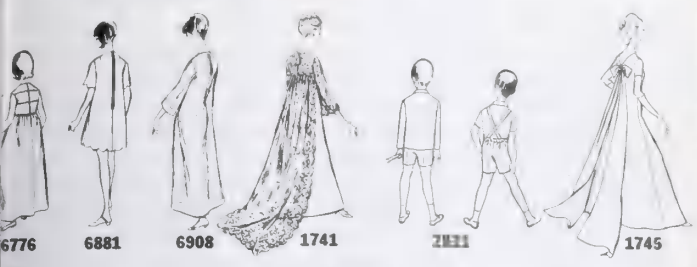
Make sure your gets sufficient

Learn to a relaxed h

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PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see pages 88–91



727 Misses bridal dress; 10–18; $3.00. Gown requires 6¾ yards of ic without nap for size 14. Add 1 yard of fabric for tubing on bottom.
082 Bridal headpiece by Halston; one size; $1.50. Headpiece requires of 39-in. fabric with/without nap.

776 Child's dress; 4–8; $1.00. Bodice of dress requires ⅝ yards of ic with nap for size 8. Long skirt requires 2⅛ yards of 35-in. fabric p for size 8.

881 Misses dress; 10–18; $1.50. Dress requires 3 yards of 43/44-in. out nap, size 14. (Scallops made from fabric.)

908 Misses evening dress; 10–18; $2.00. Overdress requires 3½ yards . fabric with nap for size 14. Underdress requires 3⅛ yards of 35-in. out nap for size 14. Contrast bands require 1 yard of 35-in. fabric

741 Misses bridal gown by Belinda Belville; 10–18; $5.00. Gown ⅛ yards of 49-in. fabric with nap for size 14. Yoke, sleeves and train yards 35-in. fabric with nap for size 14.

CK 2831 Boy's suit; 2–8; $.50. Suit requires 2 yards of 36-in. fabric or size 5.

745 Misses bridal dress; 10–18; $3.00. Gown requires 7¾ yards of abric without nap for size 14. If you choose to line back panels, you yards of 48-in. taffeta.

-Butterick Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order closing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, 0, Altoona, Pa.* Also available in Canada. *California and Pennsylvania ease add sales tax.

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEE

ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC., St. Paul, Minnesota

MR. CATESBY

continued from page 83

vet! Gracious goodness, how shy he is!"

"This is Captain Meredith-Jones?" he stammered.

"Of course. And you have come to see the cow." Already she was kicking off her shoes and stepping into a pair of gumboots. "She calved yesterday morning quite easy; today she went as if she was drunk, wild-eyed like, and now she's down on her side, and all blown up her stomach is, her legs sticking out straight and stiff . . ."

She led Mr. Catesby out to the stall where the Friesian lay. He leaned down and passed his hand in front of her eye. The eyelid did not move. Coma. Milk Fever. "Nothing much to worry about," said Mr. Catesby. "I'll have her up within an hour."

Most of the farmers he dealt with believed they knew more than he did; and they were probably right. He would have been something less than human if he had lost this chance of showing off a bit in front of somebody who might be impressed by his professional skill.

As he opened his leather case, and brought out the big syringe, the girl stood close by his side, attentively watching him; and suddenly he was surprised by a powerful whiff of scent, unexpected at any time in a cowshed and quite without precedent in the working life of Mr. Catesby, which was accompanied by a mixed aroma of disinfectant, pungent animal medicines, and muck. He was so excited that he feared she would see his hand trembling as he prepared to inject the cow. When it was done he glanced up and found himself looking straight into the girl's eyes. Her frank gaze, and the smile that went with it, gave him a confidence that he usually lacked.

"You'll see. She'll be right as rain in less than an hour," he boldly predicted, adding rather grandly as he put away the syringe: "Calcium boroglutinate"—a sonorous phrase. Myfanwy continued to gaze at him admiringly.

"You'll be wanting to wash your hands," she said at last. "And of course you'll stay to tea."

She led him back into the house and left him in the wash place while she put the kettle on the kitchen fire. Then she took him into the parlor, which was as warm as his lodgings were cold. Birch logs crackled on the fire, and a big oil lamp cast a kindly glow upon the copper-lustre china, the row of Toby jugs and the sailing-ship-in-a-bottle, which had pride of place on the mantelpiece. A pipe rack on the wall reminded Mr. Catesby of the owner of the house.

"Is your father not in?" he asked; and he failed to notice her moment of hesitation before she replied:

"I expect he's gone down the paddock to shut up the hens. The foxes are terrible about here . . . I'll go and make the tea." And she gave him a look over her shoulder that warmed his spirits quite as much as the fire was warming his legs.

A painful and desperate longing for domesticity nearly overcame Mr. Catesby. The new-bread smell, as Myfanwy entered with the tray, did nothing to assuage it. There was farm butter, with little drops of moisture glistening on it like tears of joy. There was homemade blackberry jelly, with the jar labeled in a girlish hand "B. Jell. 66." There was a generous globular old-fashioned teapot clothed in a thick quilted tea cozy.

During tea, when he wasn't looking at Myfanwy, Mr. Catesby's eyes would dwell upon this object, and he would reflect sentimentally that the very words "tea cozy" seemed to epitomize his present situation, which he wished could continue forever.

"How the days do draw in!" sighed Myfanwy at last. "Pull the curtains I must." She got up to do so, and with the idea of helping her Mr. Catesby got up also. As they stood side by side at the fireplace he was enveloped once more in her aura of scent. In a new access of nervousness he picked up the ship-in-the-bottle and pretended to study it.

"Was your father perhaps a seafaring gentleman?"

After a slight pause she nodded.

"I've heard they tie a piece of thread to the mast," he said, "and when they've got the ship inside they pull this thread and up goes the mast and all the rigging."

"Really?" said Myfanwy in her most ladylike voice. Peering hard into the bottle (though she could scarcely have been less interested in anything) she half-leaned against him, and Mr. Catesby was aware of her thigh pressed against his, soft as that quilted tea cozy save for a sharp knobbly lump which he supposed to be something to do with her garter belt and which therefore lent a fearful intimacy to their juxtaposition.

At that very moment the door opened and the Captain took two long dramatic strides into the room. He carried a hurricane lantern, in which the flame flickered as he swung it. Hi
alone was enough to alarm
Catesby, who upon his en
jumped at least a yard
Myfanwy had done much
thing in the opposite direct
course this sudden flying-a
them look very guilty. Mr. C
heard of Victorian fathers
horsewhip any of their
suitors of whom they did n
and since Wales in his view
much Victorian as medieval
toms, he was prepared to h
the terrible Captain, with
eyes and his fierce mustach
a tyrant of that nature. T
greater alarm, the man now
him in a foreign tongue. Wh
tain actually said was:

"*Quien asecha por agujero v*

After a suitably impressiv
translated for his hearer
Myfanwy had already gues
would be sarky. It was.

"He who spies through a k
see what will vex him," sa
Salvador Miguel Meredith-J

There was a silence, during
hurricane lantern popped an
Mr. Catesby dared not look i
tion of Myfanwy, and th
treated them to a tigerish sm
he spoke again:

"Well, Mr. Catesby, you
worker," he said.

More terrified than ever, M
was now so foolish as to try to
a series of stutters, that he an
had been studying the probl
ships got into bottles. It ma
at all, and the Captain cut
with a gesture.



eferring, sir, as it happens, to *sional* skill. The cow is on her ent. No doubt in due course ive your bill."

open the door; and with the mefaced farewell glance to- nwy, Mr. Catesby took the uffled through.

of months went by before Mr. ceived his second summons to yddfa Farm. He concluded st have made a better impres- e Captain than he had sup- veniently forgetting that his e Myfanwy again had induced d a ridiculously small bill for it.

ccasion his patient was a pig; again Mr. Catesby was for- hadn't the faintest idea what atter with the animal, but into its backside a large dose n; and with a confidence he ar from feeling he said to the I think you will see a great nt tomorrow."

ning Myfanwy rang up to tell e pig had quite recovered. He the cleverest vet. The Cap- id—and in his excitement at voice he failed to notice that dd way to speak of him—the s shutting up the ducks. "We good chat." They did.

d out to be a rough winter y spring. The Captain's half- mals were perhaps more sub- most to the ills attendant on ns: or perhaps—since Mr. d now refrained from sending all—the Captain was taking of a free veterinary service. And with what glad haste Myfanwy would rush to the telephone whenever the Captain told her: "Send for the vet!"

Their romance blossomed and thrived against a background of weirdly named animal ailments, such as pulpy kidney, twin-lamb disease, louping ill, and orf. They held hands behind hayricks and snatched kisses in cowsheds. Upon one or two occasions when the Captain was up on the mountain looking to the sheep they made still better use of their opportunities, for Myfanwy had discovered that her bedroom window gave an excellent view of the hillside opposite; with a quick glance now and then you could reassure yourselves that he was still half a mile away. His thin and spavined pony was by no means up to his weight. The mountains were steep. It was surprising what a lot of ground love could cover while he covered a mere half mile.

Myfanwy had very little difficulty in finding excuses for her deception. For one thing, he was 55. Couldn't help it, but a man ought to regard himself as past it at 55. For another thing, love justified anything; and Myfanwy had persuaded herself that she was very much in love. Maybe Mr. Catesby wasn't *exactly* the image of Mr. Right that she had conjured into her day-dreams; he had, for example, a tendency to spots, especially on the back of his neck. But this was a small consideration, seeing that he was the only male under 50 whom Myfanwy saw for months on end.

As for Mr. Catesby, his ardor in courtship had been reinforced by a piece of intelligence that came to him by chance through a friend who worked in a lawyer's office. This young man, more callow and even spottier than Mr. Catesby, was the only person in the world who looked up to him; they used to spend Saturday evenings together drinking beer and talking about girls, especially the wantonness of girls, of which they knew much by hearsay. Now that for the first time Mr. Catesby had experience of this wantonness, he boasted about it to his admiring friend, who at the mention of Cwm-y-Rwyddfa pricked up his ears.

"Meredith-Jones?" He dropped his voice to a whisper. "Well, if that isn't the miserable old skinflint who came into our office to make his will the other day! He's got oodles of money, my boss says; and won't spend a bean. I had to make a copy of his will; promise you won't breathe it to a soul if I ——"

"Promise!" interrupted Mr. Catesby breathlessly.

"Oodles of money; and he's left it all to his daughter! The farm and everything, the whole caboosh. If you've wangled your way in there," said Mr. Catesby's friend, goggle-eyed at the thought, "I can tell you you're on a jolly good wicket, old man!"

After that, you may be sure, Mr. Catesby was troubled less often by his trifling fastidious wish that Myfanwy were, say, about seven years younger; and he was able to put out of his mind altogether such persnickety preferences as he had for brown eyes rather than blue, for long thin legs rather than short plump ones, and for straight dark hair rather than frizzy blond hair which looked as if it might have been dyed.

On a blue morning in the very early spring, when the first lambs were white specks all over the far mountainsides, Myfanwy rang up Mr. Catesby and very excitedly told him: "He's gone off to market for *the whole day*. . . . And the baby ducks have got the sprawls," she added as an afterthought. "I think you'd better come out quickly and see what you can do about the sprawls."

So the young vet in his old car drove so fast to Cwm-y-Rwyddfa that the radiator was spouting like a whale long before he got to the top of the pass between the mountains.

At the farmhouse he was greeted by the delicious smell of a stew cooking and a strong whiff of Myfanwy's scent: in combination they provoked a confused reaction, by no means disagreeable, of amalgamated passion and greed. Myfanwy, when she had kissed him, nodded in the direction of the kitchen and smiled slyly: "It's the remains of the Sunday joint. I'll have to tell him the cat got it—the old meanie!" She had discovered the key of a locked cupboard from which she had filched a bottle of Spanish wine. "He'll never notice it's gone." On the laid table there was a crusty loaf and a large pat of butter, yellow as marsh marigolds, and some Caerphilly cheese. There was a bowl of walnuts, of which Mr. Catesby was inordinately fond.

"I thought we'd have a feast," said Myfanwy. "Just you and me. But there's plenty of time before the stew's done. We mustn't waste it."

Nor did they. Indeed, by the time Myfanwy turned her thoughts once again toward the oven, the stew was so overdone that most of the meat was stuck firmly to the bottom of (*continued*)

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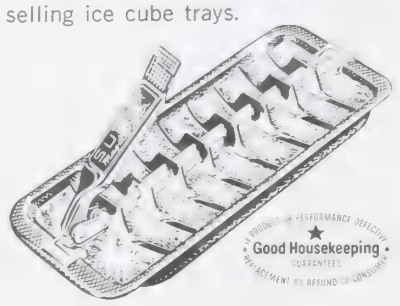
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In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

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This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment form* called *Preparation H®*. Just ask for Preparation H Suppositories or Preparation H Ointment with special applicator.

MR. CATESBY *continued*

the casserole, and the onions and carrots had gone dark brown. However, they were able to sort out a few edible pieces and by the time they had drunk the whole bottle of wine between them Myfanwy was apt to get the giggles whenever she thought of the reason why she had let the stew burn. At last Mr. Catesby started on the nuts and cracked some for Myfanwy, and soon they went over to the sofa by the fire, where they nibbled and canoodled, and Mr. Catesby thought sentimentally that marriage must be rather like this, a matter of eating and cuddling in endless permutations. So he plucked up his courage and then and there invited Myfanwy to marry him.

"Say yes, and I'll ask your father the moment he comes back from market!" cried Mr. Catesby.

At first she giggled; and then she squeaked in what seemed to be genuine alarm. "Don't you dare say a word to him ——"

"Why ever not?"

"He'd be wild at you. I don't know what he'd —— *No!*" squeaked Myfanwy in growing agitation. "No! No! I can't explain. You wouldn't understand."

"Of course I understand," said Mr. Catesby soothingly, slipping his arm round her plump waist. "He'd be very sorry to lose you and I don't blame him either. We must try to win him round together. We must somehow put it into his head that what he needs is a *good housekeeper* ——"

At this her squeak became so high that it seemed to ping upon Mr. Catesby's eardrums, and then like a bat's squeak it went out of his sonic range altogether. Instead, another sound suddenly impinged upon his ears. The front door opened, and very quietly shut. The Captain had come back early from market.

Myfanwy leaped to her feet.

"I will ask him now," said Mr. Catesby, made bold by half a bottle of *rioja*, rough but strong. Myfanwy then seemed to lose her nerve altogether, and as the Captain entered the room she dodged round behind him and bolted through the door like a rabbit. Mr. Catesby listened to her footsteps, none too light, thumping rather than pattering up the stairs.

The Captain glared at him.

"Well, Mr. Catesby," he began. "Which of my animals are you attending to today?"

Mr. Catesby had struggled up from the low sofa; he knew his mouth was smothered in lipstick and he must look like a clown. He sought refuge from his absurd situation in formality.

"I am glad you have come home, sir, because there is something wanting to say. I wish to a for. . . ." He blushed and he remembered the phrase whi in some old book; ridiculou to his lips. "For Myfanw marriage."

The Captain's eyes ope that Mr. Catesby could se all the way round them. He forward, threateningly. His traveled from Mr. Catesby t bottle on the table, to the the meal, then up to the c Myfanwy's bedroom came terical sobbing.

The Captain's stern sile unbearable.

"I expect—er—you ha town?" said Mr. Catesby, trying to make conversati wished he hadn't, as the Ca up the casserole and e curiously.

"My mother's people have the Captain said at last. furnace, but it does not coo However, they have anot 'There is no sauce like a goo Pray be seated while I put it

The wretched Mr. Catesb on the extreme edge of one which was drawn up to the Captain fetched himself a and plate and took the pla him. He helped himself to pieces of the stew, turning e several times to see whether posed of burned meat or bu As he did so, Mr. Catesby fascination watched his twitching like a cat's whiske

Meanwhile the Captain w fast. *The girl was a slut.* Twi *deceitful.* Twitch. *She was n look at, she was getting blow Letting Herself Go.* Twitch. *petty thief.* Twitch. *She was with the housekeeping mon capable of understanding tha nies added up to pounds.*

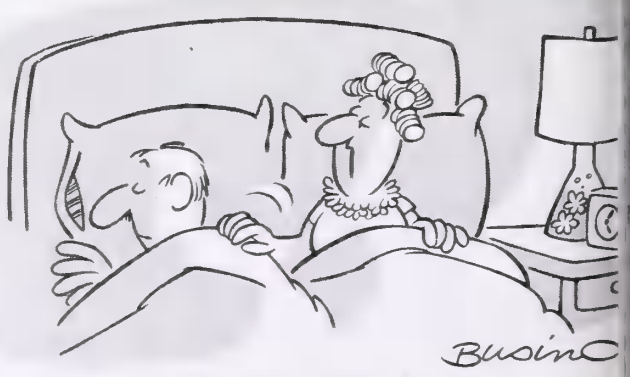
The Captain tried to mak tion in his mind, setting the ties provided by Myfanwy expense of keeping her. He a debit balance; and prompt up his mind. "Call the girl said to Mr. Catesby.

Mr. Catesby went obedie door and shouted up the stai

"Myfanwy! Your father w

The Captain grinned ti himself. Mr. Catesby retu were galumphing footsteps and shortly Myfanwy app bing her face with a powder

"Come here," commande tain, so sharply that her bott



"You left the toothbrush on."

she hurried into the room. irt was rucked up on one g down on the other. One ings sagged. The Captain contemplatively. He eased in his chair.

sby has informed me," he despite appearance to the intentions are entirely understand that he wishes ; and I have decided to give on and—er—my blessing. rd from which you took the l find also a half bottle of npagne. Kindly fetch it." mouth made a perfect sound came out of it. She . Catesby, she turned back in. "Fetch it," he barked l bring three glasses." O" grew larger and larger, eaked it was another of her es.

h this woman to be married

admit, thought Myfanwy, l sideways at the Captain veil, that it was wonderful come round to it. There e good in him really, for hought he'd have hired the nd laid on a reception for people, eats and all—and ? Who'd have thought he'd a dozen bottles of, well, not ut champagne cider, which color so that if you took nobody would know the e'd even asked a few of his he wedding, because My- vas an orphan, hadn't any om she was very proud of, 't look well if all the guests he bridegroom's family. nadn't yet met the Cap- ns. She believed he had a sister still living; and that girl whom she'd caught a she walked up the aisle— bly his niece.

to hold from this day for- r, for worse, for richer, for ridegroom was mumbling. accent was more marked cause he was so nervous, Even in this moment of was aware that he wasn't *actly.* Unfortunately, he a large new spot, it might ipient boil, on the left side st in time for the wedding. round her veil showed t it was even bigger than esterday. He was making r of the things he had to confessed to herself that t much gumption. When married life in the little he'd rented she was the e to tell him how to go on. e a change, thought My- ife with the Captain, who ery first week together had er seven times one of his s. "Sad is the house where s and the cock is silent." d miser must be rather he thought, in spite of his herwise he wouldn't have is money—and she knew ll of a lot of it in the bank. l the furniture too: "the h." That was the phrase had used. She would believed it if he hadn't e had it from the lawyer's clerk, his best pal, the one who stood beside him now, fumbling for the ring.

With all that money, she thought, life with Mr. Catesby would be very tolerable, whether he turned out to be Mr. Right or whether he didn't. She peeped through the left side of her veil. The Captain, she decided, was looking rather old, and not at all healthy.

As he fingered it nervously at the reception, Mr. Catesby became quite certain that the new spot on the side of his nose would indeed turn out to be a boil. He could read it with his fingertips as a blind man reads Braille; he had vast experience with boils. The suspicion that he was going to take one with him on his honeymoon had already driven him to drink half a dozen glasses of the champagne cider, which far from cheering him up seemed to leave as sour a taste upon his spirit as it did upon his tongue. Not even the whispered encouragement of his friend the best man—"Never mind, old chap, at least you've landed her"—did much to comfort him. Nor did the Captain's proposal of the happy couple's health. Myfanwy had warned him it would be sarky, and it was. She reacted with nervous giggles, either through nervousness or because she'd had too much to drink. The Captain, who had heard the sound many times before, winced. He looked rather sadly toward Mr. Catesby and quoted another of his depressing proverbs:

"For a marriage to be happy the husband should be deaf and the wife blind."

This provoked much laughter from the wedding guests. The best man, chuckling most tactlessly, took Mr. Catesby by the arm and said:

"He's certainly a card, the Captain . . ." He dropped his voice. "More to him than you'd think. They say he actually kept a mistress—may still do, for all I know. At his age!"

The awful import of this was at first lost upon Mr. Catesby; for he had just caught sight of a girl at the other end of the room, who was tall and slim, with long slender legs, and very dark straight hair, and dark dramatic eyes. She was so much the embodiment of all he desired in womankind that it was as if he were looking at a dream come to life. He fixed his gaze upon the exquisite creature and he could not take it away even though he knew that Myfanwy by his side was glaring at him resentfully. He did not notice the approach of the Captain, whose grating voice close at hand brought him to his senses.

"Very pretty girl, eh?" remarked the Captain, "I must bring her along and introduce you. I know you'd both be interested to meet my daughter—"

"Your—your—*what?*" gasped Mr. Catesby.

"Only child . . . my wife and I . . . parted a few years back . . . faults no doubt on both sides," murmured the Captain, who was in a very good humor and could afford to be generous. "Yes, my daughter. You can see the Spanish blood coming out in her, can't you?"

"*Daughter!*" cried Myfanwy suddenly in her very shrill voice, seizing her husband by the arm and squeezing it so tight that he could feel her sharp fingernails digging into his biceps. Once again her mouth made a big "O," in which condition her whole face became far from attractive and she appeared to have several double chins. She turned away from the Captain and toward Mr. Catesby. The Captain studied her expression with lively interest. She seemed to be seeing, not only her husband's present boil, but a lifetime of boils; and what was much worse, a lifetime of boils without any money.

The Captain went closer to Mr. Catesby's side. Paternally, affectionately, indeed almost gratefully, he laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"My mother's people have a saying, *Si tu mujer quiere*—but you don't know the language, of course? My daughter over there—Consuela—she speaks it like a native. I'll put it into English. The saying runs: "If thy wife tell thee to throw thyself from a balcony, pray God it be a low one." And the Captain smiled his tigerish smile. END



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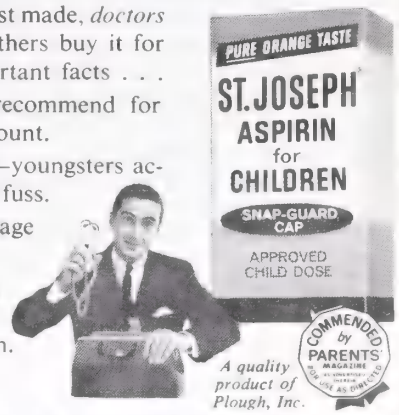
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continued from page 77

in the nation have splashed in full evening dress. Directly opposite them, dirt was churning haphazardly through the air as workmen excavated for a new combination bathhouse and family movie theater. The loud, festive sound of the Tijuana Brass blared out over the whole scene, which seemed to change from minute to minute, like the shifting images of a huge, colorful kaleidoscope.

Ethel now was thundering about the tennis court at lightning speed, smashing and slamming balls across the net, as she does every morning when she is not in New York or halfway across the world; the year-round cork turf court is out of use only when buried under a foot of snow. Scoring the final, winning point ("I like competition, but I like to win better"), she sauntered lightly back to the phone, her close-fitting shorts emphasizing the teen-age slimness of her 38-year-old hips, which cause women everywhere to stare in disbelief and gasp in hoarse voices, "She's had *nine* children?"

Hanging up a few minutes later, she described the difficulties she was encountering. "I hadn't thought it would be so hard to find Russian interpreters in a place like Washington, but it's just impossible, and we really haven't got much time—the entire Bolshoi Ballet is coming here next Thursday afternoon——"

"Are you going to Russia?" asked Courtney, back on the scene.

"I don't know, darling," replied Ethel. "I keep reading in the papers that we are, but I haven't heard anything about it.

"As you can see, we are just your average American family," she cracked, picking up the phone again.

"Hello, is Governor Harriman there? It's Mrs. Kennedy calling, Mrs. Robert Kennedy . . ." Her voice is surprisingly mellow and soft—one somehow expects the boisterous whoop of a field-hockey instructor—and the accent, despite her Chicago birth and Connecticut upbringing, is distinctly Kennedy-Bostonian.

"Hello, Governor? Good morning, it's Ethel. I hope I'm not calling too early. We missed you last night (the Robert Kennedys had attended the Opera Ball at the Smithsonian, dancing till after 2 A.M.). . . . "Oh, is Pete staying there with you? Well, he was just magnificent (Peter Duchin and his orchestra had played at the ball). . . . "Listen, why don't you all come by for lunch—you know, nothing special or anything. Bobby just flew down last night, and we're not doing a thing—just having a nice, lazy weekend. . . ."

It is, of course, about as restful as a full-scale track meet; the Kennedys relax the way they live, at triple time. Ethel—as even total strangers are calling her minutes after their first meeting—issues invitations to "come on over," "stop in for lunch," "drop by for some tennis," or "stay and have some supper with us," so casually and continually that the weekend gradually evolves into a virtual open house. Traffic in the paved driveway in front of the house gets as congested as the Long Island Expressway as old friends, relatives, political associates, legislative aides, speech writers, senators, secretaries, celebrities of various fields and children of all sizes come pouring onto the scene. This is where the action is, and the action is nonstop.

Ethel never seems to have the slightest idea who will appear next, how many are already there, or which ones will be staying for lunch; nor does it seem to matter. Everyone is welcomed with equal delight, and instantly drawn, as if by suction, into whatever is happening at the moment. Position in the headlines means nothing; if General de Gaulle happened to amble onto the scene, it would not be even slightly surprising to hear Ethel dispatch him upstairs for a pair of sneakers. (Equipment and sports garb in varied sizes are always on hand for unprepared guests.) A senator stopping in for a few words with the head of the house winds up flailing about the playing fields of Hickory Hill, which, the way things are going, may well become as significant to future world history as those of Eton; as he disentangles himself from the shrubbery where he ultimately sprawls, he hears joyous shrieks: "*Look, Daddy!* Senator Harris is caught in the bushes!" "I told you," replies Senator Kennedy, "he was one of Oklahoma's all-time greats."

Ethel, ever relaxed and
darts about like a ping-pon
forming as wife, mother, hos
and camp counselor.

The action, at present, is a
ming pool:

Ethel is advising Peter
the bushes are now the b
change—"the bathhouse
and they took the old ca
somewhere"—and discussi
painters w
Duchin—"
be done for
Departmen
bends ove
patterned c
to change
diaper. "P
she says, "
Matthew,
well, Max a
Maxwell T
I'm sure he
at all what
It'll probab
thing terrib
his—whate
it—his id.
way, Matth
Taylor,"
swooping
just *love* yo
Senator
deeply engr
other confer
side; as alwa
lost in th
slightly det
the uproar
but is brou
frequently a
by the boist
ruptions of
"I-one-
whoops Ken
wet, sudde
into his arm
"I-two-
the Senato
responds, w
ing a beat
then contir
up to that
hilarious m
Bobby crie
despair,
skunk! Oh,
You fooled
How do
fool me,
which send
ing in hys
into the wa
small mob
are splashin
jumping,
zooming d
slippery slid
Ethel waf
ways chattin
with about 14 people at on
versation punctuated by sh
"Mummy, watch this!" o
quently, "Mummy, call
"*Brumus!*" she loudly oblig
ing in passing, "He bites t
you see, when they go into
that's how he's trained,"
tinues to urge Joan Kenn
leave without having a look
dress—"It's just wild and
lutely love it, it looks just
made from aluminum foil . .
there's Joe Tydings (junior s
Maryland) . . . . Hi, Joe, ar
for some tennis?"

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my!" yells Courtney, "Chris-
nows the color *red!* Watch!
it color is *this*, Christopher?"
onstrates, holding a bright red
ont of his nose. "Blue," he re-
thout flinching, "*No*," she
"White," he says gamely.
e screams again, and Christo-
ing interest in the matter,
back to the rubber flippers that
en happily hurling at the chil-
ne pool. With each throw, his
op further to-
ankles.
I want to be
the Tijuana
announces
nly as Peter
nishes describ-
l-time jazz fu-
New Orleans.
, come give
' calls Senator
now standing
ge of the pool.
over, plants a
k on his cheek
displaying her
or future fron-
es him splash-
ne water, cigar
ne gets an ova-
the sidelines.

now humming
elody, asking
anyone at all,
it. No one
ll," she says,
d it to Sammy
nd even *he*
w what it was,
ill driving me
look!"—she
toward the
here 13-year-
has just ap-
h a huge bird.
bringing out
Morgan. He's
set, you know,
his owl died
—it was really
est thing. The
ddenly began
g its wings
d then—well,
opped dead,
from some
rvous break-
at was really
course, was
appened right
the lizards.
river took
Africa with
weeks ago,
oy got this
geous pair of
oth of them
ot long, and,
he was just
'hen, on the way back, he
y mistake in a bureau drawer
el Excelsior in Rome. . . ."
oint Joe accidentally drops a
, shattering glass all over the
Ethel is busy directing the
peration and steering bare-
en away from the area when
Christopher; his trunks have
l the way, and he is now wan-
ut without anything on at all.
" calls Senator Kennedy,
we going to have some lunch?"
inute, darling."
ere, I think, that I began to
full meaning of the remark

made by producer Leland Hayward after directing an election-eve telecast on the Robert Kennedy family at the close of the New York senatorial campaign. "You know," he observed, as they dispersed in all directions, "this would make the damnedest musical comedy the Broadway stage has ever seen."

To any outsider, the Kennedys' way of life is indeed somewhat surrealistic. They seem to be in constant motion, always arriving or departing, dashing to a horse show, rushing to Capitol Hill, jumping on and off shuttles to New York, boarding jets to Africa, Peru or Tokyo, flying off in the family Convair to Palm Beach, Hyannis Port, Aspen or Stowe. When they are at home they seem surrounded by consistent pandemonium; Hickory Hill is like a hopped-up day camp and continuing campaign headquarters. Yet to Ethel and Bobby, it is the calm center of their lives, the place where they are raising their six sons and three daughters: Kathleen, 15; Joe, 14; Bobby, 13; David, 11; Courtney, 10; Michael, 8; Kerry, 7; Christopher, 3; and Matthew Maxwell Taylor, 2. And Ethel is expecting their 10th child in early spring.

There could be no better place to grow up. Robert and Ethel bought the estate in 1957 from the late President and Mrs. Kennedy, who had decided to move to Georgetown. The old white brick Georgian house has been expanded to 15 rooms, all connected to each other by a communications system that would do credit to the Pentagon. It is also equipped with a sauna bath (a birthday present from Ethel to Bobby), and a basement freezer room to accommodate the appetites of the crowds that can spring up at any meal. ("Bobby's used to calling at the last minute and announcing that he's bringing twenty-people for lunch," reports Ethel, "so we really *had* to put it in.")

The bright-red front door sports ever-changing decorations—one month, a campaign poster; the next, a garish fuchsia sticker stating "U.N.C.L.E. AGENT"—providing a clue to the current interest inside. The rooms are bright and attractive, decorated artfully, but with a clear awareness that nine children and numerous dogs are daily pounding through the premises. It is not a house of off-limits areas, although Ethel did not approve when the family rabbits escaped into the midst of a black-tie dinner party. "I just don't believe that a child's world should be too full of don'ts," she explains. "We just try to keep breakable things out of the way—and even that doesn't always work. That Etruscan bird over there dates from the second century—Bobby gave it to me for Christmas—and after surviving all those years, it was in this house just ten minutes before it got broken."

The walls and tabletops abound in photographs and mementos of the family's incredibly diversified life—pictures of baptisms, campaign crowds, vacation trips on rubber rafts, triumphant arrivals at farflung airports, muddy football games and formal White House functions. There are numerous shots of the children with the late President, with special inscriptions like "A future President (Michael) inspects his property" or "A President gets his advice from many sources" (Bobby Jr.). A huge autographed copy of the Inaugural Address hangs opposite the dining room, and at the stairway (*continued*)

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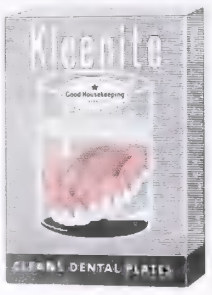
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leading to the basement hangs a framed sheet of yellow legal paper covered with hasty scrawls in ballpoint pen, accompanied by a black-bordered, hand-written card: "Notes made by President Kennedy at his last Cabinet meeting, October 29, 1963—For Robert Kennedy." It is signed simply, "Jackie."

But there is no time for reflection. Bobby Jr. is already leading the way downstairs to the ballroom-size playroom to display the current feature attraction of the house: a small, glassed-in tropical jungle full of frogs, turtles, salamanders, iguanas and other exotic reptile life, the star of which is a Chinese dragon acquired from the Bronx zoo. In a box on the floor are two baby monkeys.

The Hickory Hill animal population is constantly changing but always vast—dogs, horses, ponies, ducks, geese, cockatoos, goats, chickens. Not all of it proves adaptable: A 59-pound sea lion that ate 10 pounds of fish a day had to be dispensed with when he learned how to flip over the pool fence and began chasing guests to their cars. Still, few visitors ever leave without observing that the family could very easily open their own zoo, which, as it happens, is exactly what Bobby, David and Michael currently have in mind. Ethel, however, was forced to put a postponement to the project as a disciplinary measure when she discovered that the boys were raising hamsters in the guest room. "David brought one home from the Lawfords and somewhere they got another," she reports, "and by the time I found out, we had several new generations. But the really bad part was that they were rolling them in coal dust until they were all black, and then taking them down the road and selling them for a ridiculously high price, telling children that they were some sort of rare, strange breed. They've now been given to an orphanage in Southeast Washington. The hamsters, that is."

In spite of herself, Ethel is smiling. Her sense of responsibility for her children's upbringing does not prevent her from getting a great kick out of the whole process. She has time to listen to what they have to say no matter how many things are happening around her, and questions them about their activities as thoroughly as a Senate investigating committee; she is involved in their projects, and actively shares their enthusiasms—whether for a new reptile species, Batman, or the latest sound from Herman's Hermits. This is true, of course, of many women. On the other hand, most women, confronted with Ethel's schedule, would collapse.

The outside demands on the Kennedys are awesome. They are not simply a senator and his wife, they are worldwide celebrities whose name and presence are as magic in the far corners of the globe as at a Democratic fund-raising dinner. Since Robert Kennedy was elected senator, they have already visited over a dozen countries. At home, as he moves with increasing momentum into the Presidential limelight, the Senator is the most sought-after politician in the country, besieged by an average of 50 speaking invitations a day. Most, of necessity, have to be declined, but a staggering number are accepted. In addition, Ethel and Bobby lead an active social life of their own.

On the face of it, it would seem that the nine Kennedy children would see their parents mostly through the pages of the daily newspapers; it is, however, just the opposite—thanks, in part, to the speed of jet-age travel. Aside from foreign trips, Ethel manages to spend the major part of her time at Hickory Hill, and Senator Kennedy is almost always home on the weekend; both pop back and forth to New York during the week as if it were a nearby suburb.

Ethel long ago became accustomed to combining their public and family lives; in 1952, during John F. Kennedy's first senatorial campaign, she made a speech for her brother-in-law in Fall River, Mass., then drove directly to Boston where, before dawn, she gave birth to her first son, Joseph P. Kennedy III. During her husband's first campaign for the Senate, she was speaking to Brooklyn Democratic clubs and ice-skating with her children at Rockefeller Center two months before the birth of her youngest, Matthew Maxwell Taylor.

Senator Kennedy remains as involved with his children's development as with politics. His customary remoteness and



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Dr Scholl's MO

ied air disappear as he crosses shold of Hickory Hill and is ıried by an assault of children as uncontrollable as any cam- wd. He constantly conducts his n their midst, rather than clos- nself away; one second he is in the draft of a Senate speech, e is chasing Christopher around g-room table, hurling Kerry air or finding out from Joe ppening at school.

enator's rela- with his chil- viously warm, mely lively. At r table, he pep- n with ques- 'hat's the cap- dia? No—not ... OK, who's look it up? he capital of ietnam? The the King of during the n? The winner ar's American nnant?" Then spills his milk hat was your t time, Mi- and Courtney "Is it true that d a girl in the de, Daddy?" wanted to set ple to those ong"); and Joe , "You know, essenger, our school, had iver as 'His- r of the Week' , Dad, and ever once had Well, Joe, I'm t you'll just suffer along r embarrass- ")

loes not, of n her house- glehandedly. d by an excel- the precise ich she deftly ealing. As the art cruises by transporting ator Kennedy pan, "Well, I u'll probably mention the ve employ one o nothing but dogs up and hill."

staff, what- ize, does not for her so frees her to do what she feels nportant: spending an enor- unt of time with her children. reach her by phone on a typ- oon, one is informed the first nd, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry, edy is picking up the children ight now. . . ." Then, a little , she's just gone outside with en to play; I hate to disturb urgent?" Finally, at dusk, avens, you just missed her had to take Kerry to an ap- with the eye doctor. . ." iven up almost everything ular," Ethel says, "which I suppose is awful in one way—I've really gotten very bad about serving on any committees—but there just isn't time to do everything, and Bobby and my children are really the only things that count. Since Bobby and I also have to be away a certain amount of time, I think it's all the more important for me to spend as much time as I can with the children. I try to work everything out in terms of their schedules, so that I'm here when they're here."

The seven older children attend three different private schools in the Washington area, and Joe, the oldest boy, boards at Georgetown Prep during the week. ("Joe just loves boarding," says Ethel jokingly, "which must mean something awful about us." "It's just," he replies impatiently, "that I can get a lot more done, without all the racket here.") The daily car-pool schedule looks like an outline for landing a division of marines; but Ethel is a fully participating member, who invariably drives both morning and afternoon. "It's something I really enjoy," she says with obvious enthusiasm.

"That's because you like to ask all those questions," interrupts Courtney.

"Well, that's true," admits Ethel. "When I drive, we have current events; everyone in the car has to have three news items to report. It's a good way, I think, of getting children to be aware of what's going on in the world. But I also enjoy driving because I get a kick out of listening to them talking to each other."

Ethel also makes the periodic parental visits required by the schools to talk with the children's teachers about their work. "I enjoy doing that, too," she reports, "although I must say I was terribly embarrassed the last time with Michael's teacher. She showed me his composition book, which was full of compositions he'd written each week about what he'd done on the weekend. Well, I think every single one began, 'Last Saturday we went to a James Bond movie . . .' sometimes the same movie several weeks in a row. I don't know what she must think of us."

Undoubtedly, the teacher's thoughts are favorable, for the Kennedy children are obviously growing up well. Uninhibited and gregarious, they are also unfailingly polite and astonishingly unspoiled by the family's fame or spectacular wealth. When Joe spotted a young boy disembarking from a huge black limousine in front of the house, he let out a low whistle and shout of amazement ("*Wow!* Whose friend is *that?* Did you see that car? *Wow!*") as if similar vehicles hadn't been drawing up to the house for years, often bringing the President of the United States. The most extraordinary thing about the children is that they are such ordinary, natural kids.

At the same time, they are distinctly Kennedy—wildly energetic, abnormally athletic and fiercely competitive. "I think children should be encouraged to learn things young," says Ethel, which in the Kennedy scheme of things means that they are learning to swim and dive at three and can ride and jump by four. Even before that, they are running up and down the sidelines of the family football games, imitating their older brothers and sisters, often throwing themselves head-first into the play.

A game springs up, as if by spontaneous combustion, at any time and in any weather (there was even a brief sprint through the snow just before the Inaugural Ball in 1961). At 41, Senator Kennedy plays every second as if he is in the closing minutes of the Harvard-Yale game, and urges his children to match him. "Now, David—you could've caught that; let's go now, we've got to catch these passes . . . Now where were you, Michael? I told you to go over to the middle. . . . Come on—now let's try a little harder. . . . Don't let them get back there . . . you're not going to get a smile if you do. . . . Good going, Joe, now that's more like it, that was a good try . . ."

"The children don't take music lessons or anything like . . . (*continued*)



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that after school," says Ethel, "which I suppose some people would think is awful; but I'd rather have them outdoors—they're under such pressures all the time, and the school day is so long that I don't really think they need any more organized activity. When they finally get home, I like to go outside and play with them." A family favorite is "Chase One, Chase All," an exhausting exercise that starts with everybody hiding except one person, who is then joined by each person he finds until everybody is stampeding through the underbrush chasing the remaining survivor.

Ethel, a superb athlete herself, is also a staunch rooter for her children at any competitive event. At Kathleen's horse show at the Potomac Polo Club, the sidelines were silent until Kathleen soared over a jump, at which point Ethel would soar from her seat, applauding wildly. She was also the only spectator to let out an unearthly shriek, gasp in terror and hide her eyes every time Kathleen approached a jump, and then blush uncontrollably as people turned around to stare in amazement. "I know all those things that are written about my iron nerves where the children are concerned," she says, "but the people who wrote them *have* to have been covering me from a mile away. It's true that I encourage the children to take risks and I know that accidents are inevitable, and believe me we've had our share—but that doesn't mean that I can sit back and watch them without batting an eye. As you can see."

Ethel is equally enthusiastic about less-exerting activities. All the children who are old enough to read are supposed to spend at least an hour each day reading for pleasure, and three of the boys—Bobby, David and Michael—are collaborating on a nature book. "You wouldn't believe how organized they are," Ethel bubbles. "One is doing the writing, one the research and one the illustration, and they're rigidly honest about it. I showed Bobby a beautiful photograph the other day—he's doing the drawing—but he dismissed it immediately. All the animals, he said, have to be done from real life, or

She is reluctant to discuss on child-rearing. "I think th talk about bringing up child further and further away fro you talk about the way you be, rather than the way it about how allowances shou regularly, when, as a mat I'm always forgetting. The c different jobs that they d make lists of the work the rolling the tennis court and that—and, eventually, it g ened out. We're just tryin best we can—in the long ru really too different from ever

There are moments wh seems that way. One recen evening, Joe gave his fi party (the boys were fr Georgetown Prep and the supplied by his sister Kathl fateful hour approached, th to crackle with the vague accompanies such occasion bellowed the Senator, comi the basement, "Joe need record player. Where is one

"Well, what about the bathroom?"

"OK. . . . No, Joe says wrong one. . . ."

Ethel and Bobby decided tactful to take in a mov Kennedy, dressed for the bright yellow pants, leathe jacket, and light blue mo bedroom slippers ("Are yo that?" "Sure, why not?") the library to search for the as Ethel went to get her co crying out loud, Ethel, the is missing!" he shouted a later. Ethel suddenly remem Genghis Khan, the new puppy, had used it for his o just before supper. Then, li thinking wife, she whispere ney, "Run in and tell I Brumus messed up the pape up with a satisfied smile, sh "That way it'll be all right- adores Brumus."

It reminded me of my ow



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IN THE SUMMER OF THE VALVE TROMBONE

continued from page 98

pointing back at her sister and me, and laughing too hard to reply, and Vinnie doesn't stop. She peels the white lastex on down, and I grab her arm.

"Hey, girl!"

She waves and grins at her gasping audience out there in the rowboat. We're right in the middle of the anchorage, with dozens of other boats around.

"Duck, Vinnie. Come on."

"Where?"

"Below. Get below, before they call the Coast Guard!"

Dave and Tish didn't get back till late. They'd been to her parents' house, and Dave had met her mother, Mrs. Harris. And Tish had somehow gotten if not permission at least resignation to the notion of her and Vinnie sailing down to Cape Cod to visit college friends with nice Captain Doremus on his sailboat.

("Oh, I hope you said 'yacht,'" said Vinnie. "'Yacht' sounds marvelously chaperoned.")

It would be so much better than just having the twins take off hitch-hiking, Mummy, and the Captain would probably just sail night and day, and it would be . . . Mrs. Harris, I gathered, had long since given up the idea that she could manage her twins. So we raised anchor and made sail, leaving Bar Harbor with the little blue rowboat bobbing along behind us.

We never did sail at night. We lazed down through Casco Bay again, sailing a little and spending even more time at anchor than on the trip up.

Tish was getting along pretty well with *The Saints* on the valve trombone. She joined me for practice every morning. And I'd progressed most of the way through *Basin Street Blues;* we could even produce some kind of parody of playing it together.

In spite of being paired off crisscross, Tish and I were effortlessly sympathetic. I felt closer to her, really, than I did to Vinnie. Yet the pairing was working out; Vinnie and I were pretty well committed to each other sensually; Dave and Tish, evidently, got along fine, too. Tish's was a more yielding nature than her twin's. Even in our prep-school year and college vacations, Dave's had been the warm, compliant girls, and I sometimes envied the ease with which he found them.

Sometimes the twins' fancy that they were hard to tell apart came true, but only if you saw one or the other separately. Then you might flop down beside a curly-headed sunbather and kiss her shoulder, and say, "Know what, Vinnie? You're sweet, but you're salty."

And she'd preen, and say, "Thank you, kind Barney. It's true I'm sweet, but I'm Tish." Maybe I made the mistake on purpose once or twice.

Tish and I were lovely friends, but then she started falling seriously in love with Dave. And Vinnie continued to like me all right, as I liked her, but she was beginning to sit up late and think what she was going to do with herself next, as I was beginning to do, too.

I really enjoyed myself in Tish's company best. I suppose the foolish seriousness with which she took her valve-trombone work had a lot to do with it. She could get a good, big, almost mellow note out of the thing sometimes, though she was likely to break up in laughter after she played one. Anyway, it didn't sound bad; she could do it in several valve positions, and it worked out nicely for the opening of *Basin Street.* We'd practice in the cabin mornings, and when my lip was about to go, I'd say: "Brass man, let's take the air."

She'd say, "All right, bugler. Our public might be ready today."

And up we'd go, often carrying our instruments so that we could blat a note or two at Dave, fishing or splicing rope, and Vinnie sunbathing—or both getting ready for the day's sail.

"We brass men are very extroverted types," Tish might say. "We've come to get you passengers over your shyness, so you'll mix and get acquainted."

Then we'd blat a little more *Basin Street,* and inform them, reaching to share their drinks, that we were the holler guys, the spark plugs, the front-line instruments: follow our lead. I might see Vinnie scrooching along toward me, intent on snatching the cornet away, and say, sadly, "Your dedicated brass man is always ahead of his public. But finally, you'll understand. You'll appreciate." And Tish, who had settled down where she could watch Dave adoringly, might remember to go BLOOP.

Dave had stopped wearing the T-shirt. A lot of the time he lay on his stomach in the sun, squeezing at a rubber ball with his right hand, and Tish would rest her cheek softly against the terrible scar.

Dave was too nice not to see what was happening and be concerned. "Barney," he told me one day while we were clamming, "she's the dearest creature that ever lived, and I absolutely do not love her. What am I to do?"

He hoped perhaps she'd gradually transfer the attachment to me, and much as I liked the idea, I had to say I doubted it would work. I couldn't tell myself Vinnie would care much, one way or the other, and was glad enough of it.

Late in the summer, Dave left me on the boat one weekend with both girls. We'd been cruising in Nantucket Sound for a time, and he was going to a wedding in the town of Wonamasset, where, as much as anywhere, given the way his family moved, he'd grown up. It was at the wedding that he met Jane Carlsen again, a Wonamasset-Boston girl he'd been to parties with before the war.

Jane had grown up pretty, Dave told me when he got back, and very, very smart. But before he could get back, a couple of things happened. On Sunday morning, my twin, Lavinia, left the Friendship sloop. She didn't give any particular reason, and didn't need to.

"Summer's over," she said. "Say good-bye to Dave for me. You coming, 'Titia? No, I don't suppose." And Tish and I rowed her in. They had a classmate in one of those towns, and Vinnie'd be welcome to stay awhile.

It's funny. After being so close to each other for six weeks, and with anything but hard feelings at parting, Lavinia gave me her cheek to kiss when I put her in the cab. And then, fondly, we shook hands.

In the evening, Dave didn't come back. He'd been supposed to arrive by speedboat, courtesy of some wedding guest or other, but didn't make it. There was no reason why he should have let us know, no reason even why he should have tried, but it made Tish unhappy, and she got very drunk. She and I had a fairly confused, but wildly confidential conversation.

"He wouldn't marry (*continued*)

new puppy?



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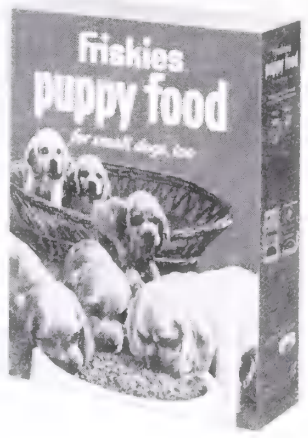
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me . . . would he, Barney?" she asked.

I shook my head. I didn't know. I didn't think so. I put my arm around her, and cradled her dear, dizzy head against my chest, and wondered: If I hadn't called her pretty and brought Vinnie on myself in retribution, or if I'd had the scars, mightn't I have married Tish myself? I never saw, I only heard about, the Harris's big, wandering, decrepit house, where the family had always lived. But I could see what the old white clapboards look like, and feel the wonderful chilliness of the winter corridor that must go from kitchen to the barns. Maybe we'd have kept ponies back there; horses when the kids grew bigger.

I put Tish to bed in the sail locker, forward, and myself in the cabin.

Dave got back in the morning. He'd had a big time at the wedding, and a tennis date with Jane on Sunday. He'd seen Stiggsy, too! Full of mysterious purpose. Liking Wonamasset.

Tish was hung over, and looked dissolute and drained. It didn't spoil Dave's homecoming to find her so, nor that Vinnie had left, for he assumed what was both logical and suited him—that Tish and I were lovers, now.

That made it easy to do what he wanted, which was bring Jane Carlsen out to the Friendship sloop for supper.

("Barney Darling James," said Tish, before I could even make the offer I had in mind. "Don't you dare straighten him out. Please don't dare.")

Jane had, Dave told us, a wonderful backhand, for a girl. An indecently big bosom (Tish's was small, smaller than Vinnie's even, and softer, too). Her own racing dinghy. And a father who was something pretty good in the Boston financial world.

I'll say for us that Tish and I played it fine for our friend Dave when Jane came to supper. Miss Carlsen, whom we both loathed on sight (though she was the kind of girl I was normally attracted to), couldn't have suspected me and Tish as being anything but an affectionate, illicit couple. Somewhat raffish. The girl kind of a ragamuffin. Young man a kind of college tough. Dave must carry them just to be nice, but, really, you should be a little selective who you're nice to.

Jane was bright all right, as Dave had said, but it was that impenetrable, Ivy League girl brightness which can be a veneer for anything. With Jane it covered, very successfully, a cool, firm, ruthless and ungiving nature. She was poised; she produced a splendid show of finding the Friendship sloop charming. She thanked us for piping her and Dave aboard with *Basin Street Blues*, naming the tune correctly. But I felt it was all in the spirit of a duty officer's patronizing inspection of some necessarily grubby part of the base.

In fact, all my images for Jane are military. The most persistent of them, since she really was a stunning girl to look at, blonde with hard blue eyes, is of one of those radiant girls you used to see in newsreel shots of West Point and Annapolis weddings: they were running down under the arch of swords, and you felt that they were smiling for the camera and the groom, but if such a girl should see a speck of rust on the blade of one of those swords on the way under, you felt it would be very bad for the owner's future career.

"Pretty interested in Jane, Dave?" I asked him next day. It hurt me that he could be, the kind of thing where your feet tingle when you see a child jump off something high, and land hard.

"Early to say." Dave smiled. "But then, what's wrong with saying things early, when the dew's still on them? Come on, Barney Jesse. You and Miss Tish come on." Jane and her father could be seen, even then, on their way toward us in a launch. They'd asked us all for an overnight sail on the Carlsens' boat, which was quite an elegant ketch.

"Thanks," I said. "I might forget to salute. Carlsens pretty social, are they?"

Moping Tish, pretending to sunbathe with her eyes closed, looked up at that.

Dave laughed. "Social? Are we talking money social or ancestors?" He rumpled Tish's hair; he really didn't know any more than he wanted to know, and she wasn't going to tell him. "Tish Harris's forebears were messing up Indians and plucking wild turkeys for two hundred years before the first of Janey's grandparents looked to see if his English-Swedish phrase book had the word for dollars in it."

The launch was coming up. I said I'd row Tish in later, when she finished packing to go join Vinnie.

"Please stay if you'd like to, Tish," Dave said. "The boat's yours. You know that."

Tish nodded.

"It's not as if you and the Ozark Kid were utter strangers."

Tish shook her head.

Dave raised his glass, and we three clinked glasses for the final time.

When the launch was gone, Tish went down to the cabin. I made a pitcher of martinis, and put a dozen olives in her glass. She always liked olives.

I took the glasses and went in to her. She was sitting on my bunk, with the valve trombone out of its case beside her.

"Gone?"

"Yes, Tish. Here." I put the big martini on the cabin table.

"Yours is bigger."

"I'm bigger."

She raised her glass.

"Drink it," I said.

"I'm almost packed." And she did drink some. I sat beside her.

"You take your trombone," I said. "And I want you to practice, too."

"Oh, Barney." She leaned against me, cheek against mine. "He's going to, he'll marry her. In June. And go to Harvard Law School, won't he? And never come to Bar Harbor, and . . ." She began to sob. "It's been such a wonderful, such a summer . . ."

"Come on, Letitia Harris. Drink up, now. Come on. Brass men don't cry."

She didn't take the trombone with her, though she'd said she would. The next morning, before Dave came back, I gave it sea burial. I threw the cornet after it.

And there they lie now, I feel quite certain, in two fathoms of Atlantic water, in Nantucket Sound. Sometimes I think of a skin diver happening onto them, think of him seeing the brass shine, green and gentle, up from the sand. I don't think of the instruments as corroded, really, but as softened by the work of salt and wash of waves. They hardly seem metallic, as I see them, but they are prettier than ever, and useless, with their valves forever stuck. Pretty and useless like one of those bits of sea-soft colored glass you pick up, summers on the beach. **END**



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

If the shoe fits, ask for it in another color.

Show me a woman whose home is always ready f pected company, and I'll show you a woman who's too entertain.

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How to delight your family with leftovers: throw t

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True poise is being able to smile and stay calm w child knocks over a stack of canned goods in the supermark

When the saleslady calls you "Dearie," you'r wrong department.

It's been a long time since casual clothes really w

A really clever woman is one who can keep an ey scales while charming the butcher.

"You never looked better" isn't necessarily a com

A man's version of the Woman's Angle is usuall

A 45-year-old woman wearing a "little girl outf like a 45-year-old woman.

The best time to decide where to go on your va after you've been.

The trouble with basic black is, the basic part is

You have to feel sorry for a girl of 21 today. All he wanted to be old enough to wear lipstick and high heels, and she *is*—they're out of style.

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Here is a handy listing of recipes appearing in this issue, including those from the *Journal* kitchens and advertisements.

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"What's Happening"

continued from page 152

February 19: Losers Weepers, *a play by* **Harry Dolan,** *produced by* **Stuart Schulberg** *in the Watts ghetto of Los Angeles. Appropriately, this programing experiment is being broadcast in TV's Sunday-afternoon intellectual ghetto. (NBC-TV 4–5 P.M. EST)*

February 23: New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts With Leonard Bernstein. **Mr. Bernstein,** *our musical courier, takes on the American composer,* **Charles Ives.** *(CBS-TV 7:30–8:30 P.M. EST)*

March 2: Rodgers & Hart Today, *produced by* **Richard Lewine.** *Many of their greatest songs (none less than 30 years old) will be performed by the modern "in," rock, pop, wheeeee (hardly any over 30 years old) singers. Match-ups: The incomparable* **Supremes** *singing* Lover, Song in My Heart, My Romance, Manhattan, Blue Moon; **Petula Clark:** Thou Swell; **Bobby Darin:** I Could Write a Book; **The Mamas and Papas:** My Heart Stood Still; **Count Basie, The Doodle Town Pipers** *and everybody else finale-ing with* Mountain Greenery. *Twenty-six numbers. (ABC-TV, 10–11 P.M. EST)*

March 17: Anastasia. *For the first time in 40 years,* **Lynn Fontanne** *appears in a play without her husband,* **Alfred Lunt.** *She stars as the Dowager Empress in the* Hallmark Hall of Fame. **Julie Harris** *takes the title role. (NBC-TV 9:30–11 P.M. EST)*

Important TV news from **Dan Curtis,** *who has acquired rights to all plays by* **Eugene O'Neill,** *including the right to edit, adapt and change. Nobody before has ever been allowed to touch the texts, and this permission makes possible performances of plays which, left uncut, would be too long for TV.*

Julie Andrews and **Robert Wise,** her director in *The Sound of Music,* try for another record-breaker with *Star,* a movie musical carboning the early career of **Gertrude Lawrence.** . . . If you intend to hear a performance of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, remember this new rule: latecomers will absolutely not be seated until after the first act. (You're in real trouble when you're late to a one-act opera.) . . . **Sidney Lumet** *(Long Day's Journey Into Night)* will direct **Barbra Streisand** in *Funny Girl.* Says Lumet: "My feelings about the future of American films are extremely pessimistic." He's upset about costs, calls it impossible to make "small films of quality." *Funny Girl* won't be a small film. . . . **Maurice Chevalier,** when he heard Miss Streisand's album, *Je M'Appelle Barbra* (Columbia), voilàed: "She is mad with talent and more gifted than any human being should be permitted to be."

FOR THE RECORD: Lots of French singers roll their tongues, but **Mireille Mathieu** *rolls her throat. And when you've heard that rrrrrrrr come garrrrgling out, you'll be enchanted. You'll also be astonished to learn that Mlle. Mathieu is only 19.* Sacre bleu! *Her new album is modestly called* The Fabulous New French Singing Star Mireille Mathieu *(Atlantic). . . .* **Johnny Riv** *ment of* California Dr *new Imperial album, startling: the accompan like a 19th-century strin The classic mode is in:* Mind *(Liberty) presen chord. . . . Flinging a pa* **Duchin's** *Decca albun* On. . . . **Donovan's** *n* Mellow Yellow *(Epic), i And don't miss* Thos Girls of Stage, Scree *(Epic), the too-long title enough collection of th cluded:* **Mae West** *(19* Wonder Where My Gone . . . **Helen Mo** Can't Help Lovin' Th **Ethel Merman** *(1934),* Out Of You . . . **Ethel W** Harlem on My Mind . **Faye, Ruth Etting, J Grace Moore, Mary Smith, Frances La Boswell Sisters, Doro Gertrude Niesen** *and* **son, Martha Raye, Irene Dunne, Ella Marlene Dietrich.**

THE PAY'S THE T before *The Star-Spa* **Neil Simon** had three hits on Broadway: *The Barefoot in the Park, Charity.* His royalty ch (catch your breath) $25, Watch **Richard Benja** year-old is making h debut with **Tony Perki Stevens** in *The Star-S* Benjamin is a proté **Nichols;** at 25 he dire don company of *Barefo* of the smartest lines *Spangled Girl:* "I lik about this country exce like everything about t . . . **Angela Lansbury'** star as *Mame* keeps he until May, 1968. She pc her cold lobster at a p about playing *Mame* Drury Lane theater "What a dream! It will to play it in London, town." . . . **Ingrid** Swedish actress who h five **Ingmar Bergman** her American stage deb **Sundgaard's** *Of Love* Miss Thulin's role i tional challenge: her sta from 70 to 20. Yet a occur in full view of without makeup or cost When we caught up wi gaard, he said: "The film of memory, moving out of reality. That sou I admit, but how can I it's about? The reason play is to find out wh isn't it?" . . . At the **Andrew Goodman,** Bergdorf-Goodman, c swankiest stores, **Stan** president of Neiman-M Texas' swankiest store pleased with his new beard. After six decade tionality, he grew it abr his wife, preened when mademoiselle grinned: alize how sexy zat Laughed Marcus: "Th knew I'd never shave it

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By Gene Shalit

Welcome to February, renowned for St. Valentine's Day (14), and the birthdays of **Abraham Lincoln** (12), **George Washington** (22) and **Elizabeth Taylor** (18-2?-36). Alabama and Mississippi don't recognize Lincoln's birthday (another scoop) but *Everybody* honors St. Valentine's Day (you should have seen the blast they had at the Chicago garage), so here's wishing you a cheerful month, and an amorous shot in the heart.

Jason Robards Jr. *swaggers through that Chicago garage this summer: He's Al Capone in* The St. Valentine's Day Massacre. **Richard Corman,** *20th-Century-Fox director, couldn't film on location because the Chicago of 1929 is buried under a desert of TV antennas. . . .* **Warren Beatty** *is a hood, too, in* Bonnie & Clyde *(Warner's). But he's better off than Robards: Beatty's moll is* **Faye Dunaway.** *One look at Miss Dunaway and every red-blooded American boy will go straight . . . into a life of crime.*

THE ANSWER MAN: Do Parisians celebrate Valentine's Day with beaux and eros? . . . With **Lou Jacobi** a sensation in **Woody Allen's** Broadway smash *Don't Drink the Water*, shouldn't he quaff champagne instead? . . . Won't more people see **Liz Taylor** and **Richard Burton** in the flamboyant film version of *The Taming of the Shrew* than have seen all of Shakespeare's plays since they were written? . . . Now that **Michael Caine** has switched from Cockney to Southern for his role in **Otto Preminger's** *Hurry Sundown,* will Caine's London birds run screaming when he drawls "Cheerio, yawl"? . . . Have you visited the luncheonette near Chicago's Prudential Plaza whose owner is so introverted he doesn't serve outgoing orders? . . .With **Sheila MacRae** in Miami doing the *Jackie Gleason Show,* daughter Meredith in Hollywood doing *Petticoat Junction,* two daughters studying in Denver, a son in school in New York, and husband Gordon touring the country with his nightclub act, is it any wonder the family's phone bill soars past $1,000 each month? . . . Would you agree a sure bet for stardom is the starlet who murmured that "any friend of anybody's is a friend of mine"?

THERE WE WERE and there was **Milt Kamen,** *the bachelor comedian, sipping a container of cold coffee talking about living alone. "I don't really cook. Tea. I make tea sometimes. I've eaten out most of my life. When I first got my apartment, I made an egg. Not two, because I didn't want to get too wild just starting out. So I made one egg, put it on the plate, sat down and looked around for the salt, but there wasn't any. You have to buy it! . . . I never get a dirty kitchen. If I eat yogurt, or something out of a can, tuna fish, I set up a table—knives and forks and a plate, but then I open the can of tuna fish, and eat it right over the sink. It takes a second, gulp it down, and clean up the table."*

BACKSTAGE: When **Robert Preston,** starring with **Mary Martin** in *I Do! I Do!* was first offered the role, he said: "I won't, I won't." So producer **David Merrick** proposed it to **Howard Keel.** Then Preston changed his mind, Mary Martin flew to New York from her home in Brazil to help choose between the two—and I gave away the ending in the first sentence. *I Do! I Do!* plays no Wednesday matinees because the roles are exhausting. There *is* a Saturday matinee but only, sighs Miss Martin, "because I can collapse on Sunday." . . . Be happy you don't live next door to **Madge Cleveland.** She screams in movies. **Howard Liebling** knows all about Madge's ear-piercing shrieks. He whispers that she's all set to scream in her 84th movie, 20th Century-Fox's *Caprice,* starring **Doris Day** and **Richard Harris.** What's bad about living next door to Madge is she rehearses a lot. . . . **Yvette Mimieux** (don't pronounce it, enjoy it), the French-Mexican actress, may finally win the attention she deserves in **Joseph E. Levine's** *The Caper of the Golden Bulls.* She's part of a gang determined to crack the Bank of Spain, and the action careens through Pamplona, the city where bulls rampage down the streets each year. You remember **Ernest Hemingway.** . . . **Arthur Cantor** planning a musical *Madwoman of Chaillot* for Broadway. **Michel Legrand** (*The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*) doing the music. . . . **Joanna Pettet** becomes an important star with the release of Columbia's *The Night of the Generals.* She's surrounded by **Omar Sharif, Peter O'Toole** and **Tom Courtney.** Poor girl doesn't know which way to turn. Her director, **Anatole Litvak,** claims she not only has a visual magic, but "she can also act, which certainly will do her no harm." She behaves like a star, too. We eavesdropped as she submitted to a gaggle magazine reporters. After a badgering hal one sniped: "Is there anything you do b you're an actress?" Miss Pettet, with cool I put myself into this kind of situation."



Clockwise (from top):
Elizabeth Taylor
Jason Robards Jr.
Faye Dunaway
Leonard Bernstein
Orson Welles
Yvette Mimieux
Milt Kamen

JUST OUT: The blockbuster biography of wood Highness **Harry Cohn.** *It's* King *(Putnam) by the AP's* **Bob Thomas.** *Coh responsible for much of the success of suc as Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Kim Rosalind Russell and Judy Holliday, yet h one of the most hated men in the history of n When he died, more than 2,000 persons at the services. Writes Thomas: "It was the crowd ever to attend a funeral in Hollywo his television program that week Red S made the comment that was to become l 'Well, it only proves what they always say the public something they want to se they'll come out for it.'"*

DON'T MISS **Fred Zinnema** *Man for All Seasons* (Colur The script, the acting and t vishing color all ennoble **Robert** famous play. Especially memo **Orson Welles** in a 10-minute a ance. Our question to Zinnemann is it like to direct Orson Welles? H swer: "Sometimes it's like being in with a wounded leopard. But at other tin exciting, because he is a tremendous Welles is an enormous personality, a rector himself, a brilliant actor. He ha three days to do his part. A very comple scene with an enormous amount of dialog plays Cardinal Wolsey, and really mak believe that he is a hulk of a man, sixty old and power-mad, on his skids. H you the feeling of the mixture of pow fear. But Welles himself, he was ver and he gets very temperamental at t

---

THE SMALL-SCREEN SCENE: Inch inches of promising TV specials are set. a rundown of some promises that may b February 2: David Frost's Night C London. **Sir Laurence Olivier Sellers, Albert Finney** *in at the "new vitality" of Lo nightlife. (ABC-TV 10–11 P.M February 12:* The Wizard **Judy Garland, Ray Bolger Lahr, Jack Haley, Frank M Billie Burke** *and* **Ma Hamilton** *(my favorite, classic MGM film. (C 6–8 P.M. EST) February 14:* Hall of **James Mason, Lynn grave, Siobhan Mc** *and the voice of* **Emly liams** *celebrate the 90 niversary of Westminst bey. (They don't build 'e they used to.) Miss Redg the young Queen Victoria; Mi Kenna triples as Elizabeth I ing, Mary Queen of Scots an lotte Brontë; and Williams is as Disraeli. (ABC–TV 10– EST)* *(continued on pag*

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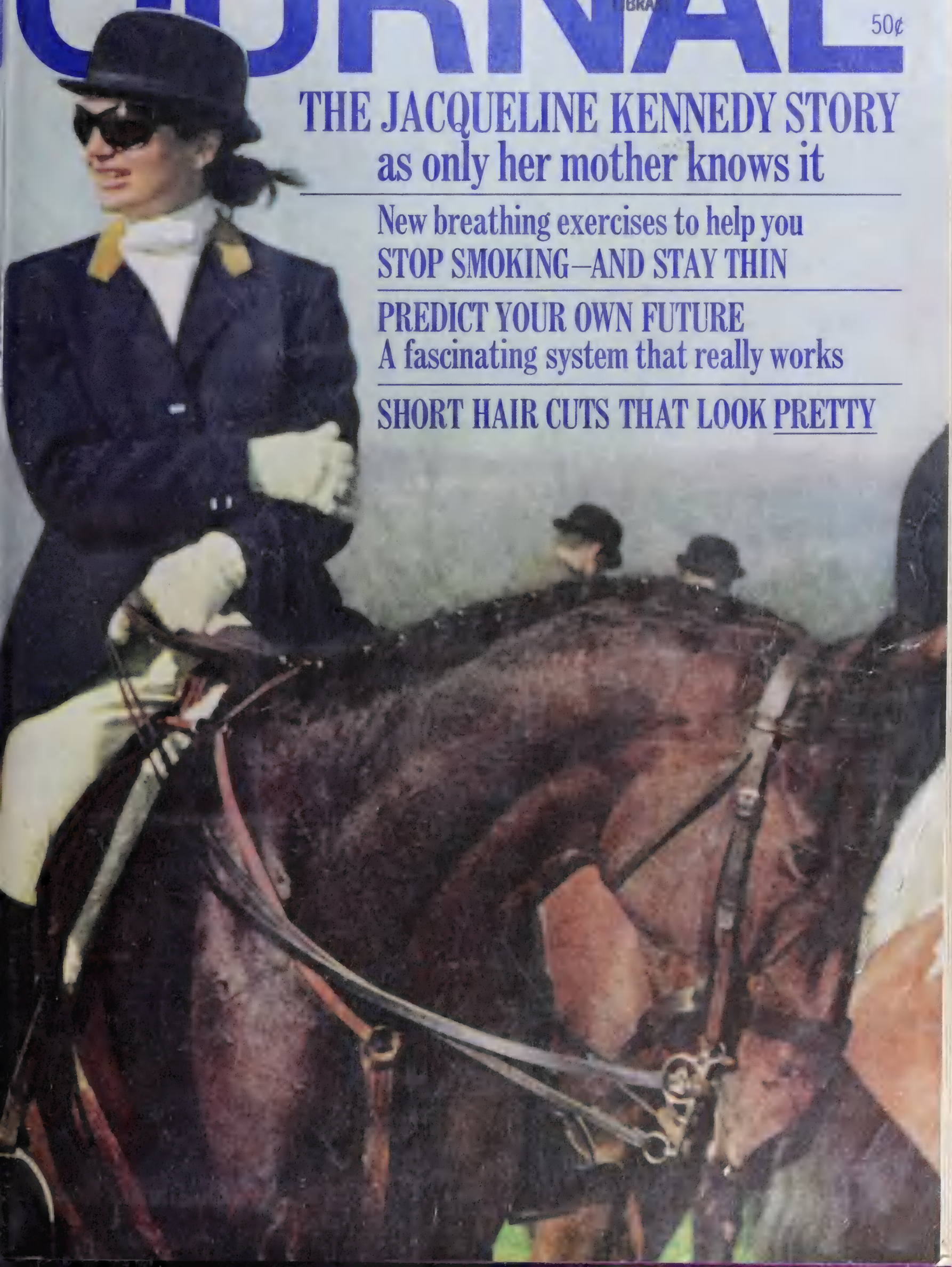
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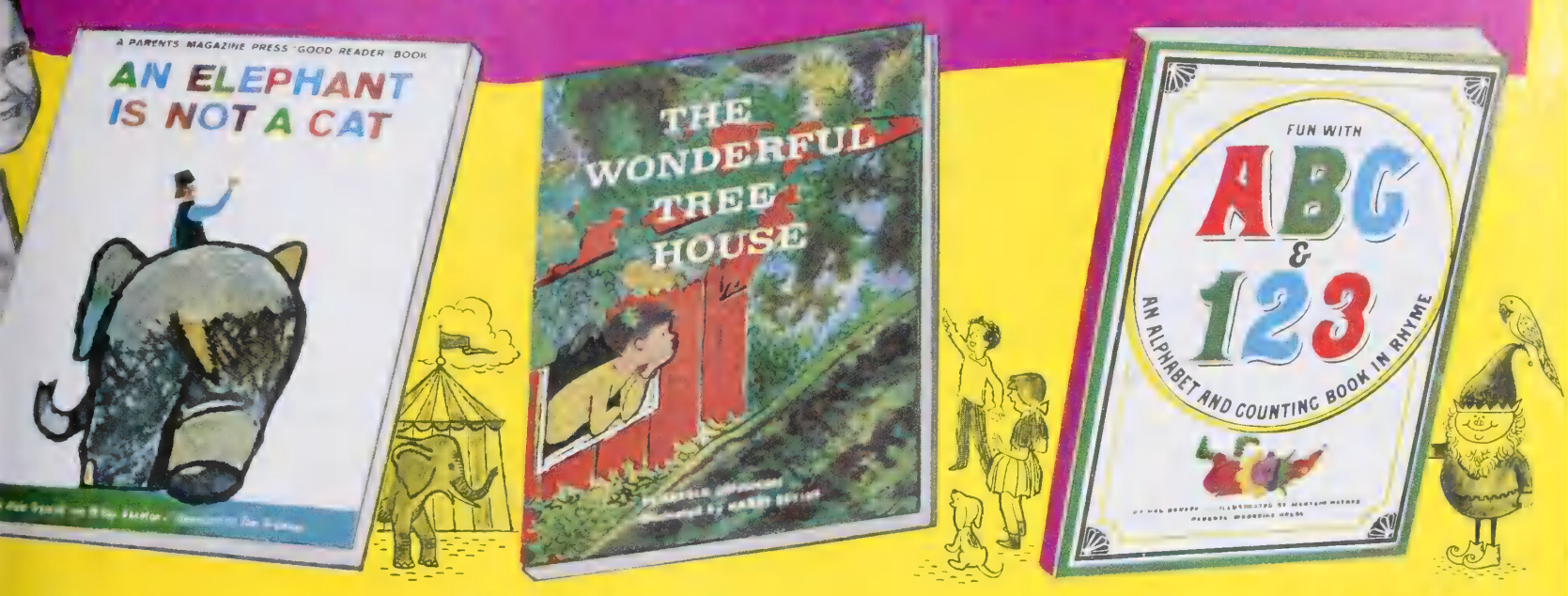
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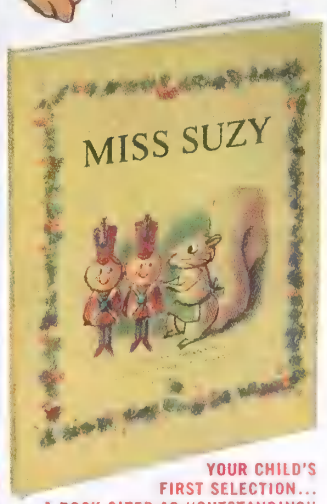
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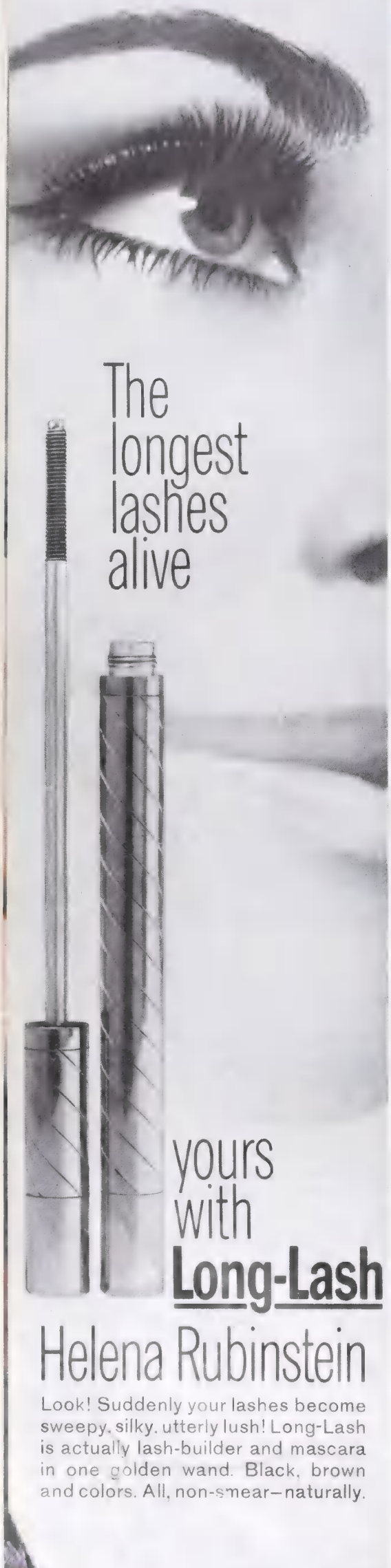
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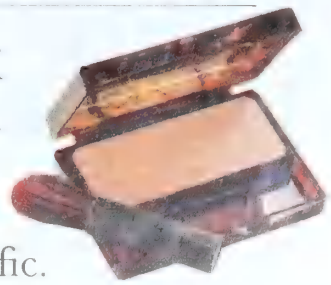
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OUR READERS WRITE US

We've had such a phenomenal response from readers to our article "SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN . . ." by Martha Gellhorn (January Journal), telling of the casualties of the children in Vietnam, we're devoting our entire letters column to a sampling of these views.

Dear Editors: After reading "SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN . . ." I was overcome with heartache. Knowing that the United States is split on our policy of involvement in the Vietnam war, the fact remains that we are there, and, most significantly, these children are the innocent victims.

Love or trust or hope cannot be sent to the children in a package, but aid and supplies, the necessities of today, could. Can you tell me where and how?

MRS. J. H. FOSTER
Morgan Hill, Calif.

Many agencies have funds earmarked to support war-wounded children in Vietnam—it's more than likely you can find such an agency in your own town. Some other groups you may not know about are these: Terre des Hommes, a Swiss organization that flies wounded children to various hospitals in Europe for specialized treatment. Their address for contributions in America is Terre des Hommes U.S.A., Inc., 207 East 76th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10021. Another group, the Committee of Responsibility, is now being formed in this country with the similar goal of flying children out of Vietnam for treatment. The address is 777 United Nations Plaza, Rm. 7F, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Information on additional agencies providing welfare services for children in Vietnam, including medical attention, is available from the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc., 200 Park Avenue South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

Dear Editors: Your inflammatory article on the injured Vietnamese children will no doubt incite good ladies to another round of protest-marching and sign-carrying. It was a ghastly abandonment of the men who are fighting this terrible war, employed by the taxpayers living in suburban homes, surrounded by their loving families. We families of the fighting man feel it is not just a good cause, but a desperately necessary cause, the cause of men everywhere to be free of terror. My soul aches and screams for these burned and disfigured children also, but the price of peace must be met.

AN AIR FORCE WIFE
Fayetteville, N.C.

Dear Editors: I had to check on my four-month-old son in the next room to be sure he was all right, so heartsick and frightened did Miss Gellhorn's descriptions make me. Nothing, absolutely nothing, justifies the madness of this war.

MRS. JOFANNIE DAYTON
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editors: Miss Gellhorn gives the impression that all civilian casualties in Vietnam are due to American bombs and that most of the civilian care is done by "foreign doc nurses." For two months, M April, I was the only surgeo province of Vinh Binh. During in my hospital, over half of th juries suffered by the children to Viet Cong terror—grenades rooms, parades, movies—and jority of the "foreign" docto for civilian casualties are Ame

Every child injured or killed is one too many, but to blame A for all the casualties is absur claim that Americans have fail the injured children is equally

JAMES F. UPS
Orchard P

Dear Editors: Miss Gellhorn st eventually our children may because Americans did not car about children 10,000 miles aw

If we really don't care, I'd li why are our soldiers in Vietna are we losing thousands of our a country we know so little ab

MRS. S. M. K
L

Dear Editors: What is most he ing is that our sons and brot husbands are the ones being s this cruel work. It is necessa that our sons will not continue sponsible for the suffering women's children. We must end

MRS. RUTH (
Great N

Dear Editors: No one really beli children in war do not suffer. we to step aside and turn our b let the Communists take over V

MRS. CLARK A. (
Wichi

Dear Editors: I am a Navy attached to the Naval Hospital delphia as a resident in radiolog of the maiming injuries inflicte Marines and Army personnel ar here. This dirty little war is sided in respect to heart-w casualties suffered over there. our teen-aged young men face pect of a long life in pain, and t lessness that only a double am experience. Many were maime hands of children and women c to do these foul things by the nists or Viet Cong.

It's a strange war when th hides in the skirts of a woman, o children to lay booby-trap didn't read any acknowledge this side of the story in Mart horn's article, and I feel she o her profession of a journalist t jectively honest in her port what's going on over there.

LT. PAUL D. CRARY J
Philadel

Dear Editors: The casualties of are not only to be found in North or South. They are to be our own land. The hopes of m poor people aroused by Great promises are lost in the wre budget cuts and program curta Let us exert every effort to truly cursed war quickly, so th may be no more victims in Vie well as at home.

MRS. MARY JANE B
Portla

Observations to make, opinions to Address your comments to: Our Write Us, Ladies' Home Jour Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y

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Your doctor will probably recommend aspirin in his treatment, because:

"Aspirin is the most reliable and least toxic of all arthritic drugs. It is the one that is most likely to provide sustained control of symptoms."

—The quotations are from the folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," recently published by the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The makers of Bayer Aspirin urge you to remember this: *Bayer is pure aspirin.* Many of the other products that advertise arthritis benefits are *part* aspirin, but Bayer is *pure* aspirin, and aspirin is the drug doctors recommend for hours of continuous relief from arthritis pain, swelling and stiffness, so you can work, play and sleep in greater comfort.

If you suffer from arthritis, see your doctor at once.

When he recommends aspirin, take Bayer.

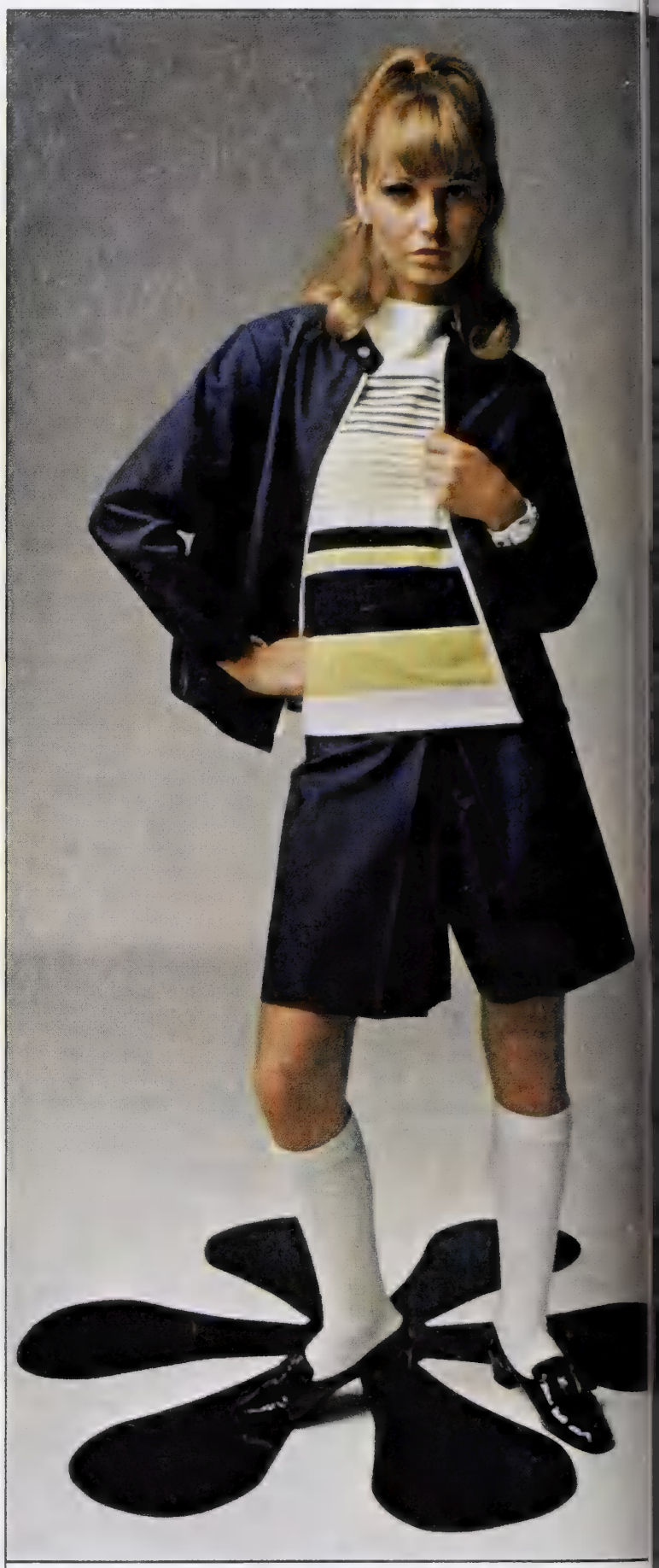


Pure aspirin,
not just *part* aspirin.

HOW TO GET COMPLETE FOLDER

You owe it to yourself to read the complete folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402—Price 5 cents each or $3 per 100 copies.





FASHION SITE

Meet spring this month with a fashion that promises to be a hit this se pants-skirt and matching jacket, with a bright-striped sleeveless cotto over, perfect for driving, golf, most outdoor activities. Jacket's elasticized and windbreaker collar make it ideal for boating, too. By Koret of Cal jacket and pants-skirt of machine-washable polyester and cotton popli a Koratron permanent-press finish that *really* never needs ironing. 8–18, $13; pants-skirt, 8–20, $13; pullover, S-M-L, $6. Adler knee socks, Schless shoes, Oris watch. Available at the following stores:

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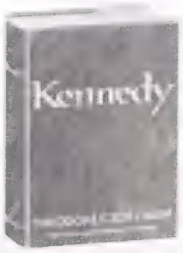
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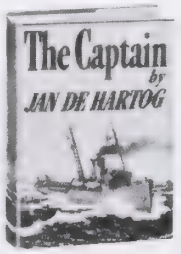
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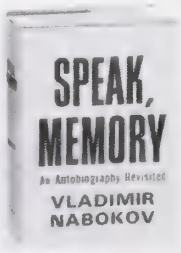
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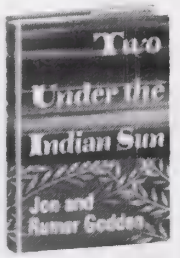
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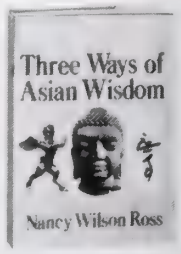
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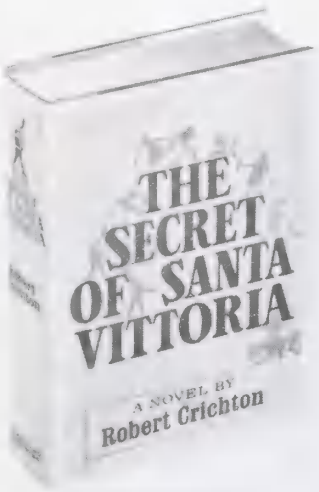
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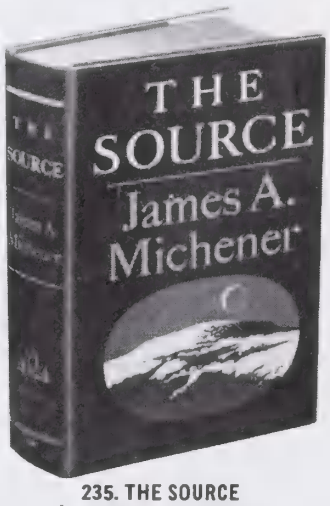
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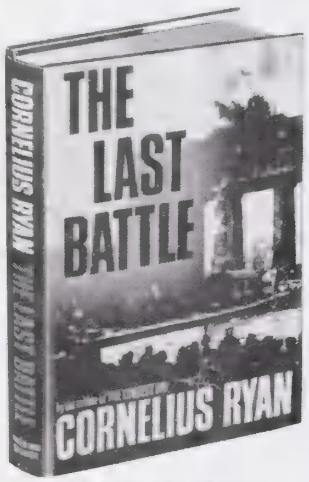
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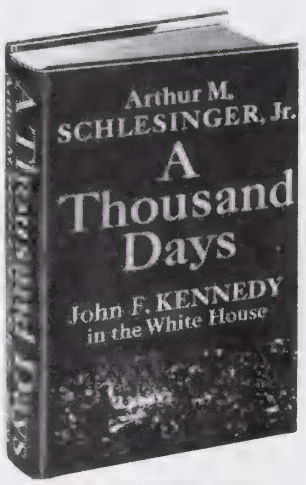
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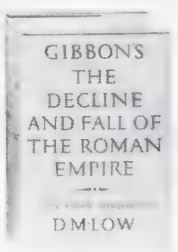
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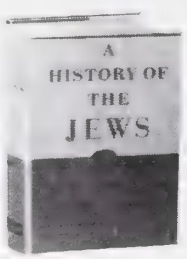
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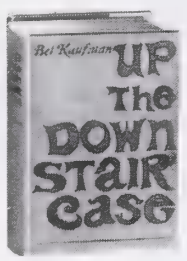
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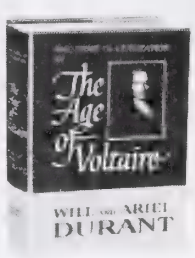
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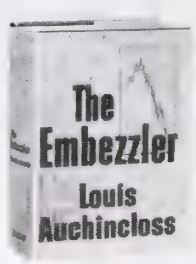
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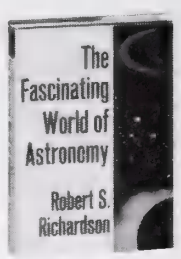
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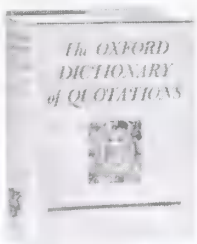
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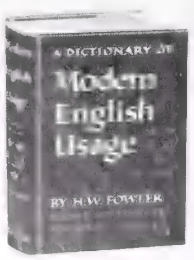
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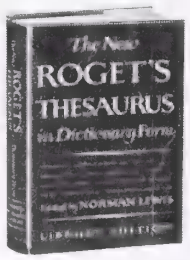
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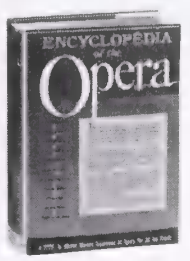
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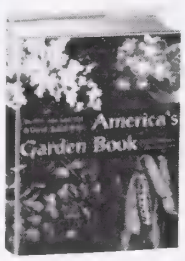
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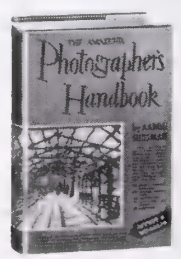
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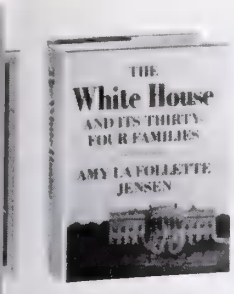
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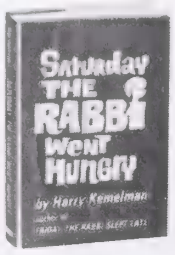
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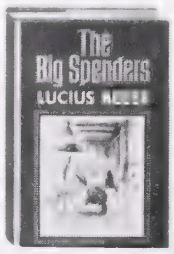
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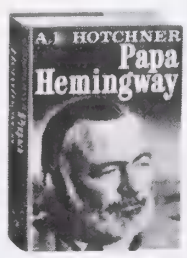
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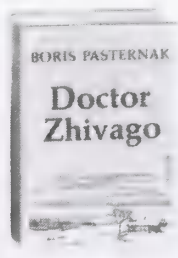
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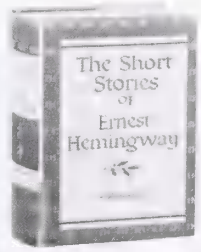
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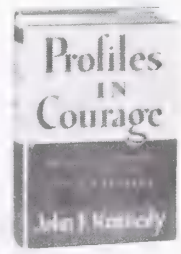
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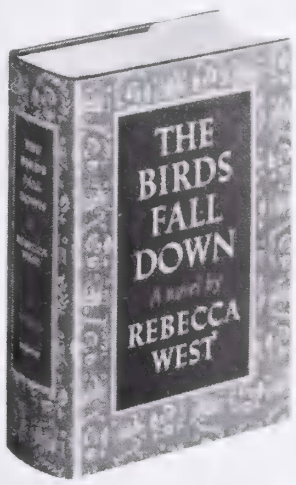
487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY
(Retail price $6)



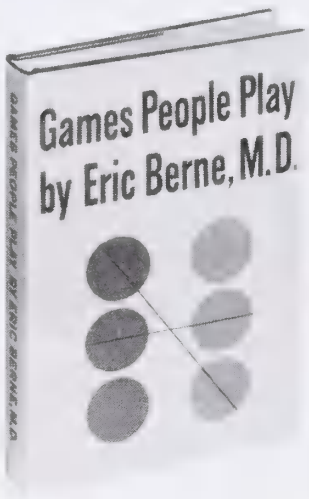
616. PROFILES IN COURAGE
(Memorial Edition)
by JOHN F. KENNEDY
(Retail price $5)



PHILADELPHIA
RINKER BOWEN
il price $7.50)



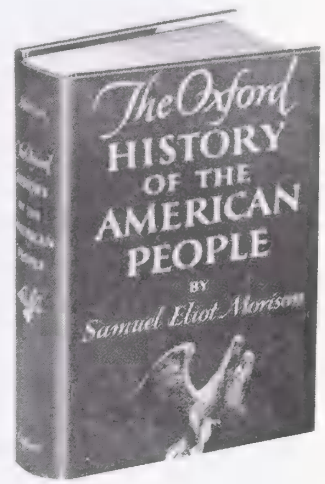
325. THE BIRDS FALL DOWN *by* REBECCA WEST
(Retail price $5.95)



343. GAMES PEOPLE PLAY *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D.
(Retail price $5)



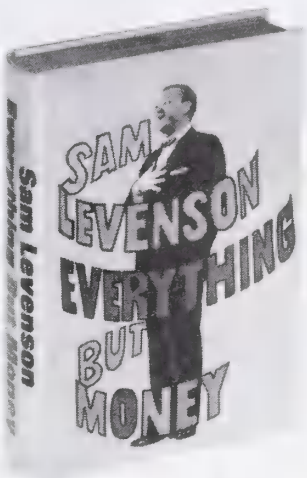
326. THE MASK OF APOLLO *by* MARY RENAULT
(Retail price $5.95)



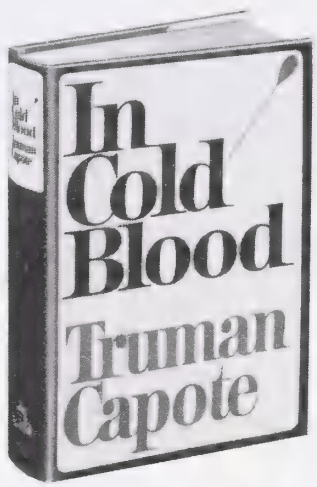
234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Illustrated. (Retail price $12.50)



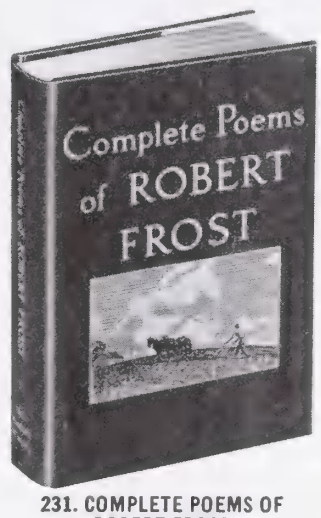
UTH AMERICA
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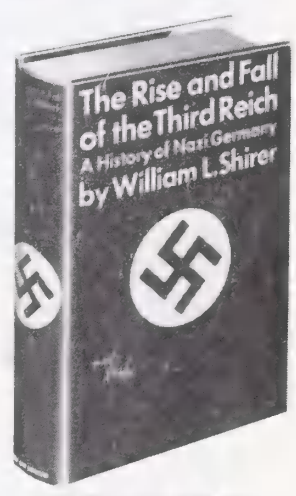
340. EVERYTHING BUT MONEY *by* SAM LEVENSON
(Retail price $4.95)



291. IN COLD BLOOD *by* TRUMAN CAPOTE
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231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST
(Retail price $8)



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER
(Retail price $12.50)

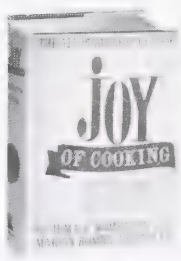
e-library building plan every reading family should know about: BOOK-DIVIDENDS

URPOSE of this suggested trial membership is monstrate, **by your own actual experience,** gs highly important for every reading family. membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club n way to **keep from missing, through over-verbusyness,** the new books you fully intend econd, that you will pay on the average 20% ose books you want than you otherwise would; **t you always have a wide choice—more books a year;** and fourth, that under the w Book-Dividend system, you will be acquir- and beautiful volumes—and fine high-priced rifling sums. Since its inauguration the almost sum of **$375,000,000 worth of books alue) has been earned and received by** through this unique plan.

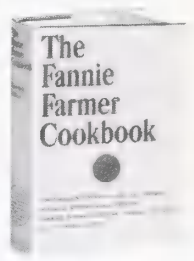
CAN IT BE DONE? The answer to that uestion is that the Club's Book-Dividend system is comparable to the traditional profit-sharing systems of consumer cooperatives. A portion of the amount members pay for the books they buy is accumulated and invested in entire editions of valuable books and sets through special contractual arrangements with the publishers in each case. These are the Book-of-the-Month Club's Book-Dividends.

✶ **YOU HAVE A WIDE CHOICE OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS** • If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Selection or Alternate you buy,* a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, **often only $1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes and sets—will entitle you to a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes whose retail prices now average $7. This is probably the most economical means ever devised for building a well-rounded personal library.

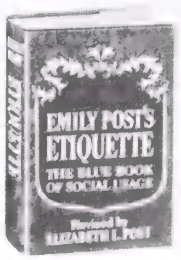
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014



161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER
Illustrated. (Retail price $6.50)



182. THE FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK
11th edition
(Retail price $6.50)

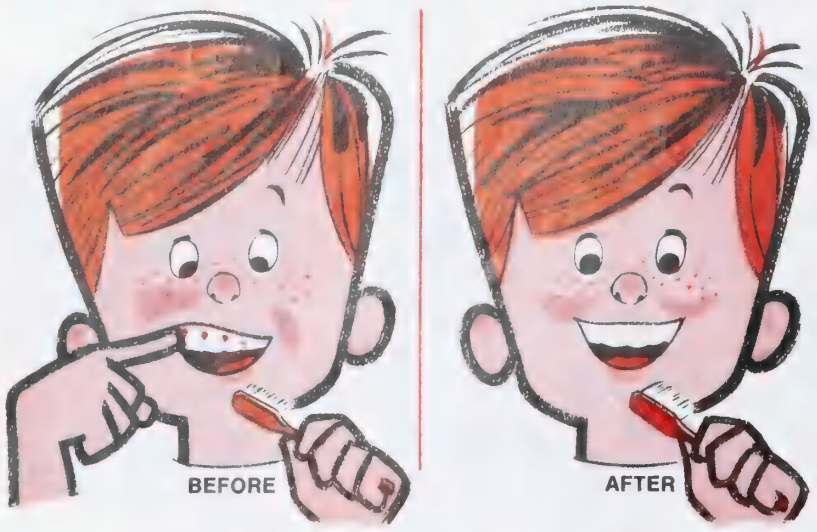


320. EMILY POST'S ETIQUETTE. 11th edition. *Revised by* ELIZABETH L. POST
(Retail price $5.95)



311. ESQUIRE PARTY BOOK *by the* EDITORS OF ESQUIRE
Illustrated
(Retail price $6.95)

Give your child Colgate's anti-cavity brushing test

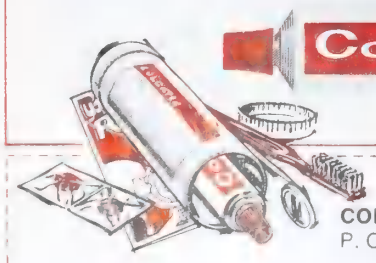


It's part of Colgate's National Dental Health School Program

Colgate's at home brush-up test teaches children how to really brush to really help stop cavities. All it takes is a tasty little tablet your youngster chews up. As the tablet dissolves, it releases a harmless bright red food dye that colors the areas brushing missed! The effect is so dramatic, it helps children remember those hard-to-reach places they usually neglect, helps reduce cavities by promoting better brushing. The color, of course, is easily removed from the teeth with the next, more thorough brushing.

Send for Colgate's special Student "Brush-Up" Kit today. It includes the tablets, a "Learn to Brush" leaflet, a Colgate toothbrush, a dental mirror and a tube of clinically tested, anti-cavity Colgate Dental Cream . . . all for just 50¢.

New from clinically tested, anti-cavity Colgate



Colgate DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

COLGATE STUDENT "BRUSH-UP" KIT
P. O. Box 7726, Chicago, Illinois 60677

Please send me Colgate special Student "Brush-Up" Kit(s). Enclosed is 50¢ for each Kit. (No stamps, please.)

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IF IT WERE MY CHILD . .

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone kno special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural s of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their best tions to the everyday problems of living with children.

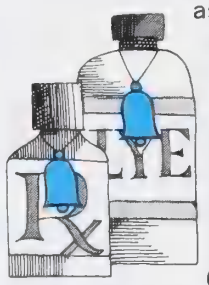


IN THE BAG: When taking a group of children movie or other entertainment, I carry a l shopping bag for all sweaters, scarves, hats, It saves crawling around hunting for lost ite and we are sure we have not forgotten anyth —Mrs. Robert C. Drew, Bangor, Maine

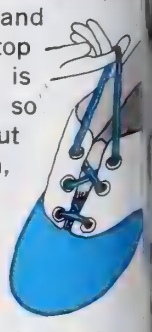
FACE IT: "We'll only wash off the hot dogs beef gravy, or ice cream." This suggestion, stead of the routine "Come, let's wash your face," has turned four-year-old son into a cooperative boy at face-washing time. is fascinated by the many "dirts" I can get off his face, and sometimes I even invent new ones—such as rocket dust. This has turned into a game, and my son's face gets clean!—Mrs. Jane Woynarowski, Birdsboro, Pa.



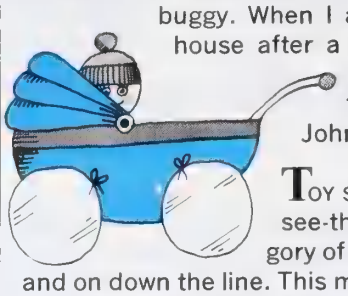
SAFETY BELLS: In addition to the usual precautions of keeping all possibly dangerous items out of the reach of children, I attach small bells to items such as medicines, cleaning fluid, etc. The bells se as a warning so that if my small children hap to get their hands on anything that may h them, I am alerted and accidents are vented.—Mrs. A. Korolyk, Manitoba, Canac



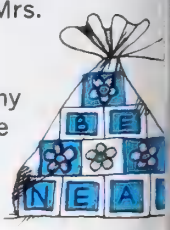
SHOELACE SWITCH: For children too young lace and tie shoelaces, I substitute quar inch-wide elastic for the laces and sew the ends together at the top (instead of a bow). The elastic is tight enough to serve as a lace, yet it stretches so that the shoe can be slipped on and off without being unlaced.—Mrs. D. W. Boring, Portsmouth, Ohio

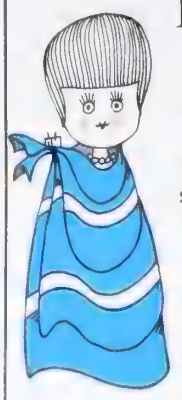


PLASTIC PROTECTORS: When sidewalks and driveways are wet or muddy, I put elastic-bound plastic bowl covers over the wheels of my baby buggy. When I am ready to bring the buggy into house after a walk, I just have to take the cov off to prevent mud and water ma from dirtying the floors.—Mrs. W. Johnson, Santa Rosa, Calif.



TOY STORES: Our toy cupboard has seve see-through drawstring bags for each ca gory of toys. One is for blocks, one for puzz and on down the line. This makes it much easier to find the desi toy without having to disrupt the entire room.—Mrs. S. M. Dickerhoff, Panama City, Fla.





HANDY TOWEL: When bathing my baby, I clip two top corners of the bath towel around my neck. It hangs down like a bib and I don't have to grab for the towel while handling a slippery baby at the end of the bath—an stay dry!—Mrs. James Sekelsky, Park Falls, Wis.

MEDICINE MANAGER: When a medicine dropper is on hand, I give my baby his liquid medicine in nipple. He has the medicine swallowed before realizes that it isn't his regular fare. —Mrs. Mar C. Coonse, Houston, Tex.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays to the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and ba sitters as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie Maxey, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 100 Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., for submissions cannot be return



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eer desperation made me
Cold Power"

writes Mrs. Paul Schwartz, Miami, Florida

f this is the sort of endorsement you
t feel it's my duty to write you

speration

't the New Jersey housewives on TV
ed me to give Cold Power a try, it
desperation. My whites had been
ngier, both in hand and machine

"Absolutely astounded

"I was absolutely astounded right from the start! Everything's immaculately clean. And the whites are just beautiful.

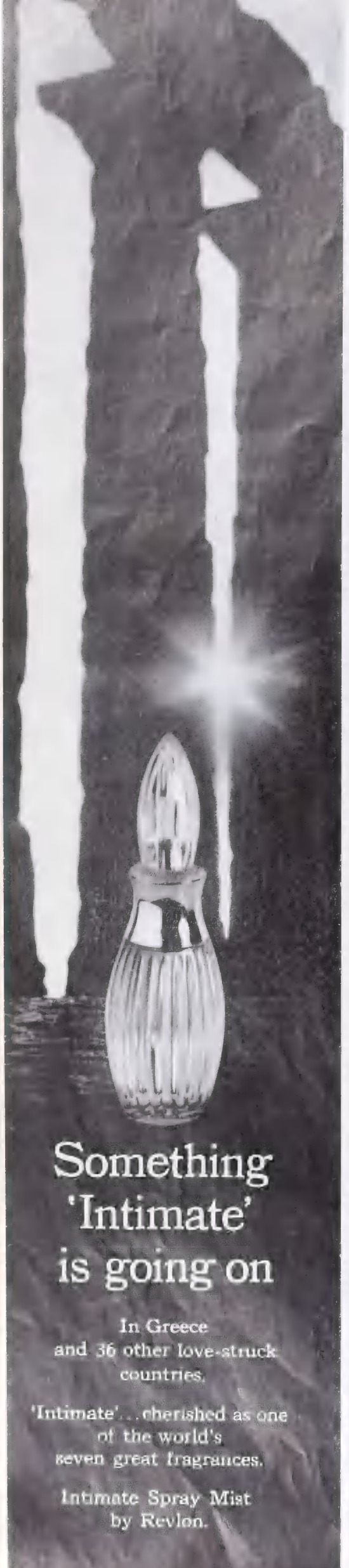
"Cannot begin to tell you what a pleasant surprise and shock this was to me. Such a joy!

"So felt I should at least scribble you this brief word of thanks."

Mrs. Paul Schwartz



Power®—gets out the worst kind of dirt in cold water



Can This Marriage Be Saved?

GLENDA'S HUSBAND WAS A PERFECTIONIST

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

The 50-50 marriage is the most successful. I once made a study of more than 3,000 marriages to find who was boss. When the wife was definitely head of the family, 47 percent of the homes were happy; when the husband was the head, 61 percent were happy. That arrangement suited the wife better, in many cases. But the real 50-50 marriage, with equal division of rights, duties, responsibilities and obligations, found 87 percent happy! Two heads, in short, are better than one; but how can a job be run by two bosses? Obviously, there must be a division of labor. The partners must agree on this, and then each must keep out of the other's sphere. Arthur didn't, and this was a bad mistake. When he began to manage his own share of the operation and let Glenda manage hers, they got on the track to success. The counselor in this case was Mrs. J. H. Bernhard.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and president of the American Institute of Family Relations

"Unless Arthur moves his office out of our home, and right quick, he can have the ten rooms to himself," said 38-year-old Glenda, mother of four, in a voice as fiery as her bright-red hair. "If Arthur doesn't sign a lease for an office in the next month, he will find himself with a promising career—my husband is a brilliant architect—but without a wife and children.

"I mean exactly what I say. Fortunately, when I finished art school, I inherited a modest trust fund. I'm in a position to establish a separate residence, provide my son and daughters with a little peace and quiet, and preserve my own sanity. And Arthur knows it.

"During the recent building slowdown, his commissions took a beating, and for several months I have gladly bought the groceries and paid the lion's share of our bills with my own money. Not that Arthur has shown me any gratitude or extra consideration. The other day he was particularly outrageous at lunch because I served hamburger and beans. He then objected because I had talked too long on the phone to a friend in charge of the community United Fund and another friend in the P.T.A. He said I had interrupted his train of thought. If he'd been working somewhere else, he wouldn't have heard me.

"Arthur complained bitterly because our Ellen, who is seventeen months old, dribbled milk down her chin and dropped applesauce on the floor. That domestic sight interfered with his creativeness. I'm an artist myself, but I'm smart enough to realize that children and messes go together. I said so. Ellen's soppy dress, Arthur said, was typical of my bad management as a mother, the untidiness and the bad manners I was instilling in our children. When I told him that his manners could stand improvement and set a poor example for the entire family, he flew into a rage, snatched up his plate and went to the kitchen to finish his lunch.

"That evening at dinner his creativeness was still at low ebb, and his temper on the boil. He jumped twelve-year-old Billy and his sisters because they hadn't greeted him with cries of delight when they came in from school (as an ever-available Dad, he is hardly a treat to any of us), and because they squabbled, pushed and teased each other at the table. He accused all three of being undisciplined and crude, although seven-year-old Janey is a perfect little lady and just as sensitive as Arthur himself. She burst into tears. Billy took Janey's part and sassed his father. Arthur then ordered the three children to leave the table and go outside and practice self-control; he wanted them to pick three bouquets of flowers—if you can imagine making such an idiotic proposal to hungry youngsters! I told the children to stay put and continue the meal. Arthur ate by himself in the kitchen again.

"At that point my stomach was tied in knots, my head was pounding, my eyes wouldn't focus. Often I get so sick of my life and my husband and my home I can't swallow. I have headaches, backaches, spe
sea. Days pass when I ca
lift a broom and can't be
proach my easel. In the last
I've lost twenty-five pound
tor says I have a pre-ulcer
but that my ailments are
matic. Basically I'm as he
horse, or I would be—e
Arthur.

"My husband has enorm
and many virtues and lova
ties. However, his sulkines
ness, his indecisiveness, his
tination and, above all, his
presence in the house hav
intolerable.

"Arthur and I have bee
fifteen years and have o
present home for eleven y
nowhere near furnished. D
we have no draperies, not
dow shades. Upstairs we
tastically expensive draperi
in Andalusia to Arthur's
tions. There is no sofa in
room. Our guests sit on a lu
traption concocted of two
daybeds, set end to end, cov
Navajo blankets that Arthu
and I despise. I have dragg
furniture stores, but he has
a sofa with lines, fabric and
tion that please him.

"Downstairs the floors ar
with rare Moroccan rugs tha
bought at auction, and e
envies us. Upstairs we are
rarily' getting by with ugly
straw matting that slide and
are a menace to life and li
Christmas my mother-in-la
her heel in the hallway mat
cracked three ribs. Arthur
he would immediately rep
straw runner with permanen
ing, but ten months have ela
he hasn't done it.

"Arthur has a fabulous
design, but he wasn't traine
practicalities of furniture
tion. A year or so ago, he
many hours of his valuable
design a bureau for Janey's
At a considerable price, paid
money, a cabinetmaker buil
stalled the bureau. (co

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educatio
seling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world
stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other mir
have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



'Silk of Intimate'
The first full-length fragrance.
Silkens and perfumes your
skin from head to toe.

Cherished as one of the
world's seven great fragrances.
Created by Revlon.



This is the perfect sofa for skiers, non-skiers, skaters...

and sleepers.



A Hide-A-Bed® sofa by Simmons is at home anywhere—in your ski chalet, beach house, or one-room apartment! Anywhere you want a special kind of elegance. Only a Hide-A-Bed sofa offers you the widest range of sofa styles and sizes . . . custom cushions and magnificent decorator fabrics.

Weary from skiing the expert trail, or learning to snow plow? Slip into an after-ski bed. Simmons makes the most comfortable bed for two in convertible sofas . . . and the only one with a full-length mattress. Many Hide-A-Bed sofas available with Super size mattresses! In every sofa you have your choice of either a famous Simmons or the luxurious Beautyrest® mattress. Hide-A-Bed sofas by Simmons are priced from $199.95 to about $800. These days, no living room sofa is worth the price unless it hides a bed.

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Model shown is Ardmore (UHB 975-9-795). Price with Beautyrest mattress about $580.

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you may need
every day whether you
know it or not.



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before it can offend.

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Use Norforms, the internal deodorant, every day.





THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

which is a delight to the eye but not functional at all. The drawers are too deep for convenience and too heavy for a child to pull. Every morning I have to jerk out the bottom drawer so Janey can dredge up her socks and underwear, and frequently I forget to shove it back in place.

"Not long ago, while prowling through the house thinking deep thoughts, Arthur wandered into Janey's bedroom, where he had no business to be. He ran smack into the bureau. The bottom drawer was open, and he got a nasty cut on his shin. I was at my Thursday-afternoon art class and an elderly baby-sitter was spelling me. Arthur denounced this gentle, white-haired lady for his injuries, scared the wits out of her, woke the baby. When Janey arrived shortly afterward, he yelled at her about her carelessness, the open drawer in the bureau, her untidy room, her dirty face, until she had hysterics followed by a tantrum—her first tantrum in months.

"That evening when I paid the sitter she resigned. Next day, Janey was too sick to go to school. When my mother telephoned for her morning chat—time has hung heavy on Mother's hands since she divorced my father—she inquired about our news. Naturally I filled her in on the passing of my favorite sitter and Janey's nervous upset. Presumably Arthur was hard at work in his downstairs office, the full length of the house away from me. But he had his door ajar, and his hearing operates like radar whenever any trifle of the slightest concern to him is mentioned. Before I finished my conversation, he came storming up the stairs, outraged because I had been mildly critical of him to an 'outsider.'

"He grabbed the phone and told off my mother as well as me. Luckily Mother has a sense of humor, and doesn't regard herself as an outsider or as a stranger to Arthur; indeed she is devoted to him. My father is equally fond of Arthur. When we announced our engagement, my parents were still working at their marriage, and both of them were delighted to welcome him to the family.

"As for me, I was overjoyed. Arthur is the only man I have ever loved, the only man who has ever interested me. I met him at sixteen, soon after I entered art school. Arthur was teaching an occasional class in draftsmanship at the school. I signed up for every class he taught, but he ignored me. Through family friends I wangled an introduction. Arthur was polite and took me out, but with no great enthusiasm.

"At that time he shared an apartment with his mother, a remarkably unselfish woman who wanted a successful marriage for her only son as well
ful career in architecture.
in-law was my ally in my len
of Arthur—and 'pursuit'
word, I guess. From time to
appeared completely from
two years he served in the
very seldom wrote to me, b
mother every week and rea
to keep in touch.

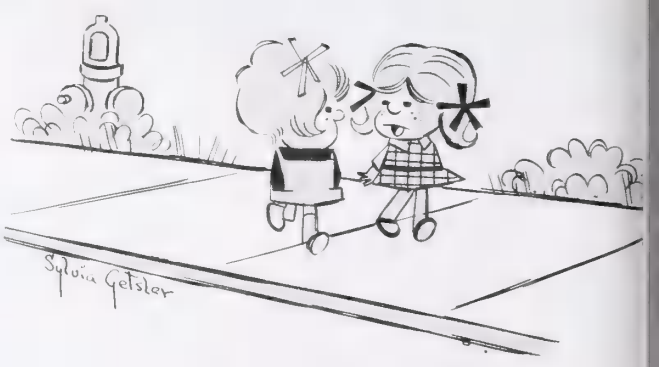
"Later Arthur and I w
shows, museums, concerts,
We talked and argued frant
tellectual, artistic, political
discussed his ambition and
my painting. We were good
and exchanged a few kisses
was little talk of romanc
twenty-third birthday, after
of on-and-off friendship, I d
waited long enough and sh
marriage. My father offered
abroad for a year of pain
accepted.

"On our next date, I ex
plans to Arthur and said g
my astonishment, he propose
night. Two weeks later we w

"For two years Arthur
divinely happy, even though
marriage fell apart during
Arthur was a tower of stren
my mother and father, to
and to me. In those days he a
sex problems, no money p
in-law problems, no problem
tion and taste, no problem
sant meddling and bossines
home was a small rented apa
worked afternoons and ever
one tiny bedroom. In the
worked under the direction
architect. He left me every
A.M. and was gone until noo
him badly those four hours
seems incredible.

"It was Arthur's wish th
pone having children until
started in his profession. Af
was born we became impossi
in the apartment—the onl
Billy's crib was a corner o
room—but Arthur wasn't i
buying a house. His Uncle
real-estate promoter conside
prosperous than my father,
building lot in a desirable ne
Arthur then designed an abs
fect house for us, and said he
an office in a professional buil
he was tinkering with his
owner of the lot across the s
house that Arthur couldn't a
than live in view of such
Arthur decided that we sho
our baby's comfort and rer
apartment.

"He tore up his bluepri
broke my heart, and infuri
body in both families—his



"Were you planned, too?"



No wonder redheads are supposed to be so temperamental. No one ever made up to them before.

othes, colors, *cosmetics* all *seem* to be blondes and brunettes. But just you it (if you can) till your next visit to e cosmetic counter. You'll find Clairol ake-Up for Redheads! Created to give u the ideal, perfect complexion color redheads.

It's the one complexion color that lly makes things happen for redheads. escribe it? Well, how do you describe Devonshire cream or a gardenia petal?

To give you the ideal look, Clairol created nine color-correcting make-up shades. Not to *mask* your own skin tone but to *combine* with it. And your shade will give you The Look. That luscious, flawless creamy face is *yours!*

Remember when you used to be teased about being a redhead? Well now you can forget it.



Clairol® Make-Up for Redheads

P. S. There is Clairol Make-Up for Brunettes, for Brownettes, and for Blondes, too. But that's another look entirely.

AIROL INC. 1966



MEMO

to all working girls:

You can feel fresh, clean, confident with Tampax tampons no matter what day of the month it happens to be.

Worn internally, they prevent odor, chafing and irritation. They free you from all the problems of pins, pads, and belts. They free you to shower and tub, every day. Disposal is easy, and so is carrying. They come in a package that tucks away easily in your desk or handbag. And each Tampax tampon has its own silken-smooth container-applicator that protects the tampon until used; insures easy, proper insertion. Dainty and feminine to use, hands need never touch the tampon itself.

Tampax tampons are the only choice for millions of women—married or single, active or not—in over 90 countries. Available in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior, wherever such products are sold.

Blouse by Gant



TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

mother, his uncle, my brothers, my mother and father. At that point I threatened to take our baby away from him and sue for divorce. Arthur then agreed we could have a house, provided it had office space for him. Eventually my father located a house that satisfied Arthur and made me a present of the down payment.

"Almost before I realized what was happening, Arthur took over the original servants' quarters for an office. His office directly adjoins my kitchen. In theory his door is supposed to be closed from nine o'clock until five. In fact, he bobs in and out dozens of times a day, and is always breathing down my neck When he does receive his clients, he hollers for me to be less noisy or, maybe, to bring in coffee and cake and be quick about it. Or perhaps he steps outside and goes for a leisurely stroll in search of inspiration. I'm under orders to take his business calls, act as his secretary and send out his bills because he won't hire a typist.

"When I bring in groceries, Arthur instantly rushes out of his office and criticizes my purchases. I can't keep a cook or cleaning woman; he instructs and pushes them around until they quit. He revises my menus, alters the arrangement of my pots and pans. Cooking and preparing food in my kitchen is like attempting to turn out tasty meals inside a perpetual-motion machine. Nothing is ever permanent, and few things tarry long in the places where I put them. Arthur uses my kitchen as a laboratory, where he tests out every new product or material that comes on the market and catches his fancy. In eleven years I've had five new sinks and more color schemes than I can remember.

"Arthur promised faithfully to stay out of my studio unless specifically invited. But two weeks ago, while I was out of town on a sketching trip, he noticed a tiny crack in the studio ceiling. Without a word of warning to me, he called in a crew of workmen and tried out a new kind of acoustical tiles applied with a new kind of mastic, which happened to be jet black. The mastic was inferior and didn't hold the tiles, which slipped to the floor, one by one, like falling petals from a flower. The children have tracked the mastic through every room of the house, and my studio is uninhabitable.

"Last week I asked everybody in both families to drop in for a private viewing of my studio. My mother and father, my brothers—brother Ben is a lawyer—agreed with me that the children and I were entitled to enjoy our home and live like other people, that Arthur should transfer his business to other premises. My mother-in-law was also on my side. So was his Uncle William, emphatically.

"I have no confidence that Arthur will yield to this 100 percent majority. I am familiar with his obstinacy, and I am ready to cope with it. Just this morning I paid for a thirty-day option on another house. It is makeshift, but has enough bedrooms to accommodate my children and me. If Arthur doesn't move his office, I intend to exercise that option and move the youngsters and myself."

"It is unfair to ask me to separate my work life, my home life, my emotional life," said 42-year-old Arthur, a tall, blond man with intense, dazzlingly blue eyes. "All three are parts of my essential make-up, aspects of my existence—a triality, you might describ
three parts belong togethe

"I chose my career as
Later I worked and studie
teen of the leading archi
West Coast and had one
summer as a student of
Wright, the Big Daddy of

"The genuine creators, th
the men I admire and v
like Wright, Schindler, A
produced and flourished w
in their homes. Indeed th
deeply indicative of perso
as instant introductions o
styles to prospective client
a means of self-expression
introduction.

"Most of my work has be
churches. Almost always
building committees I've de
inexperienced people, doul
own judgment, and hence
me and my ability. Once
our house, however, they q
and responded to the cheer
ity of the living room, and a
relaxed. Consequently, we
centrate on the job without

"Modern commercial h
sterile, cold. The averag
room has no more human a
chromium pail of ice cube
group who walked across
lobby, stepped in a metal
rode ten or fifteen floors t
sonal, air-conditioned office
me with reserve and susp
we could start real talk, I
pected to flatter, make joke
kind of selling job for which
unqualified. I'm not the
architect, and Glenda know

"Creativeness doesn't ad
mal office hours. It doesn't
on at nine A.M. and off at fiv
electric light bulb. Just rece
struck me in the middle of
rushed downstairs to my dra
barefoot and in pajamas. In
utes I had the solution to
problem that had perplexe
week. It would surely have
mind by morning. On the
bed in a state of exhilarat
Glenda and passed along th
She didn't congratulate me,
fused to join me in our bedr

"She was sleeping on the
couch, despite the lumpin
cessantly complains of, to pu
differences aired earlier in
lunch, she had cooked ham
beans for the fourth time th
cause she was too lazy-minc
of some other menu She al
to smear her high chair an
applesauce, rather than loca
bib on the child. Glenda is
disorganized and lets our ki
with murder. It is futile for m
decent standards of behavi
our youngsters the joy and th
discipline and order.

"I spent my two years of m
vice in Japan. I was impre
sparseness and severity of J
and architecture, and learne
in the charming manners
children. Our four children c
be a greater contrast. The b
more food on the floor than
her mouth.

"Dinner that evening was
lunch. When I told my son
daughters to wash their han
said their hands were clean

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ng. The way the
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sweaters recommend.
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L-W37

L-W37

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They recommend:

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for dishwashers with automatic dispensers for JET-DRY



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* *JET-DRY is recommended by the manufacturers of all 28 makes of dishwashers*

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enough. They didn't budge. They mocked me openly, shoved each other and turned the meal into chaos. I ordered all three to go outside and calm down by picking and arranging bouquets of flowers, a task I've seen accomplish miracles with Japanese children. Glenda contradicted my orders, and the youngsters became even more obstreperous.

"Although Glenda may not realize it, she constantly destroys my dignity and undermines my authority with our children. She jeers at my opinions in their presence, screams at me, slams doors, threatens divorce. This is damaging the kids: Billy is doing badly at school; Janey has a poor appetite, is argumentative and pigheaded (I know I'm pigheaded myself at times); Sue is nervous, bites her nails and has begun to stutter.

"Before I proposed to Glenda, she promised that we would share the whole of our lives. She now speaks of *my* home, *my* kitchen, *my* money and even *my* children—as though Billy and his sisters had no father.

"Originally I hesitated to marry a girl from a wealthy family. It was clearly understood between Glenda and me that her income would be spent on frills. I would be responsible for our basic support. During a recent quarrel she informed me bitterly that she had bought the groceries since last February, paid the taxes and my insurance premiums. At first I didn't believe her. She then showed me a pile of canceled checks and proved her point.

"It's her fault that our finances are in wretched shape. She is supposed to keep our household accounts up-to-date and keep me advised on our bank balance. She is also supposed to type and mail out monthly bills to my clients. After I plowed through a blizzard of papers on her desk, I discovered something she had neglected to mention when she abused me as a male parasite. She was three months behind in billing my clients, and during these three months she had run short. When those overdue commissions are collected, she can repay herself for the hamburgers and beans we've consumed lately—if that's the way she wants it. With a little economizing (by hiring fewer incompe
ample) we can mai
$10,000 to $12,000 I

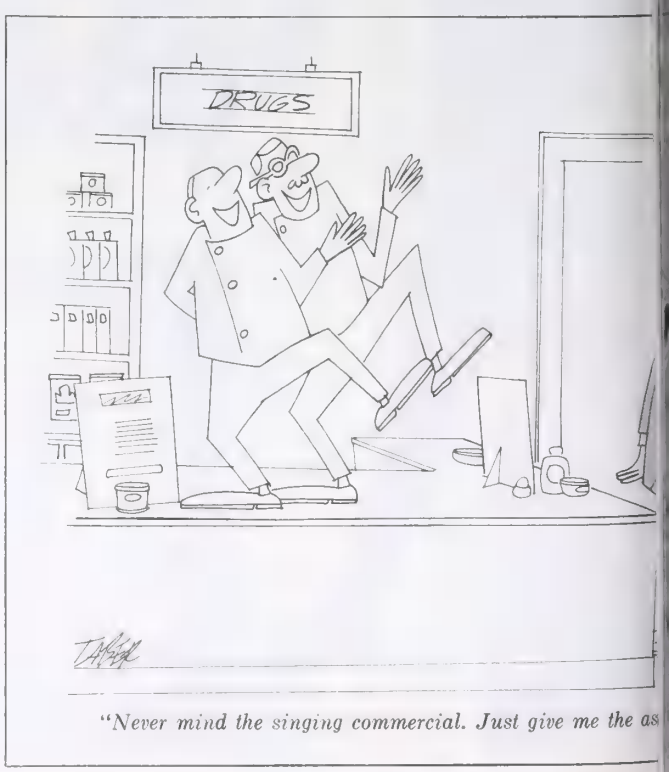
"At the time of ou
father wanted to set
us both. When I decl
trust funds for the f
youngsters. That is
no designs on my fat
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when she speaks of *m*
is jointly owned—the
names—and belongs

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and I discussed my v
of architecture. She
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ago she called her brot
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He said no.

"He told her I was
maintain an *(conti*



"Never mind the singing commercial. Just give me the as

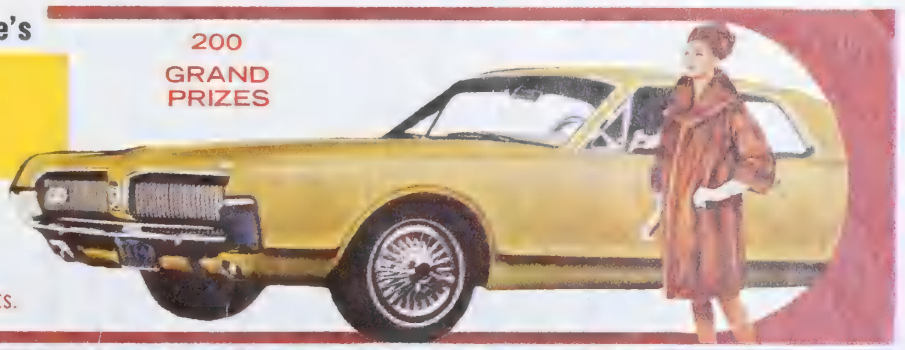
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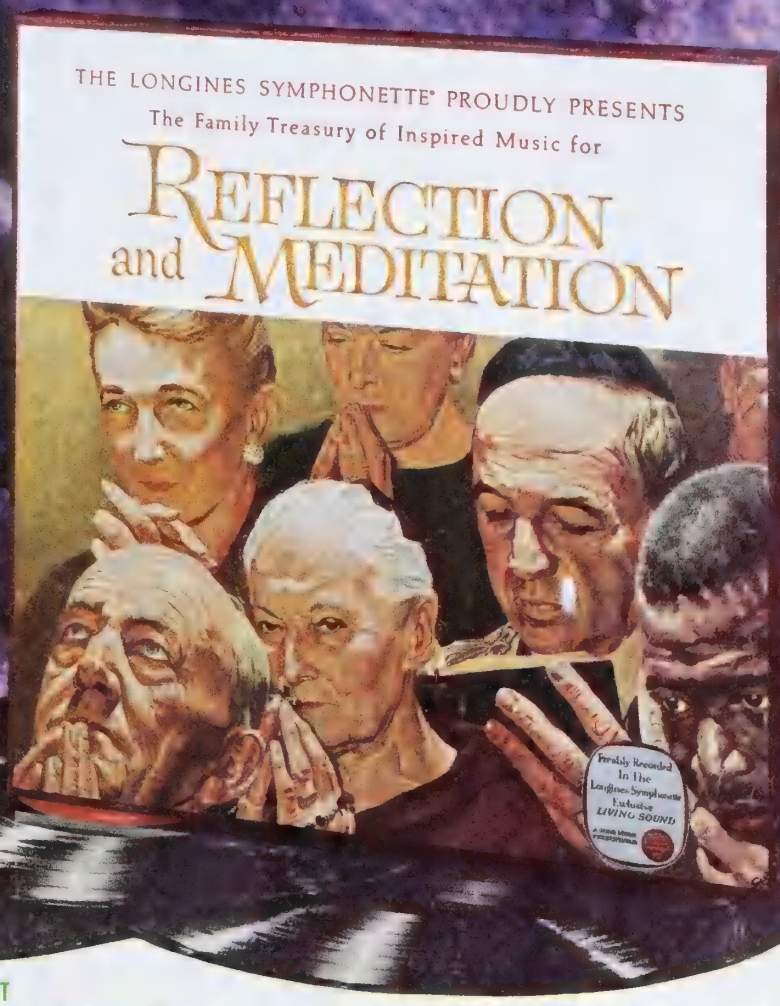
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ord album (yours to keep forever) is "THE SWEET VOICES OF INSPIRATION" featuring ildren's voices from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's in London, with The Longines 13 selections include: **"Prayer Of Thanksgiving", "When You Wish Upon A Star", "Auld Brahm's Lullaby"** and many more! Just check **YES** on Official Entry Card attached, get lbum, listen FREE to the Family Treasury of Music for "Reflection and Meditation"... your Lucky Number has already won a valuable prize! The Treasury is not available in re—and you can own it for as little as $5 a month and save up to 50% of what you'd n fine record stores! Act at once and find out if you have already won!

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	Trees	*Excelling*	*Of Day*
me	*Faith Of Our Fathers*	*Go Down, Moses*	*Count Your Blessings*
	Lead Kindly Light	*Roll Jordan Roll*	*Carillon*
	Steal Away	*The Bells Of St. Mary's*	*Because*
	God Is Ever Beside Me	*Song Of Songs*	*Eli, Eli*
er	*Pilgrim's Chorus*	*I Heard A Forest Praying*	*Goin' Home (New*
	In A Monastery Garden	*Homing*	*World Symphony)*
	You'll Never Walk Alone	*Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life*	*Bless This House*
	Calm As The Night	*Morning (Peer Gynt Suite)*	*Serenade*
ovely Day	*Abide With Me*	*Bird Songs At Eventide*	*Now The Day Is Over*

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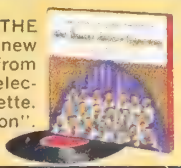
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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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HOROSCOPES FOR SPRING DECORATING

By Sybil Leek

ARIES March 21-April 19. Arians may face spring furbishing with unusual enthusiasm this month. Wit well aspected in your sign, there will be an urge to make th chore into an adventure of creative activity. March 1st to 7th a good period to plan the campaign, for you will want to ma drastic changes during that week. With your desire to be gloomy past year, you will be looking for grand splashes of co newest shades of orange and yellow, particularly between the 21st. It will be difficult to be conservative this month until when some of your original enthusiasm will be tempered.

TAURUS April 20-May 20. Taureans often consider th gourmets, so it's not surprising that their main att spring refurbishing will be in the kitchen. The energetic infl Mars also will tempt you to redo your house completely, but b poor finances this month you may have to limit your buying. find yourself resisting changes suggested by other members of ily, so take care not to become involved in arguments over s small, like the moving of your favorite chair or table. Serious should start on the 21st when Mars' influence is particularly st poor health will diminish your enthusiasm by the end of th

GEMINI May 21-June 21. Geminis will be less orga their spring cleaning than many other signs. Your M mind will be even less decisive than usual this restless month won't have time to think about your home until the forward m of Mercury on the 18th brings a calming influence into your year, spring cleaning and decorating may be a form of therap your mind off personal affairs. Try to make a determined effor on March 21st and cheer yourself up by buying things in s translucent blues, to which your ruling planet, Mercury, dra Your plans for redecorating may be frustrated by an emotio between the 21st and 29th, so you'd be wise to settle for r cleaning and buying, which may help you over a difficul

CANCER June 22-July 22. Many Cancerians will find the heart rules the head this month. From March may find yourself indulging in a lot of buying for the house. moon always influencing your ideas for décor, you have the ten collect different types of objects. Fortunately you are artistic e create a pleasant effect by mixing modern art with antique f Try to get your compulsive buying over by March 10th so you your spring cleaning. Between the 23rd and 31st you may fin cult to accomplish more than cleaning out closets because of un visitors or distracting news from distant parts of the country

LEO July 23-August 22. Sudden demands on your greatly limit the amount of spring cleaning and rede you do this month. Traveling and catching up with correspond tween March 1st and 5th will take precedence over all other a but by the 11th you should be able to work out ideas for rea one or two rooms. Because of limited finances your only purch be small items in shades of gold and orange, which appeal to true child of the Sun. Try to resist your inclination to be overl and remember that a fine piece of furniture usually looks b space around it. Make the best of the 11th to the 21st, for this time you will have now for serious house beautification.

VIRGO August 23-September 22. Annual spring cleani as much of an upheaval for Virgos as for others si have a natural inclination to be tidy all year. This month you many articles to be dry-cleaned and made ready for another yea than buy new things. If you decide to make some changes, probably be in the bathroom, and March 21st would be a goo begin. Although you find neatness more important than color ing decorative harmony, pale yellows, gray with dashes of quoise or simple white finishes appeal to you. You are likely functional furniture and plain materials. On the 26th, pressu outside your home will bring your spring refurbishing to a sud

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- ☐ Mid-winter dullness?

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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Shop the Yellow Pages first.







LIBRA September 23-October 23. Libras will not be in of health this month, so major spring refurbishing w better left until they are physically more able to do it. Mars, in t angle of your chart this month, may lead you into some impulsi ing between the 1st and the 5th—particularly of brass and items—but beyond a few new and quite extravagant touches furnishings you will not be greatly interested. Ill health betw 18th and 21st will probably prevent you from rearranging room had planned. This is a month when you will feel a special need mony with your surroundings, and for you this usually means of blues, pinks and turquoise.



SCORPIO October 24-November 21. Scorpios will be thusiastic about spring cleaning and redecorating at ginning of this month, and a concentrated effort should be ma as much as possible between the 1st and the 10th. With Ma hard-driving planet—stimulating your energies, you can compl work very early in the month, provided you don't attempt t structural changes. Because of your love for dramatic effects, yo unusual combinations of styles of furniture, as well as fabrics claret or gold. You may find yourself spending time away fr house between the 11th and 21st because of emergencies in otl ples' lives, so spring-cleaning ambitions will not be renewed u 22nd, when you will want to concentrate on your cupboards and



SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21. Spring and decorating will be un rthodox for Sagittarians t because they are going to throw away many old ideas. The acti Pluto and Uranus will produce changes in your usually conse nature. Careful planning will be necessary between the 1st and in order to avoid mixing too many styles of furniture, which you tempted to do because of the disruption of your old ideas. Your b conservative nature attracts you to shades of dark green and br be sure to take this into consideration when you feel drawn to r different colors. Careful planning at the beginning of the mo keep you from feeling that you have been too dramatic with yo when your conservatism reasserts itself between the 18th and



CAPRICORN December 22-January 19. Capricorns, ordinarily decisive enough to start cleaning and redec early in March, may find their plans defeated before they're be cause of the gloomy influence of Saturn this month. Heavy c would best be done between the 10th and 17th, and with your stable, it would be a good idea to spend some money brighte your home. Saturnine gloom draws you to very dark colors, bu think in terms of light browns, or tans. If you find it difficult about color this month, at least divert yourself with some house Green has a therapeutic quality that will raise your spirits.



AQUARIUS January 20-February 18. March is an e month for Aquarians to reorganize the home. After ning period between March 1st and 10th, be prepared to do so physical labor to release the surplus energy generated by hard- Mars. Remember, however, that plans to redecorate the entir made early in the month under Mars' influence may receive s because Saturn will act as a brake. Aquarians have a natural int the past, so you are almost certainly attracted to antique furnit backgrounds of white, gray or ivory to show it off to its best adv Take care that Mars doesn't lead you to imprudent spending. haven't managed to put your house in order by the 26th, outsid may prevent you from completing all your original ambitious p



PISCES February 19-March 20. With Mars, the plane ergy, in the 8th house this month, and Jupiter, the p happiness and expansiveness, in the 6th house, Pisces will find cleaning and decorating an adventure. From the 5th to the 1 may find yourself in a frenzy trying to make changes around the You will want to spend a lot of money on antiques and paintin because of a poor financial situation, you should resign yourself ing the best of the things you already have. It will be particular cult to resist compulsive buying between the 15th and 18th, and of Neptune's influence you may find yourself buying furnishings lavenders, purples or sea green. By the 19th you should be finish things like cleaning woodwork and rearranging furniture. Howe will find even these ordinarily dull chores enjoyable this mont

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PROJECT: YOU

Here, how to get set for the three pretty, s
hair looks, done especially for us by Kenn



The short-sho
shown bottom lef
115, is laye
just two inches
the crown. The
much shorter, w
nape hair cropped i
to the head. Ba
medium-length and
sideburns reach to
mid-ear. The hair
wet, with setting lotion. Put a cluster o
inch rollers at the crown for fullness,
reverse pincurls at the sides. Bangs an
hair are combed smooth, kept that way wit
sue anchored by hair clips. When hair i
dry, just brush thoroughly and fluff the
into soft curls. For a sleeker look, remov
of the curl by dabbing with moistened cott
comb to conform to the shape of the head.



Chin-length hair,
shown top two
pictures, page
115, was cut
blunt, the back
slightly shorter
than sides. Use
1½-inch rollers
and set at an angle
around the face; a
row from crown to
nape facing back;
more on the sides, facing down. For a wide-
tousled look, brush hair in the direction
set, back-comb gently all over, then smoot
a brush. Soften by shaking head and pulli
little wisps of hair near face. For the
with bow, brush out set, back-comb crown s
and smooth with brush. Pull side sections b
overlap above the nape. Anchor with a bob
Fasten on bow, and arrange side wisps on



Curly hair
114, and the va
of it, bottom
page 115, is
and is between
three inches l
over. Hair is se
one-inch rollers
angle all arou
face; a row from c
nape, facing back;
the sides, facing down.
first version, brush hair up and back at
and sides, then back-comb gently all ov
head. Smooth with a brush, and use your
or a hairpin to pull out little curls and
lets, arranging them as you wish. For the
version, brush, back-comb and smooth
brush as above, then sweep the bangs back
a ribbon around the head. Arrange hair s
the ribbon appears to be threaded through
use a hairpin to pull out ringlets near the

n important announcement
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ap to take off what the tissues left behind;
nd another cream to put back
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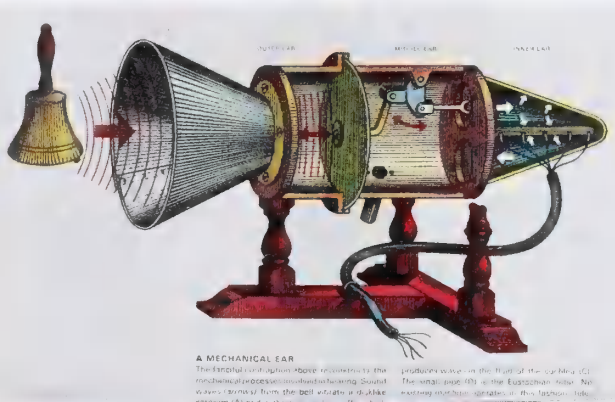
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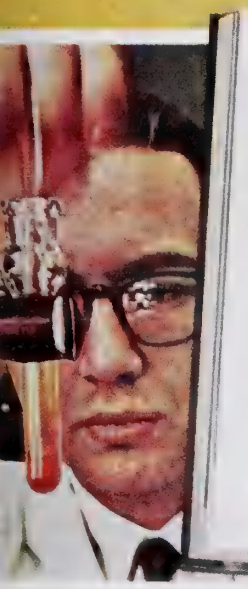
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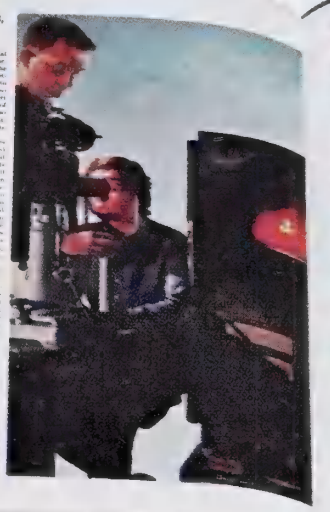




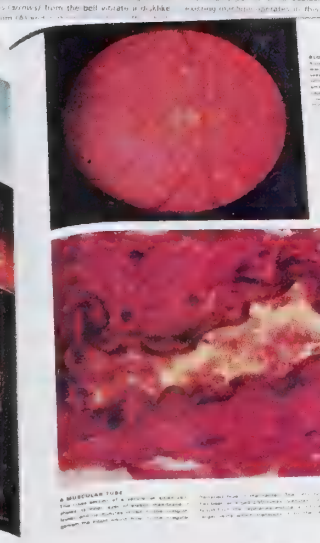
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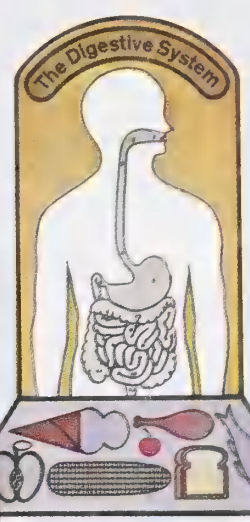


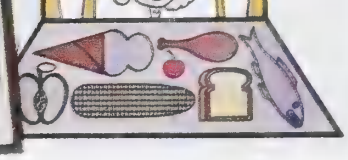




The Blood Vessels, Large and Small







do you know about your own body?

yth that your hair can literally stand

TV "rabbit ears" and your hips have on?

eally the vestige of a tail in our spine?

he "blind spot" in your eye?

there a remnant of a third eye in hu-gs?

(See answers below)

narvel at our giant data processing ma-e tend to forget the incredible powers of chine which created them . . . the body. own brain. It weighs about three pounds, big enough to process its daily activities be the size of the Empire State Building. ur fist-sized heart. It pumps 5,500 quarts gh 60,000 miles of "tubing" every day. made up of machines within machines. cells is so tiny that it takes millions of half inch cube of your body tissue. Yet ese cells is an almost unimaginably busy ratory.

tific breakthroughs in probing the body's ctacular and give rise to widespread curi-tire subject. People want to know what " really is . . . why babies are born with in their skulls . . . how artificial kidneys . . . what the problems are in transplant-ing living organs—eyes, for example . . . the causes of arteriosclerosis . . . all about "dry surgery" and the machine that makes it possible . . . and why it is that flash freezing of the blood may turn taxidermy into a forgotten art. Therefore, the Editors of TIME-LIFE Books have brought together all these findings—and more—in *The Body,* introductory volume of the LIFE Science Library. You and your youngsters, through a brilliant text and photo-essay technique, will be fascinated by this colorful volume.

You are invited to examine a copy of *The Body* for 10 days absolutely free. Do so and you'll discover what makes our bones able to withstand 20,000 pounds of pressure per square inch. You'll learn why modern architects study human anatomy to improve the skeletal structure of skyscrapers. You'll explore the workings of our sense organs and see why scientists call them "the network that never sleeps." You'll come to understand the function of the endocrine glands. (It's the adrenalin pumped into his veins that makes an angry man see red.)

Because of vast facilities, large print orders and the method of selling directly to the public, TIME-LIFE Books is able to offer you *The Body* at a price far below what you would normally pay for a book of this size, scope and quality—only $3.95 plus a small shipping and handling charge—and an opportunity to examine it before you decide to buy.

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Answers to quiz (above left)

1. **Each hair on your body is connected to an arrector muscle which can pull it straight in times of stress; this is an atavism, a useless relic of our early ancestry.**
2. **Both swivel on a universal ball joint.**
3. **Yes; it is the coccyx, the bone at the posterior end of our spine.**
4. **The "blind spot" is the opening in the eye where the optic nerves enter it.**
5. **Scientists believe that the tiny pineal body in the center of the brain is the remnant of a reptilian "third eye."**

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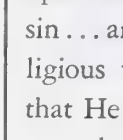
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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

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Medicine Today

If you're making the cocktail-party circuit, here's a useful tip: a couple of glasses of milk before you leave home will make you more durable. Scientists tested this bit of folk wisdom and found that it works. They asked five men and five women to drink two pints of milk an hour apart. A half hour later, each drank a double whiskey. The alcohol effects were mild. When the same subjects drank the alcohol without the preliminary milk, "all the female subjects and three of the male subjects showed signs of intoxication, from a slight feeling of dizziness or sleepiness to uncontrollable giggling and laughter and inability to focus."

On the other hand, the popular belief that exercise speeds up the elimination of alcohol from the blood has just been debunked. At the University of Edinburgh, nine young men were given enough whiskey to make them feel unsteady. Then they exercised on a treadmill. Even the equivalent of an eight-mile walk did *not* hurry the decrease of alcohol in the blood.

Intrauterine contraceptive devices are not as successful as scientists hoped they would be. A new study by Dr. Christopher Tietze made for the National Committee on Maternal Health, showed that 30 to 40 percent of 22,000 women had either expelled or removed a spiral device; 18 to 21 percent, a contraceptive bow; 21 percent a ring. In addition, reports Dr. Tietze in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, many expulsions remain unknown until the surprise of pregnancy, so the "true expulsion rates" may be much higher still. Tietze also found 33 cases of perforation of the uterus caused by moving or improperly inserted devices; 27 of the 33 were produced by the so-called Birnberg bow.

Even so, the devices may be highly useful where other contraceptives are unacceptable or ineffective. But they do need careful medical consideration and periodic checking. Of course, all unnoticed expulsions do not signal immediate pregnancy, but there are from 1.6 to 11.3 pregnancies per year per 100 users, depending on the type of device.

Many heart-attack patients may soon be referred to surgeons for operations. A vast new era of coronary artery surgery is quickly approaching, a day when at least one heart-attack victim in five may be helped by a heart operation, says Dr. Donald B. Effler of the Cleveland Clinic. He made his prediction in an editorial in *Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, the authoritative journal of the American College of Surgeo could be here now, D lieves, if the trained p diagnostic facilities able. The operations in his opinion, have a proved effective. Th blood-vessel transplan a new blood supply t aged heart. These ope pioneered by Dr. Arth of McGill University i and they will be the ki be performed most Operations to ream di ter out of coronary a surgery to remove dar muscle and scar tissu impair heart function sible. Not many year surgeons were skeptic value of all these opera Dr. F. Mason Sones o land Clinic has shown point damaged heart X-ray, giving surgeo road maps to the dam Today, Dr. Effler mai imperative that every cal center take a new surgical possibilities f the heart patient.

If your baby has the cor lem of umbilical he trusion of the intestine a weakness in the abd near the navel), don't surgeon, a truss, or eve tape, no matter wha advises.

Leave it alone, say t and it will gradually di most cases by the tim is walking and his muscles have strength

Surgeon Robert T. S ing in *Postgraduate Me* that surgical repair, t taping are not necessa umbilical hernias aln strangulate. A strangul is one where the pro testine is tightly cons does not get an adeq supply. For example hernias (in the region o should be corrected su soon as possible becaus of hernia *is* apt to stra

Flame-retardant mat clothing could greatly number of burn victin ing to a panel of exper recently at the New Y emy of Medicine for a on burns and flame fabrics.

An estimated 150,0 in this country are seriou each year in accidents their clothing is set on of the victims are sma the handicapped, or t Clothing may be easily anything from a birthd to a cigarette.

By Phyllis Wright, M.D., with Victor Col

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Here I am at "only" 180 pounds. I was still on my way up—to 200. I wouldn't let anybody take my picture when I was that fat! I was too ashamed.



Now look at me. At 140 pounds with a new wardrobe to show off my new figure, I'm proud to say I'm Elizabeth Rhoads of Hightstown, New Jersey.

I gave up diet pills and lost 60 pou

By Elizabeth Rhoads—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

MY husband and I had been on a slim budget for years, but I kept getting fatter. And fatter. Not that this was anything new for me. I'd been "nice and solid" all my life. But 200 pounds at 25 years of age is enough to scare anybody.

My weight problem began with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and sweets whenever I could get them. In seventh grade, I weighed 145 pounds. By the time I was in college, I had hit 165. What a shock that was to my husband. Only he wasn't yet my husband.

Dusty and I were going steady at the time. And I volunteered for a summer job with the American Friends Service Committee. He kissed me good-bye and I headed for Cherokee, North Carolina. There, a group of us dug ditches and helped lay pipelines to provide water supplies for the Cherokee Indians. You'd think with all that hard work, I'd have lost weight. But it only made my appetite heartier. All day I ate peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. In the evening, it was macaroni and cheese or spaghetti. Real blimp food. And did it show!

Fortunately for me, Dusty saw beyond my measurements. He asked me to marry him anyway. When we set the date, I went on the crash diet of my life. Cottage cheese and buttermilk—until I dropped to 135 pounds.

At least, I was a slim bride. But the honeymoon was soon over, and on went the pounds again. Two pregnancies added more weight. About 20 pounds each time. Permanent pounds.

By this time, my husband was in graduate school. There was little money for fun and there was no time for it if we had it. Babies, housework and books—that was my life. Eating was my only diversion. I tried to cover up its effect with full skirts and overblouses. But 180 pounds is hard to hide, believe me.

Finally, in desperation, I went to a doctor. He prescribed reducing pills. Four weeks were all I could take of them, they made me so nervous. And they were all our budget could stand. I gave them up for good.

Then my mother began a succession of bribes. I had been invited to the wedding of my best girl friend. A new dress, my mother said, if I'd lose weight. I didn't—so I went in a dress that was much too tight. When I took off my coat, the skirt had worked itself up to my waist. It was so embarrassing, I wanted to cry. But instead I ate.

Next, my mother said she'd give me one hundred dollars if I'd lose 25 pounds. I took off 24½ and couldn't shed the last half-pound. Back up the scales I went. Even my feet gained weight! I went from a 7½B to an 8C shoe. I was 200 pounds. Just in time for my husband's graduation.

What was I to wear? Again my mother offered to buy me a dress. This time with no strings attached. But we couldn't find one. I finally bought the largest pattern I could get—added to it—and made myself a shift. I went to commencement exercises with a new outfit and a time-worn resolution: "I've got to reduce!" But how?

Then came the luckiest day of my life. I read Edith Henderson's story of how she'd lost 97 pounds with the help of Ayds—a vitamin and mineral reducing plan candy that contained no harmful drugs. Could they really help me?

I bought both the vanilla-caramel kind and the chocolate fudge-type. I took them before each meal as directed. And I took them one other way, too—between meals. That, I think, has been the greatest help of all to me in reducing. Because my greatest problem has always been between

On the Ayds Plan, my weight bega Slowly but surely. Whenever I felt to eat between meals, I'd just take we were traveling with the children with me. Then, when we'd stop for husband would add a milkshake and his order and I'd subtract them, b They've been terrific for me in that in all respects. I think Ayds have act retrain my appetite. I had proof of th ago. We went to a Chinese restaura celebration. And you know how ligh can be. Well, I couldn't even finish that's something for me.

Oh, one last thing. See this bracele It's a present from my husband and weight loss. Each one of these semi- represents a five-pound loss. As I ge heavier. It's not a terribly expensiv it's very precious to me. Right no worth 60 pounds—thanks to Ayds.

BEFORE AND AFTE MEASUREMENTS

Before	
5′6½″	Height...5′
200 pounds	Weight.....
43″	Bust.....
36″	Waist.....
47¼″	Hips.....
22½	Dress.....



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That's one reason why doctors recommend milk of magnesia more often than anything else.

Although flame-retardant clothing is available for military and industrial use, the average citizen has no such protection. Of clothing fabrics currently in use, only wool is flame-retardant to any extent. Cotton and viscose rayon ignite fairly quickly, but could be treated with chemicals to make them flame-resistant. Certain man-made fibers such as the modacrylics, high-temperature-resistant nylons and glass textiles are flame-retardant, but are not in general use in clothing. Obviously, further textile research as well as a campaign of public education is indicated before we solve this serious problem.

Chronic asthma patients should not be treated like invalids, according to specialists of the National Jewish Hospital in Denver, renowned center for the treatment of lung disease. Doctors there have found that controlled exercise programs work better than prolonged rest in rehabilitating their patients.

Thirty-nine patients with the allergic type of asthma were divided into two groups. For three months one group participated only in the routine hospital activity and was not allowed any physical exertion. The other group had daily exercise, including one hour of strenuous calisthenics and one hour of a sport such as basketball. At the end of three months the groups exchanged, the exercisers becoming non-exercisers and vice versa. None of the patients was made worse by the increased physical activity and no increase in asthma medication was necessary. But 40 percent of the exercisers showed measurable improvement in their breathing.

Teeth that are crooked, protruding or unduly separated can be improved, even when a person is fully grown. Dr. Marvin Goldstein of Atlanta says, "Protrusion and separation of the front teeth cause more unhappiness to more people than almost any other problems. Many young women in their twenties, thirties and forties have had severe protrusion corrected and found new doors opened to them. The improvement in many cases has led to marriage for the unwed and more confidence and happiness in every instance." No adult is too old for orthodontic treatment, he says, as long as there is enough bone structure to support the teeth. Irregularities in bite and spacing encourage both decay and gum disease. One grandmother said this treatment was the most exciting thing that had happened to her in many years and only regretted that she had not had the protruding teeth corrected when she was a "young girl" of 50.

Women hear better than men. Joking about it, a scientist told *The New York Times:* "Husbands cannot seem to hear their wives speak, except perhaps for such phrases as 'Dinner is ready.' And at night wives can hear a dripping faucet that is inaudible to husbands." Seriously, women do have a "slight but statistically significant advantage" in hearing. Recent research at the University of Minnesota Hearing Research Laboratory shows that women's hearing is less affected than men's by low-frequency roaring and rumbling noise and is more sensitive to high-frequency sounds. One possible explanation, says Dr. W. Dixon Ward, is that boys and men are exposed to more noises – power mowers, auto engines, outl gunfire – and may suffer loss as time passes. Anoth is that women have strong muscles than men.

Of course, we've alwa we have more between the

Despite repeated warning to be a nation of self-me United States Public Heal ports that a drug invento Francisco households show 29 medications in each me There were 2,539 different some had been kept for o

A step for safety: Begin children's aspirin will cor containing no more than Tablets will be limited in one and one-quarter grain lets are five grains), and la "Precaution: No cap is childproof. In case of acc dose, notify physician in The limit of 36 was chosen authorities agree that a chil low that many *baby* asp terribly serious harm.

Flying? Don't just sit o for long hours without mo Swedish Dr. Knut Haege course of four years, he ha with leg thromboses (se vessel problems); nine had their first symptoms after One possible cause: seats against a short-legged per tant blood vessels, restric tion. Dr. Haeger advises: t sional walk up the aisle; m and legs now and then, ankles, use the muscles bel avoid tight garments ar hips, pelvis and abdomen added advice: kick off yo soon as you're seated.)

A soldier wounded in the Vietnam often gets quicker prehensive emergency care t dent victim on the open h farmer stricken by a heart sons hurt in accidents in ru are about four times more than persons injured in cit our cities, some hospitals cently staffed and equippe gencies; others, equally la hospitals with prominent si GENCY ENTRANCE—have emergency staff and poor ec

These facts come not fro critics of American medicin the American Medical Assoc Both the A.M.A. and the College of Surgeons are urg grading of emergency care, i struction of millions of citiz ing all ambulance drivers!) The improvements are lon They will probably take y complish. In the meantime:

1. Ask your doctor what your area is best for emer and see that everyone in carries a card designating th in case of emergency.

2. If anyone in the family gets seriously ill while trave your doctor long-distance jus as possible and discuss the given. He can inquire into the ties available in the vicinity for more medical help or a c needed.

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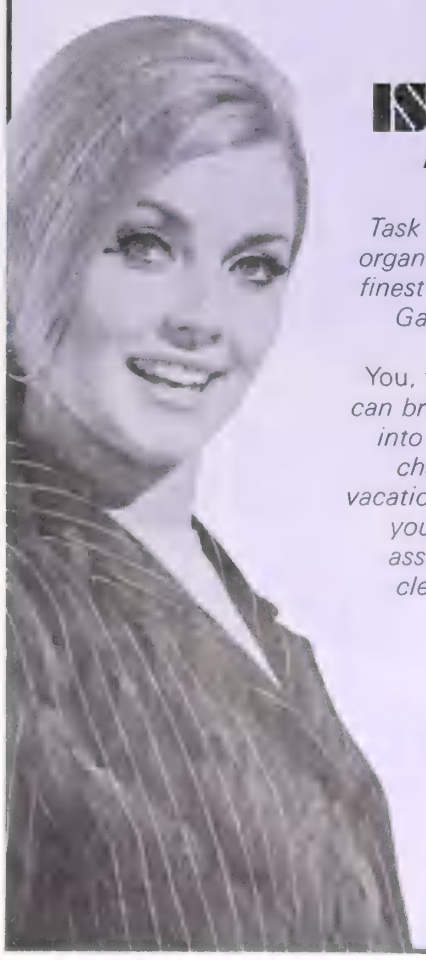


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When Children Use Bad Language

First Mother: My boy is five. He'll wake up in the morning and be the most loving child. He'll curl up on my lap for a little while, and talk about his dreams, and what have you, but ten minutes later he'll be very angry with me.

Dr. Bettelheim: What does he say?

First Mother: Well, "I hate you. You're a baby, get out of here!"

Dr. B.: I'm struck by his calling you a baby. This is rather unusual.

Second Mother: At age five you don't like to be called a baby.

Dr. B.: At age five they have a pretty good conception of what a baby is, don't they?

First Mother: Yet they use it on other children.

Dr. B.: Yes, but only when they want to indicate that they think the other child is acting like a baby. "You're a baby" is unusual from a five-year-old to his mother. Have you asked him why he calls you this?

First Mother: No.

Dr. B.: Why not?

First Mother: I think it's a bad name.

Dr. B.: I don't think so, but we might as well talk about name-calling and bad language. Do the rest of you have problems with that?

Third Mother: My older one is two and a half. She's picked up a few choice words from me, and she uses them. She says them when she's frustrated with her toys

Dr. B.: Like what?

Third Mother: Oh, I'm in front of a lot of people.

Dr. B.: Oh, say it. (Laughter.) Don't be ashamed. A four-letter word?

Third Mother: Well, yes. When I get angry this is my word. And I heard her say it one time when she was trying to open her toy chest; she was very little.

Dr. B.: Well, you're not the only one to use that word. (Laughter.)

Third Mother: It's not the loveliest word in the world for a mother to use. I don't remember my mother using language like that.

Dr. B.: Where did you pick it up?

Third Mother: From my peers, or my sister and brother.

Dr. B.: It seems everybody's quite familiar with these words.

Third Mother: It was one of the first words she said. I was shopping and she was tired. She was only a year old, she wasn't walking yet, and she was in the car, sitting and rocking like she does when she's overtired and frustrated. I said, "We'll be home in just a few minutes." And she just said, "Oh ----." (Laughter.) I tried to watch myself after that.

Dr. B.: What was your emotional reaction?

Third Mother: I was really kind of taken aback. She was just at the "mamma, dadda" stage.

Fourth Mother: What fascinates me, Dr. Bettelheim, is how they always pick these things up and use them in the correct pl marvelous!

Fifth Mother: When my started talking, he was slov just hung on everything trying not to be overanx were helping Grandma bak mas cookies and I knocke off the jar and broke it, an "Damn, damn, damn." I t say it, but in the kitcher break something . . . he's when I've broken and spille

Third Mother: You say it moments.

Dr. B.: Exactly! You see, these some of the first w how come they know ho them so correctly?

Third Mother: There a things my little girl says not curse words, but tha me much more

Dr. B.: Like what?

Third Mother: When I disc very often I'll say, "Don' that," and then she'll say thing to me. I don't want ing to me like that, and I her that Mommy can do i can't, because I know th logical to her. Yet I don't be disciplined by her.

Dr. B.: Why not?

Third Mother: I just don't and especially when I kn just saying these things si cause I say them to her.

Dr. B.: Of course that's wh them. But I don't kno wrong with it. Are you rea for your authority with a a-half-year-old?

Third Mother: No, I just to hear it coming from her

Dr. B.: How is a child sup know that it's all right for to talk like that and not fo

Third Mother: I don't kn

Dr. B.: How come you ex child to know?

Third Mother: Because I f the privilege to say things doesn't.

Dr. B.: Look, do you w daughter to copy your don't you?

Third Mother: Not all the rather she'd copy my bett

Dr. B.: Ahh! But you ca You have got to make mind whether you want y dren to copy you or not. Y have it both ways. It does that way. We should also my earlier question: H they learn these words so use them so correctly? It's children, particularly the they are, react more not to say but to the feelings b

That's why the first w learn to say are Mommy an It's not just because y parents, but also because y them to recognize you for you want it with very str tions, which, for them, (c



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is a very powerful motive. Now, when you say "damn," or what not, you also say it as you all described—when you're very emotionally involved. The child gets very clear signals about what it means.

So when you say "damn," it's pretty clear how these words were used, namely, to express your anger or your frustration or what not. So the child picks up the clue very easily that these are the expressions to use then. And, when you're angry or frustrated, it's particularly important to have expressions so that you don't have to swallow it, which is very painful and hard, and can lead to worse. That is, in many ways these are expressive words, which also are discharge words. We get rid of some of our frustration by saying these words, hence they serve a very useful purpose.

Certainly, the child must at some point learn to contain his frustration and anger. But it's very important that we ask ourselves: When is the right time? When the mother, as in this case, tells the child, "Don't do that," it's again said with a great deal of emotion. And because of the strong emotions it's said with, it becomes a signal to the child that this is the way to deal with similar frustrations.

"Baby" is a little bit more complicated. Because baby is an emotional word that stands for something desirable, but also, by the age of five, undesirable. And therefore the emotions are much more complicated. A five-year-old can deal with opposite emotions at the same time. There is the wish to be a baby, and the wish to no longer be a baby, plus the jealousy of a new baby. So I really don't know whether calling you a baby may not also contain the accusation that "you're only interested in the baby, not in me."

First Mother: It doesn't come when he's bringing me his successes from kindergarten. It comes when he's just up from his nap and crawls on my lap and has been cuddled and held.

Dr. B.: Then I think he's ambivalent about it. In a way, you're a baby (in the bad sense) because you make him a baby (which he fights against but wants). This is the age when they still need a lot of babying, and at the same time want to be very independent. So he's fighting hard and projecting his fight onto you. But I'm more interested in your reaction to these children using bad language. Because with the four-letter words or with "don't do that" they are telling us something that's on their mind. At this age, say at two, two and a half, three, maybe four years old, they really don't have the vocabulary or the ability to think things through, so they can't tell us in any different form. We can stop that, of course, because we're the big bosses. We are bigger and stronger. We can punish them, and can also reward. So we can have it almost any way we want. But, if we don't encourage them to show their emotions, in a way they can express them and be free to do so, they may use these bad words when they're sixteen, or fourteen, or twelve. They won't have disappeared. We'll only have driven them underground.

Fifth Mother: Still, many of us who use expletives, even with our children, we've kept them and still have them with us. Granted we don't say them in polite company. But we do say them during the day.

Dr. B.: All right. Do you think it does you some good to say it when you drop a dish?

Fifth Mother: It clears the air.

Dr. B.: Exactly! And as likely as not you're not going to scream at your husband when he comes home. Haven't you had the experience—I don't know, maybe your husbands are all such wonderful men (laughter)—that he comes home and acts grouchy with you because he couldn't talk back to the boss? Maybe you don't have such husbands, but most girls do. Maybe it's better, if that's what husbands do. Some come home and lock themselves in their study and hardly talk to you. I don't know if you've heard about it. (Laughter.)

Mothers: Oh, yes!

Dr. B.: All right. Now why is that? After all, they are pretty good men as husbands go. And if they could have said "to hell with you" to the boss, or "damn you," not to mention the four-letter words, I'm sure they'd have come home without this need to lock themselves up in the study, or to say, "Leave me in peace."

Sixth Mother: I think this is part of everybody's life.

Dr. B.: Exactly.

Seventh Mother: Isn't that really what home is, for the people who live there to be really themselves?

Dr. B.: Yes. Suppose you have repressed your anger or frustration about breaking a dish. Then your husband comes home and has to lock himself in his room and you have locked yourself in *your* room, so to speak. That's a fine married life! So you see, the mother of the child has to swear sometimes, too. So you break a dish. You kind of break even with the dish by breaking a rule of polite behavior. We know that two wrongs don't make a right, but if we could read the unconscious, that's how it works.

Sixth Mother: We use these words even though we know we could say "darn," "shucks" and "fudge," but it isn't the same, because it doesn't get rid of the feeling. Yet we're expecting our children to use the "shucks," "darn" and "fudge."

Dr. B.: I wonder if you really get relief when you say, "Oh, shucks."

Sixth Mother: It wouldn't offend anybody, but it wouldn't serve the same purpose.

Dr. B.: It wouldn't serve as a discharge. And it's very interesting that you say it wouldn't upset anybody. Actually you don't say it to upset anybody. But the fact that the privilege is mine is what comes to the fore in such a situation. We're upset, so we want somebody else to be upset, too. Then they can join us in our emotions. When we say, "damn it," we are saying, deep down, unconsciously, that we want other people to know we're upset and we want them to be upset, too. We want them to recognize it, and by recognition we mean a kind of emotional joining. So the question is, how much do you want your child to bottle up in himself? And this comes really to the crux of the dirty word. How much or how little do you want the child to bottle himself up, and at what ages? How do you want your children to talk when they are little and how when they are adults? **END**

If there is a child-raising problem you would like Dr. Bettelheim to discuss, please let us know. Direct all suggestions to Dialogue with Mothers, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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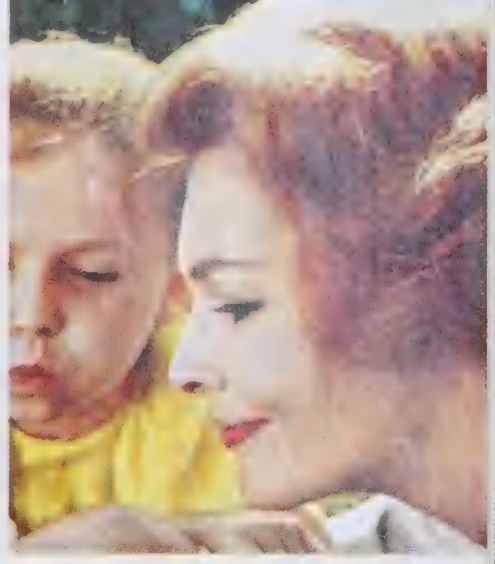






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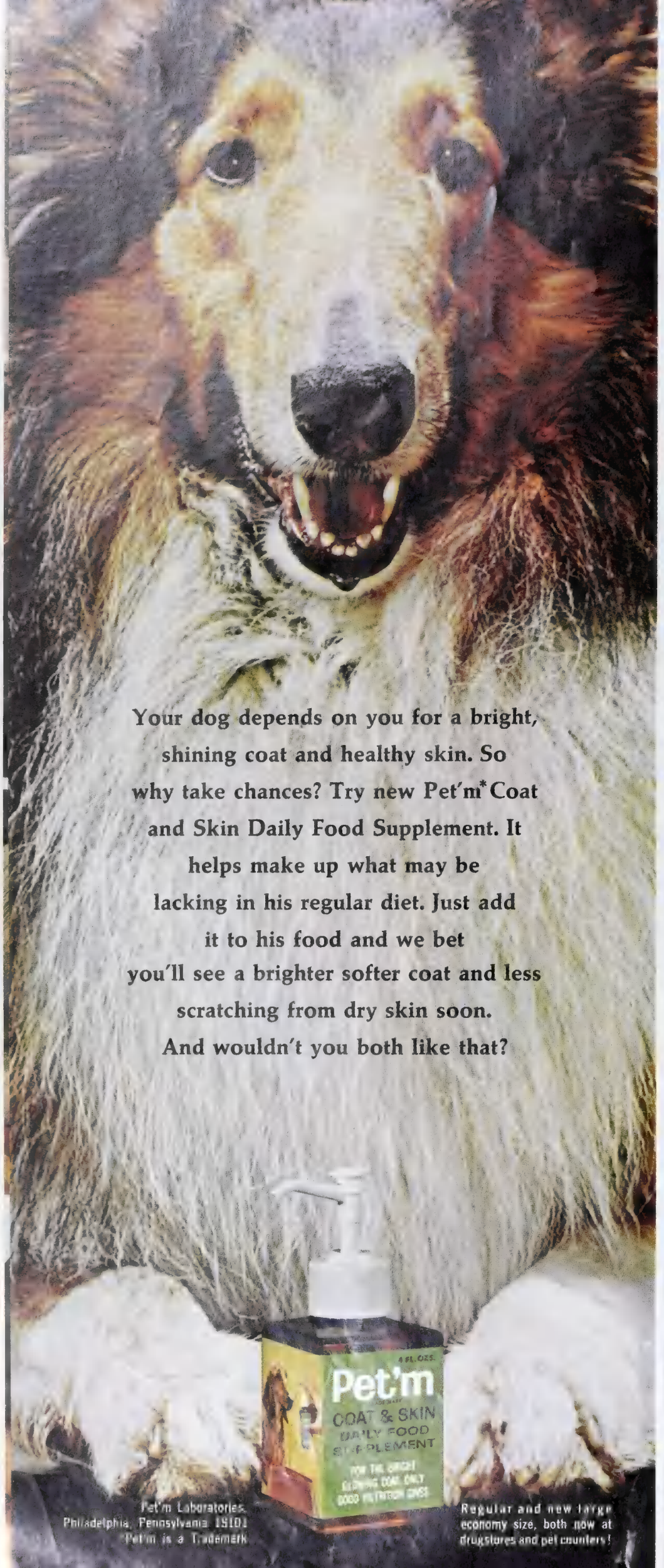
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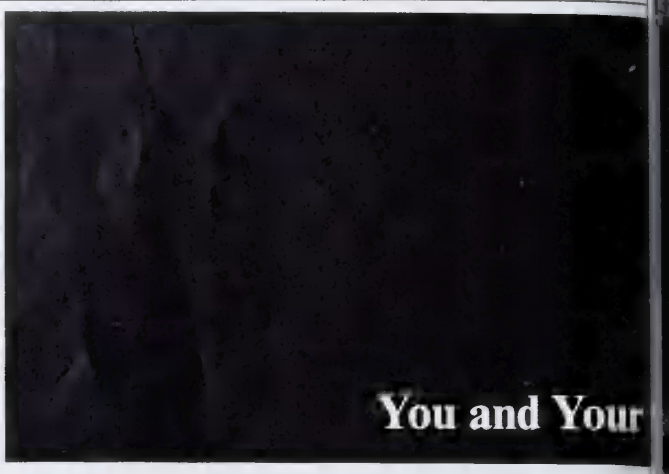












Stomachs and Backs: Are you a stomach lady? Is your husband a back man? If so, you're a member in good standing of the majority of the nation's population. This is the word from Dr. Wilse B. Webb of the University of Florida, who has conducted a study of the positions men and women favor for sleeping. Dr. Webb found that almost twice as many women as men prefer sleeping on their stomachs. The men, on the other hand, are solidly on the side of back-sleeping; four men for every woman in the survey favored this position.

Night Life: One man spends his evening carefully studying a business report. Another passes the time in his garage shining his car. And a third just sits in front of the TV watching his favorite programs. Who will fall asleep the quickest that night? Peter Hauri, a psychologist with the Dewitt State Hospital in Auburn, Calif., recently came up with an interesting report on this question. His study showed that the man exercising and the man relaxing fall asleep with equal speed. But the man studying will take somewhat longer to relax and drop into slumber. Also, the dreams of this third man, as reported during wakings in the deepest periods of sleep, show less relaxation and more "self-involvement."

Sleep and the Menstrual Cycle: Sleep scientists have begun to look into the similarities between the tired, jittery feeling that women feel from premenstrual tension and the nervous exhaustion sleepers feel when they are deprived of their night's quota of dreams. For some time now, researchers have known about the effects of dream deprivation. Human beings go through three or four phases of dreaming in the course of every night's sleep. Deprive them of these dreams by waking them up just as the dreams start and they soon become anxious and irritable. Some sleep scientists believe that the accumulation of a neurochemical in the brain is responsible for dreams. If you don't work off the chemical through the complex mechanism of dreaming, you may have to go through your waking hours under its influence. Recently Dr. Ernest Hartmann of Boston State Hospital published a paper in which he reported a relationship between d woman's premenstrual His research indicated suffering from preme comfort dream more menstruation.

Dr. Hartmann spec a woman's cyclica changes cause an inc for dreams, and thi dreams may not be satisfied at night, caus the psychological sy premenstrual tensio ity, weariness and h Hartmann's conclusi more sleep and more during the premenst may reduce many of th of premenstrual tensio

Book Note: One of the tant books of the 20th published in 1900, an printing of 600 copies. author eight years to copies and he earned o his efforts. The book *terpretation of Dreams* Freud, which in tim whole new science would say, a religion an

Animal Dreams: Near has seen sleeping pet twitch their whiskers, ingly pump their legs of dream rabbits. But ally dreaming? Since a wake up the next m describe their dreams tion seemed unanswe recently, Dr. Charles the University of Pitt vised an ingenious ex animals could tell us, they were indeed dream monkeys were placed front of a screen and press on a bar every ti an image on the scree monkeys were wired t encephalograph ma placed back in their spe Eventually they fell a the EEG was recording tracings produced by ing brain of the mo most important—th monkeys were eagerly bars. Clearly they w images on the scree minds—they were drea Dr. Vaughan believes.

By Bob Gaines

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PET NEWS

By Joyce Kuh

Would you believe a 20-year-old cat that has produced $19,000 worth of kittens and still bears 2½ litters a year? Her name is Berenice, and she can usually be found snoozing in a corner with her latest litter at a shop called Fabulous Felines in New York City. Berenice has had 39 litters, with an average of five kittens in each, and the kittens sell for $100 apiece. Her offspring are a breed



President Johnson and a Siamese—the Chocolate Point tranquilizer.

known as Golden Siamese, developed by Milan Greer, controversial cat breeder, fancier and owner of Fabulous Felines.

Mr. Greer has some unusual theories about the care, feeding and training of cats, and the buyer gets them all in a 20-minute lecture before he is allowed to take his new cat home. (For example: give your cat chicken bones, but never give him milk unless it's straight from the cow.) Although other feline experts rail at some of Greer's unorthodox methods, Mr. Greer shrugs them off by pointing to his pride, Berenice, and his shopful of totally irresistible kittens.

Another Greer theory is that one of the most important considerations in buying a kitten is getting the right cat for your own personality. When you buy a kitten at Fabulous Felines ($85 for a Siamese, up to $1,000 for a Russian



Frank Sinatra and an Abyssinian. You can love him or leave him.

Archangel), you get a guarantee (good only if you let Greer choose your kitten) that you may exchange the cat if it doesn't suit you.

Mr. Greer estimates that he has spent about 90,000 hours observing cats, and can predict the personalities of the breeds pretty accurately. We asked him to suggest the "right cat" for a few celebrities. He said:

"Lyndon Johnson should have a cat—a Chocolate Point S very, very sweet cat, a a President should h tranquilizer for someo

"Frank Sinatra sho sinian. The Abyssinia leave you. He'll give you want it, but he's himself.

"Queen Elizabeth i

"Charles de Gaulle person either, but he c along nicely with a Pe is not a very bright c could rule it with no d

"Jacqueline Kenne Black Persian. Mrs. K tiful things, and the B animated *objet d'art*."

What kind of cat c have? "None," he say my work home with m

Here are a few of t and time-savers for dogs—and their maste items can be found i shop.

- Cats and small dog their own homes with washable corduroy h rubber cushions that z about as snug as a feath bungalow made by Fl two sizes ($7.98, $9.98 red or blue.
- Wardley Products pretty seashell for aqu fish food (39 cents). It vacation, drop the sh and it will dissolve slo giving the fish in a 1(right amount of food e
- When you come hor your fish have missed y them a special treat: S



Mrs. Kennedy and a B "he's an animated ob

are tubiflex worms, imp mosa, and freeze-dried. costs 69 cents. Superw a fish delicacy and do n of regular fish food.

- Holy cats! Batman thing! Lowe's *Cat-Bat* like a bat, has a tail catnip inside. How cou resist? M & M Products raincoat for dogs. Of bl a hood and the Batman
- Here's a sneaky way lice. There's a new innoc perch made of maple a with a pesticide that kil on small birds. Vapor fi (about 89 cents) is effe to six months, the mant and will not harm the b never know what hit th
- If you can't do a thing hair, here's a stroke of powered brush. Addlif ($5.98) contains a pure-b a plastic one. You just fl leave the brushing to th



lre "Sun-Funs" made of Sunbeams?

er's knows. But they won't tell. They say they're made of seersucker. Sun-Funs have ribbons and bows, red braid and anchors. They're cool crisp and striped with color. They dance and shine and shimmer and *You can't fool us, Mr. Carter*, Sun-Funs are just too bright . . . just retty, just too carefree not to have a sunbeam in their seams. Look for Funs in the sunniest stores. Another bright gift idea from Carter's.





Carter's

"Sun-Funs" are made of knit cotton seersucker, and come in two-piece topper sets, rompers, creeper and dress sets. In pink and blue. Sizes 6 mos. to 2 yrs. $4.00. The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Massachusetts 02194

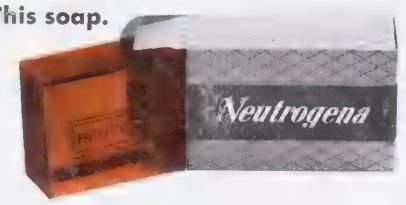


Jeanne Hall did it again Saturday.



Drove 10 miles to save 3¢ a lb. on sugar. Then plunked down $1 for a single bar of soap.

This soap.



Penny-watching is such a habit with Jeanne Hall that sometimes her husband teases her about it. But sugar is one thing and her skin is quite another! So she treats it to the unequalled purity of Neutrogena.® And considers it a bargain in beauty at $1 per bar. This all-clear, natural, and neutral-acting soap does things for a sensitive after-20 complexion that no ordinary commercial soap can do. It leaves her face clean, refreshed, and silky-soft. Not robbed of its ever-more-precious oils and moisture. Not feeling tight or tender. Indeed, Neutrogena is so different that it is patented. But to wash is to know.

Find out why for just 10¢
(cost of mailing trial bar).

Send 10¢, your name, address, and zip code (a must) to Neutrogena, Dept. J-3, Box 1660, Santa Monica, California 90406. © NEUTROGENA 1967



By Sylvia Porter

Q: I am a registered nurse and I spend every afternoon attending to the needs of my invalid mother. Of course, I am not paid for these services—although it would cost her thousands of dollars each year if she had to pay anybody else to perform them. Will I be allowed to add the dollar value of my time spent caring for my mother to the amount of money I actually contribute toward her support—and use this total as the basis for claiming her as my dependent on this year's Federal income-tax return?

A: You may count *only* the amount you paid someone else in 1966 to care for your mother as part of what you contributed to her support. You cannot treat the value of your service as part of the support. This is an unfair distinction because your services to her were unquestionably of money value. But it's the correct legal rule.

Q: Our son will soon be old enough to get his first automobile driver's license. But our insurance agent informs us that if we let him drive one of the two family cars, our annual insurance bill will be more than $600. Short of letting the boy walk, is there any way to pare this astronomical cost?

A: Yes. You can make sure your son goes through a driver-education course at his high school or at a recognized commercial driving school. This move alone could qualify you for a 10 percent discount on your auto insurance. You also can tell your son that if his driving record is accident-free for three years, there will probably be another 10–15 percent "safe driver" discount available to you. And if your son's academic record is very good, you can inquire about a new "good student" discount of 25 percent now available in some areas.

Q: In my high school, all you hear about these days is "career planning." But I don't see why I should be planning a career because I'll probably get married and start raising a family soon after I finish college. And even if I don't get married right away, I'll be able to get some kind of job to pay my bills until I do. Am I abnormal?

A: You're not abnormal, but your attitude is not very well informed. Here are a few facts you should think about:

More than half of all women workers in the U.S. today are married.

More than one-third of all wives in this country are earning a paycheck.

A girl coming out of high school today can expect to spend a total of 28 years working outside the home—before and while she's married, and especially after her children are grown up.

In sum, the reason for all the career talk in your school is that you are likely to spend a lot more time working for pay in the years ahead than you now think, and it's important that you prepare yourself to spend this time in a way that will be the most meaningful and rewarding to you.

Q: My husband and I have separate checking accounts at our bank. In addition, we keep nearly $15,000 in a joint savings account at the same bank. Are we taking any chances by keeping a total of $21,000 in one bank?

A: Assuming your bank is insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., all three of your accounts are insured separately for up to $15,000 each, or a total of $45,000.

Q: How can a working mother be sure that her savings are inherited by her children if she should die before her husband does?

A: She can—and should—draw up her own will, stating her wishes on how her own money should be distributed. Your family lawyer is your best guide on how to go about this.

Q: My husband just lost his job because of a company merger. He is only 55 years old, but he is finding it awfully hard to get another job anywhere near the status of his old one. Employers tell him that because of his age it would not be economical for them to invest in retraining.

A: The fact is, Labor Department studies show, that the average 55-year-old stays on a new job longer than a 25-year-old, that absenteeism is considerably lower in the older age group, and that productivity is at least equal in each age bracket. These facts should be brought to the attention of any employer who insists on outright discrimination on the basis of your husband's age.

Q: I am a single woman, age 37. My job pays me $9,500 a year and I regularly put $30 a week into my savings account at the bank. I am covered by my company's pension plan and, at least for now, my financial obligations to others are nil. Should I continue to keep all of my savings (a total of $4,500) in the bank? Or should I invest a portion in stocks and bonds? How should I be investing my $30 in weekly savings?

A: Top investment experts recommend a formula under which you would keep $1,500 of your nest egg in the bank and invest the other $3,000 in top-rated ("AA" or "AAA") electric utility or industrial bonds. These should pay you more interest than your money earns in an ordinary savings account.

Under the same formula, you should invest $5 of your $30-per-week savings in U.S. "E" savings bonds with the objective of cashing in the bonds after you retire and move into a lower income-tax bracket. You need not, you know, pay tax on the interest accumulated on your E savings bonds until you actually redeem the bonds.

Finally, invest the other $25 in solid growth stocks under a systematic plan to average out your dollar costs. Then reinvest—also systematically—the dividends and interest you

your securities.

Above all, seek the competent, trusted guide you on specific i and to help you draw cific investment pla your specific needs.

Q: We are planning first home, which, of mean buying insuran Would we save on a er's insurance policy— separate coverages fo glary, theft and com personal liability?

A: If you buy a pack owner's insurance p savings will be in th 20–30 percent. Mor typical homeowner's a number of extras such as against loss or theft of belong from home, payment of yo living expenses in the event is destroyed by fire, and full re cost of damaged or destroye rather than just a portion based on the life of the prope

Q: How much should a fam for clothes?

A: On average, the U.S. fa spends a little more than 10 its after-tax income for cl amount your own family b clothes will, of course, depen own income level, the size of ily, the ages of your childre your family's personal prefe priorities. A high-income fam ample, is likely to spend a g portion on clothes than a lo family. A large family, thoug spend less per person on clot small family at the same in

Q: I make regular cash co throughout the year to my c to various other charitable c husband says that because record-keeping and because I contributions in cash, we w lowed to deduct a penny I g tax return. Is this true?

A: Technically, you are not al Federal income tax deductio solely by memory. However, ternal Revenue Service offic you deduct up to $50–80 a ye any proof of the exact amoun contributions—if you can co Federal revenue agent exami return that you actually m contributions.



Miss Porter welcomes questions ers. Those of general intere answered in this column as spa



Modess . . . *because*



EVERY MONTH

Tension

THAT MADE HER WANT TO

SCREAM!

Edna knew tension! Every month —as her period drew near—"blues," cramps and headaches made her so nervous and irritable she wanted to scream.

Now Edna takes MIDOL when these discomforts start and goes through the trying pre-menstrual period feeling more calm and comfortable!

And MIDOL is such a wonderful help during menstruation too, because these tablets contain:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPING . . .
- Medically-approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACKACHE...CALM JUMPY NERVES...
- Plus a special, mood-brightening medication that CHASES "BLUES."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book explains menstruation. Send 10¢ to cover cost of mailing and handling to Dept. Y-37, Box 146, New York, N.Y. 10016. (Sent in plain wrapper)



HAPPY

AND COMFORTABLE WITH

MIDOL



AMY VANDERBILT

Telephoning a Stranger

Q: How should a man give his name when making a phone call to a stranger? Would he ever say 'Mister So-and-so'? 'Doctor So-and-so'?"

A: If he is calling a woman on business, he says, "This is Mr. Smith" (or Dr. Smith) and, if necessary, identifies himself with "of the Williamson Company." If he is calling socially, even though he has not met the woman, he says, "This is John Smith." (A doctor identifies himself by giving his title.) If he is calling a man socially or in business, he says, "This is John Smith" (or Dr. Smith). In this country, a man calling for business or social reasons rarely announces himself merely as "Smith" to another man, although it is customary in England.

A Divorcée in Business

Q: I am divorced and plan to open a store with a male partner. I have been known professionally by my first and married names—Audrey Q. Williams, Interior Designer. My maiden name is unwieldy and would not be known to business associates. What name should I use in the announcement of the store opening?

A: A woman who has been established in business under her former married name, preceded by her given name, usually continues to use it in business after her divorce and even after a subsequent remarriage. Her name actually is her trademark. I always counsel professional and business women to use their maiden names in business from the beginning and to continue to do so after their marriages. It helps to keep their business and social lives separate.

What to Do?

Q: If one is in a strange situation and does not know the proper etiquette, what should one do?

A: If you are at table, watch the hostess. If you are elsewhere, see what others are doing. If their actions give you no clue, don't be afraid to ask. People usually enjoy being helpful.

Finger Foods

Q: We live in an easy western atmosphere, but do try to practice good manners. Not long ago I entertained my son and his family at dinner, and on the table I had a relish plate with pickles, olives, celery curls and carrot sticks. I passed the dish to my young grandson, who tried to use his dinner fork to help himself. I said, "Just use your fingers, dear. This is finger food." "Not according to my other grandmother!" he replied. "She makes us use a fork." I then argued that such food could not be handled with a fork, that I knew of none made for that purpose. My daughter-in-law remained silent and thus, in the eyes of the children, put me in the wrong. I suddenly felt as if I were asking everybody to dip out of a common pot in a savage jungle!

Will you please tell me just how to serve such food with a fork? Or am I right in thinking that in these days, it may be picked up gracefully with the fingers?

A: That other grandmother was wrong. Pickles, olives, etc. have *always* been finger foods.

R.S.V.P.

Q: At a luncheon recently, a wedding invitation was brought out for us to look at. Someone asked what the R.S.V.P. stood for. We all knew it meant that a reply was necessary, but no one knew exactly what the initials stood for.

A: R.S.V.P. stands for the French phrase, *Répondez, s'il vous plait*—respond, if you please. Prior to the Civil War it was not used, since it was presumed that all cultured people knew that they had to respond to a formal invitation immediately. When many people entered society with Civil War fortunes, but without culture, it became necessary to add this phrase (considered less insulting in French) so that people would reply promptly and the hostess could make her plans accordingly.

Tip to Decorator

Q: I employed the services of an interior decorator at a Pittsburgh department store and thought I would be charged an established decorator's fee. Later I found out that her service is free to customers. A tip is expected and proper, I would imagine. Should it be a percentage of my purchases or just whatever amount I want to make it?

A: No tip is expected, but if you had a pleasant and satisfactory relationship with your decorator, you might give her a small gift or take her to lunch.

Dutch Treat

Q: What do you think about a 15-year-old boy going on a dutch-treat date?

A: Dutch-treating is all right if everyone in a large group wants it, but not for a single date. A boy should be man enough to suggest plans for the date that are well within his means. A girl would rather go for a walk in the park and have an ice-cream soda the boy could pay for than be asked to pay her own way.

Entertaining People's House Guests

Q: My cousins were our house guests for eight days. Some friends of us all invited my cousins for dinner during their stay, but did not invite me and my husband. I consider[ed] liberate insult and felt t[hat] sins should not have acc[epted] vitation. Am I right?

A: It was an error, but it was a deliberate i[nsult] friends may have felt th[at] taking your cousins off and that you might wel[come] ning to yourselves duri[ng] They should, however, you an opportunity to [return] cousins, in turn, should cepted the invitation wit[h] sure that you and your h[usband] included in it.

Lack of Consider[ation]

Q: I believe that when di[nner] to be eaten, all those wh[o] should come immediate[ly] band claims that if he w[ere] reading the newspaper his TV program before the table, it is perfectly children and I have sa[t] table many times waitin[g] til the food got cold.

A: Your husband is ir[ri] His mother should have this problem when he suggest that you give h[im] advance notice as you child, saying, "Dinner w[ill] table in half an hour. I when it is ready." Ask h[im] know if he needs additi[onal] see the end of a prograr[n] finishing the paper can you are having a dinne[r] lutely cannot wait, exp[lain] him. Explain, too, that irritable waiting beyo[nd] pointed time. Be as elast[ic] remembering that me[n] been under pressure all [day] fice need to be free from forced routine at home him, however, that the [most] his presence at the table ample of his courtesy to



Miss Vanderbilt welc[omes] tions from readers, to b[e] in this column as spa[ce]

A new booklet by Amy "Teen Manners," is n[ow] to JOURNAL *readers. C[ontents] are: "Engagement and [Wed]quette," "Table Manners Etiquette." Send 25c in booklet ordered to Miss [Van]bilt, Box 1155, Weston, C[onn.]*



The area code for the whole state of Montana is 406. If you use the area code when you call Long Distance, your call goes through faster and easier. And when you use the area code, you can dial most calls yourself. For area codes and dialing instructions, please consult your telephone directory.

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Skin Dew
helps dew away
dry skin lines
24 hours a day.



Those little lines aren't the end of the world. Just a warning to take the fastest action possible—Skin Dew by Helena Rubinstein.

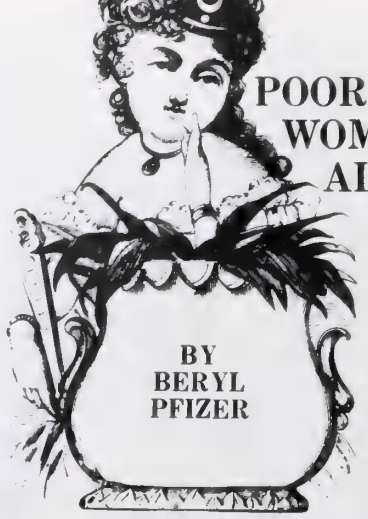
In the morning, slip into Skin Dew Moisturizing Emulsion. Its precious moisture seeps deep. Works invisibly to help dispel dryness. Leaves the barest, silky mist over skin so make-up flows on with ease—stays fresh longer.

At night, re-dew with Skin Dew Moisture Cream with exclusive Collagen Protein (a natural substance comparable to the proteins in young skin). Its rich emollients, moisturizers and softeners—all conspire to help fight wrinkles, keep skin soft, supple, smooth.

Now go ahead and fib about your age—no one would believe the truth!

Helena Rubinstein®

©1967, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.



A penny saved is a penny earned, and the o can buy with it is a gum ball.

It doesn't *really* take all kinds.

The trouble with planning meals is you usual it when you're not very hungry.

This year's bathing suits have to be believed

There's no point in knowing all the answer get anyone to ask the questions.

It's easier to move than have an apartment

The trouble with very short skirts is, when you find yourself staring at your own knees.

"Waste not, want not" depends on what you

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobo my hairdresser, my neighbor, my mother, my denti woman I sat next to on the bus yesterday.

Only one phone call in 500 is worth gettir shower for.

The real secret of looking young is being yo

I wonder if the new math is going to solve a budget problems?

Every woman should have the chance—just lifetime—to be the best-looking woman in the room.

Putting a crisscross of tape on the wall befor in a nail to hang a picture doesn't keep the plaster fro just keeps the cracked plaster from falling to the floor.

Judge a book by its cover.

Affluence is having no qualms about throwin way light bulb with one way left.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a servant p

There aren't enough handy home hints in the up my collection of old nylons, old toothbrushes, coffee ca hangers, paper bags and string.

How about something for those who think

Banks today look more like they're going t and doughnuts than keep your money for you.

Fashion Experts say this season the well-dres going to wear bug-eyed sunglasses, Donald Duck sho clothes that give her a shiny-penguin look. Just one ques Experts: Can a bug-eyed, duck-footed, shiny penguin h wolf in a man?

Haste makes waste—and, often, money.

Never trust a woman who admits her real ag

Here's a tip on what to do with a paintbr hardened because of improper cleaning. Throw it out.

Women are braver than men. They have t those false lashes to their eyelids.

Half a laugh is better than none.



The Great Look: The Great Leg
in "Alive", the new basic stocking by Hanes.

Sheer. Chic. "Alive". A new
basic stocking with a hug of control.
To hold your legs. Mold your legs.
Slim and trim and never
too tired for one more dance.
Come on. Young up!
Half of you is leg.

Great legs deserve Hanes
others need them.



They feel as if made for your foo alone

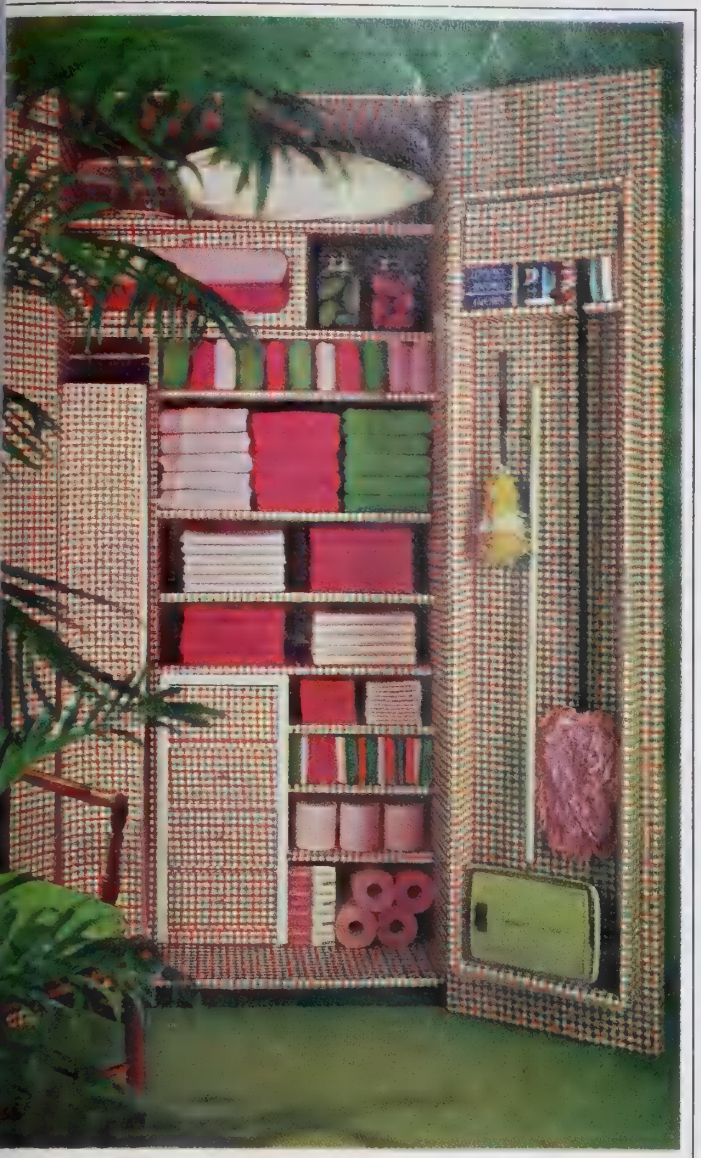
How come you still kick them off?

It's habit. Pure habit. Don't expect even Red Cross Shoes to break you of it overnight. But pretty soon you'll discover that Red Cross Shoes, unlike a good many others, feel just as great on your feet as they do on. Which takes some getting used to. After all, before you've worn Red Cross Shoes, you've probably never before worn a pair of shoes that actually felt as if made for your foot alone. Wonderful, no?

Red Cross Shoes

Brown, left to right: Fantastic, Portrait, Grand Illusion. Most Red Cross Shoes about $14

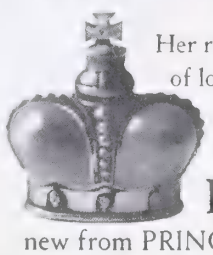
closet ideas: worth looking into)



n have you daydreamed about really
nized closets—the kind that look so
u think up excuses to show them off to
Vell, the time has come to stop
and take action. Any closet can be
ed with just a little effort and
on. Let's start with a linen closet—
r, its busiest season, approaches. The
e is a standard size: 39 inches wide,
deep, 88 inches high. So that
g in the closet is easily available
ummaging, we've installed shelves
s sizes and spacings (all are ¾-
vood). There's a slot for a garment
storage for bedspreads, blanket
nd space for a four-drawer chest.
ch-deep, 16-inch-wide wood frame
e door houses supplementary cleaning
t and supplies. (To accommodate the
sure shelves are set back six inches
et's outer frame.) A fitted window
be drawn full length to conceal
section. Closet's interior, window
elves and fittings are covered with
fabric by Everfast. Chest, bag
s are by Henry Enrich. Towels by
Sheets, blankets by Pepperell.



The perfume for the cherished woman



Her radiance is a reflection
of love shared . . . a love that sustains her
in all she does. This is the woman
who wears Prophecy Perfume.

Prophecy

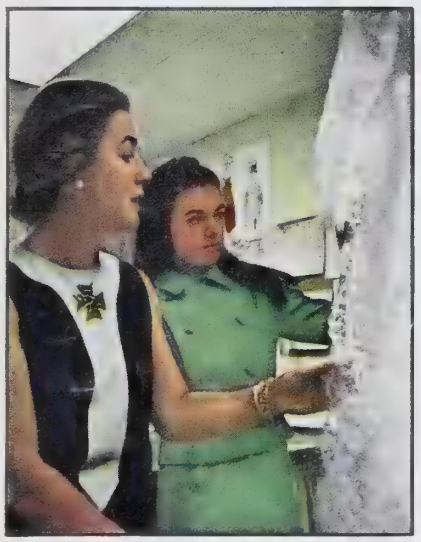
new from PRINCE MATCHABELLI

JOURNAL MISS

A MONTHLY REPORT FROM, BY & FOR THE YOUNGER JOURNAL SET

BY MARGARET KADISON

Meet pretty, 17-year-old Denise Nessas, a senior at Clifton High School, Clifton, N.J. She's been walking on clouds ever since she was chosen the winner, in the Deb Division, of Singer's Annual World Stylemaker Contest. Her fabulous prizes included a wonderful, week-long stay in Paris, where the final contest judging was held. While in Paris, Denise and the other finalists visited couturier Patou's salon. "It was magnificent," Denise said, "and even more elegant and beautiful than I expected it to be." Another highlight of the trip: the luncheon at which she and the

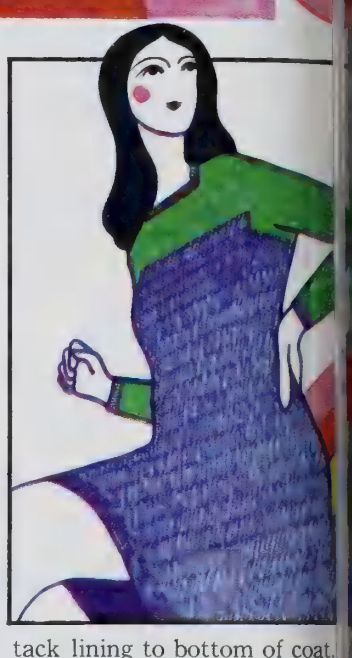


other finalists met French girls of their own age. "Their English is almost perfect. They think and feel as we do about most things. But their dating system is quite different. A French girl my age probably wouldn't go out to a movie with a boy. She would go to a party instead. And, of course, there would be several adults present, too." Denise was most impressed by the museums in Paris. "I'd like to go back again, just to visit the museums." Denise also won a $1,000 scholarship, *another* trip (either to London, Rome or back to Paris—she hasn't decided which yet), not to mention the Singer sewing machine and the trip to New York she won for being a regional winner in the contest. On a tour of the *Journal* offices, Denise was, of course, especially interested in our sewing workroom. Above, she and Patterns Editor Nora O'Leary inspect work in progress for an up-coming story. Denise is wearing Vogue Couturier Design 1592, which she made up in brilliant green silk worsted—the prize-winning costume that made the dream come true.



Bright-idea blouse, left, combines everybody's favorite classic button-down shirt with (what will they think of next?) rompers! As a blouse, it stays tucked in neat as a pin all day. On its own, it's a playsuit, perfect to wear at pajama parties. By Gant Shirtmakers, sizes 8–16, $12.

A fad among some of the smartest girls we know (including several teen-age models): making an old 1940's vintage fur coat—with shoulder padding out to there—into a zany new 1967 model like the one below. Here's how: First, slit open the lining at armholes and hem. Take out the shoulder padding and narrow the shoulders by making a new armhole seam one or two inches closer to the body than the old one. Use a razor blade to cut off the excess hide and handstitch the lining closed. Shorten coat with the razor blade and cut off excess lining at hem, then



tack lining to bottom of coat, heavy-duty needle and threa extra jazz, get a skinny l thong belt to sash around the

On almost everyone's "lo own" list for spring: a pretty crocheted dress like the one They're $50 to $100 in the stor wouldn't it be more fun—and more sensible from your p book's point of view—to be a say, "I made it myself"? If



crocheted before, you'll be turn the dress out in a jiffy. you haven't, then now's the master the few basic stitches need. Dress can be made reg mini-length, sleeveless or sleeved. Or stop short a few inc low the waist and make the with-anything top, above. Bot made for us with Coats and Super Fingering yarn. Instr for the dress, top, variations in sizes 8–16, are free. W Coats & Clark, Inc., Box 49 partment JJ 3-7, Fairlawn

TM A trademark of
The Curtis Publishing Company

Get an old fur coat—a thrift-shop "antique," or the one your mother never wears but can't bear to throw away. Then read the directions above and make yourself a crazy "second" coat to wear with mini-skirts and tall boots, or with pants.



Illustrations by Alain Arandalise

Waist not, want not.

e watching your waistline, why in
hould you eat good old stick-to-
aker Oats for breakfast? Because
k-to-your-ribs Quaker Oats is one
t, most sensible foods you can in-
diet. Whether you're
not.
of Quaker Oats has
few calories. Just
red. Only two more
an a bowl of corn-
what's more, the cal-

ories in oatmeal are pure warmth and satisfaction. Very important ingredients if you're going to get through the whole rest of the day on a little cottage cheese and melba toast.

Quaker Oats is a beautifully balanced food, absolutely loaded with good protein. And this slow-burning protein is balanced by fast-release nourishers and energizers. You not only feel satisfied first thing in the morning. Quaker Oats can help keep you feeling satisfied right up until it's time for lunch.

A steaming, smiling bowl of oatmeal fills you up and fuels you up. Without fattening you up. So with Quaker Oats you can be weighed in the balance. And not found wanting.





Color-Happy TEFLON

MIRRO lights up your kitchen in a radiance of color. *Cocoa* range top utensils. *Melon* for bakeware. *Green* saucepans and pots. *Black* electrics and dishwasher proof chrome finished ware. Melded together, they're bold functional *art*. *No-stick cooking, no-scour cleanup,* thanks to slickery, two layer TEFLON. But monotone monotony is out. *Color* is *in*. And *only* from MIRRO, the finest aluminum. Is there *any* better way to glow?

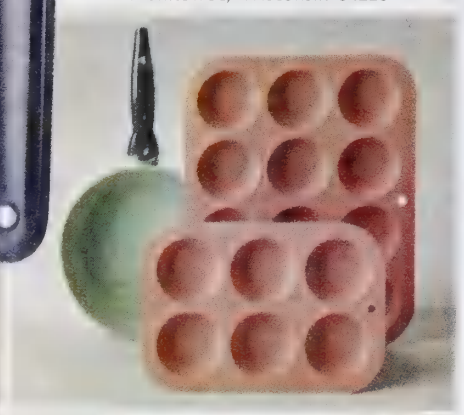
At department, hardware, home furnishing stores.

NO-STICK COOKING WITH NO-SCOUR CLEAN-UP
TEFLON
DU PONT APPROVED FINISH

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE
Good Housekeeping
GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM

MIRRO ALUMINUM COMPANY
Manitowoc, Wisconsin 54220



Commercially Yours

By Judith Crist

Bette Davis is drinking ersatz orange juice on my TV and Lauren Bacall's on a coffee kick; Ginger Rogers is sniffing perfume and Ralph Bellamy's denouncing tired blood—and I'm tossing my illusions out the window. We've gone a long long way—and a commercial one—from Shirley Temple's Uncle Max, and as a star gazer, I object.

The star-gazers' mystique was embodied in an old cartoon of a Lower East Side stoop scene, with a nasty little ringlet-ridden girl making a *moue* at a stolid, undershirted old man, and her mother reprimanding her with "Would Shirley Temple make a razzberry at *her* Uncle Max?" For, whether it was Shirley Temple (to whom both publisher Bernarr Macfadden and Nobel Prizewinner Thomas Mann paid personal court in a single morning) or Rita Hayworth marrying an Aly Khan or Grace Kelly becoming a real live Princess, the stars in their day set a standard of politeness, of non-razzberry-blowing, of being beautiful and good and clean.

Cleanliness was just about the only "physical" or just-folks attribute we were willing to assign the Hollywood Greats of that era. After all, we knew all along that nine out of 10 Hollywood stars used a certain soap; cleanliness was bound to follow for all but that tenth lost soul. But otherwise human activities were for other people. Idols didn't drink ersatz or even real orange juice; when they weren't in a lather with that nine-out-of-10 soap they spooned up ambrosia and guzzled nectar.

Well, now the stars have been lowered, earthbound, turned into the folks next door and the ads have walked right into our homes,via television. It was, perhaps, inevitable that the twain meet—what with all the money to be made by having commercials run again and again.

It began unsurprisingly. There was Jane Withers—Shirley Temple's sidekick, the bratty creature who *would* make razzberries at anybody's Uncle Max and turned into a sugary Miss Fixit in her movies. There she was as a TV plumber peddling a cleanser. No illusion-shattering there; we always knew that girl would wind up being a gas-station attendant or plumber. But—what's this? Arlene Francis, that nice lady, and Joan Fontaine (ah, Manderley and all that!) and Joseph Cotten all up there reeling around and telling us they feel awful and take aspirins—gosh. I began to expect to see Garbo telling us that for those who *don't* vant to be alone a mouthwash is the solution.

Along with Miss Davis, there's Peter Lawford and Lena Horne and Richard Boone to tell us that the orange stuff they're pushing is just like the real stuff, and Robert Taylor and spouse and Jason Robards and spouse (oh, Lauren, I remember when you just listened for whistles!) sit around drinking coffee like human beings. And it's not even champagne or fine brandy that's gett
seur approval, just wine
Silver Screen bon vivan
Romero (but that's The
small son pointed out)
Sanders. Tab Hunter is
same routine, and leavin
nervous feeling that he's
the job. There's Eva Gab
cigars, while sister Zsa Z
with double-entendres a
station, and the ultimate
Ralph Bellamy, who neve
girl, wanting to know
blood is getting *me* down!

Well, we're grown-up
face the fact that even
have to work, particularly
making movies. And com
some part, do require per
even if not all are as creat
of Bert Lahr and Beatrice
potato-chip department,
Alice Pearce in the ma
But it seems to me to be
vasion of privacy. I don
have to know that ou
heroes of yesteryear have
More importantly, our
being claimed under fals
When a patent-medicin
rings the doorbell I war
patent-medicine man—ar
Andrews—staring me in t
when Diahann Carroll s
my television screen, I
sing and be beautiful and
a pitch about color-coor
checks and my checkboo
have a legitimate claim o
tion—but to find them
that claim to peddle a p
little embarrassing and a

Of course, the stars ha
ing us something all alon
label of glamour—whet
sweaters from Betty Gr
straps and shoulder pads
Crawford, triple-thick eye
Elizabeth Taylor or sleev
from Audrey Hepburn or
shirts from Clark Gable.
subliminal sell, providing
steppingstone to their gla
Perhaps the celebrity-cha
us will dash out in the ho
ing Miss Bacall at the coff
the supermarket or Miss
the drugstore; or are we
name-drop at the dinner
"Mmmmm—is this the
talked about the other
"Darling, Eddie—Edwar
son, that is—was saying a
flavor . . ."?

On the contrary. The
we don't want to run
glamour boys and girls
day is the su-
permarket.
It's bad
enough we
land there our-
selves, but cer-
tainly they de-
serve some-
thing better in
their latter
days. **END**





n't be surprised when ır manicurist tens your hands in this new hwashing liquid!

Relax. It's Palmolive® Liquid. Really mild and then some... it softens hands while you do dishes.



Madge, the manicurist, knows: Palmolive has invented a beautiful new kind of dishwashing liquid. So different (so mild!) it can even be used to soften hands before a manicure. And it's a lot more than just mild! Wait 'til you see it... clear, clean, emerald-green, and it makes mountains of suds for the fastest, cleanest dishwashing possible. Comes in a squeezy, plastic bottle with a push-pull cap. From Palmolive!



Good Housekeeping GUARANTEE

© 1967, Colgate-Palmolive Company. "Be sure to watch The Andy Williams Show in color, NBC, Sundays 10:00 to 11:00 P.M. Eastern Time."

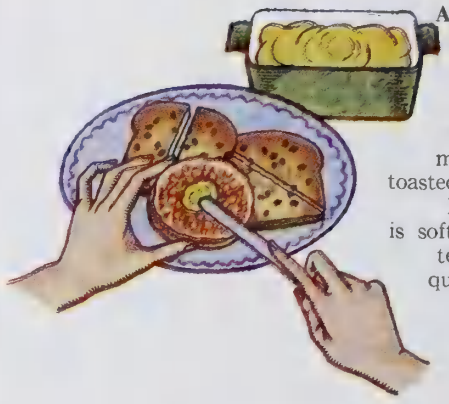
New Wish-Bone
Creamy Onion
Dressing is
always getting
into something...
like lettuce
tomatoes
cucumbers
baked potatoes
cold meat
asparagus
green beans
sandwiches
and
seafood.
It's a creamy,
homogenized
dressing
brimming with
kicky bits
of sweet onion
and that's
what gives
salads,
vegetables
and
sandwiches
a whole new
personality!
New Creamy
Onion Dressing
from Wish-Bone!

Also try: Wish-Bone Italian •
Thousand Island • Russian •
Deluxe French • Cheese •
Garlic Flavored French •
Golden Italian •
Monaco French •
Tahitian Isle.

NEW
Creamy Onion
Wish-Bone
Creamy Onion

TOAST WITH THE MOST

Things Your Mother Never Taught Yo



A perfect piece of beautiful gold, crisp and butte impossible to fin the United States and Even here it is rare why, considering it's so make? Butter it up the mo toasted. This is Cardinal Rul Make sure the butter or m is soft. Otherwise—lumps, bu tears (both kinds). Toa quickest, but broilers will s so will ovens (even be you're making toast for Arrange the bread a baking sheet or br Broil until tawny sides, or set to bake in a h oven about 5 minutes. No turning necessary in the keep a close watch. Toast burns fast a

Butter before? Butter after? If you use a toaster, you have no ch Must be after. But with the broiler or oven, buttering before makes t tastes almost as if the bread had been sautéed in butter. If you like crisp toast, spread with butter afterward. Almost any kind of rolls and muffins can be sliced and dropped into the toaster. Odd sizes, however, are easier to manage under the broiler or in the oven. Brown-and-serve rolls need not be pre-baked. Just cut in half and toast. (A great emergency measure!) English muffins present two faces, depending . . . if you pull th with your fingers, you'll have hills and valleys, a rough, brown sliced with a knife, they're smoother, hold less butter.



Heart-shaped croutons made with a cookie cutter or from pasteboard are not a conceit of V Day. In the *hau* of France, they are as a part of the clas ture for a number of t dishes, including a *blanquette* o various stews an of lamb. Sm of toast are p canapés. them for tea or breakfast trea with sweet butter and h for dessert, spread the hearts with cream cheese and spoon on strawberry or cherry Save the crusts cut from toast hearts to make savory nibbles with drinks, soups or salads (se



If you're not making fancy shapes, toast is convenient to eat cut i after it's cooked and buttered. Cut from corner to corner for trian pieces; side to side makes rectangles. Want some toast points for ch king, Welsh rarebit or for baby fists to grab? Easy—cut toast wit without crust, in quarters. (Toast dries out fast, so eat as soon as But crusts cut from dainty tea sandwiches or leftover bread from h shaped cutouts can be brushed with melted butter, margarine or salad oil, sprinkled with grated cheese, seasoned salt and pepper, then toasted on a baking sheet under the broiler or in the oven. Nibble or store in an air-tight jar. Have snacks for free or, if you like, break into bits and use as croutons to float on soup or toss in a Caesar-type salad.



alice golden

GET A $3.00 REFUND ON ANY NERAL ELECTRIC TOASTER

When you purchase any G-E Toaster and four Toast'em® Pop-Ups, here's all you do: Cut out special Toaster Seals from any four Toast'em Pop-Ups boxes carrying the refund offer. Send them with the Fact Tag from any G-E Toaster, together with your name, address and zip code to: General Electric Toaster Refund Offer, P.O. Box 1078, Kankakee, Ill. 60901. You'll be mailed check for $3 refund. Allow four weeks for delivery. Offer expires April 30, 1967, and is limited to one refund per family.





This offer made to introduce you to a pair of breakfast "go-togethers"

General Electric Automatic Toasters. Choose any model including the 4-slice and versatile General Electric Toast-R-Oven*. All G-E Toasters feature truly reliable toast-color controls, high lift to avert burned fingers, easy-clean crumb trays. Accept the above offer and get $3 refund on your toaster. A G-E Toaster and **Toast'em Pop-Ups** . . . a perfect breakfast combination!

Toast'em Pop-Ups—the ones with the juicier fruit fillings. Just pop 'em in the toaster, and seconds later—hot fruit-filled pastry that sparks up any breakfast, big or small. Five mouth-watering fruit fillings, now improved, and juicier than ever: Strawberry, Red Raspberry, Blueberry, Grape and Apple. You'll enjoy **Toast'em Pop-Ups** and get a $3 refund on your G-E Toaster.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

*TM General Electric Company



Who made these brownies with no flour, no sugar, no eggs?

a lady with an Eagle.

Free Color Recipe Book!

The Borden Co.
Dept. LH 37
P. O. Box 451
Jersey City, N. J. 07303

Please send me a copy of "Magic Recipes" with dozens of desserts I can easily make.

NAME_____

_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____

ZIP CODE_____

BROWNIES

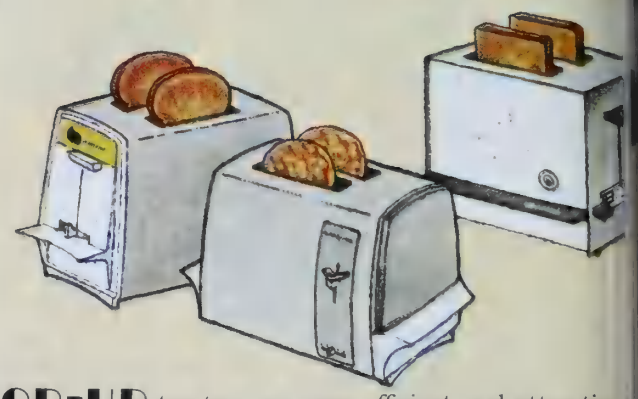
1 cup (6-oz. package) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
⅔ cup (½ can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Few grains of salt
1 cup coarsely chopped walnut meats

1. In top of double boiler, placed over simmering water, melt chocolate. Stir in Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Remove from heat. 2. Stir in remaining ingredients. 3. Turn into greased 8"x8"x2" pan lined with greased waxed paper or metal foil. 4. Bake in 375°F. (moderate) oven until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean, about 25 minutes. 5. Turn out of pan onto cake rack. Peel off paper. Cool. 6. With sharp knife cut into 2-inch squares.

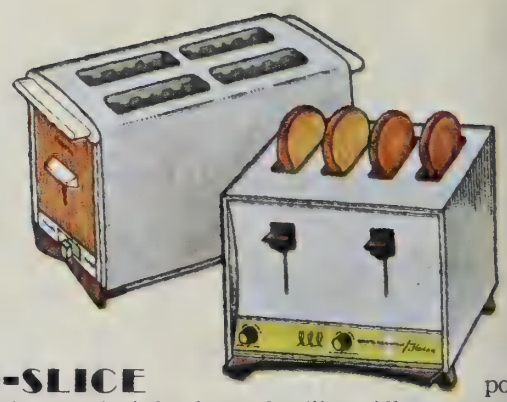
SNACK SUGGESTION: spread Eagle Brand on bread. Kids love it.

A TOAST TO TOASTER

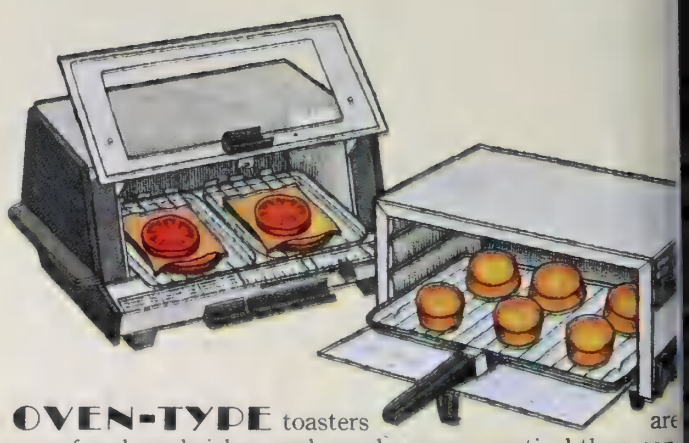
Three cheers for toast. Everybody loves it—a big favorite at lunch or tea. Three cheers for the toasters that turn to quickly—hot, crisp and golden-brown. Here and on page 7 of the many different kinds of toast-makers available, fr toaster to sandwich grill. And to turn out toast in large quant forget your range broiler. Use your oven for slowly browne melba toast. For more about toast-making, see THINGS YOU NEVER TAUGHT YOU on page 72.



POP-UP toasters are more efficient and attractive Thanks to self-adjusting control on Sunbeam model, left, it uniformly browned toast, whether bread is fresh or frozen. cient than timer controls on older models.) Racks on Monar center, pop up higher than most, for easy handling of small for English muffins. Another new feature: temperature contr White side panels give Westinghouse toaster, right, a new l



FOUR-SLICE pop-u are especially practical for large families. All can toast fr four slices at the same time. The Presto model at right has tw controls so that light and dark toast can be made simult Toaster at left is a new, space-saving, slim design that lo longer version of the two-slice model. Wood-grain-pattern either side of this Toastmaster toaster are a new decorativ



OVEN-TYPE toasters are open-faced sandwiches, and are also more practical than pop ers for making toast with toppings, such as sugar, cinn cheese. The General Electric unit at left is actually a minia and broiler. Controls are at the front; the door slides up. Unit b at right is also useful for oven-type heating. Controls are at th glass door folds down. Both are useful in a dozen ways.

Illustrations by Alice Golden

10¢ won't ut you n Easy Street

10¢ 10¢ OFF EASY-OFF OVEN CLEANER 10¢

ANY SIZE SPRAY OR PASTE

MR DEALER. We will redeem this coupon for face value (10¢) plus 2¢ handling fee provided you and the consumer have complied with terms of the offer. Any other application constitutes fraud. Use of the mails to collect for coupons not properly redeemed will be reported to Postal Inspectors. This coupon is nontransferable and good only on the products specified. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown on request. Void when presented by outside agency, broker or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise or specifically authorized by us to present coupons for redemption, or where prohibited, licensed, taxed or restricted. Any sales tax must be paid by consumer. Cash redemption value 1/20 of 1¢. Mail coupons to Boyle-Midway, Coupon Redemption Program, P.O. Box 33 B, Mount Vernon, New York 10559. Offer expires 9/30/67.

L-037

TAKE THIS COUPON TO YOUR STORE

10¢ 10¢







but this will

It's Easy-Off® Oven Cleaner, the spray that makes oven-cleaning powerfully easy. For good reason. Easy-Off has 25% more power cleaner than any other leading spray. This extra power makes life easier for you in warm *and* cold ovens. Whichever you prefer to clean in.

In fact, Easy-Off does a better job in warm ovens than those cleaners used *only* in warm ovens. And it'll do a fast, thorough job in cold ovens, too. So make your oven-cleaning powerfully easy with Easy-Off. And save ten cents in the bargain. Take this coupon to your grocer's. Today!



TOLL HOUSE® KOOKIE BRITTLE

A delicious new variation on America's favorite cookie treat

1 cup margarine — 1 cup sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla — 2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt — ½ cup finely-chopped nuts
1 6-oz. pkg. (1 cup) Nestlé's® Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels

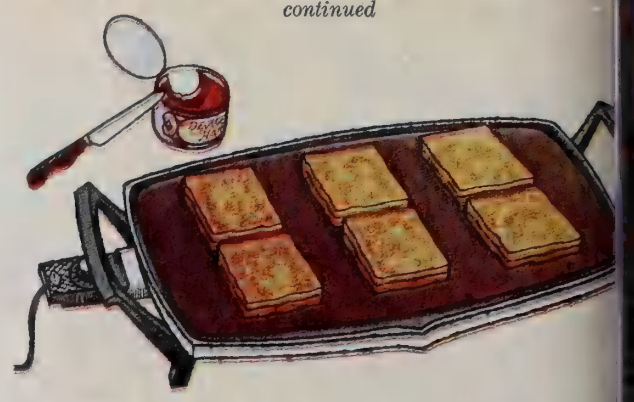
Preheat oven to 375° F. Combine margarine, vanilla and salt in bowl, and blend well. Gradually beat in sugar. Add flour and Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels; mix well. Press evenly into ungreased 15″ x 10″ x 1″ pan. Sprinkle nuts over top. BAKE AT: 375° F. TIME: 25 mins. Cool, then break in irregular pieces and drain on absorbent paper. Makes about 1¾ pounds.



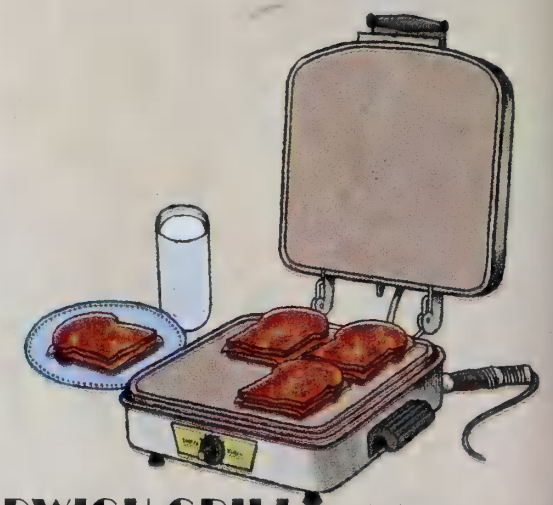
SWEET AND EASY WITH...
NESTLÉ'S
MORSELS

A TOAST TO TOASTERS

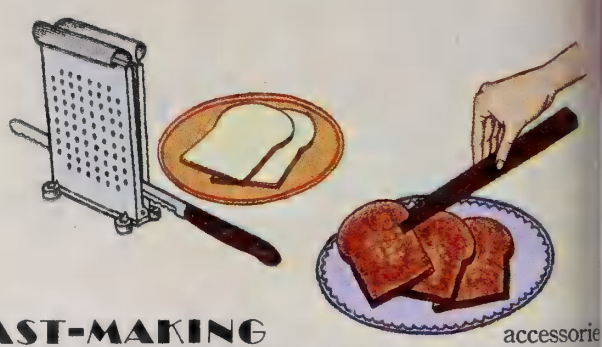
continued



ELECTRIC GRIDDLES are excellent for sandwiches, French toast, as well as for other grilled foods li burgers, scrambled eggs, pancakes. Most of today's newest griddles have temperature-control dials that maintain heat a stant level. The West Bend griddle shown here is coated with as are many new models—and is easy to clean. Portable grid this one are so attractively designed they can be used right at t



SANDWICH GRILL crisply toasts sandwich top and bottom, when lid is lowered. To make brown, crust wiches, butter the bread before toasting. Most grills, like this Dominion, have reversible grids (one side for grilling, the o waffles). To get interesting design effects for certain sandwich them with the waffle grids in place. New sandwich grills ha perature controls, so there's little chance of burning food.



TOAST-MAKING accessorie here: At left, a holder for splitting a slice of bread into two th that are ideal for making melba toast. Bread is slipped into knife cuts down from top to bottom. Wood tongs at right ar nient for removing toast from pop-up toaster (*never* jab at toas metal fork or knife). Not shown, but also handy, are clamps th it possible to toast a sandwich in a pop-up toaster.

TIPS FOR TOASTMAKERS

1 Never immerse a toaster in water. Remove crumbs from a toaster by holding it upside down and shaking gently. Most new have removable panels at the bottom that can be unlatched cleaning. A soft brush can be used if necessary.

2 Use a sponge dipped in detergent solution to clean bright enamel parts of toasters. Use plastic-mesh pads to remove s spots without scratching your toaster.

3 To prevent scratches, use plastic or other special tools to t on Teflon-lined grills.



Tuna Bombay terrific with real mayonnaise...Best Foods

Look what's happened to tuna salad! ■ All dressed up and raring to please as an exciting, exotic curry. Authentic right down to the condiments to sprinkle on top. ■ Bright new idea. Bright new taste. With the special goodness, the subtle flavor touch you get only from Best Foods® Real Mayonnaise. ■ Fresh, delicate Best Foods blends as no other can with the sunny, piquant flavor of curry. ■ Got the urge to surprise 'em with "something different"? Try Best Foods Tuna Bombay Salad. They'll get the message.



TUNA BOMBAY SALAD

ce) cans tuna,
ed and flaked (2 cups)
old, cooked rice
ed celery
emon juice

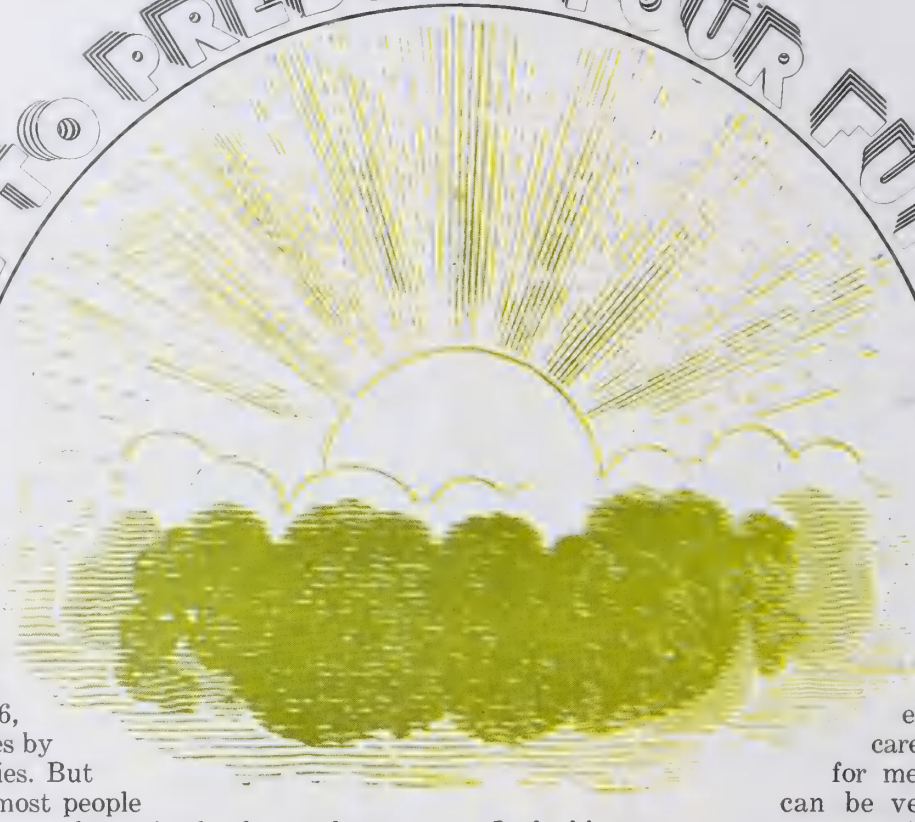
1/2 to 1 teaspoon curry powder (optional)
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Combine first 7 ingredients. Toss with Real Mayonnaise. Makes about 8 half-cup servings. Serve with your choice of condiments: whole peanuts, chopped green pepper, toasted coconut, chopped scallions, raisins, Mandarin oranges.

O PLACE FOR "SECOND BEST"... BRING OUT THE BEST WITH BEST FOODS REAL MAYONNAISE

A fascinating new system
that can help any woman plan for a happier tomorrow.
If you follow the instructions, this article may
change your life. By HARRIET MACLEAN

HOW TO PREDICT YOUR FUTURE



Young people are always making plans for their lives. They decide that they are going to devote a certain number of years to graduate school, or that they want to be married by the time they are 26, or that they want to have babies by the time they reach their thirties. But once their lives are launched, most people seem to stop planning. They are caught up in the day-to-day momentum and live as though they expect no changes in the future.

Yet any woman in the midstream of life is going to face changes sooner or later. Some women postpone the realization. They refuse to look at a future with their children gone from them, and try to stop the clock by having a "late baby." Others busy themselves so much in career, social activities, or love affairs that they do not have time to think.

Sometimes it takes a serious illness to compel a woman to look ahead to her future and what it means. My situation had elements of this. The procedure I describe here helped me through this period, but I believe it would be worthwhile for anyone at any time, during a calm period or in a time of stress.

The method is simple. It may turn out to be depressing or frightening, for it may bring up possible events that you do not want to face. This hazard is outweighed by the fact that realistically facing a problem allows you to begin adjusting to it or solving it.

The first step is to consider your life from the center—that is, you yourself. Try to forget the socially acceptable or "what-ought-to-be" things in your life, and begin by listing across a page the significant people in your life. This listing should be done simply and quickly; the very way that these names come to mind is significant, and should be the *real*, not the accepted or expected, order.

Next list the age of each person 10 years from today. This can be a real eye-opener. I found I had been cherishing some very unrealistic expectations here.

Next, under each name, head a column "loss" and another one "gain." These columns help you consider what changes in the next 10 years in this person (which are possibly predictable) will come as a *loss to you* or a *gain to you*. Do not consider the losses or gains from the point of view of the person himself, but only what will affect you and your relationship to this person.

SAMPLE

Husband-age 55		Son-age 34		Mother-age 78		Sister-age 45	
Loss	Gain	Loss	Gain	Loss	Gain	Loss	Gain

For example, a son n
24 in 10 years will
It is obvious to m
mother, that there v
a loss of emotional cl
as he becomes involv
establishing his own hon
career. There is a possibl
for me of having grandchildre
can be very meaningful to a m
In looking at my own parents, I am distressed to realiz
they may not be around in 10 years. Or they may be ill, d
upon me for physical care, emotional support, financial su
not the "towers of strength" emotionally that they are no

Quite surprisingly, you may find, as I did, that a younger
now busy and preoccupied with small children and home r
sibilities, in 10 years may be the person with whom to share
relationship. By then her children will be grown, and sl
have time available to be a friend.

In my case I have had to look squarely at the fact that m
band, having already suffered two coronaries, may not be a
10 years. Though his chronic illness may bind me now t
stricted professional and social life, without his emotional s
will I be able to use the freedom? Or will I be so frightened a
alone that I will retreat still further? The steps toward bei
to use freedom later must be considered *now*. I must remem
to restrict myself, but keep the ways open for my own futu

Lastly on the page, list yourself. The age you will be 1
from now is most significant. Will you really want to do the
years from now that you are doing now? Will you be able to
What satisfactions will you need to look for in your work?
my work seems to involve me more and more in accountin
cedures. Ten years from now will I want to be confined to w
with numbers? No, at that age I will be entering my lo
years, and I want to be working with people.

There is much to think of *now* that will lead to a better
years hence. What interests outside of work have you dev
that do not depend upon physical energy or special skills th
might or will diminish? What personal contacts are you r
that will still be paying you emotional dividends when y
older? Study the weaknesses of your spectrum of "sign
people," and see what you lack. Is your spectrum too na
Are you running yourself ragged with too many people who
won't really care about 10 years from now?

In short, don't be content with hopes, expectations,
dreams. And don't be frightened by diffused anxieties and
Take a look at the facts and the probabilities.

It is only by being clear-eyed and realistic that you can
cise some control over your destiny.

Wanted:



"The six birds"

eward: the best taste in frozen egetables plus 50¢.

ght, ma'm. We'll give you 50¢ if you'll just send in those s. They're hiding out on the No. 1 brand of fresh frozen les. Birds Eye®.

ou have to do is write your name and address on that over there. And send it to us with the front panels from packages of Birds Eye fresh frozen vegetables.

we'll send you a certificate worth 50¢ on your next e of six.

are plenty for you to choose from. So here's ance to discover why Birds Eye is the most brand. And reward your family with the fresh- in frozen vegetables.

hurry! Tear out that coupon. Before those t away.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



General Foods, P.O. Box 1201
Kankakee, Ill. 60901

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You Can Stop Smoking & Stay Thin

Doctors have perfected a dramatic new way to help you quit smoking—without watching your figure puff up to king-size. The key? Simple exercises based on something you do about 28,000 times a day. By Patricia and Ron Deutsch

"That morning it was like the first time I tried to stop smoking—and failed," says Lynn Blake. "I gulped my breakfast, tense because I hadn't smoked. Then I sat like a coiled spring, desperately wanting a cigarette, while little Susan played with her cereal until she spilled it. Before I could think, I slapped her hand, and Tom turned to me reproachfully, and I was ready to snap at him, too.

"Then I remembered the breathing exercise I'd learned. In a minute I was calm enough to tell Susan and Tom I was sorry. That was when I knew I could really stop.

"In three weeks I had done it. And this time I wasn't up to size fourteen, as before. I gained scarcely an ounce."

Can so simple a device as a breathing exercise really let you stop smoking? And can you stop without growing fat?

The basic answer to both questions is, yes. But medical research shows that this is a very personal problem. Each person smokes to meet his own physical and emotional needs, so no single way to stop works for everyone. After surveying the latest scientific studies, the National Better Business Bureau concludes: "A stop-smoking regimen must be followed which is tailored to suit the individual smoker."

The first questions that must be answered, therefore, are: What kind of smoker are *you?* And what has medicine learned to help *you* stop?

Not all the answers are in. But enough is known to help you understand why you smoke, and to design your personal program for stopping, without gaining weight.

Unless you have such knowledge, and such a plan, your chances of quitting are slim. It is now all too clear that the desire to stop is not enough, because 86 percent of the nation's smokers are dissatisfied with the habit, yet do not give it up. One study shows that even among heart patients ordered to stop, only one in four can comply. Among average smokers, no more than 10 to 15 percent succeed.

Yet, despite this disappointing record, the smoking-withdrawal clinics of the New York City Health Department have achieved a most remarkable showing: S percent of patients either quit or cally cut down; the vast majority s entirely. It was here that Lynn learned how her smoking was dor by perhaps the most common cau need to release tension.

Lynn made this discovery by a ing questions about *when* she smo felt the craving," she says, "if one of the children was late f ner, if a salesman came to the door, even if the phone rang I know I was really feeling slight anxiety and smoking times a day to control it.

"The first time I tried to stop, I didn't understand thi replaced cigarettes with food. After breakfast, thinking of al to do, I'd want to smoke. Instead, I'd take more toast and The least pressure and I'd reach for snacks. Then I'd almost though I was fifteen pounds heavier, and nervous—when became very ill. I smoked again more than ever."

To confirm that Lynn was a tension smoker, she was keep a record, for a week, of what happened and what s before each cigarette. "This," says Dr. Donald Fredrickson, rects the New York clinics, "can tell you much about your smo

Lynn's record showed smoking in times of pressure, an uncertainty—when a cake burned, when deciding what dress t when behind in her housework. She needed a harmless way duce tension, and so she was taught a breathing exercise.

In clinics from Stockholm to Oregon, such exercises have very effective in helping smokers, for there seems to be sor ment of tension in nearly all smoking. There are variations breathing exercise, but Dr. Borje Ejrup, a Swedish physicia working in the United States, who pioneered the basic ide scribes its essence as "sighing."

The exercise is extremely simple. When you feel the u smoke, you fill your lungs as full as you can, slowly. Then slowly, you empty them. Finally, you give an extra push to the last of the air.

When she wanted to smoke, Lynn did this five (cont



Photograph by Rudolph L



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or six times. Her tension would fall to a level she could handle.

How does the exercise work? Tension tightens the muscles of the shoulders, back, chest and neck. Deep breathing moves these muscles in a way that breaks their contraction.

If the contraction is not broken, it can produce symptoms such as the withdrawal headache by affecting nerves and muscles of the head. Many smokers think such symptoms occur because they are being deprived of some addictive chemical in tobacco. But scientists have never discovered such a chemical. The unpleasant effects felt by many people when they try to stop—headache, nausea, dizziness, cold perspiration—are not caused by addiction but by emotional and physical tension.

Curiously, chemists find nothing in tobacco that would soothe such tension. The only important druglike constituent of the weed seems to be nicotine, and nicotine is a *stimulant!*

The answer to this mystery? It looks as if tobacco probably breaks tension primarily through repeated inhaling, as in the breathing exercise. Psychologists think this is augmented by the ritual of the hands—lighting up, tapping off ashes.

With this in mind, Dr. Fredrickson urged Lynn to try some smoking in pantomime, going through the motions with an imaginary cigarette, with deep inhalations. "It worked," she says. "And often it seemed to make the time before the next craving longer. The doctor thought this was possibly because, when I really smoked, the relaxation was only momentary. Then the nicotine, being a stimulant, set the stage for still more tension."

Some experts see another reason why the exercise helps. As you tense up, you tend to breathe shallowly. You get too little oxygen and retain too much carbon dioxide. This triggers a reflex to make you want to inhale deeply. The smoker can misinterpret this as a desire to smoke, when what he really wants is just more air.

Breaking her tensions with deep breathing, Lynn did not notice any great increase in hunger. True, as she smoked less and less, her senses of taste and smell became keener, and she enjoyed her eating more, but not so much as to cause a serious weight gain.

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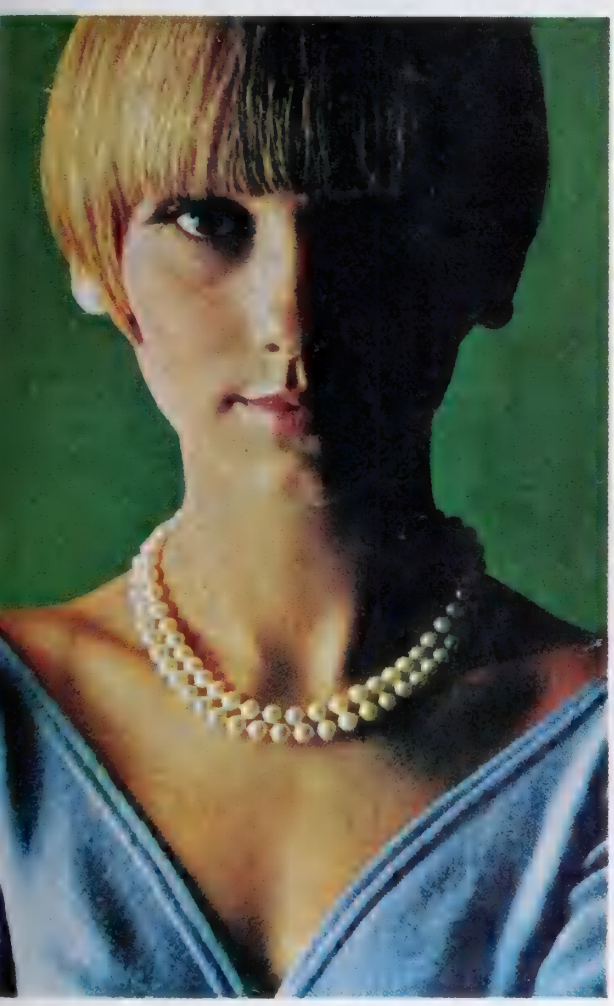
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Lynn, though she was



"It's a nice day—why don't we go picket someplace?"

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a tension smoker, became imbued with certain habits of smoking, even when she was not actually tense."

As Ted recorded his smoking, he was shocked by how much tobacco he consumed, and realized for the first time that he was behaving by reflex: "I started smoking in college because it made me feel older. Other fellows smoked while studying, so I did. At parties, when I felt awkward, it gave me something to do with my hands." Ted no longer felt awkward, or too young, but the habit persisted. Much smoking begins in adolescence, to meet adolescent needs. The need may go, but the habit remains.

To break these stubborn reflexes, Ted was given simple tricks—putting his cigarettes in a different pocket each day and not carrying matches, for example. "This made me think before I smoked," he says. "Gradually I began to hide away the ashtrays and leave the cigarettes in my coat, to make still more delay."

Neither Ted nor Lynn was told to quit all at once. For both, doing so would have applied too much pressure and probably made the task seem impossible. Both were asked to group their cigarettes in order of importance. Ted felt his least important were in social situations, and he began by abstaining from cigarettes at those times. In two weeks his consumption was halved, and he had begun concentrating on the toughest cigarettes—those he smoked while working.

Like most smokers, Ted had tried to stop before. He kept snacks with him to meet his habits, and his weight zoomed. When he tried to stop snacking, he smoked again. The fact was that he was not really breaking a habit. Each effort to do so produced tension.

To reduce the tension, he now started using the withdrawal clinic's breathing exercises. And he added exercise of the more conventional kind.

Physical exercise helps most smokers. It is a mainstay of the stop-smoking clinics of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. Here smokers are told to take a brisk walk instead of smoking, and to get some vigorous exercise every day. Why does this help? For one thing, it discharges the tension of stopping. For another, it makes you breathe deeply and also keeps you too busy to smoke. Finally, it replaces some effects of nicotine to which smokers are accustomed.

A cigarette provides much the same stimulations as a typical dose of adrenalin, producing a physical state like that of fear or anger. The heart speeds up. Blood vessels contract. Excitability increases. This effect is one reason why smoking is hard on the heart and circulation. Yet smokers feel unnatural without it. By producing many of these same effects in a more wholesome way, *exercise helps eliminate the desire for nicotine.*

Another helpful effect of exercise is that while it controls the urge to smoke, it also controls weight. Studies at Harvard University's Department of Nutrition suggest that the body's automatic appetite controls work better when one is more active. And, of course, the exercise burns off extra calories you may consume as food begins to taste better to you.

A walk around the block may not always be practical, but there are other ways to fight the urge to smoke. You can accomplish the same results by running in place, doing deep kn other exercise that m beat harder and your l

Ted was also given reduce the nicotine s strengthened his habit. when he did smoke. Fo not taken into the lung less of the nicotine. Th to learn to live without

Some researchers hav otine stimulation so imp have based entire withd on it. In some of thes was replaced by sma lobeline sulphate, a har produces similar effects. these clinics have got stop, the vast majorit again within months.

Comments Dr. Harol American Cancer Socie sors numerous withdra far drugs do not seem t whether it is replacing n ing the withdrawing sm quilizers. The patient *learning* to smoke, lear arettes for many needs learn how *not* to smoke.

Dr. Fredrickson find learning process often en stumbling block. Both found they suddenly rea

"It was strange," sa doing fine, when I be strange, nostalgic feelir I did not want to separ an old friend, now that I

Dr. Fredrickson find block appears after ma eliminated half their smo lem is perhaps best expla type of smoker, such a

The key to Mary's s vealed by her "yes" ans question: "When you a are you keenly aware of

Very heavy smokers answer affirmatively. " packs a day," says Ma of what I was doing or h the time I woke until I I lighted one cigarette If I tried to do witho steadily worse, and I di desire. It grew until I w I had to smoke."

Though realizing it i Dr. Fredrickson refers t as "addicted," meaning unending, hour by hour cigarettes. He finds th overweight and drink n should. They are often especially with such ailr itis or bronchitis. Mary a cough and shortness o was probably the begin sema, a dangerous lung d warned that smoking m her toward disability an

Threats to the smoker quently do not help. Ma and found it was more take. She would give up or there and simply smo Next day she wanted to as ever.

Dr. Fredrickson sympa had smoking as a close twenty-five years. To gi hard as losing someone we believe the process is The *heavy* smoker succ sudden separation and g kind of 'mourning'

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Beautify and Protect Your Complexion



Margaret Merril
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

Beautiful complexions are entirely dependent on a regular and reliable beauty-care routine in order to remain youthfully smooth and exquisitely fine-textured. Here are some suggestions to help you cherish that soft, dewy bloom and promote the natural processes of skin beautification so that you gain greater loveliness than you ever thought possible.

Complexion Loveliness

To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream loveliness, smooth a protective film of tropical moist oil over your face and neck to ease away roughness and tiny lines, and to beautify and guard the skin against the drying effects of weather. Oil of Olay is recommended because of its special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin. This unique beauty fluid is also ideal for use as a beautifying base beneath make-up, insuring that your complexion will look matt and flawless.

A Beautiful Winter Complexion

To clear away the dull, winter-dry look and to enliven the complexion, try this simple beauty hint. Wring out a face-cloth in warm water and press it gently on and off your face until it begins to cool. This will stimulate the circulation to give your skin the healthy English countryside look. Now, to complete the good of this warm, complexion beautifying stimulant, smooth on your oil of Olay to hold the radiant, healthful appearance of your lovely complexion.

Cleansing for Loveliness

For a truly fresh, clear complexion that never develops a spot or blemish, it is essential to use a special beauty-cleanser with a light dissolving action that does not stretch or clog the delicate pore-structure. Smooth Jelvyn cleansing milk over your skin to lift particles of dirt, powder and tinted make-up. After tissuing away the creamy Jelvyn milk, dab the skin with your freshener until the complexion tingles with well-being, then smooth on a protective, beautifying application of your moist Olay oil.

A Weekly Beauty Mask

To give a dry skin a soft, velvety appearance, use this excellent mask once a week. Cut a mask from a piece of ordinary cotton cloth, leaving holes for your eyes, mouth and nostrils. Now soak the cloth in a little of your oil of Olay and place it in position over your face. Relax for twenty minutes with feet propped higher than your head. Saturation of the complexion with this moist beauty fluid softens away surface skin dryness and flakiness and enhances the lovely, youthful bloom of the complexion.

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period. She thinks she cannot survive alone, but if she must she finds she can."

Mary was told to break off suddenly at a time when she could give full attention to it. She chose a winter vacation. On the first day, she headed for the library. There she had two allies, books to distract her and a NO SMOKING sign.

"As long as I stayed in the library," she says, "I couldn't smoke. I'd gone without smoking in such situations before, though only for an hour or two, so I accepted the idea.

"I knew now that I was not really addicted, in a chemical sense, and I had the breathing exercises and other devices to help with the discomfort. When the library closed, I ran for a movie, where smoking was not allowed. Somehow I got to sleep without smoking—maybe because I was so astounded that I'd gone all day without a cigarette.

"The next morning I rushed to a museum. For three days I stayed in places where I couldn't smoke. I went to church. I took a long bus ride. It certainly wasn't painless. Even with the breathing exercises I had some awful cravings and headaches. But after the first day I felt so proud I kept going. In five days I was not thinking about cigarettes very much at all. The doctor was right. The experience was not unlike what happened when I lost the aunt who had helped bring me up. At first I could not stand the idea she was gone. I thought I would never stop thinking about her. But gradually I learned to live with the idea she was gone. It may sound almost blasphemous, but it's true."

There is apparently some element of this same experience in most smoking. For many smokers, when the prospect of quitting is in sight, there is a reaction of anxiety about succeeding, of losing something that has been important. The block must be broken through, however. To demonstrate that they can get along without cigarettes, Dr. Fredrickson may advise the blocked smoker to try and get through an afternoon, or a whole day, without smoking. Often when patients can do this, they are convinced they can succeed and should move ahead to complete cessation.

These methods of stopping are not the only ones. But the important point to remember is that the programs that have been proved to succeed are those using a broad combination of knowledge and methods to manage the complex tangle of smoking.

For example, Dr. Borje H a high rate of success using injections of lobeline sulph nicotine. Thus, extra ni cigarettes, gives the patie that he has oversmoked. I be kept in mind that the given in combination with exercise and psychological some experts think it is factors that account for plan's effectiveness.

Are you likely to get goo friends? Conceivably. The stumbled on something them, and it may deal wi help to shift a habit. But, popular gimmicks for qu numerous, as unscientific a as the many "cures" for cold. Experts agree tha diets, water drinking, cold the like are mainly distrac the smoker busy.

Are there patent medici do the trick? The National ness Bureau has examined and found them to be of l Again, they do not take your need to find a progra your own personal smokin

It is probably when peo an inadequate method to upon raw will power, that stuff themselves with food draw. And this is still anotl adopting a plan based knowledge.

Dr. Fredrickson recom gin by making a record smoke, to learn what are of your smoking. Then habit-breaking or tension- vices to eliminate the lea cigarettes, then the next m and so on. Meanwhile, try Get vigorous exercise, esp you crave a smoke.

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You can stop smoking. Health Service finds tha Americans have done it. A not gain weight. If you do you can get rid of it later. ' my three packs a day," Sutter, "I was forty pound Suddenly, I had a great I've now lost twenty of t If I could stop smoking I could make myself whate to be."



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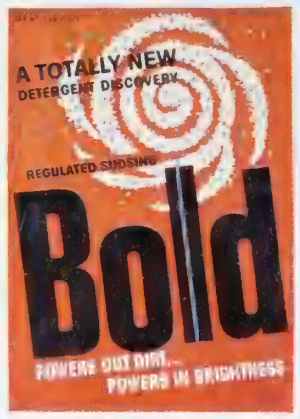
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Painting by Bernard Safran

How the Remarkable Auchincloss Family Shaped the Jacqueline Kennedy Style

BY STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

It all happened so swiftly and quietly that no one is sure exactly when or how. At some point, while John F. Kennedy, the young senator from Massachusetts, was becoming a figure of national importance, it was noticed that his wife, "the former Jacqueline Lee Bouvier," was a woman not only of astonishing beauty but also of considerable chic and elegance. Now that Jacqueline Kennedy has become without question the most famous woman in the world, there is the added, continuing awe at the way she handles the copious burden of celebrity. She started out extraordinary, and, as was so evident during the controversy about William Manchester's book on the late President's assassination, she keeps getting more so. (*continued*)




Jackie's mother; stepfather, Hugh D. Auchincloss

Where does it all come from?

To those who know her background, the answer is simple. "After all," they say, "she's an Auchincloss. Her stature is bred in."

Of course Jacqueline Kennedy is not an Auchincloss, not really. But she has from the time she was 12 and her mother married into this remarkable family, been reared as one and trained as one—by Auchinclosses and among Auchinclosses, including two stepbrothers, a stepsister, a half brother and a half sister, all named Auchincloss.

Thanks to her mother, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, Mrs Kennedy is solidly linked to what has been called "the most marvelously connected family in the United States," a family whose members occupy nearly two full pages of the New York *Social Register*, some 47 separate listings, compared with 42 for Rockefellers, eight for Vanderbilts, and a mere two for Astors.

Through what society terms "brilliant" marriages, the Auchinclosses are kin to such formidable families as the Saltonstalls, Winthrops, Sloans, Jenningses and Rockefellers—and to their respective fortunes—as well as to those of the Frelinghuysens, the Van Rensselaers, the Cuttings, the Reids, the du Ponts, the Grosvenors, the Truslows, the Tiffanys, the Bundys, the Gores, the Adamses, the Ingrahams, Burdens, Vanderbilts and, of course, the Kennedys. The lacy branches of the Auchincloss family tree spread across the entire landscape of American society, in and out of millions made in railroads, investment banking, oil and thread. From time to time the huge clan assembles in family reunions for which ballrooms must be hired. Louis Auchincloss, the author in the family (*The Rector of Justin*, etc.), describes these occasions as "more like stockholders' meetings than family gatherings." Wilmarth Lewis, who married one, commented, "The Auchinclosses aren't a *family*. They're a land mass."

Presiding over the land mass are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss—he, the acknowledged leader of the clan, and she, the only woman in the family with the undisputed right to be known as "*the* Mrs. Auchincloss" if she wished to be, which she doesn't. Hugh, whom everyone in the family calls "Hughdie," is a large-framed, genial, handsome man of 69 with merry blue eyes, a silvery mane, and the ruddy complexion of an outdoorsman. Though he lives in a world that requires him to for dinner on most evenings and where bowls are present even at lunch, he looks comfortable in baggy tweeds, a well sweater and a shapeless tweed hat.

Janet Auchincloss is slender and you looking, with light-brown hair done in a style, and the graceful, slightly toed-out of a horsewoman. She dresses simply, a tweedy, easy-fitting things, favoring with wide, swinging skirts.

Hughdie Auchincloss cares little for matters as family history, which othe chinclosses take with extreme seriousnes once asked his wife, "Was my grandmot Judson or a Goodsell?" Janet Auchi keeps track of things like this, and was a give him the answer: a Goodsell. It is who possesses the quality known in the ily as "the Auchincloss *style*," a style tha come to a sort of climax in her daug Jacqueline Kennedy.

When Janet Lee Bouvier married Hug it was 1942 and wartime. She had her ow



children, Jacqueline and Bouvier, and Hughdie had by his two previous wives. Janet and Hughdie had two

Half brother, James Auchi



Auchinclosses, with spouses and offspring, numbered 117 at this party for Charles C. Auchincloss. One family member says these huge "gatherings" are more like stockholders' meetings.

their own—Janet Jr., born in 1945, nes Lee, born in 1947—the fabric of bined families drew closer. The seven of three mothers and two fathers r snapshots, hands on shoulders, like ing stair steps from the oldest to the t: Hugh Jr., Jackie, Lee, Nina, , Janet and Jamey.

e two Bouvier girls, Jackie was the and the more modest. She would spend hours with her sketch pad. In the family scrapbooks



Jackie, a clan member since '42

are some of the drawings she made as a child of the others in ly. She also seemed genuinely ashamed act that she was bright. With boys, arly, she went out of her way to make ink that they were smarter than she, mother would overhear her saying to man who had flunked a math exam, n terrible at math, too!" even though excellent at it. Her mother, a great e of "be yourself," never quite under- is. "She was so afraid of being thought ocking," Janet Auchincloss says now. ew husband liked to divide his year two large estates—Hammersmith Newport, Rhode Island, and Hammersmith's equivalent in McLean, Virginia, called "Merrywood." Both places were designed for children, but also for servants. Hughdie Auchincloss's mother, to keep Hammersmith tidy, had employed 14 gardeners. Now there were none. Wartime restrictions had reduced the house to one telephone. The place seemed impossible to maintain, but Hughdie Auchincloss was—and is—stubbornly and sentimentally attached to Hammersmith Farm, and has always cheerfully insisted that he intends to die there. His wife, furthermore, is a woman of determination and energy. Her own background is solidly upper class—she is one of the Lees of Maryland, an aristocratic offshoot of the Lees of Virginia—and she is used to the problems of large families and large houses. (Her first husband's family, the Bouviers, were nearly as numerous as the Auchinclosses, and nearly as august.) She has been trained—like an Auchincloss—to rise to occasions, and to put the best face on misfortune. She put Jackie and Lee to work pruning rosebushes and fruit trees, clipping topiary, and cutting grass. Jackie and Lee took turns doing telephone duty.



Sister, Princess Lee Radziwill

Janet Bouvier also had the formidable Auchincloss family to contend with—a family that had a motto: "Obedience to the Unenforceable." These words were adopted as the family creed by Hughdie Auchincloss's cousin, Dr. Hugh Auchincloss, a prominent New York surgeon. Dr. Auchincloss required that all the children in the family recite this phrase before they could be seated at his Sunday dinner table, and the words are carved in stone in the chapel of the Groton School, of which Dr. Auchincloss was a trustee. (Groton is to Auchincloss boys what Porter is to Auchincloss girls.) The stern rule the words teach is this: "The most important laws to keep are those which a man imposes upon himself." The Bouvier girls, too, had to learn to pronounce the noble family catechism: "Obedience . . ."



Half sister, Mrs. Janet Rutherfurd

Though both girls were voted, by such authorities as Cholly Knickerbocker, "Number One Debutante" of their respective coming-out years, it was Lee, not Jackie, who was considered the beauty in the family. Jackie, despite her best efforts to establish a contrary reputation, was known as the brainy one. It was Lee, in her long white coming-out gown, whose photograph (*continued on page 161*)

What really makes Mrs. Kennedy the extraordinary woman that she is? Where does it all come from—the poise, the will, the majesty, the strength, the sense of drama? The answer is in her background. She is American royalty, born to the manner of two great families, bred to the manner of one of the greatest of them all. When her mother married Hugh Auchincloss, she placed Jacqueline on the limb of a most remarkable family tree. For centuries, Auchinclosses have known the pleasures and burdens of wealth and power. Auchincloss children grow up reciting the family motto: "Obedience to the Unenforceable." Auchincloss children go to Groton or Porter. Auchinclosses have an incomparable style, and Jackie's mother made certain her children had it, as well. This is the story of that style, told here for the first time.



Why should a girl have
such a bicycle?
It would climb Dublin Castle,
if you shifted right.

The Girl with 15 Speeds



Illustration by Allan Marden

When summer ended, he'd have to go back to the States and finish college; but first there was this problem. He was bicycling through Ireland, strong and brawny—or so he thought, until this slip of a girl passed him, as if he were nailed to the road. When it came to girls, he was a born loser. By JOHN SAVAGE

Her bicycle was magnificent. George first saw it at a youth hostel in the Glen of Aherlow, County Tipperary. It was leaning against a wall of mossy stones, between the kitchen and the well. George dropped both buckets to admire it.

One thing he'd seen plenty of, this summer, was bicycles. It seemed as if half the college students of America—including, of course, himself—had been devoting the vacation to stacking bikes outside the youth hostels of Europe.

But, man. Not like this. Frame, female model, lacquered forget-me-not blue. Spokes and handlebars gleaming in the misty sunshine like platinum. Saddle bags of finest leather-oh.

And speeds. The sprockets were piled up like griddle cakes. That meant a dozen forward speeds, at least. If you did your shifting right, you could climb the side of Dublin Castle. Why should a *girl* have such a bicycle? She must be pretty peculiar. George didn't like his girls peculiar. Not since that flap with Lillian and her banjo, back at Michigan State.

He sighed, picked up the buckets, and proceeded to the well across the road. Anyway, it was a nice morning. A mistle thrush hopped ahead of him, flipping its tail. A wood pigeon kept making a five-word announcement, coo-*roo*, coo-roo roo, from a treetop. The cows of the resident warden were mooing in their shed, out in back.

Nobody else was up. George had sneaked out of the men's dormitory without waking the German medical student or the Pakistani guitar player. He'd tiptoed through the Common Room, past the closed door of the women's dormitory, and down the stairs. Now he filled the two buckets at the well in solitude and peace. Curiosity, too, though. He couldn't help wondering about the owner of that bike. Hefty? Hungarian? Forty-nine?

He carried the buckets back to the kitchen, still thinking about it. He'd gone to bed early last night, having ridden all the way from the Foulksrath hostel, with a long stop at the Rock of Cashel. He hadn't seen any women here at Ballydavid Wood last night, except for the warden herself. So the girl with the fancy bike must have turned up after he'd gone to bed. . . . Well, that was one item on her, at least: She was the night-owl type.

He didn't really *care* about her, but it would be sort of interesting if she would come down to fix her breakfast before he had to leave. She didn't, as it turned out. At six A.M., which was the earliest they'd let you use a hostel kitchen, he fried his bacon and eggs. The German medical student came down, yawning and scratching, just as George finished washing up. Nobody else.

After breakfast George went upstairs to fold the blankets he'd used. By the time he'd done that, the warden was up and about. George told her he'd like to do his chores early and hit the road, so she had him sweep the Common Room. Then she gave him back his card. He climbed into his back pack rather slowly, but no other female turned up, so he shook the rain off his bicycle and rode away. The blue bomb was still parked against the wall. He'd never know.

The ride to Caher, through a mild drizzle of rain, took him an hour. He turned right, at the three-way intersection, and headed for Cork. Between Caher and Kilbeheny, he came to a long uphill stretch, over the shoulder of the Galtee Mountains. It was on that stretch that he first saw the blue bike in motion.

He was puffing along, pumping hard. The girl passed him so fast that he hardly knew what was happening. Her "Morning!" floated back to him in a voice as soft as a wood pigeon's, and then she was getting smaller in the distance up the hill.

Her legs in their green ski pants were moving easily and fast. (His own were grinding along very slowly, because he had only one speed.) She wasn't wearing a back pack. That would be because she had saddle bags. And she wasn't forty-nine. Too much golden hair. Not enough ski pants.

By the time he got over the hill, she was out of sight. He stopped for lunch at Mitchelstown, spent a piece of the afternoon at Moore Park House, and pedaled up to the Cork hostel at nine P.M. Her bike was outside, glittering like the Cross of Cong, but the girl herself had already eaten and gone to bed.

So she wasn't a night owl after all. Changeable, that was it, just like Lillian. Too many speeds. You never knew where you were.

He failed to see her the next morning, because he needed an early start to make Killarney. It was sad, somehow, but at least the day was beautiful.

That was the day she passed him in the Derrynasaggart Mountains, on the Kerry border. He'd been sort of listening for her, but her bike was just too quiet. She sang out "Hi!" and he sang out "Wait!" but she was already gone.

At the Killarney hostel, Aghadoe House, he got a good look at her at last. Or anyway, he *hoped* the girl he was looking at was the one. There were several complications. Aghadoe House is almost the biggest hostel in the country. It has everything from life-size statuary to indoor plumbing. There were thirty or forty bikes leaning against the porch pillars or lying in the buttercups outside. One of the bikes was hers.

In the dining room that night, an American girl with green ski pants and golden hair taught a group of French children to make folded-paper birds that would flap their wings if you pulled their tails. George stood at the edge of the group, not wanting to interrupt. French children never sleep. By ten P.M. she was showing them how to make a turtle, and George had to get some rest for the long day ahead. If he fell behind schedule, he'd miss his ship. He didn't sleep right away, though. He lay in an upper bunk, with his eyes open, starting a corrected dossier in his head. Slim and friendly. Loves children. Obviously the quiet type.

The next day, she passed him between Knocknagashel and Kilkinlea.

That night, through a stone wall a foot thick, he heard her singing "Old Dan Tucker" for a dormitory full of Irish girls. Quiet, my foot.

On the day after that, he had an accident. At least he could *say* it was an accident. He'd been looking back over his shoulder, not far from Bunratty Castle, and his bike happened to tip over and he happened to skin his knee. The girl on the blue bike happened to be a hundred yards behind him. She'd been gaining fast, but of course she stopped.

"I think it's broken," George said, without getting up.

She looked at his leg and smiled. "I don't." She got a tidy little first-aid kit out of one of her saddle bags and swabbed his knee with something cold.

"You're the motherly type," George told her.

"Goodness! I'm not a type at all. At least I hope not." She stowed the kit, stepped gracefully astride the blue bomb, and left him lying there. Her mother must have told her not to stand around jawing with strange men.

He got on his bike and rode on toward Ennis, thinking hard. This was to be his last full day in Ireland, but he just plain wasn't ready to sail for home. School. Well, *(continued on page 173)*

In June it seems that love is forever; but November chills the heart. **By GEORGE R. CLAY**

Bird in the Hand

The way the telephone in his family's apartment started to ring just as he stepped off the elevator was so uncanny that for a moment he stood clutching the newel post, afraid to move. Ever since coming down from New Haven yesterday afternoon, he had had a premonition that something would go wrong—that Leslie would miss her train, or get her weekends mixed up, or that the friend she was going to stay with on 72nd Street would suddenly, this mild November afternoon, come down with double pneumonia. It was entirely possible—anything was possible for Leslie. He ran down the corridor, jammed his key into the lock, shoved the apartment door open with his shoulder, and pounced at the telephone.

"Hello!" He was trying not to shout, trying to sound cheerful and suave. "Just blew in," he said, grinning at the ceiling. "Heard your ring as I was crossing Park and 50th and ran the ten blocks home—pause; laugh."

There was a long silence, then a girl's voice said: "Hello, Timmy."

"Why—hello," Tim said, puzzled but friendly, wondering who outside his family would be calling him Timmy.

"I guess you didn't get the—"

"*Mar*tha! I thought you were at Westover—"

"Well, I—"

"For a minute there I didn't know your voice. I mean, I guess this is about the first time I've heard you over the telephone."

"That's right," Martha said. "I thought of that before I called. I wondered if you'd . . ." the sound petered out.

"Martha?"

"I'm still here," she said. *What the hell,* he thought. There was another pause. Then it came: "You didn't answer my letters—my last letter. But I had a weekend permission and was coming to New York anyway, to stay with a classmate, so I thought I'd just—see how you were."

"I'm glad you called," Tim said. "It's wonderful to hear your voice, Martha." He cleared his throat. "How long did you people stay on the mountaintop?"

"Till the middle of September."

"How was the Labor Day dance?"

"Wonderful. No, it wasn't It was lousy. Timmy, can I see you?"

"Well, the thing is, I—"

"Can I see you for just a minute—ten minutes—any time this weekend?" The urgency in her voice was so pathetically obvious that for a moment he wished, sincerely wished, that he still felt the same way about her.

"Sure, Martha. Sure," he said, looking at his wristwatch. He should have known it wasn't Leslie—her plane wouldn't even be in for another ten minutes. Besides, she would never be the one to call *him.* "How about right now?" he said into the telephone. "Where are you?"

"Sixty-eighth, between Lexington and Third. You don't have to, Timmy."

"Don't be silly, I *want* to. If I weren't so tied up, I'd—between Lex and Third? I'll hop a cab and be right down."

"I could come up there if that would—"

"Don't be silly," he said, thinking, *That's twice I've said that.* "Be down in ten minutes. Good-bye, Martha."

"Good-bye, Timmy. *Timmy*—"

"Yes?"

"You don't even know my address."

"Gad, that's right. Shoot."

She came out of the townhouse as Tim was paying the cab driver, and he thought, with relief, *At least I don't have to meet the family she's staying with. I'd like you all to observe Timmy Dunham, my summertime neighbor, my seasonal love . . .* but she didn't look bitter. She looked as she had always looked—sweet, enthusiastic, ready for a fast set of tennis; the straight-backed, big-boned, windswept type that always seemed so lost in high heels and hats with veils.

"I have to be back in five minutes," she said, smiling as if she were prepared to spend her life handing him gifts she couldn't afford.

"You promised me ten, remember?" The way he said it sounded exactly right to him: affectionate but brotherly. He smiled, took her head between his hands and gave her a kiss on each cheek, under the veil. He felt a little awkward doing it, but she must have got the point; she frowned when he had finished, then looked abruptly down, fumbled in her purse, brought out a tiny handkerchief and blew her nose. He looked casually over his shoulder at Lexington Avenue, then back toward Third. "Let's try Third," he said, offering her his arm. "The bars are so noisy they're private."

"Bars?" She snapped her purse shut and looked up at him as if he had said something quite profound which she could not quite grasp. She smiled uncertainly and took his arm. He gave her hand a slight squeeze, intimate but measured, and began walking.

They looked straight ahead. The clack of her heels sounded lonely on the cold pavement. He fished a cigarette out of his coat pocket and paused, without letting go her arm, to light it. When he looked up she was gazing at him with unashamed adoration. *Now,* he thought, *is the danger point: right now.*

"I'm sorry," he said, in his most rigorously honest voice, "about not answering your letters. Things have been kind of hectic—learning the freshman routines and stuff."

"Please, Timmy—"

"No, I mean it. Those were wonderful letters, and I should have answered them."

"It doesn't matter now."

"But it does matter, Martha. Even friends—"

She reached up and put her hand over his mouth, just touching his lips with her fingertips. "Not yet," she said, scarcely breathing the words. "Not this second. Not for the next ten minutes. Eight minutes. Whatever it is."

"Funny—" he said, as they began to walk again.

"Me?"

"How different you are, here in New York."

"I know. I belong any place else—beaches, mountaintops—"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Of course you didn't, darling—*look* at that enormous baby carriage abandoned right on the street corner. I wonder if there's anything in it—anything alive."

"Martha—"

"Yes, darling? You don't mind if I call you darling, do you, darling? It's just a manner of speaking—some people do it to everybody."

"Martha, listen to me—"

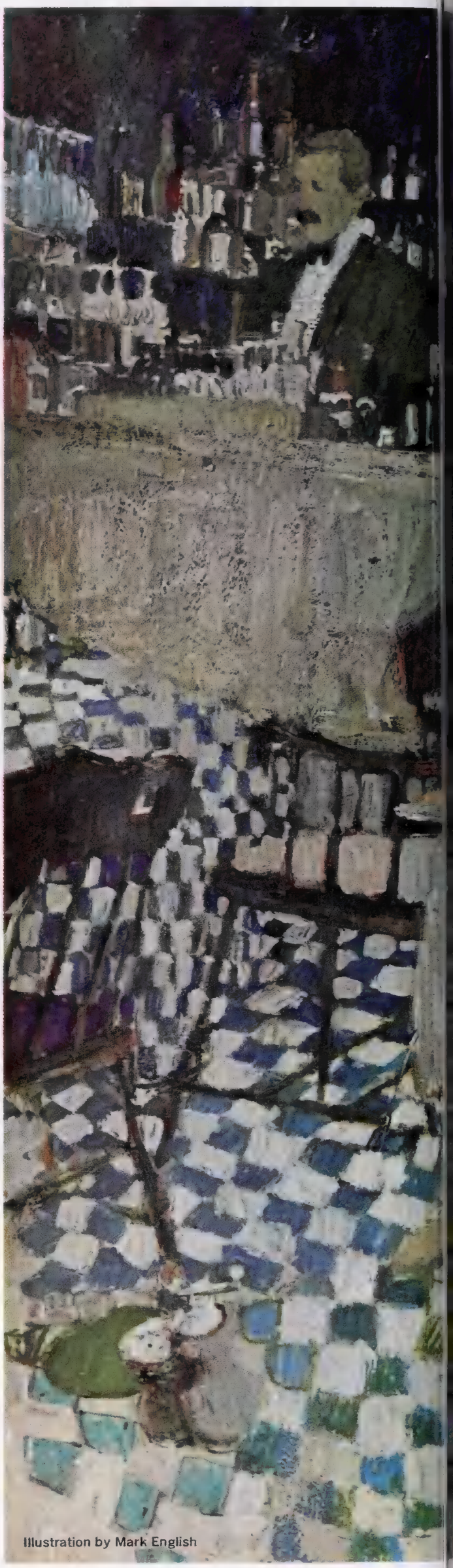


Illustration by Mark English



"It doesn't mean anything, it's just a habit I've picked up working backstage on this play at school—the backstage type, that's me all over . . . what were you about to say, darling? Oh—*buy* me one of those stuffed pheasants some day," she cried, wheeling him around to face a fly-specked shop window. "That's *exactly* what New York makes me feel like: a stuffed pheasant in a Third Avenue junk shop." She slipped her arm out of his and, taking his hand, held it in both her own. "But go on, Timmy darling—I'm listening. I really *am* listening."

He looked past the pair of pheasants and saw a man peering at him from the dimly lit shop: a shabby, aged leprechaun who, as soon as he caught Tim's eye, began to make his way forward between the umbrella stands and the Franklin stoves. Tim looked over the man's head to the clock on the wall. Six—seventeen. Leslie had already arrived at the airport. He turned and gazed anxiously across Third Avenue, scanning the signs.

"Let's duck in there," he said.

"Where, darling?"

"That bar over there."

"Do we have to, Timmy?" she said, no longer even trying to hide the hysteria in her voice. "Can't we just walk around holding hands? Must we really spend our last few minutes in a dreary little booth, burying the corpse?" She dropped his hand and covered her face, as if by pressing hard enough she might stop herself from shaking. "I think you'd better take me back," she whispered.

"Martha—don't."

"I swore to myself I wouldn't. I—"

"Listen to me, Martha—now listen," he said gently, taking her by the shoulders, pleased with the mature tone in his voice. "This is not the casino overlooking Loon Lake. Those are not Japanese lanterns—they're street lights . . . and this is not August. It's New York, in November, and I am in love with a girl named Leslie: Leslie Hunter. She's just arrived from Washington, and she flies back tomorrow, and I have to call her. Now. Before doing anything else I have got to cross this street and go into that bar and pick up the pay telephone and call Leslie Hunter."

She nodded, then took her hands away from her face. She was blinking but there was, incredibly, a smile on her lips—not wistful or self-pitying but a smile of resolute good-sportsmanship: the girl who lost the finals. "All right!" she said. "But hurry, Timmy—try to hurry—because I still have a few minutes, a few hundred seconds left. When they're up, I turn back into a stuffed pheasant."

Tim piled his change on the narrow shelf under the telephone, flipped through his wallet until he found the match cover with Leslie's friend's number on it, slid the door of the booth shut and began to dial. He made a mistake on the third digit, then dropped his dime as he was gouging it out of the coin return slot. He could see it on the floor between his feet but he couldn't pick it up without either opening the door or stooping in his heavy overcoat. Rather than waste the time he took two nickels from the pile of loose change and started over again. His hand was trembling. He forced himself to dial slowly, looking at the match cover for each separate digit. When the telephone began its ringless ringing inside his ear he leaned against the door of the booth and for ten seconds, held his breath.

He was staring through the glass at Martha; a tall. (*continued on page 174*)

DOUBLE-EXPOSURE FASHION



Pants suit goes to town: casual, comfortable, coordinated. Just the right look for an extemporaneous evening. The girl: Missy Mead. Her date: husband-photographer Art Kane (they were married last October). The pants suit: a white military-look jacket of wool gabardine, with brown wool worsted pants. Second exposure, right: the skirt to switch to, in matching brown wool worsted. All wool mark by Don Simonelli for Modelia, 4-14, $145. Roger Van S bag.

Photographs by Horn/Griner. All fashions at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

PROCESSED BY Kodak
Kodachrome TRANSPARENCY

A double-exposure fashion that we think is one of the chicest, most versatile and practical buys of this or any other season. Photographers and models, always among the first to see and approve (or disapprove) of any new fashion, are in accord. The models here, each a fashion pacemaker, took to the pants-suit-plus-skirt idea instantaneously, wear them here, there, everywhere in their own busy lives—sometimes as pants-suits, sometimes as skirt-suits, sometimes teaming the skirt or pants with various shirts and sweaters. Their photographer husbands, all at the top of the profession, and important image-makers in their own right, also know a good thing when they see it. And like these doubly trend-setting couples, so will you. By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor





Pants suit on the move: traveling from suburb to city, from city to city, or just around the corner to the nearest supermarket. The girl: Angela Howard (she was a Vogue cover girl at 16). The man: her husband, fashion photographer Bill Helburn. The pants suit: an officer-style white wool chinchilla jacket and beige wool flannel pants. Second exposure, right: matching beige wool flannel skirt. All by John Anthony for Devonbrook, 5-13, $90. Sorella handbag.



Pants suit in the pink (even in the rain—it's water repellent): proving once and for all that pants suits are not only practical, but pretty and feminine, too. The girl: Hilke Richards, from Germany and a former photography student. The man: her husband, Dick Richards, the photographer who discovered her. The baby: their nine-month-old Kevin. The pants suit of rayon gabardine. Second exposure, right: its matching, eased skirt. By Louis Clausen for PRL, 5-13, $60. Sutain sunglasses. Round the Clock tights.



Pants suit takes a walk: Of course it does, that's what it was made for in the first place—to wear on a walk in the woods, a country road, a city park. The girl: Sheila Ducrot. The man: her husband, Jerome Ducrot, who brought a fresh, natural approach to fashion photography from Paris. The little girl: their daughter Cecile, 2. The pants suit: a linen tattersall check "hacking" jacket and matching pants. Second exposure, right: matching skirt. By Faye Wagner for Dani Jrs., 3-13, $100. Geist & Geist sweater.



Pants suit stays at home: totally at ease, thoroughly elegant, right for a party or just for two. The girl: Liz Campbell. The man: her husband, Gordon Parks, writer, novelist, composer (as well as photographer). The pants suit: chrome yellow jacket, white shirt, brown pants. Second exposure, right: pants-matching skirt. All wool mark by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier, of wool crepe. 6-14. Jacket, $55; pants, $32; shirt, $32; skirt, $25. Evelyn Schless shoes.

PROCESSED BY Kodak
Kodachrome TRANSPARENCY



Pants suit goes to work: It's the working uniform of most models and many other non-secretarial types. The girl: Jane Dillard. The man: her husband, Norman Griner (his partner took these photographs for us). The pants suit: an orange wool gabardine jacket buttoned on the double and matching pants. Second exposure, right: the skirt to wear on the office scene. By Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat, 5-15, 6-16, $160. Bonnie Doon tights, Golo shoes, KJL earrings.

HISTORIC HOUSE: TODAY'S WAY



Exterior photographs by Lisanti, Inc.

By Margaret White, Decorating Editor

Finding and decorating a house in Washington, D. C., last year for an energetic family of six (plus two frisky boxers), one that would provide lots of elbow room for four busy children, was a challenging new project for interior designer Emily Malino—particularly since the family was her own. Reason for the search: her husband, James Scheuer, has a new job as Democratic Congressman from New York's 21st District.

Despite a strong personal and professional preference for contemporary design and architecture, Emily Malino Scheuer decided that one of Washington's big vintage houses would best suit the needs of her family. In Georgetown, one of the city's most charming historic sections, she found exactly what she wanted and, with Jim's wholehearted approval, rented it instantly—a three-story, Southern-style house that dates back to the Civil War, with six bedrooms, sprawling porches, lawns and a generous assortment of odd-size rooms for family activities to spill into.

Like many of today's best interior designers, Emily Malino is not at all concerned with decorating that recreates any one period in museum-like detail. Instead, always keeping the basic character of the house in mind, she prefers an interplay of many styles and periods, from the most fanciful Victorian to the most functional contemporary. She used this imaginative approach—highly creative and uniquely personal—throughout the Georgetown house.

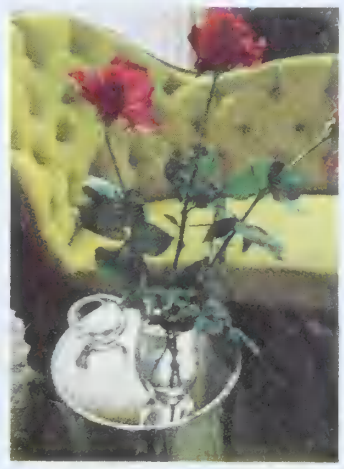
A look at the living room, right, shows how delightfully this can be done: A strikingly contemporary zebra rug plays up an old polished pegged floor; a modern black leather and chrome footstool is teamed with an American Empire chair; table lamps with Tiffany-style shades illuminate an abstract *(continued)*



Interior photographs by Mike Cuesta

The house, above, was built in 1854 by a family from Alabama. During the Civil War, Union soldiers pitched their tents on the sweeping lawn behind the house.





1



2

3



At one end of living room, a polished steel cylinder table with mirrored top beside a Victorian sofa covered in bright silk moiré.

2 *The Scheuer family, clockwise from left: Jim with lyre (he's an accomplished musician); Emily, holding John, 7; Laurie, 15, Betsy, 12, Jamie, 9.*

3 *The Scheuers' boxers, Whistle and Bimba, in the book-lined second-floor hall. At left, graceful American Empire table in rosewood (an auction prize); over it, a contemporary tapestry.*

4



5



painting above the sofa; a steel and glass cocktail table. At the windows, lace curtains in the Victorian style.

The Biedermeier secretary in the left corner is one of several great auction finds. It cost only $125, is worth considerably more. Its monumental scale is well suited to a big house, but would be overpowering in most new houses and apartments. For this reason, pieces like it can often be picked up for very little money today—a lucky thing for those who live in big old houses. (And these roomy older houses are usually great bargains in themselves for a growing young family to rent or buy.)

Another advantage of a house like this one is the spacious dining room that usually comes with it. In the dining room, opposite, Emily once again used an eclectic approach, in this case mixing several different traditional styles, but underplaying the contemporary. Wallpaper in a classic Victorian pattern, already there when the family moved in, set the style of the room. Everything else evolved from it: the lacy Victorian curtains, the 19th-century girandoles on the mantelpiece, the chandelier and Victorian dining table and the Chippendale chairs.

The dining room is the most formal room in the house; it was also the most expensive to furnish. Even so, it is not a room that's "saved" for special occasions only. "We don't like rooms just to look at," said Emily Malino. "We use this house intensively—every room, every inch of it, all the time. We're backgammon buffs, for example, so there's a table more or less permanently set up in the living room, and a portable set in the library. We also spend a lot of time in the music room playing records or listening to Jim and Jamie play guitars.

"We entertain a great deal—mostly our friends are people with whom we work and have a community of interests, so this is reflected in the house, too. We're the kind of people who have talking parties, and almost every room is arranged so that people can easily sit in small groups. *(continued)*

6



7



4 *Jamie and Johnnie Scheuer, on their way to bed, peer into the dining room just before a small dinner party.*

5 *In the kitchen, a large restaurant stove helps cope with big-family meals. For snacks, a cabinet-turned table.*

6 *Betsy's flower-strewn bedroom with brass bed and Victorian marble-topped dresser.*

7 *The headboard of Laurie's bed is made from a section of old porch, upholstered with pink and green paisley.*

8



9





"And in a house that has four growing children and two dogs w
furniture that can be sat on and jumped on without making us unha

Even though comfort and practicality are essential to their way
Emily Malino places an even higher value on surrounding her famil
things that are aesthetically satisfying—things that please them for a v
of reasons: because they're beautiful (the Chippendale chairs in the

8 *Emily did the zebra needlepoint cover for the footstool in a corner of the living room.*

9 *The Scheuers spend a lot of time on this porch, eat here every evening when the weather is war*

because they're amusing or nostalgic (the Elsie DeWolf plaster
es in the music room above); because they have a special personal
g (her plants are important to her and flourish in every corner of the
In fact, there's hardly a thing in this house that doesn't have a strong
al significance. And for this reason, the whole effect is wonderfully
and human, a marvelous mélange of past and present. END

10

The music room, a favorite family gathering place, was once used for dance parties.

11



Like many old Southern houses, this one is as charming viewed from the back as from the front.

This daughter had everything: love, discipline and the solid foundation of a fine home. Then, suddenly, there was a letter . . .

One day in our local newspaper there appeared an account of five young boys who had been brought to court for misconduct too serious to be labeled boyish pranks. There were familiar names, names which for generations had never shown up in court news, names of families who were honorable in our community. After telling about the guilty pleas and the disposition, the newspaper report mentioned that the boys' parents sat together toward the back of the courtroom and that many of them were weeping.

My husband and I knew some of these parents, and shared their shock and bewilderment. We knew their sons had been brought up in love-ruled homes where respect for authority and respect for self were not only preached but practiced. There didn't seem to be any easy reason to explain their actions.

Yet this past summer my husband and I joined the ranks of weeping parents, and I begin to see we are all victims, in many cases innocent victims, of a sickness of our times. It's afflicting not neglected and abandoned children, not overprivileged, overindulged children, but the strong, healthy offspring of average American parents like us who did all the right things. People like us had given our children stable, secure homes, religious training, a clear-cut moral standard. People like us had the courage to say no when it was the right answer, and dared be the only ones who wouldn't allow this or that because we knew in our hearts it wasn't right. Yet children of people like us are suffering increasingly from the deadliest disease of all—moral dry rot.

Our initiation into the distinguished but unenviable fraternity of weeping parents came on a sunny morning when nothing more burdensome occupied our minds than whether, with our eldest daughter going off to college in six weeks, we could afford to squeeze in a few days at the seashore. It was unexpected, violent and shattering. It came in the form of a letter my husband, gray-faced and shaking, handed to me. He had left his office in the middle of the morning to bring it to my quiet research library across the street.

I bent over the letter. It was as though I innocently leaned near to a sewer pipe to examine a possible leak and it exploded in my face choking me with its stinking effluvia. This simile was to be particularly apt in the ensuing weeks. It seemed we would succeed in plugging up one place only to have it break out in another.

Halfway through I let the pages flutter to my lap and whispered, "I can't. . . ."

My husband said harshly, "Finish it."

It was a letter pornographic in language, cynical in its philosophy, knowledgeable in matters that I, a married woman in her forties, could only guess at. Its chief characteristic was a total depravity, as though the writer were completely devoid of the usual accepted beliefs in goodness, faith, idealism. It wasn't really a grim letter—it was the letter of a realist who sees evil, but philosophically accepts the fact of its existence; it contained a willingness to surrender to the inequities of fate; it calmly contemplated self-death as a solution to any problem that became too pressing. Nihilism breathed from every word.

It was written by our 16-year-old daughter.

I said the first thing that came to my head: "She will have to go away."

Because it was obvious she was sick in some strange, terrible way.

Before we could reach a decision as to what could be done, our other two adolescent daughters, one older and one younger than the girl already mentioned, became embroiled in separate situations that had one thing in common—all had their roots in the present-day morality. The 18-year-old had used the family car to pick up three boys she knew slightly to drive them to a liquor store, and then drive them to another place where they drank the liquor. She drank nothing herself, but she broke the law of our state, which forbids minors to drive with liquor in the car; she deceived her parents, whom she told she was going to visit a girl friend; she lied about the matter when questioned, and she knowingly withheld information from the police. One of the boys was picked up drunk and identified our daughter as the driver of the car. We were able to settle the matter in a private hearing, but she lost her license for 30 days.

The youngest girl left the house one midnight when everyone was asleep and met a boy who was running away from his mother to avoid being taken to their winter home in Florida. Their plan was based on the belief that if they spent a night together their parents would have to let them marry. If the parents didn't accede right away, the girl was to say she was pregnant; or, if necessary, try really to be pregnant by then.

To understand the incongruity of any one of these things happening to us, it is necessary to sketch in our background. We are church-going, middle-class people living in a good neighborhood in an attractive home. We entertain some, we go out some, but on the whole our pleasures are simple and generally family-oriented. I leave for my job after the children are off to school and return home at approximately the same time they do. We have always been genuinely interested in our children's activities, and know by sight and name most of their friends. My husband and I came from similar backgrounds. Neither family, as far back as could be remembered, had ever had a member involved with the police, yet in the past six months we have had official dealings with police, probation officers and school officials in dizzying succession. These encounters dealt with incidents ranging from drinking beer in the school locker room to consorting with riffraff and leaving school without permission. Through unofficial sources we learned of other drinking episodes and instances of promiscuous behavior. The authorities all know us and our family background. They handle us gently—and they are as angry, baffled and frustrated as we are by the growing phenomenon of problem children coming out of good homes.

Why is this happening to us and others like us? It seems to me American parents will go to fantastic lengths to perfect their children's physical appearance. Even families who are not particularly well off consider it necessary to spend money on orthodontics for buck teeth, orthopedics for knock-knees, and shots for acne. No defect, howe escapes treatment. On the other often little or no real effort is ma serve, protect, nourish and stimu minds (beyond the obvious one them off to school).

All during the time our daugh growing up we sought to exclude harmful but trite influences. We de ting television until after they had read, and for several years after we it we kept a supervisory eye on watched. They never attended a children that we didn't first pass o we still do not hesitate to ban obviou films even now when the children a teens. We discouraged reading co and provided more suitable reading We did all this because we hoped and form their tastes by first expo to good examples so they would their own accord the mediocre and

Looking back, I can see that the their minds had started even then w were still very young girls. While striving to create a climate favorabl healthy mental and physical growth The Outsiders, The World—were lure them with hints and glimpses ment as yet unknown to them. found out that while they were co curled up with a Nancy Drew book, gling with their first knitting, other age were getting All Dressed Up and Night Dancing School. While our gi forward to their weekly Brownie Sc ing, their one outside activity, some friends were rushing about afterno afternoon to swimming, dancing, lessons, club meetings and hairdre pointments. It was extremely hard single eight-, nine- or ten-year-old g to come for an afternoon and just p girls compared the ice skates, dolls a they got for Christmas with the ster players and expensive watches th friends were getting.

It is difficult to explain to young something as abstract as values beca dren are simple creatures governe stinct. They want something withou to whether it is or isn't good for the reach for what is there in tangible sh rather than wait for some promise benefit. But it is possible to wait w environment is controlled. Then th we want let in can be let in; the th want excluded can be kept out. But living makes this desirable exclusion ingly difficult. The things we don't come in nevertheless do come in: via phone, magazines, newspapers and word-of-mouth.

Our present-day society with its do triple standards places our young ch a frightening, exposed position. Co them from all sides are warring id clashes of beliefs, conflicting evid what's good and bad—long before th ficial training, because of its comple depth, has had time to arm them. T headed on a collision course almost f cradle. Trouble is inevitable when a c not once, but *(continued on p*


WHERE
DID WE GO
WRONG?
By
Helen Tucker

FIND A KITCHEN

START

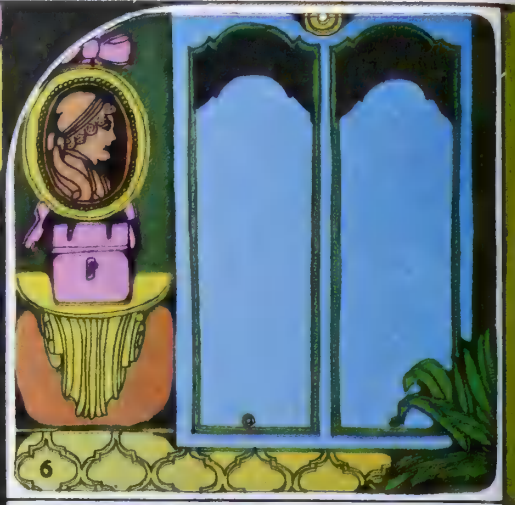
Match the cards to the numbered squares.

The object of the game: to find imaginative places to put the wonderful new appliances and equipment you'd love to own but can't fit into your kitchen.

By Margaret Davidson / Home Management Ed.







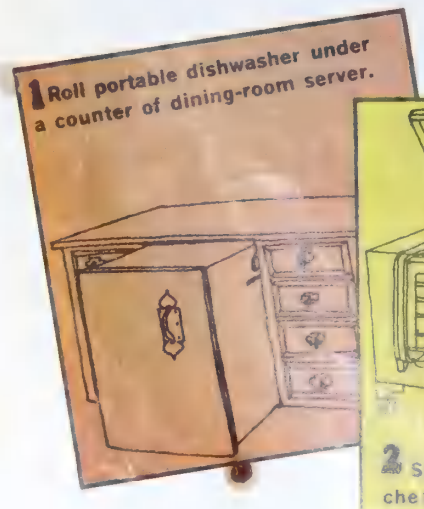




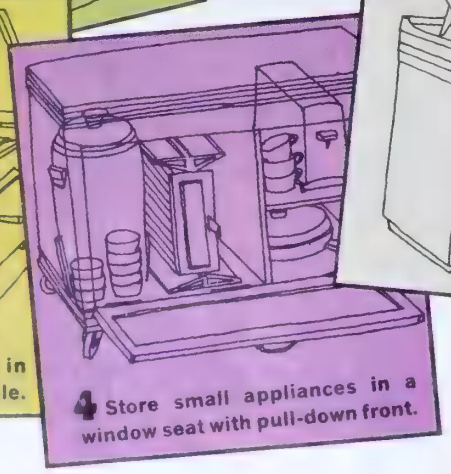


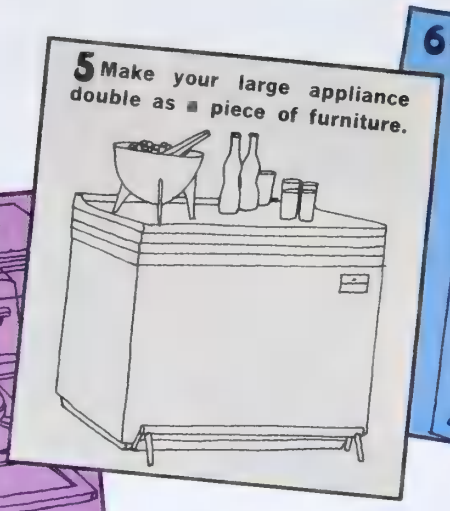


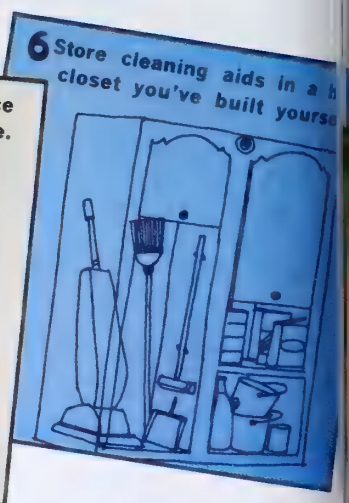








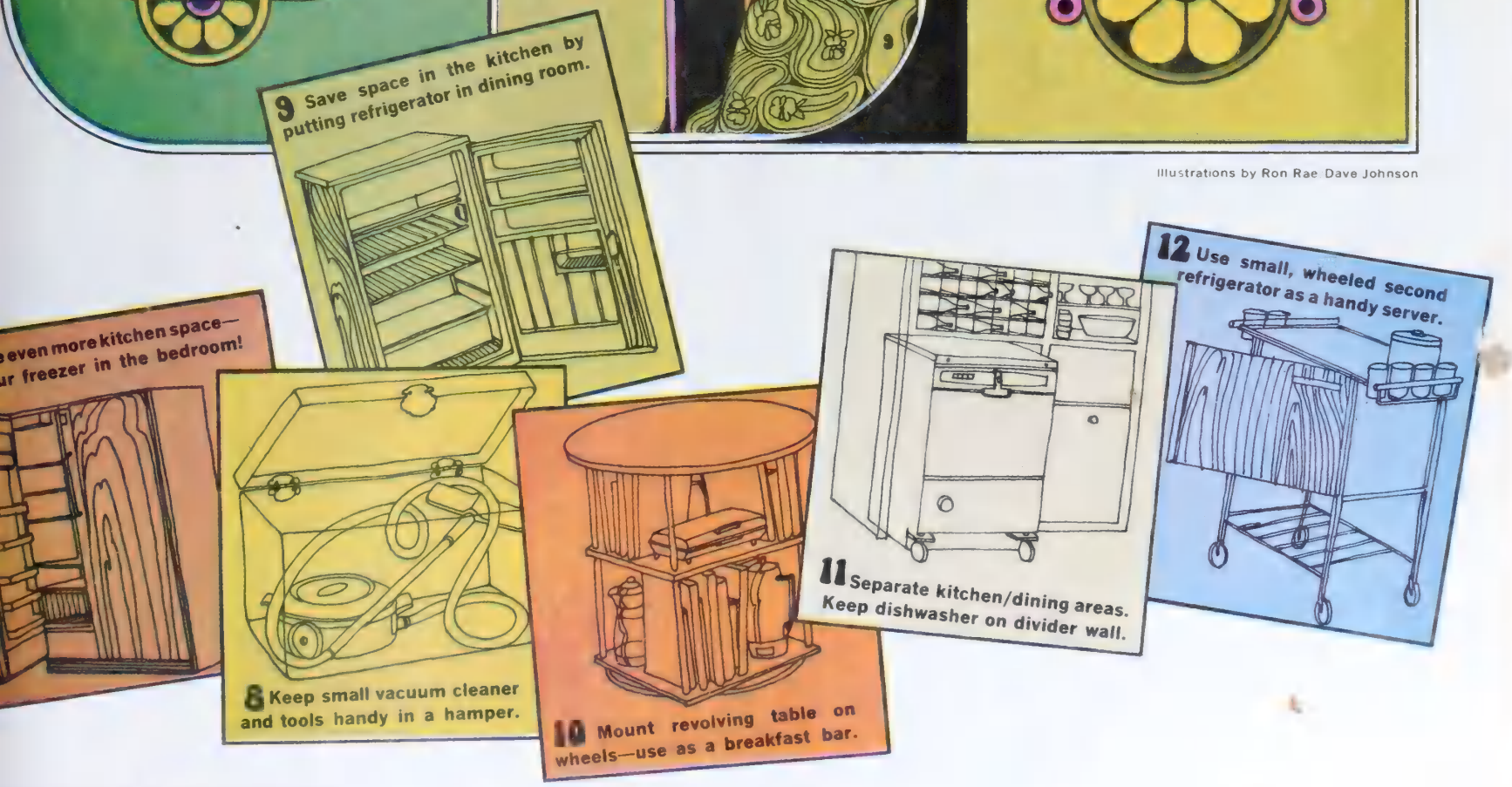




1 We used a decorative
side of G.E. dishwasher. Controls are accessi
dishwasher is rolled out. **2** Roti
Broil King broils steak, chicken, fish; also bakes rolls,
3 A round swivel table, like the one by Yield House, makes this storage arrangement even more co
4 Inside the window seat: coffee cups, West Bend Percolator, a Dominion Broiler. **5** Whirlpool Freezer has serving-t
and, if you like, a brass-plated foot rail. **6** Hall closet is simple to make: just
sections, front frame, pull-shades to close. Inside: cleaning aids, floor polisher, paper to



Illustrations by Ron Rae Dave Johnson



rain fronts of Philco's refrigerator-
rmonize with some furniture woods.
amper: Sunbeam vacuum with wide-track wheels for easy maneuverability. 9 Small Rhinecold-Alaska freezer can be slipcovered in felt
th room décor. 10 Breakfast-table clutter is held to a minimum when toaster, coffeemaker (these, Sunbeam) are kept on small revolving
Portable KitchenAid dishwasher can be wheeled from table to sink. 12 G.E. refrigerator on wheels has convenient serving top.



*"Short hair with lots of wave—
even curls. It just had to happen
after years of long, straight hair.
It's a great look, isn't it?"*



CROSS-COUNTRY SHORT CUTS

In New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, the experts all agree: the short cut's shaping up as the cut to take this year—and it's such a good idea, everyone seems to have thought of it at once. How short? Trend-setting hairdresser Kenneth (left, center), whose pretty, feminine-looking cuts are catching on in New York, says: "It depends on you, your face, your features." Gillis MacGil, right, head of Mannequin Fashion Models Agency and a model herself: "There's no one *haircut. Short hair just* feels *right for now." Carol Bjorkman,* Women's Wear Daily *columnist, left: "Short hair exposes more neck, and you need lots of neck with today's clothes." Here, short cuts plus comments from Kenneth; more short looks from other experts follow.* **By SUSAN HARNEY,** *Beauty Editor*

"This is another look I love: chin-length hair, drawn back with a big bow at the nape of the neck, flirty little cheek tendrils."



"Here's the same cut again—chin-length hair, soft, wide waves, a tousled look. Short hair shouldn't look skimpy. I cut to look full."





"Even this short-short cut is bouncy, looks like lots of hair. Top fullness can be brushed down smooth. Then you get a whole other effect."



"This has a kind of wonderful, frothy feminine quality. It's a slightly tamer version of the look, opposite, threaded through with a ribbon."

Photographs by Francesco Scavullo

CHICAGO

Fredrick Glaser, the man to see for short hair in Chicago, loves freedom, the look of shiny cleanness that hair gives a w man," calls his cuts "two-, t or four-finger cuts," because he cuts to mea two, three or four fing out from the scalp. Far left, **DIANE VAN ESS** *gets a "three-finger" cut. "I never tell hair wha do—it tells me. The s of the head, the textu of the hair make all the difference in the w I work and the final, finished look. Please, rollers, no dryer with this cut. Instead, when the hair is washed, us your fingers to 'pull' it dry. Make the hair stand up straight all ov the head, then push it around, work it into sha Fluff it up for fullness where you need it, sleek it down flat where you want it smoo Diane's hair, left, has a great, thatch-y look, perfect with this Tiffeau-Busch suit."*

"Some women think long hair is more feminine—they use it as a crutch. say, if you can't project femininity with your hai short, you won't be able to with long hair, either. As for short hair with bare evening dress I personally think it's a fantastic look—much more contemporary than piles of hair sitting up there on top of a woman head." Diane's hair for evening, left, is brushed sleeker, smoother—a shiny little mini-cap with feathered sideburns. The dress, by Tiffeau-Busch.

Photographs by Victor Screknesk



CARRIE WHITE *of Beverly Hills (the pretty brunette, center left) is 24, and the first girl in a long while to make a real name for herself as a hairdresser. She likes short hair plus curls—she calls them "curlies"—and does all her cutting with thinning shears. "That way I can cut blunt, with the accuracy of scissors, but still get nice, tapered strands for the very pretty, wispy, curly look I love. Women should dress for men, and that means hair should be soft and fluffy; even eyelashes should look fluffy."* **SALLY HENRY,** *left, near the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel, has a longish version of Carrie's short, "curly" cut.*







Actress **JULIE GREGG,** *below left, has a shorter variation with long bangs and sideburns of this same basic cut. "All my cuts," Carrie says, "are full on top for height, clipped in close at the nape for the illusion of a longer neck, because most women need both—more height and more neck. I feel you get as much out of a hairdo as you put into the set. I use rollers at an angle all over the head. When the rollers come out, I brush, brush, brush—always in a direction opposite to the one in which the hair will finally be combed. This 'relaxes' the set, gives it a nice, easy look."*
DOLLY DEL NOSTRO, *left, has a third variation of the cut. Her hair was back-combed (teased) just at the roots. It doesn't damage the roots and gives her head a pretty, rounded shape.*

Photographs by Don Ornitz

MINIEST

Flowered cotton canvas skirt (Butterick 4434); poorboy cotton top (4338). Both Valtex fabrics. Crocheted shoulder bag (to send for directions, see page 160).

BARED

Sleeveless suit of Avondale's cotton denim (4311). Marimekko hat.

YUMMY

Long dress, delicio colors, of Soptra's dotted Swiss (4379 earrings, Capezio s

WILD

Halter dress in brilliant Tree of Life print on Soptra's cotton dotted Swiss (4304). Directions for wool tassel earrings on page 160.

WHEEE

Whirl-skirted skimmer of William Lind cotton dotted Swiss (4424). Round the Clock stockings. Golo sandals.

JUST FOR KICKS

hey come—mini- and smock dresses, ess suits and short s, splashy prints and ld stripes—all the t, newest, youngest o stitch and switch s spring, and all But- Patterns. By NORA RY, Patterns Editor

FLOATY
ight-as-air dress of crimped nylon knit). Colony link belt. , Robert Originals.

BABY
Gayle Kirkpatrick's smock dress of Bemberg georgette by Joycette (4346). Wool earrings.

COOL
Warm-weather coat of Avondale's cotton canvas (4343). Madcaps hat.

JAZZY
k dress, squared armholes, ped acetate tricot by Crown its (4415). Capri bracelet.

KICKY
Culottes of bright-striped dress-weight cotton canvas (the fabric to watch this season) by Valtex (3552).

DOTTY
Tent dress of Tiger Fabric's daisy-dot cotton print (4425).

tographs by Ray Kellman

Backviews on page 160



Work Wonde

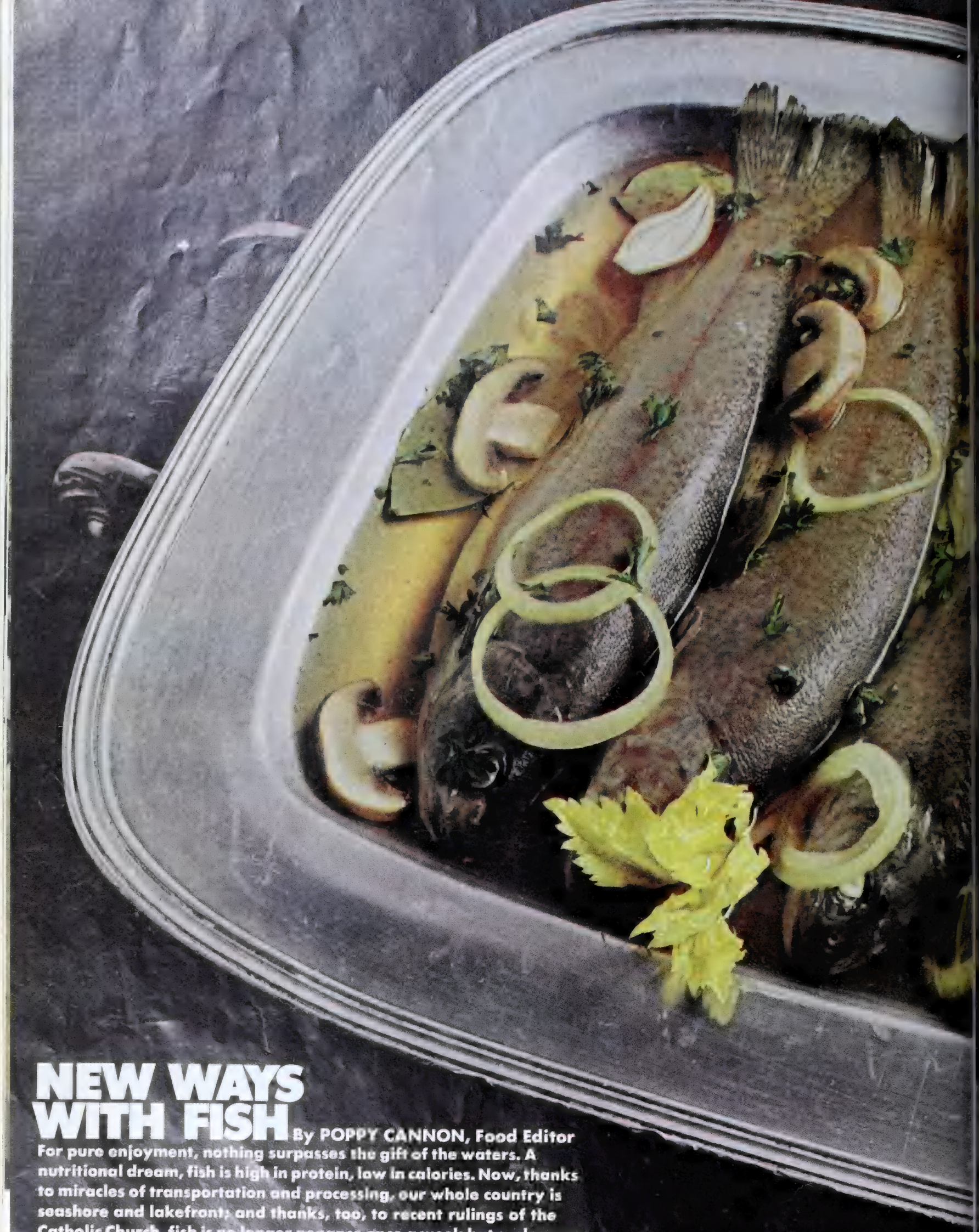
For years, evaporated, condensed and dried milk products have been reliable standbys in the American kitchen—good, sweet milk, whenever you needed it, requiring no refrigeration, taking a minimum of storage space. But perhaps just because they *have* been standbys for so long, these milk products are often overlooked, indeed ignored, when turns to news in food. Unjust! Dried milk, for instance, has turne recently in a myriad of extra-handy products like whipped-to mixes, powdered chocolate malts and other flavored drinks (a qu



Photograph by David Montgomery

Milk Products

drink, for instance, gives you a full and complete breakfast). racles and more—we've used milk products in all kinds of nd as budget-wise substitutions in dozens of dairy-oriented ou must try our Curried Carling (and other cream soups); chicken drumsticks in an outrageously creamy herb-and-tomato-flavored sauce; old, old-fashioned peach or strawberry ice cream whirred in a blender with condensed milk. Recipes for all the desserts on this page plus more, and a raft of hints on using milk products begin on page 138.



NEW WAYS WITH FISH

By POPPY CANNON, Food Editor

For pure enjoyment, nothing surpasses the gift of the waters. A nutritional dream, fish is high in protein, low in calories. Now, thanks to miracles of transportation and processing, our whole country is seashore and lakefront; and thanks, too, to recent rulings of the Catholic Church, fish is no longer penance once a week but a pleasure any day. Only one problem remains: Many women are hesitant and fearful about handling seafood. They overcook; they underseason. All wrong! We show new, so-simple ways and point out the pitfalls. How to broil without drying (*on one side*). How to fry without smoke, poach without watching (*in the oven*). Start with the exquisite but easy Rainbow Trout in White Wine (*shown above*). **Turn to page 147.**





Culver Pictures

THE THOUSAND RECIPE CHINESE COOKBOOK

Journal Cookbook of the Month: Number 17 of a Series

"One cookbook worth a whole course in Chinese cookery."

"Did Confucius say that, Pop?"

"No, I say so. Suggest that Honorable Son peruse the new *Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook* by Gloria Bley Miller, the Journal's cookbook condensation for March (Atheneum, $20).

"Definitive work on Chinese cookery . . . expounds the supreme simplicity and logic of Chinese cookery, even to chapter on brewing the perfect cup of tea—an art that Honorable Son might do well to learn. Everything from using chopsticks to most artistic presentation of food. Glossary tells all—even has a section on substitutions. (What to do if you can't find agar-agar? Use unflavored gelatin.)"

"But Pop, I can't tell a *wok* from a ginger root."

"Neither could author Gloria Miller twelve years ago, until she discovered memorable Chinese feast in back room of San Francisco Chinese restaurant. Mrs. Miller set out on track of basic Chinese cookbook, but found none. Has been assembling all clues and evidence on the subject ever since. That's why this book is worth more than a thousand recipes. She begins with the basics, covers all details of most honorable centuries-old cuisine.

"Consider the results of her investigation at right. first, ***Lion's Head***—spiced balls of pork fried till golden, nested on mustard greens. Above is ***Braised Beef Balls*** with a slight touch of sherry, piled on spinach; below is ***Jade Belt Duck***—pieces of duck wrapped in leaves of leeks, cooked in delectable sauce; far right is ***Basic Braised Chicken***, cooked with a medley of exotic ingredients. For further enlightenment, please turn to page132. Case is closed."

Recipes from *The Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook* by Gloria Bley Miller. Reprinted by permission of Atheneum Publishers. Copyright © 1966 by Gloria Bley Miller.

Food picture by Elbert Budin


Gloria Bley Miller



THE HAMBLETONIAN WONDER-WEEK DIET

Say "Hambletonian" and a man thinks of a trotting race. But a woman's mind leaps to the Hambletonian Spa in Goshen, N.Y., where for a mere $475 to $550 (tips excluded) you can find a New You, 4 to 7 pounds trimmer, all shiny, vital, beautiful. Exercises are important, but the nub of the Wonder Week is the diet. Here, for the first time in any publication, is the entire regimen—mouthful by mouthful. Just *what, when* and *how much* to eat. Follow it faithfully for as long and as often as you like. Perfectly balanced, slyly designed for health as well as slimming! Poppy Cannon lost 4 pounds, Amy Vanderbilt, 7, as have many others—in one week. The secret: small portions gently shrink the appetite, and something to eat 6 times a day keeps you from ever becoming ravenous. All the family can share these menus. (Serve non-dieters double or triple portions, plus a few "frills.") Always dessert for lunch *and* dinner . . . it's a Hambletonian principle. Complete Wonder Week Regimen and recipes begin on page 141.

1. Ambrosia Delight, 2. Strawberries Parisienne, 3. Angel Lime Pie, 4. Raspberry-Cherry Gel, 5. Peach Whip.

Photograph by Be

Vegetables

Soup makes them taste excitingly new.



ET GREEN BEAN BAKE

(9 oz. each) frozen beans
ampbell's n of Mushroom Soup
⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon soy sauce
Dash pepper
1 can (3½ oz.) French-fried onions

nd drain green beans. In 1-qt. casserole, blend soup, milk, uce, and pepper until smooth; stir in beans, ½ can onions. t 350°F. for 25 min. or until hot. Top with remaining . Bake 5 min. longer. 6 servings.



EASY PARTY CARROTS AND ONIONS

1 lb. (about 8) carrots halved lengthwise
1 lb. (about 18) small whole white onions
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon paprika

Cut carrots in 3-in. pieces. In covered saucepan, cook carrots and onions in water for 30 min. or until tender. Drain. Stir in soup, ½ cup water, parsley, paprika. Heat; stir now and then. Garnish with toasted slivered almonds. 6-8 servings.



BROCCOLI

broccoli (about 2 lbs.), small head cauliflower, o 10 oz. frozen packages her vegetable)
ampbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
¼ cup milk
Dash nutmeg
2 tbsp. buttered bread crumbs
4 slices cooked bacon

drain vegetable. Place in 1½-qt. shallow baking dish. Stir lend in milk, nutmeg; pour over vegetable. Top with crumbs. t 350 F. 20 min. Add crumbled bacon. 4 to 6 servings.



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Exciting Cookbook Offer! For 608 quick and delicious recipes get "Cooking With Soup," Campbell's 200-page cookbook. Just send 50¢ to: COOKBOOK, Box 510, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Offer may be withdrawn at any time. Void if prohibited or restricted by law.



MARCH

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1 St. David's Day. Ancient Welsh set leeks in their hats. We make quick Cock-a-Leekie Soup: cut 6 leeks or large scallions into ½-in. pieces. Simmer 15 minutes in 3 cans chicken-with-rice soup, 2 cans water.

2 For Texas Day . . . LBJ's favorite dessert, Tapioca Cream. A low-calorie version is made with skim milk, artificial sweetening, garnish of fresh blueberries.

3 Spring must be near . . . there's lamb's lettuce in the market. (Some call it "corn salad." Latin name is *fetticus.* In Paris, it's *la mâche.)*

4 Chefs at the Hilton hotels make individual Bird of Paradise Salads from perky little whole fresh pineapples (see page 140).

5 "Mothering" Sunday—a day to visit mother and "quaff a bragget, strange and spicy": combine a quart of beer, ¼ cup honey, 2 cinnamon sticks, 6 cloves, ½ tsp. ginger, dash pepper. Simmer for 5 minutes.

6 Remember the Alamo with Bronco Pie: butter and garlic-rub a baking dish. Add a can each chili con carne, Mexican corn, ½ cup ripe pitted olives. Cover with canned, drained tamales (husks off!), deep layer grated cheese. Bake (350°) 25 minutes.

7 Lifted from *The Alluring Avocado* by Judy Hicks and Mims Thompson, a Tomato Beef Soup. Heat, don't boil, 1 can each condensed tomato soup, beef broth, water; 1 Tb. each horseradish, sherry; dash seasoned salt and pepper. Top with scatters of 1 medium avocado, peeled and sliced. Pass lemon wedges.

8 Broccoli is a lady-come-lately on the American scene. Have you tried it bedewed with lemon butter, sprinkled with pine nuts or cashews?

9 This is the Day of the 40 Saints. In Romania, they bake *colaci,* little loaves of bread in the form of a figure 8, as alms for the poor.

10 In honor of Sugaring-Off Time, we'll have Maple Snow: fresh snow or ice cream, drizzled with maple syrup.

11 For Johnny Appleseed's Day, "pioneer" pot roast and gravy (now comes in a dip-thaw plastic bag) and an old-time Apple Goodie made in a new way (see page 139).

12 Pea soup for Carling Sunday, the day famine in Newcastle was relieved when a ship came in with dried peas, then known as "carlings."

13 *Bellissima* morsel at a dinner given by the Academia Italiano—Salame con Fromaggio: wafer-thin slices of salami sprinkled with grated Parmesan, set under broiler till cheese melts.

14 Grapefruit season! Dieters rejoice! One physician suggests, to get all the nutriments, grapefruit should be cut and munched off the skin.

15 Hilarity unfettered at the Japanese Fertility Festival. Eat Yakitori—cut-up fryers, marinated in ½ cup each soy sauce and sake or sherry, 2 Tb. brown sugar, ½ tsp. ginger. Broil.

16 Little Bright Eyes needs her carrots. She'll adore them Pittsburgh-style, cooked or canned, drained, glazed in butter or margarine, catsup and honey (equal parts).

17 Once, on Irish Airlines on St. Patrick's Day, we had: St. Bridget's (a stout barley) Broth, Baked Limerick Ham with oven-browned Praties (means potatoes), Slane Salad (watercress and apples).

18 Sheelah's Day. Some say she was St. Patrick's wife; some say his mother. For her, the shamrock must be kept and worn "till drowned and drunk in the last glass of the evening" (hot chocolate, perhaps?).

19 Palm Sunday. This year it's St. Joseph's Day, too! Great feasting in Italy with breads shaped like scepters, crowns and crosses, *sfinge* or tiny cream puffs filled with sweetened ricotta or whipped cream.

20 Passion Week. In Bulgaria even the meals go into mourning—all black and white.

21 Make lamb centerpiece (shown above) for Easter. Press 2 lbs. solid margarine into a lamb-shaped mold, rinsed in cold water. Freeze 2 hours. Set in hot (400°) oven, count just to 15. Unmold. Chill in freezer 5 minutes. Eyes are cloves. Silver bells and blue ribbons around its neck, encircle with a nest of braided coffee bread or buns.

22 In Czechoslovakia they make Judas Ropes, a kind of cruller. We roll refrigerator buttermilk biscuits each into a "snake," twist, brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 425° for about 8 minutes.

23 Maundy or Green Thursday. In Hungary the first green vegetable of the year is served. In Germany, they say "whoever doesn't eat a green salad is in danger of becoming a donkey."

24 Good Friday . . . Hot Cross Buns. Improvise by brushing brown-and-serve rolls with a little cream before baking. Decorate while still war

25 For the eve of Purim, ma *Hamantaschen,* little tarts, from p pastry cut in 3-in. triangles. In t center, 2 Tb. poppy seed or pru filling. Pinch up sides to make cornered "hats." Brush with beat egg, bake 10 minutes at 375°.

26 Easter ham glaze: Melt a 6-oz. j of currant jelly; add ½ cup light co syrup, ¼ cup port wine. Brush ov canned or cooked ham. Bake at 37 5 minutes per pound. Baste now a then. Chill. Decorate with flowe hand-molded from butter or marg rine, or use tiny cutters.

27 "Ducking Monday": in Hungar boys used to playfully duck the gir in streams or fountains—a local ri of spring. The girls then made dinne Goulash? Fifteen minutes! Brown 2 lb tenderized steak, cut in small strip with ½ cup chopped onions. Add can beef gravy, 1 Tb. each vinega paprika, 1 tsp. caraway seeds, tsp. marjoram, ¼ cup sherry. Coc 15 minutes. Serves 4.

28 In Bristol, England, children st celebrate the medieval Easter custo of eating "tuppenny starvers," hug fruited buns. Since dark bread wa the usual fare, this was a special trea

29 Have you heard there are fir sliced salad tomatoes in cans?

30 Yes, you *can* keep ripened banana in the refrigerator, for 2 or 3 days, a least. Use a plastic bag so they don "perfume" everything. Skins wi darken, but the fruit stays fine.

31 Newest of the easy-open cans has ring that slips on your finger, sligh tug, lid's off smooth, all in one piec

YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE

MEATLESS AND MARVELOUS!

- 1 pkg. Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons Parkay Margarine
- 1 7¾-oz. can salmon, drained, flaked
- 2 cups (1-lb. can) tomatoes, drained
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- ¼ teaspoon salt

In this hearty main dish, a harmonious trio of salmon, tomatoes and onion gets together with the rich cheddar goodness of Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner. Prepare Kraft Dinner as directed on package. Cook onion in Parkay Margarine until tender. Combine all ingredients; heat 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serves 4 to 5. You start with America's favorite packaged dinner—Kraft Macaroni and Cheese—tender macaroni and fine Kraft Grated with good cheddar flavor.





alaskan dinner

THE KRAFT KITCHENS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FOR GOOD FOOD AND GOOD FOOD IDEAS

FINISH WITH A FLOURISH



creamy banana pie

- 1½ cups chocolate wafer crumbs
- ⅓ cup Parkay Margarine, melted
- 4 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 2 bananas, sliced
- Kraft Flavored Jet-Puffed Marshmallows

The magic ingredient in this fluffy pie filling is Kraft Miniature Marshmallows. (They're the good kind that stay soft and blend beautifully into any recipe.) Combine crumbs and margarine; press into a 9-inch pie plate. Chill. Melt marshmallows with juice in double boiler; stir until smooth. Chill until slightly thickened; mix until well blended. Fold in whipped cream and bananas. Pour into crumb crust; chill until firm. To garnish, cut each jet-puffed marshmallow into 5 petals. Overlap the petals to form a flower on this delicious Creamy Banana Pie.



chocolate chiffon cake

½ cup cocoa
¾ cup boiling water
1¾ cups sifted cake flour
1¾ cups sugar
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Kraft Oil
6 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
Kraft Fudge Topping



A perfect chiffon cake is easy to make with light, light Kraft Oil. Dissolve cocoa in boiling water; cool. Sift together dry ingredients. Add oil, egg yolks, cocoa mixture and vanilla; mix well. Combine cream of tartar and egg whites; beat until stiff peaks form. Fold egg yolk mixture into egg whites. Pour into ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake at 325°, 1 hour and 10 minutes. Invert pan; cool. Heat fudge topping; glaze cake. For successful frying, baking and salad-making, count on light Kraft Oil!



plantation cream puffs

½ cup Soft Parkay Margarine
1 cup boiling water
1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
* * * * *
1 pkg. (3¾-oz.) instant vanilla pudding mix
1⅓ cups milk
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
¾ cup chopped pecans
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Kraft Butterscotch Topping

Like your cream puffs light and crisp? Use new Soft Parkay Margarine. Melt margarine in boiling water. Add flour and salt; stir vigorously over low heat until mixture forms a ball. Remove from heat; add eggs, one at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Place spoonfuls of batter on ungreased baking sheet, making 10 to 12 mounds. Bake at 400°, 45 minutes. Remove from baking sheet; cool. Combine pudding mix and milk; beat 1 minute. Fold in whipped cream, nuts and cinnamon. Cut tops from puffs; fill with pudding mixture. Replace tops. Spoon on topping. Serves 10 to 12. New Soft Parkay comes in ready-to-serve cups—perfect for your table!

high-rise soufflés

1 3-oz. pkg. orange flavored gelatin
1 3-oz. pkg. lemon flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
¾ cup syrup drained from peaches
½ cup cold water
1¼ cups (1-lb. can) peach slices, drained, chopped
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

These peach-studded soufflés get their rich, creamy goodness from famous Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Dissolve gelatins in boiling water. Combine softened cream cheese and syrup; mix well. Gradually add gelatin and cold water; chill until slightly thickened. Fold in peaches and whipped cream. Secure a 3-inch collar of foil around each dessert dish or cup. Pour mixture into dishes; chill until firm. Remove collar before serving. Serves 8 to 10. Philadelphia Brand is the guaranteed-fresh cream cheese from Kraft.



dynasty eggs

2 cups medium white sauce
6 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1 6½-oz. can water chestnuts, drained, sliced
8 slices French bread, toasted
1 8-oz. pkg. Kraft American Slices Pasteurized Process Cheese
Chopped green onions

The fine cheese flavor in this dish comes from the best-tasting pasteurized process cheese you can buy—Kraft American Slices. Stir eggs and water chestnuts into white sauce; heat. Top toast with cheese; broil until cheese begins to melt. Cover with creamed eggs and sprinkle with onion. Serves 8. You get extra rich cheese flavor in every bite of the slices marked Kraft!







tuna 'tater puff

¼ lb. Velveeta Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread, cubed
2 cups hot mashed potatoes
1 egg, beaten
½ cup chopped celery
⅓ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped pimiento
Dash of pepper
1 7-oz. can tuna, drained, flaked

This potato puff main dish is enriched with mellow, golden Velveeta from Kraft. Blend Velveeta and potatoes. Stir in remaining ingredients; pour into 1-quart casserole. Bake at 350°, 50 minutes. Serves 6. Use nourishing Velveeta often in main dishes and sandwiches. It's full of health from milk!



swiss cheese fondue

1 8-oz. pkg. Kraft Natural Swiss Cheese Sliced, cut in strips
1 tablespoon flour
1 garlic clove
1 cup dry white wine
Salt and pepper
Dash of nutmeg
2 tablespoons kirsch
French or Vienna Bread

Nut-sweet Kraft Natural Swiss gives this fondue its fine flavor and texture. Toss together cheese and flour. Rub inside of fondue cooker, chafing dish or electric skillet with cut clove of garlic. Pour in wine; heat until bubbles rise to surface. Add cheese mixture, ½ cup at a time. Stir constantly, letting each amount melt completely before adding more. Continue stirring until mixture bubbles lightly. Stir in seasonings and kirsch. Keep fondue bubbling while serving. Serve with bite-size chunks of bread with crusty edges for dunking in fondue. Serves 3 to 4.



YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE



MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

anything," writes the Busy
ing, "if only someone would
lecide what to serve tonight."
to give anything. Just lend us
. Here are answers for every
rch—31 meals and each one
g-o-o-d, easy, interesting. For
Wine-Glazed Ham (above) see
Y, No. 26.
e other starred recipes, flip to
e Index on page 181.

1. ST. DAVID'S DAY
*Cock-a-Leekie Soup
Welsh Rarebit on Toast Points
bbage-and-Carrot Slaw
ch Halves with Cointreau

2. TEXAS DAY
ith Corn Fritters and Bacon
ry Braised in Consommé
pinach Soufflé (frozen)
esident's Tapioca Cream

3. SING OF SPRING
*Scallops Duxelles
Lettuce and Julienne Beets
Dill-Buttered Potatoes
Beans with Green Peppers
late Whipped-Cream Cake

ETTY LADY LUNCHEON
o Creole Soup with Shrimp
heese Soufflé (frozen)
Bird of Paradise Salad
Rolls and Tiny Sweet Buns
Raspberry Sherbet

HERING SUNDAY SUPPER
nd Cranberry Juice Cocktail
Broiled Pork Chops
lled Pears and Peaches
ble Salad, French Dressing
ngerbread ● *Bragget

EMEMBER THE ALAMO
ted Relishes ● *Bronco Pie
Grapes, Pecans on Watercress
*Harlequin Parfait

7. ALLURING AVOCADO
*Tomato-Beef Soup with Avocado
Broiled Swordfish Steaks
Potato Puffs ● Green Beans/Rosemary
*Strawberries Parisienne

8. BROCCOLI BE-DEWED
Oregano-Broiled Chicken
*Broccoli Be-Dewed
Kidney Beans with Italian Dressing
Romaine Salad ● Italian Ices

9. FORTY SAINTS' SUPPER
*Salmon Baked with Sour Cream
Baked Potato ● Baby Peas with Onions
*Romanian *Culaci* ● Cherry Strudel

10. SUGARING-OFF TIME
Old Fashioned Corned Beef Hash
Succotash ● Mashed Potatoes
Blueberry Muffins (packaged)
*Maple Snow

11. FOR JOHNNY APPLESEED
Pot Roast and Gravy Sandwiches
Raw Cauliflower and Spinach Salad
Butternut Squash Cubes
*Johnny Appleseed's Goodie

12. CARLING SUNDAY SUPPER
*Curried Carling Soup
Grilled Frankfurters ● Relishes
Hot Potato Salad ● Tossed Salad
*Lemon-Lime Royale

13. BELLISSIMA DINNER
*Salame Con Formaggio
Breaded Veal Cutlet
Rice Milanese (packaged)
Italian Green Beans in Lemon Butter
Babas au Rhum (canned) à la mode

14. MID-MARCH MENU
Grapefruit ● Braised Lamb Riblets
Escalloped Tomatoes ● Candied Sweets
Deep-Dish Blueberry Pie

15. JAPANESE FERTILITY FEAST
*Yakitori ● Steamed Rice
Green Beans with Water Chestnuts
Minted Pineapple Cubes ● Ladyfingers

16. HEARTY HOT MEAL
Calves' Liver and Mushroom Caps
New Potatoes ● *Carrots Pittsburgh
*Ambrosia Delight

17. IRISH FARE
St. Bridget's Broth
Baked Limerick Ham Steaks
Oven-Browned Pratiés
*Slane Salad ● Kilkeel-Jam Tarts

18. FOR SHEELAH
Cold Sliced Roast Beef
Scalloped Potatoes ● Cabbage
Rice Pudding with Apricots
Shamrock Drowned

19. PALM SUNDAY
Green Olives ● Minestrone
Roast Rack of Veal
Ziti with Mushrooms
Figs ● **Sfinge* or Tiny Cream Puffs

20. BLACK-AND-WHITE MEAL
Black Bean Soup with Raw Onion
Char-Broiled Steak
Endive Salad ● Baked Potatoes
Compote of Prunes and Pears

21. 'TIS SPRING
Cream of Chicken Soup with Vegetables
Spring Lamb Chops
Green Salad with Raw Mushrooms
Stewed Rhubarb and Strawberries

22. LOVELY LUNCH
Green Onions and Carrot Sticks
Barbecued Spareribs
Sauerkraut with Apple Slices
*Judas Ropes
Garbanzo Bean Salad
Caramel Custard with Candied Nuts

23. GREEN THURSDAY
Lentil Soup with Escarole
Linguine with Butter, Parmesan Cheese,
and Cottage Cheese
Watercress and Chicory Salad
Italian Bread ● Spumoni (frozen)

24. HOT CROSS BUN DAY
*Whiting with Maitre d'Hotel Butter
Creamed Onions ● Pickled Beets
Cucumber Salad ● Hot Cross Buns
*Peach Whip

25. EVE OF PURIM
Chopped Chicken Liver
Hot Borscht with Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Beef with Horseradish
Brussels Sprouts with Chestnuts
Pickles and Relishes
*Hamantaschen

26. EASTER SUNDAY BRUNCH
Red Eggs with Assorted Dips
*Currant-Port Wine-Glazed Ham
Mashed Sweets ● Fresh Asparagus
*Lamb of Butter, Easter Breads
*Lime Angel Pie

27. DUNKING MONDAY
*Fifteen-Minute Goulash
Noodles ● Sweet-Sour Red Cabbage
Fresh Baked Yellow Cake
Walnuts in Shells ● Port Wine

28. BRISTOL TREAT
Mixed Grill of Chops, French Fries
Zucchini with Cream Sauce
Tuppenny Starvers ● Lemon Pudding

29. LUSTY LUNCH OF LEFTOVERS
Corn Chowder
Ham with Potatoes au gratin
Canned Sliced Tomato Salad
Mustard Mayonnaise
Boston Cream Pie

30. BURGERS 'N' BANANAS
Caponata (canned) or Eggplant Caviar
Hamburger with Sautéed Bananas
Gingered Carrots ● Coconut Custard Pie

31. CAN-OPENER QUICKIE
*Braised Beef Balls on Spinach
Soft-Fried Noodles
Snow Peas (frozen) with Bean Sprouts
Frozen Tangerine Juice over
Ice Cream ● Almond Wafers

continued from page 125

Substitutions for unusual ingredients are listed on p. 136.

LION'S HEAD

This dish gets its name because the meatball and sliced cabbage suggest the head of a lion with its mane. Lion's Head keeps well and can be made in advance and reheated.

4 to 6 dried black mushrooms
1 pound pork
10 water chestnuts
2 scallion stalks
2 slices fresh ginger root
1 egg
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1 tablespoon sherry
Oil for deep-frying
1 head mustard cabbage
2 tablespoons oil
1 cup stock
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ cup stock

1. Soak dried black mushrooms.

2. Mince or coarsely grind pork (with some fat), water chestnuts, scallions, ginger root and soaked mushrooms.

3. Beat egg lightly and blend in, along with cornstarch, sugar, salt, pepper and sherry. (Use a wooden spoon and do not overhandle: if mixed too long, the meat will lose its juices.)

4. Divide mixture in 4 parts and form each into a large meatball. (This is most easily done if the hands are moistened first with water.)

5. Heat oil and, using a strainer or wire basket, deep-fry meatballs until golden (about 5 minutes). Drain on paper toweling. Meanwhile separate leaves of mustard cabbage and cut each in 4-inch sections.

6. Heat remaining oil. Add cabbage and stir-fry until slightly softened (about 2 minutes). Transfer to a heavy pan or earthenware casserole, lining the sides and bottom.

7. Place meatballs over cabbage. Separately heat stock, then pour over. Simmer, covered, until done (about 1½ hours).

8. Arrange cabbage on a serving platter with the meatballs on top. Blend cornstarch and remaining cold stock to a paste. Add paste to liquids in pan and cook, stirring constantly, to thicken. Pour sauce over meatballs and serve. Serves 4 as an entrée.

(*Ed. Note:* The meatballs are quite large, and we thought this dish would easily serve 5 if the meatball mixture were divided into 5 balls, as we photographed.

To give dish the look of freshly cooked cabbage, save about 4 pieces of the mustard cabbage, cook separately in boiling water, just till tender. Drain and arrange around meatballs.

STEAMED DUCK WITH HAM AND LEEKS

1 duck (3 to 4 pounds)
Water to cover
1 pound smoked ham
1 bunch leeks
2 cups duck stock
2 slices fresh ginger root
2 tablespoons sherry
3 tablespoons soy sauce
½ teaspoon salt

1. Wipe duck with a damp cloth. Place in a pan with cold water to cover and bring to a boil; then simmer, covered, 20 minutes. Drain, reserving duck stock.

2. Let bird cool. Cut meat away from bones in 1- by 2-inch rectangles. Cut smoked ham in similar-size pieces.

3. Cut off long, green, flexible leaves of leeks. With each leaf, tie together one piece of duck and ham, then place in a heatproof bowl.

4. Skim off fat from duck stock. Mince ginger root and combine with stock, sherry, soy sauce and salt. Mix well. Pour over duck-ham bundles.

5. Steam by the bowl-in-a-pot method (above, next column) until duck is tender (about 1 hour).

Note: This dish is also known as Jade Belt Duck.

Variation: Omit the leeks. Arrange the duck and ham rectangles crosswise in alternating layers in the heatproof bowl and top with 6 canned mushrooms; or slice ham very thin and wrap each slice around one piece of duck. Steam as above. Serves 4–5.

For the bowl-in-a-pot method: Place the whole poultry in a heatproof bowl. Set the bowl in a large pot, wok or roaster and surround the bowl with boiling water to about two thirds of its height. Cover the pot, steam as specified and replenish the boiling water with more of the same, as necessary. (At no point should the water be permitted to evaporate *below* the bowl's halfway mark.)

BRAISED BEEF BALLS

1 pound beef
1 egg
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sherry
2 tablespoons oil
½ cup water
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 pound spinach
½ teaspoon salt

1. Remove fat and tendons fr
then mince or grind.

2. Beat egg lightly and add
along with dry bread crumbs,
ter, cornstarch, salt and sherr
well, but do not overhandle me
into walnut-size balls.

3. Heat oil to smoking in a he
Brown beef balls quickly but lig
remove. Drain fat into another

4. Heat remaining water in
pan and stir in soy sauce. Ret
balls. Bring qui
boil; then simm
ered, 30 minute
ing several time

5. Wash spin
remove tough
Reheat beef fa
ond pan. (If
than 2 tablespo
oil to make
difference.)

6. Add rem
salt, then spina
fry spinach until
softened (about
minutes). Top w
balls and cook,
2 minutes more
heat. Serve hot.

Variation: F
spinach, substitu
nese lettuce, cu
inch sections;
until tender.

BASIC BRAISED CHICKEN

1 spring chicken
2 scallion stalks
2 or 3 slices fresh ginger root
3 to 4 tablespoons
3 tablespoons sh
½ cup soy sauce
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sug
Chinese parsley

1. With a cl
chop chicken in
2-inch sections.
scallion stalks a
ginger root.

2. Heat oil in
heavy pan and
chicken sections

3. Add sherry
sauce, water, sal
lions and ginge
Bring to a boil
simmer, covered,
30 minutes.

4. Add sugar a
mer, covered, 10
minutes more.

5. Transfer ch
sections to a s
bowl. Strain sauc
pour over. Garnis
Chinese parsley
serve. Serves 4–6.

*During the la
minutes of cookin*
any of the followi

*6 eggs, hard-cooked and shelle
crease soy sauce (in step 3) to ¾ c
*4 bamboo shoots, cut in 1-inc
tions; and 1 teaspoon sugar.
*15 to 20 dried black mush
(soaked); increase the soy sauce
in step 3) to ¾ cup.
6 dried black mushrooms (soaked
6 Chinese red dates.
*1½ pounds string beans, stemme
cut in 1½-inch sections; increase t
sauce (added in step 3) to ¾ cup.
1 cup celery stalks, cut diagona
1½-inch sections; 1 cup cab
shredded; and ½ cup fresh mushr
sliced.

(conti

Many medical authorities say it is wise for everybody to substitute vegetable oil for solid fats whenever possible.

Today's smart homemakers are going along with this advice.

Solid fats are highly *saturated*. Vegetable oils are low in saturates and high in *polyunsaturates*.

And of all leading national brands of oil, new, improved Mazola 100% Corn Oil is highest in polyunsaturates.

Whenever you use Mazola as a substitute for solid fats you help to balance the fats in your diet. For instance:

1. Use Mazola on your griddle for delicious eggs, waffles, French toast.
2. When pan-frying meats, trim off fat and fry in a little Mazola.
3. Fry chicken, fish, frozen French fries in Mazola. They will all taste better, too.
4. Eat salads as a complete meal more often. Include Mazola in every kind of dressing.

Using Mazola 100% Corn Oil in place of solid fats does not require any drastic change in eating patterns. Your family will eat all the things they like and everything will taste wonderful.

Mazola is easy to digest. It fries light with no greasy taste and *no oily odor*.

Mazola 100% Corn Oil *makes good eating good sense*.

Why Mazola 100% Corn Oil will help to balance the fats you eat.





ker's new Chocolate-on-Chocolate Frosting

Twice as delicious as cocoa could ever make it because it's made with real chocolate – Baker's® Chocolate.

Chocolate-on-Chocolate Frosting

d never make a frosting like this because cocoa has most of its chocolate richness removed. Only Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate will do! Makes enough creamy rich frosting and shiny chocolatey glaze for 3 baked 8-inch cake layers.

Creamy Chocolate Under-Frosting

r or margarine
salt
bout 4½ cups)
confectioners'
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
¼ cup milk

er until soft. Beat in the salt and about 1½ cups of the sugar. gg, vanilla, and melted chocolate; blend well. Beat in remaining nately with the milk, beating after each addition until smooth. ry, place bowl of frosting in larger bowl of cold water and chill ng is of spreading consistency.) Use to fill and frost three 8-inch s, spreading ½ cup between each layer and on top and the frosting around sides of cake. Then top with chocolate glaze.

Deep Chocolate Over-Glaze

⅓ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup water
2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted over hot water
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon milk

In small saucepan, combine sugar and water. Bring to a boil and boil ½ minute, stirring constantly. Slowly stir into chocolate; then stir in butter. Slowly beat in milk. Beat until of spreading consistency. While glaze is still warm, pour onto top of frosted cake. Spread to edges and drizzle over sides at intervals. Let stand until glaze is set before cutting.



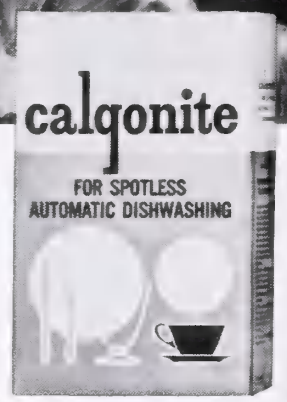
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ever concentrated in a
dishwasher detergent.

Clean dishes / Calgonite . . . You need both.



Now in
giant si

ck mushrooms (soaked); shoots and ½ cup water liced. Garnish in step 5 smoked ham.

st 10 minutes of cooking, ese lettuce, cut in 1-inch

st 5 minutes of cooking, ad cauliflower, broken in arboiled.

used the ns in our is pic- 125. For ach, use a border, dients in

RIMP AND

p s

nger

rnstarch y sauce vater ons oil

ein and np. Dice each to- es. Crush nger root ons. rnstarch, cold wa-

Add salt, d ginger ew times. d stir-fry (about 2

peppers; te more. ock and hen cook, minutes eat. ir in to- to heat stir in aste to kle with ons and Serves 6

be sure gh for 6 ke lots of ce. With- shrimp

HICKEN ED IN

n	Few drops of sesame oil
by	¾ to 1 pound bacon
herry	2 eggs
weet	¾ cup flour
uce	Oil for deep-frying
t	1 or 2 tomatoes

bone chicken; cut in 1-

soy sauce, sherry, sweet ce, salt and sesame oil. add to chicken cubes and d 30 minutes, turning oc- ain, discarding marinade. n strips in two and wrap nd each chicken cube.

4. Beat eggs lightly and blend in flour to make a batter.

(If batter needs thinning, add a few drops of water.) Dip bacon-wrapped chicken cubes in batter to coat them thoroughly.

5. Heat oil. Deep-fry cubes, a few at a time, until golden. Then drain on paper toweling. Serve hot, garnished with sliced tomatoes. Serves 10–12 as an appetizer, 6 as an entrée with the addition of rice.



Everything's in this box. Just open it. (So far, it's pretty easy. Right?)


Add water to the one-step crust. Mix, let rise, spread on a pan. (Easy as pie.)


Pour on the slow-simmered pizza sauce. (Don't look now, you have an audience.)


Then sprinkle on the tangy, Italian-style grated cheese. (It's child's play.)


Just pop it in the oven. (There seems to be a crowd gathering.)


You are a star. (Everyone's cheering; now if you can, try to be modest.)

The toughest part of making a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® pizza is trying to be modest afterwards.

Try Chef's Sausage Pizza and new Pepperoni Pizza. Just as tough to be modest about.

DEEP-FRIED CRABMEAT FRITTERS WITH VEGETABLES

4 dried black mushrooms	½ cup flour
1 cup bamboo shoots	1 pound lump crabmeat
1 cup celery	¼ teaspoon garlic salt
¼ cup water chestnuts	Dash of pepper
¼ cup snow peas	Oil for deep-frying
1 garlic clove	2 tablespoons oil
2 slices fresh ginger root	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soy sauce	½ cup stock
1 teaspoon sherry	1 tablespoon cornstarch
Few drops of sesame oil	1 teaspoon sugar
3 eggs	¼ cup water
	1 teaspoon soy sauce
	Chinese parsley

1. Soak dried black mushrooms.

2. Shred bamboo shoots, celery, water chestnuts, snow peas and soaked mushrooms. Crush garlic.

3. Mince ginger root; then combine with soy sauce, sherry and sesame oil.

4. Beat eggs. Blend in flour and beat vigorously to a smooth batter. Pick over and mince crabmeat; then add to batter along with garlic salt and pepper. Blend in well.

5. Heat oil. Drop in crabmeat mixture, 1 tablespoon at a time, and deep-fry until golden. Drain on paper toweling. Keep warm.

6. Heat remaining oil. Add salt, then crushed garlic; stir-fry to brown lightly. Add shredded vegetables and stir-fry 2 to 3 minutes.

7. Add ginger-soy mixture; stir-fry 1 minute more. Then add stock and heat quickly. Cook, covered, 2 to 3 minutes over medium heat.

8. Meanwhile blend cornstarch, sugar, water and remaining soy sauce to a paste. Then stir in to thicken. Pour vegetable mixture over crabmeat. Garnish with sprigs of Chinese parsley and serve. Serves 6–8.

Variation: For the parsley garnish, you may prefer to substitute ¼ cup mixed nuts, crushed.

DEEP-FRIED BEEF SLIVERS WITH CELERY

1 pound lean beef	2 tablespoons soy sauce
3 celery stalks	1 tablespoon sherry
1 round onion	½ teaspoon sugar
1 scallion stalk	½ teaspoon salt
1 to 2 slices fresh ginger root	2 teaspoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon cornstarch	2 tablespoons water
1 egg white	2 tablespoons oil
Oil for deep-frying	

1. Cut beef against the grain in thin slices, then sliver. Shred celery and onion. Cut scallion in ½-inch sections, Mince ginger root.

2. Mix cornstarch and egg white to make a batter. Add beef slivers and toss gently to coat. Meanwhile, heat oil.

3. In one cup, combine soy sauce, sherry, sugar and salt. In another, blend remaining cornstarch and cold water to a paste.

4. Place beef slivers in a wire basket. Immerse in oil until meat begins to turn golden (less than a minute). Drain on paper toweling.

5. Heat remaining oil. Add celery, onion, scallion and ginger root. Stir-fry until slightly softened (about 1 minute).

6. Stir in beef, then add soy-sherry mixture. Stir-fry only to heat through.

7. Stir in cornstarch paste to thicken. Serve at once. Serves 3–4.

Variation: In step 3, for the soy-sherry mixture, substitute 2 tablespoons oyster sauce.

BASIC RED-SIMMERED PORK

3 pounds pork
1 to 2 cups water
4 slices fresh ginger root
½ cup soy sauce
2 tablespoons sherry
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar

1. Cook pork in 1½-inch cubes. Place with water in a heavy saucepan and bring quickly to a boil.

2. Meanwhile, slice and crush ginger root. Then add to pan along with soy sauce, sherry and salt. Simmer, covered, 1 hour.

3. Add sugar. Turn meat over and simmer, covered, 30 minutes more. Serves 8–10.

Variations: For the white sugar, substitute brown sugar.

In step 2, add any of the following:

2 scallion stalks, cut in 1-inch sections
2 garlic cloves, crushed
2 cloves star anise
1 cup onion, sliced
¼ pound dried Chinese cabbage (soaked); omit the salt
¼ pound salted haddock or other dried fish (soaked), cut in 1-inch squares; omit the salt

In step 3, add ½ cup *(continued)*

lily buds (soaked) and 2 tablespoons cloud ear mushrooms (soaked).

During the last hour of cooking, add any of the following:

1 bunch carrots, peeled and sliced rolling-cut style

2 pounds Chinese white turnips, peeled, cut in 1½-inch cubes

6 celery stalks, in 1½-inch bits

6 eggs, hard-cooked and shelled

2 cups fresh squid, cut in 1-inch sections

½ pound peastarch noodles, boiled 20 minutes, then drained, and added with 1½ cups boiling water

During the last 20 minutes, add 2 or 3 bean curd cakes, cut in quarters or cubed, and/or 2 cups bamboo shoots, cut in large chunks.

During the last 3 minutes, add 1 can abalone, cut in ¼-inch slices. Also substitute 1 cup abalone liquid for the water in step 1.

SUBSTITUTIONS

Substitutes can be used for Chinese ingredients if they approximate either their texture or taste. When cooked the Chinese way, these substitutes are no less the real thing. This is the true versatility of Chinese cooking. Almost any ingredient can be used to create authentic-tasting Chinese dishes, provided the nature of that ingredient and its cooking requirements are understood. Some suggested substitutes follow:

Agar-agar: Unflavored gelatin.

Anise (either powdered or star anise): Cinnamon in powdered or stick form; or anise extract, which is sold in some markets and drugstores. Use only a few drops of the latter.

Bamboo shoots: Coarse-textured vegetables such as celery, green pepper, carrots, young cabbage, rutabagas and string beans. Chop or shred these for stir-frying.

Bean paste, red (for desserts): Coconut or chopped California dates.

Bean paste, yellow: Japanese Miso, half-white, half-dark.

Bean sprouts: Shredded onions or, if you prefer, parboiled and shredded string beans.

Beans, black fermented: Salt.

Bitter melon: Cucumber.

Brown bean sauce: Bovril.

Cabbage, Chinese: Spinach, lettuce, young celery, young cabbage.

Chili peppers (fresh): Dried crushed chili peppers (allow about ½ teaspoon for each pepper).

Chili sauce, Chinese: Hot-pepper sauce.

Cornstarch: "Never substitute flour in cornstarch pastes. It will make sauces cloudy and heavy rather than smooth and clear."

Doilies (for Peking Duck or Moo Shoo Pork): Wheat tortillas.

Dragon's eyes (dried): White seedless raisins.

Duck liver: Smoked ham.

Five Spices: Allspice or a combination of powdered cinnamon, cloves, ginger and nutmeg.

Flour, glutinous rice: (Never substitute ordinary rice flour. It turns hard when steamed.)

Flour, water-chestnut: Cornstarch.

Fuzzy melon: Cucumber or zucchini.

Ginger root: Preserved ginger with the syrup washed off. Dried ginger in smaller quantities. (Never substitute powdered ginger. It's too strong and is better omitted entirely.)

Ginkgo nuts: Blanched almonds.

Ham, Smithfield: Any good-quality smoked ham or Italian prosciutto.

Lettuce, Chinese: Celery, Swiss Chard, young white turnips, young carrots.

Long beans: String beans.

Lotus seeds: Blanched almonds.

Mushrooms, black dried: Dried mushrooms from central Europe and Italy. Use in smaller quantities since their flavor is stronger.

Noodles, peastarch: Vermicelli.

Noodles, seaweed: Vermicelli.

Noodles, wheat-flour: Number 8 or 9 spaghetti or Japanese somen.

Oil, hot pepper: Chinese chili sauce.

Oil, peanut: Corn oil or any clear, tasteless and odorless vegetable oil. For stir-frying, lard can be used, particularly with vegetables. (Never substitute butter, which will burn; olive oil, which is too strong; or shortenings, which congeal and spoil the texture of food.)

Parsley, Chinese: It's the appearance and not the taste that counts, because this is used mainly for garnish, so you can substitute any domestic parsley.

Pepper, Chinese red: Hot-pepper sauce.

Red dates: Prunes. (Never substitute California dates.)

Scallions: Chopped onions in smaller quantities.

Sesame paste: Peanut butter drops of sesame oil added.

Shrimp, dried: Shelled ar shrimp. Use ½ cup for eve shrimp.

Shrimp sauce: Anchovy past

Snow peas: Fresh green peas. the pods, which are inva tough.)

Soy sauce: Salt or a bouillon every 2 tablespoons of soy either 1 teaspoon salt or 1 l lon cube diss tablespoons (Never su bouillon wh quantities of called for: it too different.

Squash, Chi cumber or z

Taro: Sweet white potat

Turnips, Chi cold dishes radish.

Vinegar, rice Cider or w gar.

Water chestnu vegetables green peppe cabbage hea bagas or sm potatoes (al In pork di ples someti be substitut ½ cup apple and diced, a stitute for 1 chestnuts.)

Wine (for cooki dium-dry or sherry (neve or cooking Also white wi as sauterne German Li milch; and cognac, gin, anese sake.

(for drinki Chinese food mium white from Califor French Gra Chablis; the Soave Boll Rhine wine, lese; or the Liebfraumilch dium-dry sh too heavy. Re are not recom but can be with specific such as slow duck in rich Japanese sake, heated, can be for formal dini



GOALS

By Suzanne Douglass

Better be brave than fearful.
Better be good than bad.
Better be loved than hated.
Better be gay than sad.
Better be smart than stupid.
Better be kind than mean.
Better be realistic
And aim midway between.

AN DIET

page 126

ed for the first time, are
s for the Wonder-Week's
Hambletonian Spa, in-
counts for each morsel.
with asterisks are given
his menu section.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Spanish Melon (35)
gg en Casserole (77)
Toast, 1 slice (43)
erry Jam, 1 Tb. (30)
Coffee • Tea
Calories: 185

Lunch
h Shrimp on Shredded
h Special Sauce (150)
fed Celery (50)
Ginger Pear (70)
Coffee • Tea
Pineapple Tea Punch (25)
Calories: 295

Dinner
Princess, 1 cup (27)
rt Salad, ¼ cup (25)
t Mignon (3-oz.) with
room Cap (350)
li Vinaigrette (25)
Vichy, ½ cup (25)
rry-Cherry Gel (17)
Coffee ▪ Tea
: Vanilla Wafer (20), Tea
Calories: 489
Calories: 969

MONDAY

Breakfast
nge Juice, 4-oz. (52)
High Protein Cereal, ⅓ cup, with 4-oz. skim milk (120)
Wheat Germ on Cereal, ½ tsp. (6)
Honey, 1 Tb. (30)
Black Coffee • Tea
Mid-Morning Broth (6)
Total Breakfast Calories: 214

Lunch
Tomato Aspic, ½ cup (37)
*Fluffy Pepper and Onion Omelet (160)
*Cardamom Soufflé (63)
Black Coffee • Tea
P.M. Pick-Up: *Strawberry Frappe (50)
Total Afternoon Calories: 310

Dinner
Green Garden Salad, ½ cup (30)
*Veal Parmesan à la Roma (225)
Brussels Sprouts, ½ cup (27)
*Artichoke-Mushroom Marinade (51)
*Angel Lime Pie (93)
Black Coffee • Tea
Night Snack: 2 Sugar Wafers (20), Tea
Total Evening Calories: 446
Total Monday Calories: 970

TUESDAY

Breakfast
½ Small Grapefruit (40)
Honey, 1 Tb. (30)
1 Poached Egg on Lightly Buttered Protein Toast (120)
Black Coffee • Tea
Mid-Morning Broth (6)
Total Breakfast Calories: 196

Lunch
6 Broiled Bay Scallops on Toast (210)
Creamed Spinach, ⅓ cup (30)
*Peach Whip (18)
Black Coffee • Tea
Afternoon Pick-Up: *Beautiful Lady (40)
Total Afternoon Calories: 298

Dinner
*Cucumber Yogurt Salad (20)
Roast Beef (3½-oz. slice) (287)
Italian Green Beans, ½ cup (20)
*Baked Potato Chantilly (51)
Biscuit Tortoni, ¼ cup (70)
Black Coffee • Tea
Evening Snack: Fresh Fruit (35), Tea
Total Evening Calories: 483
Total Tuesday Calories: 977

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Mixed Fruits (⅓ cup) with Honey, ½ tsp. (80)
Special Protein Cereal, 1 cup, with Skim Milk, 4-oz. (110)
Wheat Germ on Cereal (6)
Black Coffee ▪ Tea
Mid-Morning Broth (6)
Total Breakfast Calories: 202

Lunch
*Chicken Salad Platter with Tomato Wedges and Deviled Egg (200)
Pineapple Tapioca, ¼ cup (70)
P.M. Pick-Up: *Tomato Vitalizer (40)
Total Afternoon Calories: 310

Dinner
*Hearts of Lettuce with Low-Calorie Roquefort Dressing (30)
Broiled Loin Lamb Chop, 3-oz., with Mint Jelly, 1 Tb. (235)
Cauliflower au Gratin, ½ cup (80)
Lemon, or Orange Sherbet, ½ cup (57)
Black Coffee • Tea
Night Snack: Fresh Peach Slices (40), Tea
Total Evening Calories: 442
Total Wednesday Calories: 954

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Chilled Melon Balls, ½ cup (40)
Blueberry Muffins and Black Raspberry Jam (1 Tb.) (130)
Black Coffee • Tea
Mid-Morning Broth (6)
Total Breakfast Calories: 176

Lunch
1 Zwieback Cracker (14)
Pepper and Cabbage Salad (30)
*Tomato Stuffed with Shrimp (136)
Whipped Low-Calorie Orange Gelatin, ½ cup (35)
Black Coffee • Tea
P.M. Pick-Up: *California Flip (60)
Total Afternoon Calories: 275

Dinner
Relish Tray (20) *Cranberry Mold (24)
Baked Spring Capon, medium size (250)
Butternut Squash, ½ cup (30)
Eggplant "Caviar," ¼ cup (25)
*Strawberries Parisienne (60)
Black Coffee ▪ Tea
Evening Snack: Cheddar Cheese Snack: ½-inch cube on cracker (60), Tea
Total Evening Calories: 469
Total Thursday Calories: 920

FRIDAY

Breakfast
1 Small Orange, Sliced (50)
1 Scrambled Egg on Lightly Buttered Gluten Toast (110)
Black Coffee ▪ Tea
Mid-Morning Broth (6)
Total Breakfast Calories: 166

Lunch
Fluffy Cheese Soufflé, ½ cup (170)
Green Bean Salad, ½ cup (19)
*Lemon Lime Royale (45)
Black Coffee ▪ Tea
Afternoon Pick-Up: *Apple Frostie (50)
Total Afternoon Calories: 284 *(continued)*

w many great new desserts you hiding in your cupboard? Turn the page...



HAMBLETONIAN DIET *continued*

Dinner

Bouillon Imperial, 1 cup (27)
Carrot and Raisin Salad, ½ cup (30)
Broiled African Rock Lobster Tail (1 medium) with Butter, 1 Tb. (208)
or 1 whole Broiled Rainbow Trout (290)
Harvard Beets, ⅓ cup (51)
Sesame Asparagus (24)
*Ambrosia Delight (115)
Black Coffee • Tea
Evening Snack: Homemade Oatmeal Cookie (28), Tea
Total Calories: Lobster Dinner 483
Total Calories: Trout Dinner 565
Day's Calories: with Lobster Dinner 933
Day's Calories: with Trout Dinner 1,015

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Ugli Fruit or ½ Grapefruit (50)
2 (4-inch) Wheat Cakes with 1 Strip Bacon (150)
Honey, 1 Tb. (30) Black Coffee ▪ Tea
Total Breakfast Calories: 230

Lunch

Cottage Cheese, 2 Tb., and Pineapple, ½ slice, cubed, Salad (44)
Broiled Chopped Sirloin Patty (4-oz. raw) on Protein Toast (160)
*Pina Aloha (93)
Black Coffee • Tea
P.M. Pick-Up: *California Flip (60)
Total Afternoon Calories: 357

Dinner

Relish Tray (20) Consommé Princess, 1 cup (27)
Roast Leg of Spring Lamb, 4 oz., with Mint Jelly 1 Tb. (260)
Stewed Tomatoes and Celery, ½ cup (30)
Waxed Beans, ½ cup (20)
*Harlequin Parfait (12)
Black Coffee • Tea
Total Evening Calories: 369
Total Saturday Calories: 956

AFTERNOON PICK-UPS

Use the same method for preparing these 6 different pick-ups. Each recipe is for one serving. Combine ingredients in a blender or small bowl. Beat till frothy. Serve at once.

Tomato Vitalizer

¾ cup cold tomato juice, 2 Tb. each celery juice and lemon juice, ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate. Garnish with sprig of celery.

California Flip

¼ cup cold orange juice, ¼ cup cold pineapple juice, and ¼ cup cold skim milk.

Strawberry Frappe

½ cup crushed fresh strawberries, ½ cup cold skim milk.

Apple Frostie

⅔ cup cold apple juice, ¼ cup cold skim milk, and 2 Tb. each celery juice and lemon juice.

Pineapple Tea Punch

¾ cup cold tea, 2 Tb. pineapple juice, 1 Tb. lemon juice and ⅛ tsp. low-calorie liquid sweetener.

Beautiful Lady

½ cup carrot juice, ¼ cup each celery juice and cold apple juice and ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate.

LEMON LIME ROYALE

1 (4-serving size) envelope lemon-flavor low-calorie gelatin
1 cup boiling water
10 ice cubes
4 thin slices fresh lime
1 medium grapefruit
1 orange

Dissolve 1 (4-serving size) envelope lemon-flavor low-calorie gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add 10 ice cubes, stirring till thickened, about 5 minutes.

Spoon gelatin into 4 custard cups, filling each just half full. Set cups in freezer for 5 minutes, or till firm. Remove from freezer.

Meanwhile trim rind from 4 thin slices fresh lime. Lay a slice on top of each cup of gelatin. Spoon rest of lemon gelatin on top. Chill cups till firm.

Trim peels from 1 medium orange and 1 grapefruit. Cut into sections. Remove seeds. Garnish tops of gelatin cups with slices of grapefruit and orange. Serves 4.

BAKED POTATO CHANTILLY

2 medium potatoes
¼ cup non-fat whipped cream
2 Tb. finely chopped chives
½ tsp. paprika

Bake 2 medium potatoes at 400° for 45 minutes or till soft (test by squeezing gently). Remove from oven. Cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out insides with a spoon. Be careful not to break skin.

Push potato through a sieve or whir in blender till smooth. Add ¼ cup non-fat whipped cream and 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives. Beat until fluffy. Spoon potato mixture back into skins. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon paprika.

Return to oven for 8 minutes or until potatoes are browned. Serves 4.

BAKED TOMATOES STUFFED WITH SHRIMP

4 large tomatoes
1 small onion, minced
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 cup cooked shrimp, canned or fresh
¼ cup bread crumbs
1 Tb. chopped parsley
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1½ Tb. grated Cheddar cheese

Remove the stems from 4 large tomatoes. Carefully remov
sides, using a small me
teaspoon. DO NOT cut t

Sauté 1 small onion,
tablespoon butter or
golden. Add 1 cup c
canned or fresh, ¼ cup b
tablespoon chopped parsl
salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepp
Fill tomatoes with sh
Sprinkle 1½ tablespoons
dar cheese on top. Bak
(350°) oven 20 minutes.

VEAL PARMESAN À LA R

¾ lb. lean veal
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
3 Tb. butter or margarine
3 Tb
Pa
2 tsp
½ ts
⅛ ts

Pound ¾ lb. veal till ve
4 (½-inch) slices.

In a skillet sauté 1
chopped very fine, in 3 ta
ter or margarine. Add
brown on both sides. S
tablespoons grated Parm
teaspoons paprika, ½ tea
⅛ teaspoon pepper. Co
about 10 minutes, or till

AMBROSIA DELIGHT

1 (14½-oz.) pkg. angel food cake mix
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 orange
1 lemon
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
½ tsp
ora
1 (2½
low
des
mix
½ cu

Prepare 1 (14½-oz.)
food cake mix according
Remove from pan and co

Meanwhile beat 3 eggs
double boiler over hot wa

Let them out of the box.



These two new boxes of Jell-O® Gelati
cupboard are hiding a whole new kind
Desserts with the refreshing taste of
made with Jell-O Gelatin's two new fla
berry Punch and Concord Grape.
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tions from the Jell-O boxes to: Recipe B
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thoroughly. Add juice of
1 one lemon. Add ½ tea-
rated lemon and orange
thick like custard. Chill in
least 4 hours.

(2½-oz.) package low-
topping mix with ½ cup
ollow package directions.)
1 lemon-orange mixture
topping. Cover angel food
frosting. Serves 16.

PIE

1 cup boiling water
5 ice cubes
½ cup instant non-fat dry milk powder
½ cup ice water
1 Tb. lemon juice
8 purple grapes
1 egg white
2 tsp. sugar

ugar
d
ze)

oz.) box Zwieback crackers
bs (about 1⅔ cups). Blend
up brown sugar, ¼ cup
er or margarine, and ¼
nd cinnamon with a fork
nder in a small bowl.
bs evenly over bottom and
nch pie plate. Set another
plate on top and press
th out layer of crumbs. Re-
plate. Bake crust in mod-
ven for 10 minutes. Cool.
(4-serving size) envelopes
w-calorie gelatin in 1 cup
. Add 5 ice cubes and stir
, about 5 minutes.
½ cup instant non-fat dry
over ½ cup ice water in a
Beat with electric beater
till soft peaks form. Add
1 tablespoon lemon juice and continue beating till mixture stands in stiff peaks. Fold into gelatin mixture until no streaks of white or green can be seen. Spoon into the cooled crust. Chill until firm.

Dip 8 grapes into 1 egg white and then into 2 teaspoons sugar to give a frosty effect. Arrange grapes on pie for a pretty garnish. Serves 8.

BROCCOLI VINAIGRETTE

1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen broccoli spears
½ cup wine vinegar
2 Tb. salad oil
2 Tb. cold water
2 tsp. grated onion
1 tsp. finely chopped chives
1 tsp. chopped queen-size green olives
½ tsp. chopped parsley
½ tsp. paprika
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Cook 1 (10-oz.) package frozen broccoli spears according to directions. Drain well.

Blend together ½ cup wine vinegar, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 teaspoons grated onion, 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives, 1 teaspoon chopped queen-size green olives, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix thoroughly by shaking in an empty jar.

Pour sauce over broccoli, which has been arranged first on a serving platter. Chill till serving time. Serves 4.

RASPBERRY-CHERRY GEL

1 (4-serving size) envelope raspberry-flavor low-calorie gelatin
½ cup boiling water
5 ice cubes
½ cup canned red cherries, well drained

Dissolve 1 (4-serving size) envelope raspberry-flavor low-calorie gelatin in ½ cup boiling water. Add 5 ice cubes. Stir till thickened, about 3 minutes. Add ½ cup canned red cherries, well drained, and fold into gelatin mixture. Pour into a two-cup mold or large custard cups. Chill until firm. Serves 4.

STRAWBERRIES PARISIENNE

½ cup cold water
1 envelope low-calorie whipped dessert topping mix
½ tsp. vanilla
2 cups fresh strawberries, washed and hulled

Mix together ½ cup cold water, 1 envelope low-calorie whipped dessert topping mix, and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Whip with electric beater till topping becomes thick and fluffy. Fold in 2 cups strawberries, washed and hulled. Serve cold in sherbet glasses. 4 servings.

CARDAMOM SOUFFLÉ

½ Tb. butter or margarine
¾ cup skim milk
⅓ cup sugar
3 Tb. sifted flour
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ tsp. ground cardamom
4 egg whites

Grease 6-cup mold with ½ tablespoon butter or margarine.

Blend together ¾ cup skim milk, ⅓ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons sifted flour. Add 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and ½ teaspoon ground cardamom. Mix thoroughly.

Beat 4 egg whites till stiff peaks are formed. Fold egg whites gently into yolk mixture. Gently turn mixture into mold. Bake at 375° 35 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

SHIRRED EGG EN CASSEROLE

Lightly grease 4 custard cups with 2 teaspoons butter or margarine. Beat 4 egg whites until very stiff. Divide into 4 custard cups. Gently drop one unbroken egg yolk in each. Place in moderate (350°) oven for 10 minutes, or till eggs are set. Season with salt and pepper.

STUFFED CELERY

1 bunch celery
1 (4.5-gram) pkg. vegetable broth
1 Tb. boiling water
¼ cup cottage cheese
1 oz. Roquefort cheese, crumbled
1 tsp. chopped chives
½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Wash 1 bunch celery. Cut stalks into 2-inch lengths. Place in ice water while you prepare filling. Dissolve 1 (4.5-gram) package vegetable broth in 1 tablespoon boiling water. Blend in ¼ cup cottage cheese, 1 ounce Roquefort cheese, crumbled, 1 teaspoon chopped chives and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Spread in celery hollows. Serve cold.

CRANBERRY MOLD

2 cups frozen cranberries
2 (4-serving size) envelopes lemon-flavor low-calorie gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup cold water
1½ tsp. horseradish
½ tsp. low-calorie liquid sweetener

Put 2 cups frozen cranberries through a food mill or in a blender to crush. Dissolve 2 (4-serving size) envelopes lemon-flavor low-calorie gelatin in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water. Stir. Add 1½ teaspoons horseradish, ½ teaspoon low-calorie liquid sweetener. Mix well. Fold in the crushed cranberries. Pour into a 3-cup mold. Refrigerate till firm. Unmold by dipping into hot water for a minute. Invert onto a plate. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6.

CUCUMBER YOGURT SALAD

1 cucumber, sliced thin
½ cup plain yogurt
1 Tb. chili sauce
1 tsp. chopped chives
¼ tsp. cayenne pepper

(*continued*)

Bavarian

ell-O®
Gelatin

2 cups prepared Dream Whip® Whipped Topping or whipped cream
1 banana, sliced

d sugar in boiling water. Add cold water. thickened; set aside 1 cup. Blend 1 cup of ng into remaining gelatin. Spoon into 6 r dessert dishes. Chill until set. Fold reserved gelatin; then spoon into molds. nmold. Garnish with remaining topping. vings.

Concord Grape Ripple

1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O Concord Grape Gelatin
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
1 cup (about) ice cream, whipped cream, or sour cream

Dissolve gelatin and sugar in boiling water. Add cold water. Chill until set, but not firm. Alternately spoon gelatin mixture and ice cream into sherbet glasses, beginning and ending with the gelatin. Garnish if desired. Chill. Makes about 5 servings.

Strawberry Punch Jubilee

1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O Strawberry Punch Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1¼ cups ginger ale
1 orange, peeled and cut in wedges
¼ cup drained pineapple tidbits

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add ginger ale; set aside ¼ cup until very thick. Meanwhile, chill remaining gelatin until thickened. Fold in fruits. Divide into 5 punch cups or sherbet glasses and chill. Whip the reserved gelatin until it begins to foam. Spoon about 2 tablespoons onto each serving. (If necessary, beat gelatin again for additional foam.) Chill. Garnish with mint leaves, if desired. Makes 5 servings.







Slice it with your fingers.

Nature blessed the Sunkist Navel with much more than its zip-open peel. She taught it to break into neat, bite-sized segments at the touch of your fingers. And she left out all the seeds. She made it easy as pie for you to get at that juicy, golden sunshine inside. So go
Open up an orange. A Sunkist

Sunkist®
From California-Arizona

NIAN DIET *continued*

cucumber, sliced thin, in
d together ½ cup plain
lespoon chili sauce, 1 tea-
d chives, and ¼ teaspoon
er.
t mixture over cucumbers
e till serving time. Place
uce and serve. Serves 4.

PARFAIT

ze)
awberry-
alorie

water

ize)
ne-flavor
gelatin
water

bowl dis-
rving size)
rawberry-
orie gelatin
ing water.
es, stirring
s thick as
out 5 min-
same steps
rving size)
gelatin.
ened straw-
into 4 par-
ne-quarter
to set in
8 minutes.
latin on top
till gelatin
way mark.
freezer for
Repeat with
then lime
ull, setting
for 8 min-
each layer.
serve cold.

ON AND ER OMELET

ilk
r
r or

per, diced
ly chopped
or

white until
egg yolk
olored. Add
tablespoon
¼ teaspoon
⅛ teaspoon
tly fold the
e into the

teaspoons
argarine in
n fat bub-
egg. Shake
omelet does not stick. Lift
with spatula to see when
one. When bottom looks
an into a moderate (350°)
minute to cook top. Sauté
pper, diced, and ¼ of an
chopped, in 1 teaspoon but-
arine. Sprinkle onion-green
re over half of omelet. Then
alf over, gently turn out on
sh. Eat hot, at once. One

MUSHROOM MARINADE

ush-
non

1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
⅓ cup vinegar
3 Tb. olive oil
½ tsp. salt
½ clove garlic, crushed
¼ tsp. thyme
½ bay leaf
¼ tsp. black pepper
⅛ tsp. ground coriander
½ tsp. chopped fennel

Cut off tough parts of stems of ½ lb. fresh mushrooms. Peel mushrooms and slice in half. Sprinkle with the juice of a lemon. Cook 1 (10-oz.) package frozen artichoke hearts according to directions. Drain and cool. Combine with mushrooms.

Heat ⅓ cup vinegar, 3 tablespoons olive oil, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ clove garlic, crushed, ¼ teaspoon thyme, ½ bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon black pepper, and ⅛ teaspoon ground coriander. Simmer for 5 minutes. Strain vinegar mixture.

Pour mixture over artichokes and mushrooms. Place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon chopped fennel. Serves 6.

PINA ALOHA

Cut one whole pineapple in half lengthwise, leaves and all. Then cut again lengthwise, making quarters, still leaving leaves on.

Take each quarter and use a sharp knife to cut out the centers but leave a ½-inch strip along the top of the fruit (like a basket handle).

Slip out the center section and cut across it, making wedges ½-inch thick. Do this for each of the four sections.

Soak the wedges in 4 tablespoons kirsch in a flat dish for a half hour, turning the pieces from time to time.

Then put the wedges right back in the "boats." Allow the edges of the wedges to stick out a bit on one side or the other, alternately, so they can be easily speared with a fork or plucked up with the fingers. Serves 4.

LOW-CALORIE ROQUEFORT DRESSING

Empty 1 (8-oz.) bottle low-calorie French dressing into a small bowl. Crumble 1½ ounces Roquefort cheese with a fork. Add to French dressing and blend thoroughly.

BAKED GINGER PEARS

2 (8-oz.) cans low-calorie pears
½ tsp. ginger
¼ tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. grenadine
4 sprigs mint

Drain 2 (8-oz.) cans low-calorie pears, saving the syrup. Pin 2 halves together with a colored toothpick and place in a custard cup. Mix syrup from the cans of pears with ½ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Blend well. Pour over pears in the 4 custard cups. Brush pears with ½ teaspoon grenadine to give them a "blushing" look. Bake in oven 5 minutes at 300°. Garnish with a sprig of mint. Makes 4 servings.

CHICKEN SALAD PLATTER WITH TOMATO WEDGES AND DEVILED EGG

1 cup cubed chicken
1 stalk celery, diced
1½ Tb. mayonnaise
2 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
¼ cup instant minced onion
1 tsp. parsley
2 tomatoes, cut in wedges
4 deviled egg halves

Combine 1 cup cubed chicken, 1 stalk celery, diced, 1½ tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ cup instant minced onion in a bowl. Mix well. Chill.

Serve on 4 individual plates, on a bed of lettuce. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and on each plate place ½ tomato, cut in wedges, and a deviled egg. Make the deviled eggs according to your own favorite recipe or mix the 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Serves 4.

PEACH WHIP

1 (4-serving size) envelope orange-flavor low-calorie gelatin
½ cup boiling water
5 ice cubes
4 unsweetened peach halves
4 sprigs mint

Dissolve 1 (4-serving size) envelope orange-flavor gelatin in ½ cup boiling water. Add 5 ice cubes, stir till thickened, about 5 minutes. Take out the unmelted ice, if there is some, and beat gelatin for about 4 minutes, till thick and fluffy.

Fill 4 parfait glasses half full of fluffy orange gelatin.

Slice 4 unsweetened peach halves thinly. Arrange 1 sliced half on top of gelatin in each glass. Spoon rest of fluffy gelatin on top, in the four glasses. Top with a sprig of mint. Serves 4.

SHRIMP WITH SPECIAL SAUCE

1 lb. jumbo shrimp, cooked, deveined and shelled
1 pint plain yogurt
½ (8-oz.) bottle low-calorie Italian salad dressing
½ cup chili sauce
1 Tb. finely chopped chives
1 tsp. tarragon
½ tsp. monosodium glutamate

Blend together 1 pint plain yogurt, ½ (8-oz.) bottle low-calorie Italian salad dressing, ½ cup chili sauce, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 1 teaspoon tarragon, and ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Mix well. Arrange 1 lb. jumbo shrimp, deveined and shelled, on a platter of lettuce leaves. Pour sauce over them. Serves 4. **END**



Bugle Call!

Crunch up a hot dog. A glass of milk. Or a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich. With Bugles ... the crunchy little horns that taste like roasted corn. Have some Bugles ... they're a real blast!

SNACK! BUGLES

Foil-Fresh!

GENERAL MILLS

Never take the edge off a sharp cheddar.



Surround it with Saran Wrap.

Good cheese wasn't meant to age suddenly in your refrigerator.

But that's what happens if it's not carefully protected.

The flavor goes first. Then the natural moisture. Then the color and texture change. Then, the end.

You can lose a whole lot of cheese that way. Why let it happen?

Why not surround your good food with all-new Saran Wrap*? It's now so easy to handle. A pleasure to use. Clings tight, seals best.

It saves flavor and natural moisture better than any other wrap.

Whether it's a left-over, or food you prepare in advance, don't let spoilage pose a problem for you. The answer is so crystal-clear...

Saran Wrap.

*TRADEMARK



ITH FISH

page 123

No need to turn fillets or ish during broiling. Sprinnd pepper and other seared. Brush with a little l melted butter or margace in a preheated broiler from heat and broil 6 to 7 il fish is golden and flesh ouched with a fork.

FRY OR
fry only
t a time.
owd pan.
a turned-
th door
First, rub
ime juice,
with salt,
p in flour,
g beaten
k. Finally,
crumbs
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y in large
r or mar-
mix half
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until fish
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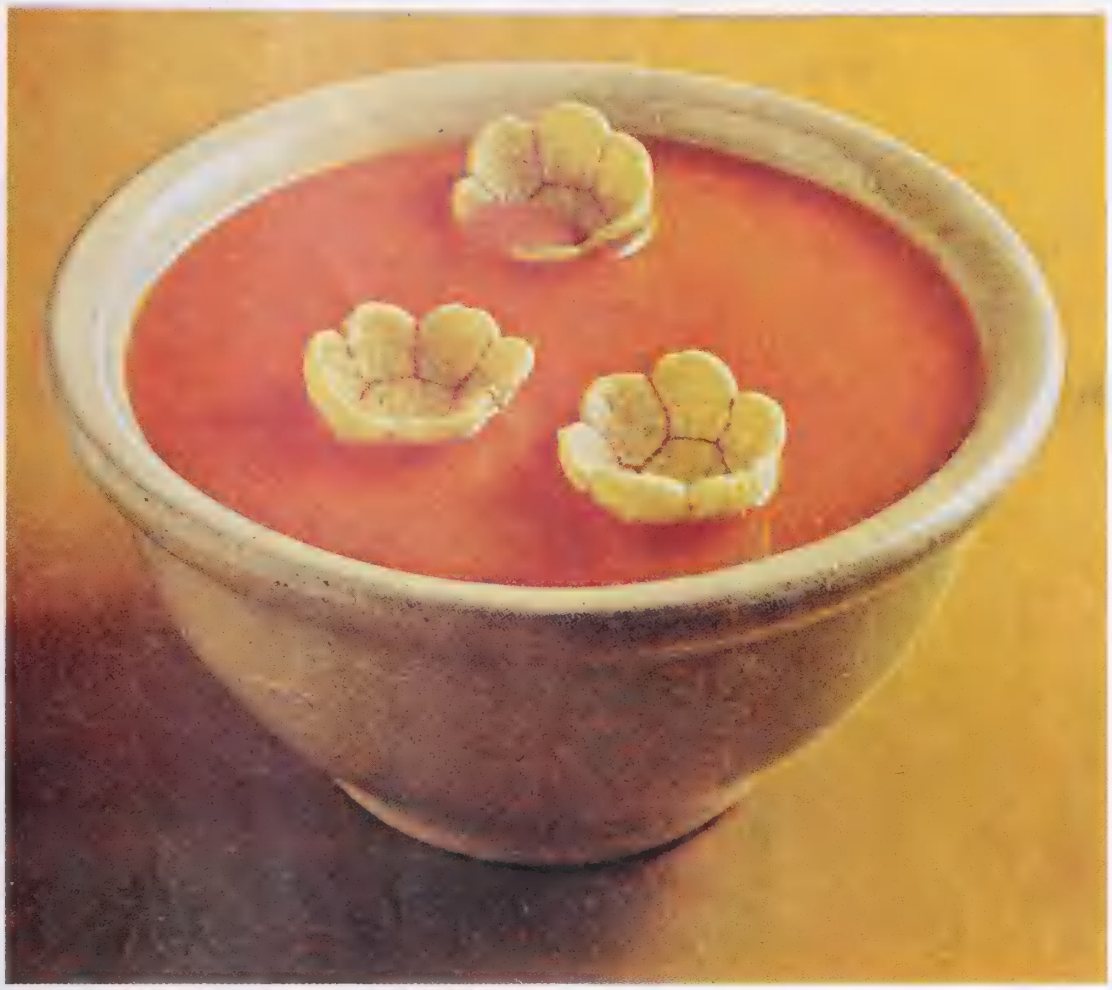
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Poached
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ge, use same ingredients.
very gentle boil. Reduce
tely and simmer about 5
per pound or until fish is
y lift fish from liquid and
Strain stock and use to

. . . best used for large,
fish. For a prettier ap-
head and tail intact. Use
400° to 425°. Place sea-
fish in a large, well-
Bake 10 to 12 minutes per
on of a little stock or wine

in the bottom of the pan will cause fish to steam slightly and prevent it from drying out. Baste once or twice during cooking with liquid in bottom of pan.

MORE NOTES ON FISH

1. Fish becomes dry and tough very easily, so don't try to keep it waiting more than 15 to 20 minutes. To keep warm, place on a heated platter and set in a turned-off oven with door ajar or on heated tray.
2. Rub or brush fish with a little lemon or lime juice and add pepper and salt before cooking.
3. Oil used for deep-frying fish should be discarded.



Daisy Float!

Float Daisy*s on soup. Plant them in a salad. Decorate a sandwich. Crunch up any food with these light, little corn flowers. Pick the Daisy*s . . . the snack with the fresh new flavor!



Foil-Fresh!

GENERAL MILLS

BAKED SALMON WITH SOUR CREAM

Please note these salmon steaks are baked on one side only. It is not necessary—or desirable—to turn. By this method fish does not get dry.

6 salmon steaks (about 2½ lbs.)
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika
½ tsp. pepper
1 cup sour cream
¼ cup scallions, chopped
1 Tb. lemon juice

Sprinkle 6 salmon steaks with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and ½ teaspoon pepper. Combine 1 cup sour cream, ¼ cup chopped scallions and 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Coat salmon with sour-cream mixture and place in a well-greased rectangular casserole. Bake covered in a preheated (400°) oven 30 to 35 minutes or till salmon is opaque, flakes easily and is tender when touched with a fork.

Arrange on a serving platter and sprinkle steaks with ½ teaspoon paprika. Serves 6.

BREADED SHRIMPS IN A SHELL

4 cups cooked shrimp—fresh or frozen (about 2 lbs.). If large, they should be cut into 1-inch pieces
¼ cup olive or salad oil
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 cup onion, finely chopped
1 cup fresh bread crumbs
¼ cup butter, or margarine, melted
1 tsp. salt (more)
1 clove garlic, crushed (another)
½ tsp. dried thyme leaves
½ tsp. dried tarragon leaves
½ tsp. paprika

In a large, shallow baking dish, combine 4 cups cooked shrimp—fresh or frozen (about 2 lbs.), ¼ cup olive or salad oil, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Place in 6 scallop shells or individual ramekins.

Cover with 1 cup finely chopped onion, 1 cup fresh bread crumbs, tossed together with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon dried thyme leaves and ½ teaspoon dried tarragon leaves.

Sprinkle lightly with ½ teaspoon paprika. Broil 6 inches from heat 3 or 4 minutes or till bread-crumb topping is golden brown. Serves 6.

POACHED TROUT IN WHITE WINE SAUCE

The classic recipe calls for 2 egg yolks in the sauce, but you may use 1 or 2 whole eggs instead. If necessary, sauce can be reheated over hot water, but do not boil or you'll have a scramble.

3 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen trout (6 trout)
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper

White Wine Sauce:
2 cups white wine
½ cup thin onion rings
¼ cup parsley sprigs
1 or 2 cloves garlic, slivered
2 bay leaves
2 sticks celery, sliced
⅛ tsp. thyme
1 (2-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix
2 egg yolks

Butter a large, shallow pan. Arrange 3 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen trout (6 fish) evenly in pan. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Mix together 2 cups white wine, ½ cup thinly sliced onion rings, ¼ cup parsley sprigs, 1 or 2 cloves garlic, slivered, 2 bay leaves, 2 sticks celery, sliced, and ⅛ teaspoon dried thyme leaves. Pour white wine sauce over fish.

Bake at 350° 20 to 25 minutes or till fish is tender when tested with a fork. Spoon juices over fish 2 or 3 times during baking.

Lift fish with slotted spoon or spatula. Arrange on large warmed serving platter. Cover with foil. Keep warm.

Strain fish broth. Measure 1½ cupfuls into a medium saucepan. Add 1 (2-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix. Bring to boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Beat 2 egg yolks. Add a little of the sauce to the egg yolks and then turn mixture into the sauce and beat again. Makes about 2 cups sauce. Serve sauce with fish. Makes 6 servings.

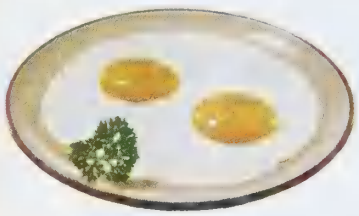
SCALLOPS DUXELLES

Bay scallops are tiny and delicate, but expensive and seasonal. Sea scallops, fresh or frozen, are always available. Cut them into half-inch bits to approximate the bay-scallop look. *(continued)*

Everything you need to go on...in a glass



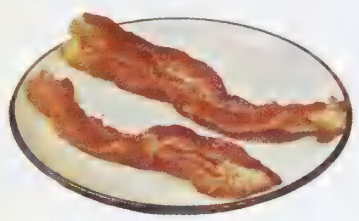
Vitamin C...
the orange juice vitamin.



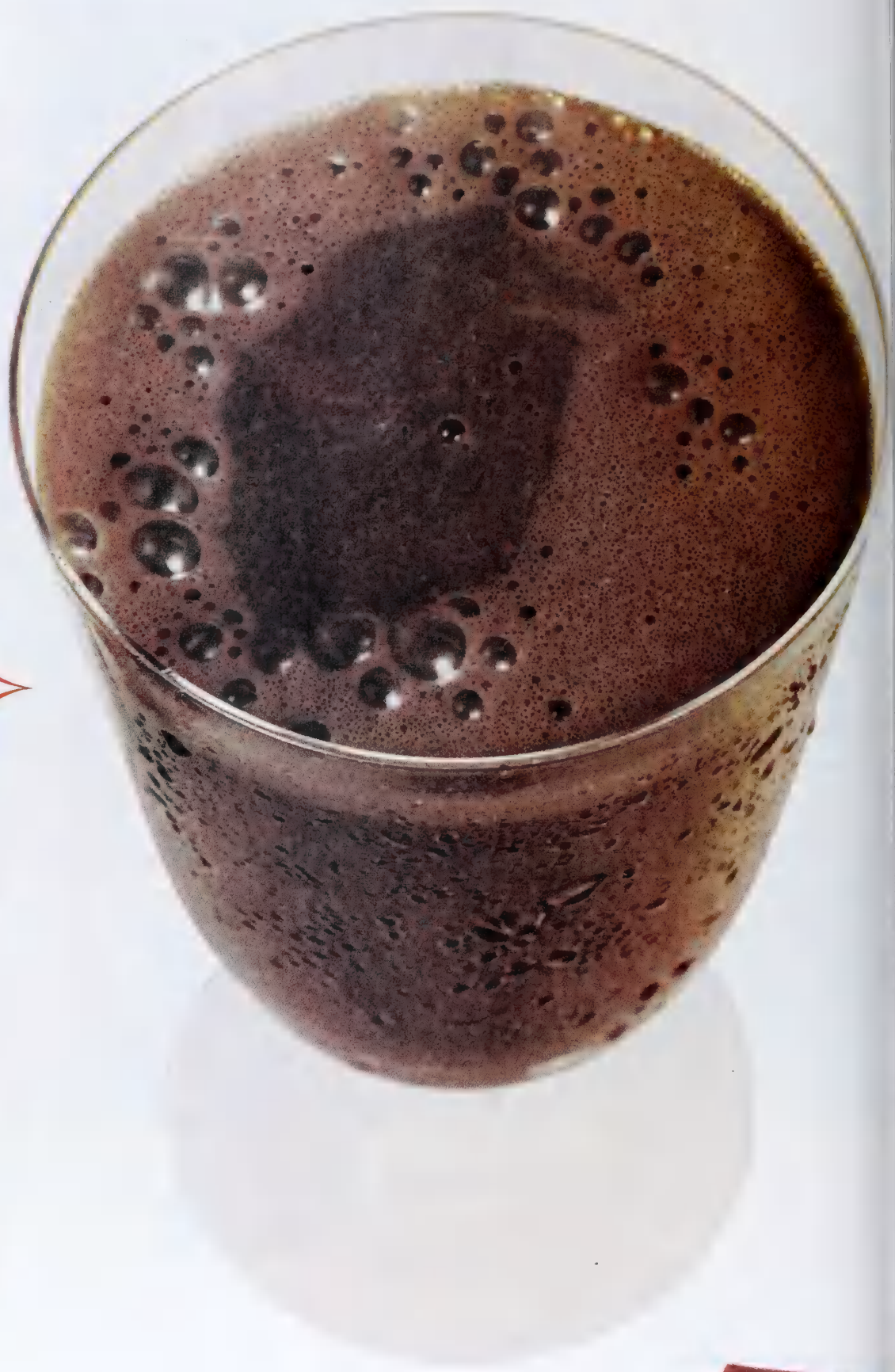
As much protein as two fresh eggs.



More food energy
than two slices of buttered toast.



As much mineral nourishment
as two strips of bacon.



Carnation®

instant breakfast



Just pour in milk and stir. Try all the flavors–like Chocolate, Coffee, Vanilla, Eggnog, Chocolate Malt, Orange, Banana, Strawberry, and Dark Chocolate. Only *great!*

...YS WITH FISH *continued*

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...ice mix
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...iced, or

3 (6-oz.) cans, drained
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup tomato sauce
½ tsp. salt (more)
¼ tsp. oregano, crushed
¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup fresh bread crumbs
2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted

...an, combine
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... wine or ver-
...cup water, 1
...salt and ¼
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...until scallops
...when touched
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...according to
Set aside
...mushrooms.
... cups sliced
...rooms (about
... or 2 [6-oz.]
...ed) in ½ cup
...argarine for 4
...tes or until
... are soft and
... Put 2 table-
...shrooms into
...ach of 6 well-
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...rest of the
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½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 egg
½ cup milk
½ cup flour
1 cup dried bread crumbs
Cooking oil for frying (about 2 cups)

...ean 6 (½-lb.) whitings, leav-
...d tails intact. Rub fish with
...n lemon or lime juice. Sprin-
...easpoon salt and ½ teaspoon
...r. Set aside.
...Maître d'Hôtel Butter. Mix
...ill smooth, ½ cup softened
... margarine, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Refrigerate until serving time.

Combine and beat well 1 egg and ½ cup milk. Put ½ cup flour and 1 cup dried bread crumbs in 2 plastic bags. Toss fish first in flour, dip in egg mixture and then toss in bread crumbs.

Fry in 2 cups cooking oil at 365° for 4 or 5 minutes or till crust is golden and fish, when pricked, is snowy white. Drain on paper towels. Serve topped with Maître d'Hôtel Butter. Makes 6 servings.

BAKED CARP MEXICANA

White wine or dry vermouth can be used in this recipe, but the original calls for red. No!—½ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce is not a misprint. It's hot, but right.

1 (3½–4-lb.) carp, bass or pike
2 cups onion, chopped
¼ cup olive oil
3 Tb. chili powder
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. hot-pepper sauce
¼ cup dry red wine
¼ cup chicken broth or water
½ cup slivered almonds, untoasted
2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted

Scale and clean a 3½- to 4-lb. carp, but leave head and tail intact.

Sauté 2 cups chopped onion in ¼ cup olive oil till soft and tender, but *not* brown. Add 3 tablespoons chili powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce. Mix well and cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Remove from heat.

Coat fish with spicy fried onions inside and outside. Place in greased baking dish and pour on ¼ cup dry red wine and ¼ cup of chicken broth or water.

Bake uncovered in a preheated 425° oven 20 to 25 minutes or until flesh is tender when touched with a fork. Baste once or twice with pan juice.

Meanwhile, toss together ½ cup slivered untoasted almonds and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. When fish is done, sprinkle top with buttered almonds and brown under broiler for 2 or 3 minutes or until almonds are golden. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

OVEN-POACHED SOLE JARDINIÈRE (with vegetables)

This is a basic recipe, which can be used for all kinds of oven-poaching.

6 fillets of sole (about 2½ lbs.), fresh or frozen
2 carrots, sliced
1 or 2 sprigs parsley
1 cup white wine
1 cup water or chicken broth
1 bay leaf
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 Tb. butter or margarine
½ cup onion, finely chopped
½ cup green pepper, finely chopped
½ cup tomatoes, coarsely chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine (more)
1½ cups (about) fish stock
1 (2-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix

Place 6 fillets of sole (about 2½ lbs.) in a well-greased baking dish. Add 2 carrots, sliced, 1 or 2 sprigs parsley, 1 cup dry white wine, 1 cup water or chicken broth, 1 bay leaf, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Dot top of fish with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine cut in small pieces. Cover tightly. Place in a preheated (400°) oven and bake 20 to 25 minutes or till flesh of fish is flaky and tender when touched with a fork. While fish cooks, sauté ½ cup each finely chopped onions and green peppers, and ½ cup coarsely chopped tomatoes in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Cook 6 or 7 minutes or till vegetables are tender and soft.

When fish is done, remove carefully from pan and keep warm. Discard bay leaf and carrot. Strain 1½ cups fish broth and combine in a bowl with 1 (2-oz.) package white-sauce mix. Add sauce mixture to vegetables in pan. Bring to a boil, stirring, and cook 1 minute longer.

Serve sauce along with poached fillets. Makes 6 servings. **END**



New Cheeseburger!

Discover the instant cheeseburger. Start with a hamburger. Then just add Whistles. They taste like grilled cheddar cheese on toast—only crunchy. Put some crunch in your lunch with Whistles!



Foil-Fresh!

GENERAL MILLS

MAP OF THE SHORE

By Marion Lineaweaver

Here, where the atlas is
marked with a
feather,
Curves the semicircular
bay
Where the water was
clear as our words
unspoken,
That perfect day.

There we strolled by the
low salt marsh,
Where a heron stood
among wide pink
mallows,
And fishes glinted the
garnet seaweed
Spread on the shallows.

The sea is forever;
summer returns.
Turn back to me from
the dark and
retrace
The shoreline that led
the way to our
loving;
This is your place.

Clorox® needed

Too tough for weak bleach

Clorox needed here

Clorox needed here

See sock test below

Clorox need

No job for weak bleach

Both washed in the same detergent. Only the bleach was different.

because: WEAK bleach leaves this dirt in

CLOROX bleach gets it out

(Actual unretouched photographs)

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"Waltz through l with your Hotpoint Bleach D Automat

Promises to Keep

The Journal is proud to offer, before book publication, a heartwarming first novel by a talented new writer: the story of a young girl caught between the high hopes of her family and her own need to be loved. **By URSULA PERRIN**

I am nearly ten on this warm Saturday late in April. President evelt has died, and our house, though split politically, wears an t of somnolent mourning. We move more slowly, talk softly, ny sister Sylvia goes on crying as ever, adolescent tears washing pubescence. She cries often. She cries today because she wants to a picnic with Bill Flipman, and my mother has said no. Poor oor Sully, lazy, slow, beautiful as summer, she is fifteen and twenty. In my family, I am supposed to be smart and my er Louis *is* smart. Sully is beautiful, but not smart.

utside, my mother is mowing the lawn. The sound of it comes e as I sit in my room, at my desk. The mower stops.

yl--vee-uh!"

he crying stops. The springs of Sully's bed go "ping" and her opens. "Yes?"

Come down and help me now, you can cry some other day."

'm doing my Latin, mother."

You can do your Latin tonight."

Ellie isn't doing anything, she's reading as usual."

Then you both come out here. Tell Eleanor to put her book she'll ruin her eyes."

get up and go out. At the head of the stairs I wait for Sully, s combing her hair.

ully," my mother says, "you rake up, and Eleanor, you loosen irt around the new pe-

s, will you please? I saw two such girls for g in the house. A beau-day like this." And she whirring away, glued tely to the mower.

r house doesn't have of a garden, but what ve is a nuisance. If we going to have a garden, and I would rather have a house up on the Hill, everyone else we know We're the only kids we who live downtown. ve in a big, three-story -brick house on one ifton's busiest streets.

n my sister Sully's wedding day, I felt essed with sorrow.

n't mind it so much own, but Sully would be able to hang out at e's, with the Hill crowd ill Flipman.

wish I had your energy, er," Sully says. To rake the lawn she uses the same movement oes to comb her hair, long and languid. She looks up from the gold waterfall of her hair. "Mother," she begins.

mother's face snaps shut. "No," she says. "Billie is a nice ut you are too young to go out with those boys."

w my father arrives, stopping the exhausted Ford just short astrophe. "Hello, gorgeous," he calls to Sully, but she doesn't r; she is going up to her room to cry some more. My father his black bag out of the car. "Hi, gang," he says to me and er. "What's wrong with our beauteous daughter?"

"Sully wants to go to a picnic with Bill Flipman," I say.

"Bill who?" my father says, and blinks. He is nearsighted, and perhaps it is this that makes him seem so bewildered by the world beyond his large, round lenses.

"The paper boy, Fred," my mother says. "I told her no."

"He seems like a nice boy," my father says.

"He *is* a nice boy," my mother says. "The point is, he's eighteen and Sully's only just fifteen. There's a world of difference between ninth grade and twelfth. Those boys drink like fish."

My mother finishes the raking Sully left. Then she scoops up all the clippings in her arms and dumps them into an empty basket.

"When Louis gets home," my father says, "you won't have to do all that." He follows my mother into the house. I finish around the marigolds and go quietly up the back stairs to my room. Sully has stopped crying—from the silence I gather she is sleeping. I get my V-mail folder and start writing Louis a letter, printing very small to save space.

My dear brother Louis,

I can't tell you how much we all miss you here, now that it's time to do the garden . . .

I'd like to tell Louis how much we really all do miss him; how, now that he is gone, my father has no one to play chess with. How there is no one now who knows how to tease mother out of her depressions. How there is no one to shout Sully out of the third-floor bath, and no one to play badminton with me. How all of us, dear Louis, miss you so.

It's hot in my room so I take my letter out to the porch to finish it. Downstairs, on the second-floor porch, I can hear my father saying, "I don't know, I might try rice today. And some peas, strained. Maybe I ought to go down to Albany and see Everett. He knows a hell of a lot more than McMurray. When McMurray operates, it's Little Jack Horner all over again."

My father, a general practitioner, hates surgeons, although he is always telling my brother Louis that's what he ought to be. "Make the money," he says, "that's what counts, Louis. And the way to do it is, let them feel those scars." Now he asks my mother if she will make him some tea, and she says, "Yes, yes, *yes*." And the doorbell rings.

"I'll get it," Sully yells.

I go downstairs, too. At the second floor I hear Sully calling, "M-o-o-ther," her voice wobbling. My mother runs out ahead of me on the stairs, wiping her hands on her apron, and behind me comes my father, and we all stand on the stairs and look down. There is Sully, her face crumpled and scared, and there, on the other side of the screen door, this kid with a telegram.

It was my mother who went down the stairs, moved Sully aside, and took the telegram. Her eyes were gray, cold. She tore it open, read it, and turned to go back up the stairs. As she passed the hall radiator she laid the telegram on it. My father came down the stairs, holding the railing, and picked up the telegram and read it. Like a blind man, stumbling a little, he went into his office and shut the door. Sully was hunched into a corner, whimpering, and I went upstairs to my room. I couldn't cry, I was much too frightened.



nt 1967 by Ursula Perrin. Condensed from "Ghosts" by Ursula Perrin, by permission of the publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Illustrations by Milton Glaser

Sometime during the night my mother came in and sat for a while on my bed, but I pretended to be asleep.

That summer everyone was kind to me because my brother Louis had been killed in the war.

1947. Very early, I hear my mother in the kitchen, opening and closing the refrigerator door. Perhaps the June light has wakened her, or nervousness because of the wedding. Despite the day's early gloriousness, I feel oppressed with my sister's sorrows. Under the thin batiste of her wedding dress she will be three months pregnant.

By noontime the dining-room table had been stretched into an incredible length, and covered with my mother's real Belgian-lace tablecloth. Flowers began to arrive. Delivery boys came with presents. The telephone kept ringing for Sully; she was the first of her friends to be married. At 1:30, my mother went into her room to dress, and I went upstairs.

In that chaos, her room, I found Sully sitting on the bed, filing her nails. The bed was strewn with clothes, her rocking chair held a tangled pile of shoes, on the dressing table was a clutter or bottles, jars, beads, bangles, pearls and powder puffs.

Discreetly, I glanced at her middle, but there was no bulge at all. Perhaps it wasn't true, a story cooked up to get out of senior year.

"Sully? Do you feel different now?"

"You mean because of the baby?" She stopped her filing to think. "I guess once I start getting bigger I'll believe it. Marianne says when you feel it kick you know you've got something. That's about the fifth month."

"Honestly? Would you write me when it does?"

"Are you kidding? If you're so curious, go have your own." But she said this good-humoredly.

"Sully?" I said. "You won't believe this, but I wish you weren't going so far away."

"I'll miss it here," she said, "but Bill's right, Clifton's got no potential. You can't get ahead in the mill."

"California's so far," I said.

I stand next to my sister in the chancel's dimness. Under the frosty fall of her veil her face is lifted, calm. I tremble. Words hang here, simple, smooth, weighty as stones, questions demanding answers. Then, with conscious creak and groping, clumsy rustle, the bride is sought and kissed. The organ showers us with sudden music. We turn. Now billowing swiftly, white, her skirts sail before me and this long aisle rushing under us seems a maroon river, and we strange voyagers. But what I remembered sadly was that my mother, when we passed her, had not looked up.

Still, at home she was very gay. Her hair fell engagingly over one eye. She laughed, showing charming, crooked teeth, and her small explosions of laughter lit the room. The party grew hilarious; toasts were made and drunk, the cake cut and eaten. My uncle joked and hugged plump Mrs. Flipman. Mr. Flipman remembered tales from Bill's childhood. Cheerfully, my father told a cornered guest why liquor, cigarettes and beef would kill him, and I, left alone, drank champagne. I finished my first glass quickly, took up another, and looked around to make sure no one saw. There, next to the rubber plant, was Mrs. Flipman's nephew, Stephen, a thin, blond boy, scowling at me.

"Here," I said, thrusting the glass at him.

"I had some," he said. "I like beer better."

He was about my age and didn't shave yet. He had on queer clothes—a man's navy-blue suit, heavily padded in the shoulders, a bright tie striped in yellow and black.

"Do you live here in Clifton?" I asked.

"Sure, where'd you think? I live up on Cassell Street."

"You don't go to the Junior High School, do you?"

"Nah, I go to St. Stan's. It's a lousy school, the nuns are too strict. Next year I'm going to public school, the high school, I mean. This house all belong to you?"

"Well, who did you think?" I said, my voice falling into the boy's strange rudeness.

"How do I know? What do you need so much room for?"

My father's waiting room and office are downstairs, and there's only one bedroom on this floor. Our bedrooms, Sully's and mine, are up on the third floor. After tonight, now that Sully is married, I'll have the whole third floor to myself."

"Yeah? You ought to rent some of the rooms."

"My mother wouldn't dream of having strange people in the house," I said.

He shrugged, and said, "Hey, what time is it? I gotta be home." And without saying good-bye to anyone he turned and walked out.

A little later Sully and Bill left. Sully wore a yellow daisy co on her brown linen suit, and they drove off in their loaded C with the U-Haul-It full of wedding gifts.

Still in her mauve silk dress but with her shoes off, my m was walking back and forth from the dining room to the kit carrying trays of glasses and cake plates and forks.

"Frieda," my father complained, "why don't you sit d The crumbs will all be here tomorrow."

"I can't, I can't," my mother said. "I'm too nervous to sit d I told Sully to phone me in the morning. That boy is so f champagne he's likely to drive into the river. But—they were *h* It wasn't a"—she glanced in my direction—"shotgun weddin

"Of course not," my father said, "everybody understood t

He got up and began helping my mother, who was liftin edges of the lace cloth, shaking it a little so the crumbs would in the center. Then he put his hand to his stomach, his m puckered, and he left the room. We heard the bathroom door

"He's upset," my mother said, in a tone she seldom took.

"And you work too hard, Mother," I said.

She looked surprised and caught the bunched cloth agains breast. "Why, what would I do if I didn't work? I don't bridge, I don't play golf. I've got to do something." She look me and smiled. "I hope you won't have to do my kind of though. And I do wonder sometimes what this business is all a getting married, raising children. What for? You look back you've spent your life at it. You don't remember whether it pleasant or rewarding or not. Oh, this endless reproduction. D make sense?"

Fall, and suddenly cold and foggy. Downtown here the sm river damp is everywhere. Sounds are closed out. We are close Silence. The house is cold. Heat Costs Money. On coldest floor I read in bed on last free night before school. This cold, f quiet room. My little-girl desk, white, scratched; my bureau, a bunny decal on it; my peeling white-painted iron bed; and i closet, collections of stones, stamps, letters to foreign pen pals

Downstairs Father sits and reads. Mother sits and sews in o light of table lamp. Worries a heavy presence. No one rings wai room bell. Silence. Worries. Money. Father's medical practice f off. Silence. Sully, three years married, doesn't write. Silence. now five years dead. Silence. Oh, all different maybe if Louis alive. Big old Louis.

Was it on the first day of school last year tha collided, Stephen and I? Funny I didn't reco him, he was so suddenly tall. Funny face, broken nose, curly lips, cold eyes. Want to lo him all the time. Beautiful way he plays his game, making pe moves on the basketball court, dribbling ball, so easy. His mother, they say, plays around with men. Love him, perhaps don't want to marry. Don't ever want to marry. Love a lot have fat, sweet children. Without marriage; makes women b men strange. Want to travel, have money, buy clothes that cashmere sweater, have own library, favorite books bound in brown leather. Be independent. Travel—Bangkok, Kashmir, drid, Rome. Want to know, see, do, feel everything.

"Hi, Charlie," I say. "Patty Byers been by yet?"

"Aha!" says Charlie. "So you're back." He stands in the way of his store, smoking a cigar and wearing his long white a "Byers? Nah." He turns into the store and starts polishing glasses with a towel.

I sit down on the porch steps, arrange my books in a neat and pick up the algebra test. Yes, there they are again, all awful X's I thought I'd left behind in junior high.

A car stops at the corner of my vision, a black sedan, w shaped, and when I see who it is I look down at the algebra very studiously. Ronnie Wilkins jumps out on the curb side from the other side he comes. Stephen. They're laughing something, and I put my head down as they come up the Ronnie wears tennis shoes, but Stephen has on those old hightop things, held together with gray string. They both cuffless khakis.

"Well, what do you know," Ronnie says, his sneakers clin past me. "Meatball's here. Hey, look at that, will you? Th can't bear to part with her books, even on the first day of sch

I turn just enough to see Stephen slide his whole long le down against the wall, and put his face up to the sun. I ha look away, he has such an honest-to-heaven beautiful face. B him, Ronnie, a freckled satyr, leans grinning in the doorway.

What'd you do all summer, Meatball? You're not as obese as used to be."

I taught small children how to swim," I say coolly.

pick up my stack of books. To get down the step I have to walk Stephen's outstretched feet.

Excuse *me*," I say. He moves those barge boats one at a time stares, and I go down the step. I walk down the street and ow he's watching me. His eyes are very light blue, eyes and his is a strange white blond. I keep my back straight, and I'm I wore this dress today, the color of young moss, and I'm glad very tanned. My hair has streaked to blond and I feel burnished, den girl, and nothing can touch me, nothing, unless I want it to.

When I get home, I see a dusty pick-up truck is parked at the , and a workman leaning against its fender, smoking. I run up stone steps and the inside stairs. On the second-floor landing nother is talking to another workman.

Do you see what I mean, Mr. Schaeffer?" she says. She is in usedress, and over this has put on one of my discarded sweaters, een elbows-out cardigan.

Yeah, I got ya, Miz Munson," Schaeffer says, indulgently. nna be trouble on that second bath, though. Gonna have ta k through that middle-room wall."

Anything," my mother declares, "if it's within my budget. t's all the money I have, Mr. Schaeffer, it can't cost a penny e."

What's going on?" I inquire from behind my mother's back. d heavens, why does she wear that awful sweater? "Are we ng the house done over?"

he moves past me into the living room. "Just the third floor," says. "We're going to break it up into apartments."

Apartments?"

To rent. To rent to people to make money."

But what about my room?" I ask.

he moves past me toward the kitchen. "You'll have to share room," she says.

The phone. As I pick up the receiver, the whine of the vacuum bs upward into the earpiece. "What are you doing?" Patty asks.

Cleaning my closet," I say crossly.

Come over, why don't you, and help me straighten out the room for my party tonight."

Patty, I've got to clean my own room today, because of the enters coming. Mother'll have a fit if I don't finish."

All *right*," she says.

re is a tight-stretched e. "Is Stephen com- with you?"

He works tonight, he said he'll come . Listen, Patty, I've o go."

hang up the phone go upstairs, my ner's look following I haven't told her, use she doesn't think should ask boys.

vnstairs, Father t worrying. His nedical practice as falling off...

nd I didn't only ask I waited an hour for etball practice to end, swimming laps of the school pool, then out after him to the steps. His face was stern and pale. Stowed r his arm he carried only one book, math, for the entire week- I hunched over my six books to hide them. I asked him, and id, well, yeah, but he works, he'll have to be late.

t ten, my father comes upstairs, still in bathrobe and slippers. nsense," he says, "time-consuming nonsense." And he marches rd the storage room. He has been provided with a carton and les back and forth, carrying little bundles of things—a book, sh of agar-agar, dusty test tubes, a pile of notebook papers. les of medicine, labeled jars, more papers, more books. He dis- tles the experiment he has lately set up—he pipes Clifton air ugh distilled water—and tosses this into the carton, *clink clink.*

"You're not going to keep all that," my mother says.

"Certainly," my father says. "I will simply relocate downstairs. I hope this isn't a maneuver to obstruct my cancer research? We'll make a fortune, of course, as soon as our rich tenants move in."

"Rich?" my mother says. "All they have to do is pay the rent."

"I have a vision," my father says, "of your renting to some warped old maid who arises at five every morning to go to church. Good Lord, Frieda, anything but a religious fanatic!"

By seven that night the closet shelves are bare, my meager possessions stashed in a cleared drawer of my mother's bureau. I'm lying in the third-floor bathtub, under a blanket of cool bubbles, when my mother knocks and comes in.

"Eleanor," she says, "how much do you weigh? You're nothing but bones."

"Really, Mother!" I hop out of the tub and wrap myself in a towel.

She drapes more towels on the rack. "You're not eating. You don't eat your dinner, and you probably don't eat lunch. What time will Patty's party be over?"

"After eleven. Maybe around twelve."

"Then I suppose your father should pick you up?"

"Heavens, Mother, don't be silly. Some boy will probably take me home. As a matter of fact, a boy I know said he would."

"Oh," my mother says thoughtfully. "Do we know him?"

"He's a cousin of Bill Flipman's. He plays basketball."

"What's his name?"

"Wojcik," I say.

She nods, and walks to the door. "Is he Catholic?"

I groan out loud.

"No," she says, "now you listen. If he's a good Catholic, he's too religious for you, and if he's not, he'll try anything. These half-way Catholics! They think they're going to confess it all later and save their souls."

"What about the halfway Protestants?" I ask her. "Don't you worry about them?"

"Of course I do, I worry about them all. No man's perfect, and there are lots of them who won't remember your name in the morning."

Wise as I am, it takes me a minute to drink this in. Then I feel a terrific blush rise upward from the edge of the towel. It's as if, all at once, she's robbed me of the teens I want to believe in, the pastel world of proms and throb-throated boys. I hate her saying this. I don't want to think about sex. I want to have a good time.

She turns her head away. "I'm sorry," she says. "All I want you to do is act sensibly. Think of your future. In a way, your future is all I have."



The Byerses' rec room is really a cellar, just whitewashed plasterboard covering the walls, and a concrete floor painted battleship gray. Patty has covered her ping-pong table with a red-check cloth, and the cloth is covered with plates of food: Swiss cheese, ham, salami, a jar of mustard, a bowl of pickles, a basket of bread. There are soft drinks, but everyone drinks beer. I tend the prewar phonograph, cautiously handling a brittle Bing seventy-eight. "You keep coming back like a song," he groans. Everyone moans.

It's ten-fifteen, and Stephen still has not come. I get Grace Martin to watch the phonograph and go upstairs. The kitchen is full of tobacco smoke, the oilcloth-covered table littered with heaped ashtrays, punctured beer cans, piles of poker chips and change. Ronnie Wilkins is smoking a big cigar, and tilts back in his chair as I pass.

"Hey, Muscles," he leers, "stick around. We're just about to start a game of strip." I pass by him and enter the living room. On all the chairs, on the loveseat, on the sofa, are bulky huddled shapes. I look straight ahead and reach for the front doorknob. *Puritan!*

In the dark I walk quickly down the path. The diamond-blue eye of a TV blinks from a house across the way. I have seen the couple who live there, young, with young children. You'd think they'd have more to do on a Saturday night, but that's the way Clifton is. Day after day, year after year. Grow up, get married, die here. Work in the mill and eat.

Everywhere, I guess, the world turns on simple things. Economics. But where is the world of passion, elegance?

"Hey!" I turn, squint—there is Stephen, running behind me. "Oh, hello," I say. "I didn't think you were coming."

"I said I would, didn't I? We going to stand here all night?" He walks slightly ahead of me, his hands jammed into the pockets of his jacket.

Strange, I think, that he seems so angry. "I wasn't all that late," he says, still sulky. "I couldn't get out of the store."

"What kind of store is it?"

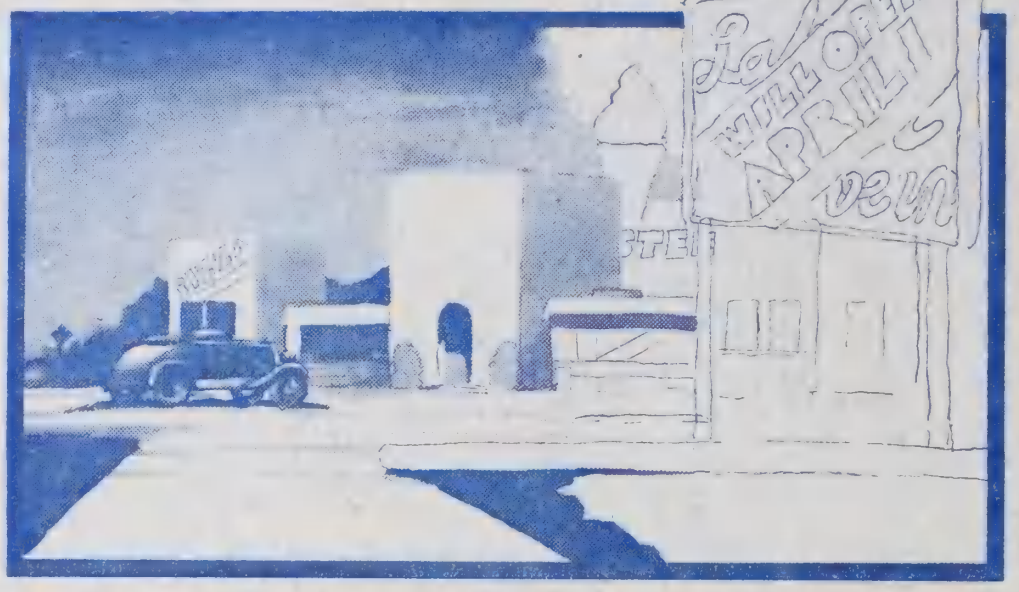
"Grocery. I'm the only guy Adamiewicz's got there, see. I mean, he used to do a good business, then they built the Grand Union over on Claremont Avenue. Hey!" He kicks, proudly, the tire of the car I had seen him driving before.

I look at him, perplexed.

"It's mine now," he says. "All mine. Since my brother went into the Army last week."

He opens the car door for me; there's nothing to do but get in. He makes the turn onto Hill and then drives north, past the turn-off to the golf course, past the horse farm and an old house that's all leaning turrets and sagging porches, and on to a drive-in, J*O*H*N*N*Y'S, a hamburger place. A man comes out, and Stephen rolls down the window.

At the drive-in, Stephen ordered hamburgers. It was our first date.



"Oh, hi-ya, Steve," the man says. "How ya doin' anyhow?"

"All right, John," Stephen says. "Nobody out tonight?"

"Hell no," John says. "Never nobody out once it gets cool."

Stephen orders two hamburgers and two colas, and when John clamps the tray onto the window, Stephen eats the first burger in four bites.

"I used to come out here with my brother when he was living home. Two or three nights a week we'd eat out here." He laughs. "You'd like my brother. He's got brains. Pete can do anything with an engine, and he never even finished high school. My old man made him quit when he was sixteen, that slob."

This casual hatred of his father shocks me. I look into the blue-brown of my drink and shake the shaved ice. "But you're going to college, aren't you?" I ask. He is in the straight academic section with me. "You could probably get a basketball scholarship."

"Me?" He wipes his fingers on the little paper napkin and tosses it out of the car window. "I'll be lucky if I make it through high school."

"But why?" I say. "I heard Mrs. Moran say you're the best mathematician the school has had in years."

"Geez, math isn't everything. It's just a game. I like to fool around with it, that's all. I don't get Latin much, or English."

"You don't study," I say primly.

"Yeah," he agrees. He puts his arm up on the back of the seat. "You always take off like you did tonight?"

"The party was boring," I say. "I could think of lots of things to do better than sitting there."

"Like what?" he asks. Carefully, his fingers move to the shoulder seam of my coat. I feel the weight of his hand, and it makes me nervous.

"I don't know," I say, and then, suddenly reckless, I decide to tell the truth. "I read a lot."

"Yeah? What do you read? Movie magazines? Love stories? That's what my stepmother reads."

"No," I say, "I don't read those."

"What's the matter," he asks. "You got something against love?"

Now, in a tumble, all the things I have heard about him come back to me. Newsreel-like, his other clinches flutter behind my eyelids and I am frozen, momentarily a spectator at my own folly. Where is the car door? The door handle? But he is smiling.

"And I thought all you girls wanted was to get married."

Now we are safe, away from love. "That's all other girls," I say. "I don't want that."

"What do you want to do?"

What can I tell him? Of my philosophic dreams? My sp clean, sunny house, a garden which I work at sunrise, and t day: so many hours for music, so many for botany, bugs, art, and literature, and appearing now and then when I recess, ful golden-haired children.

He looks at me waiting, and I twist the button of my coa all because I hate being bored. I don't know why it is, bu women—the married ones I mean, the ones my mother's they're all so tired or unhappy or bored. Well, I don't want to like that. There's so much to do if you have the freedom. W married? Why spoil it? quiet, and I think, we fixed it, but he laughs an the car.

"You're a real crazy g says. He drives happily tell, and fast. We ride s down Hill Street, and he the turn and stops in f my house.

"Would you?" he sa after all I have heard I prepared, and I don't ha to close my eyes. Our lash gle, his nose bumps mine, it, adjusts, and I am su finally, by his mouth. H his arm firmly around m shut, we kiss again. W stops, I push away, good-night, open the ca and run up the steps house. I go to the third floor and undress quickly and get i bed. I lie awake for a long time, straight as a line on the col as tense and silently alive as a lightly brushed string.

In paint-daubed coveralls, Schaeffer sits in our kitchen coffee. As he lifts the cup he smiles, widely. "Miz Munson, yo a good cup of coffee."

He is relaxed, with the loose ease of a large dog. To me, seeing my father's alert compactness on that chair, this ma like disorganization.

Upstairs on the third floor, in my cleared-out room, the w have left their traces: a barrelful of plaster chips, finger-printe A sour snow of plaster dust has fallen and even down here, kitchen, I can smell it.

"Why, thank you," my mother says, gaily. She hooks a st hair behind her ear. "My daughter tells me I'm a terrible cool have no incentive, Mr. Schaeffer. None. Dr. Munson has a ba ach and can't eat ordinary food, and Eleanor! Well, look at h doesn't eat a thing, not a thing. Girls these days all wan scarecrows."

I edge away, into the dining room. Homework. There on th my stained and blotted books. I push the lace tablecloth t make a work area. Sit down, open a book. Stephen didn't sa thing to me today. Didn't even look. In the school cafeteria, I a nickel cola, while he sat with two other basketball players boys' side, laughing.

"Did you know my wife Alice, Miz Munson?" Mr. Sch voice. Wife died of cancer. Suffered. Hard to bear suffering o you love. Thirty happy years, no children, no dogs, never left except summers to fish at the lake. Up there all summer, littl house, kerosene stove, birches right down to the water. Sa like fish?

Frieda?

My father yells up front stairs. Passing me, he inquire mother there? I point with pen. "Frieda? Oh, hello." Sch stork-legged, half rises. "Sit down, sit down, just looking for a of phenobarbital. I don't suppose you've seen it, Frieda? I here this morning." Mother sighs, rises. The top of the kitch board full of medicines in brown bottles, green bottles, clear b

"Are you sure you left it up here, Fred?"

The telephone!

I jump, run to living room, lift receiver. Yes. It is he. He i to drive to the next city. For his old man. Will I go? Thinki but have to ask first. Down receiver, hurry into kitchen, father explains excitedly to pained Schaeffer the causes of car gen-a-tion. Who with, mother wants to know. Patty. A risky life a risk. Fly, dive, or swim, ride in a car with a strange alone. Back before nine. Promise.

t is Thanksgiving day, and we are feeding Schaeffer. He watches, someone watching a bad accident, as my father carves, ripping slashing at the glossy chest that I had basted so carefully all ning.

I never did like carving," my father remarks, and sits down to e the plates stacked before him.

Heavens!" my mother exclaims. "I forgot the wine." She jumps o get the decanter from the sideboard and fills our glasses with a fornia claret. My father has begun to eat, and my mother, pour- chaeffer's glass, sees that my father has passed him a blank plate. Why, Fred," she says, "you haven't given Mr. Schaeffer any- g."

Iy father looks up, amazed. "I haven't!" he says. "Can you beat ? Getting older and blinder every year."

Iy mother begins, herself, to ladle Schaeffer's plate full. "String s?" she inquires. "Stuffing?"

Ie looks up at her with a timid, grateful, puppyish look. "Yes, k you. It's been a long time since I've had anyone's cooking but wn, and that's not much."

With a sigh, my mother looks around the table, check- ing again. She picks up her fork. "Oh," she says, put- ting the fork down, "you'll have to forgive us, Mister Schaeffer. I suppose you're used to a prayer me kind. Eleanor used to say our prayers, but she's grown too ectual. Do you have one you'd like to repeat?"

chaeffer clears his throat. "Dear Lord," he says, "let us all give ks for Thy plenty." We mumble Amen.

Very nice." My mother smiles at Schaeffer, and we begin to eat. ather lifts his fork and lets it drop as if it were a reflex hammer, e while studying Schaeffer.

Are you a Protestant, Schaeffer?" he inquires.

chaeffer swallows hastily and wipes his lips with his napkin. "A nodist, sir, a Methodist."

Iy mother sighs. "Fred, why don't you let Mr. Schaeffer eat his r? We can talk later on."

Oh," my father says, "am I annoying you, Schaeffer?"

No, no," Schaeffer protests, "not at all. I was about to say that d to be more active in church affairs. While my wife was alive. she passed away I didn't go in quite as regular."

Ah," my father says, "the ladies. I'm not sure whether religion nvented for them or by them."

Iy mother makes a noise in her throat, and Schaeffer says hur- , "Now I didn't mean anything like that. It's just that when passed away ——"

Our tenant-to-be," my father interrupts, "will quite probably male. And Catholic."

Very possibly," my mother says, "since you have ruled against ale sex. . . . Mr. Schaeffer! Have some cranberry sauce, please. ight there at your elbow."

Undoubtedly," my father says, "this female will arise every ing at five to attend confession."

They don't go to confession that often, Daddy," I say. "I know f Catholics who don't go very often."

Really! Now I find that interesting. Not that I'm against con- n. Or Catholicism. No, I think religion can be a positive good. ugh, in my opinion, it has, thus far, been more of a positive

You must excuse my husband, Mr. Schaeffer," my mother puts w. "He has his own ideas."

Why is it," my father asks the air above my mother's head, whenever I try to discuss any subject with another intelligent you interrupt?"

Because," my mother says, "all your subjects are lectures." said, she turns bright red, and serves herself a sweet potato. I a look at Schaeffer. He looks haggard. I do not look at my fa- but I know exactly what he looks like, how high he is raising his s, how, in this silence, he is screwing himself up for a terrific artil- f abuse, and then the doorbell rings. My mother laughs, shakily. Now don't tell me!" she says, hope blooming in her voice. "That n't be a patient! Not on Thanksgiving Day."

get up and run down the stairs, and open the door to Ste- phen. He was dressed in a suit I'd never seen before, dark gray and beautifully skimpy. I couldn't help beaming. "You ook like a millionaire."

"Who is it, Eleanor?" my mother called from upstairs.

Listen," I whispered. "Before you go up, let me tell you about ther."

Eleanor!" my mother called. "Please shut the door. There's a "

e went upstairs. As we came in, Schaeffer beamed and stood up. "Stephen Wojcik," I said, and Schaeffer's large, horny hand shot across the table. My father leaned forward with a hand cupped to his ear.

"How do you spell that?" he asked, frowning.

I pretended not to have heard, and propelled Stephen into a chair. We all sat down and ate the pie I had made. The silence was profound. My mother, to alter its obvious course, asked Schaeffer what he thought of the new mayor, but Schaeffer, now an experienced guest, did not immediately answer.

"Of course," my mother said, "he's a Democrat. High taxes! Milk those who work for those who shirk."

My father smiled benignly. "You'll have to excuse my wife," he said to Schaeffer. "She doesn't think politics, she feels them."

"Dear God," my mother said bitterly. "You have just been haranguing us on the influence of Catholicism, and now you say that feeling does not exist in politics. More pie, anyone?" My mother stood up and began jerking the dessert plates off the table. Stephen, left with a fork full of apple and no plate, looked at me.

Schaeffer cleared his throat. "I wonder," he began, "if anyone would like to go for a drive? If it's not too cold."

My mother turned to look at him over her shoulder. Her eyes were glitter-bright, her voice still shaky. "Why, yes. Yes, why don't we do that? I'd love to see your place at the lake, Mr. Schaeffer. Why don't we drive out there?"

"Out there today?" Schaeffer asked.

"Now," my mother said.

"Yes," Schaeffer said. "Yes, why don't we do that."

"A fine idea," my father said. "The country; peace, quiet."

"Do you want to come, Fred?" my mother said, getting her coat from the closet. "Or do you think it will be too damp for you?"

"Hmmm," my father said. "Perhaps I ought to stay home. I've got some work to do. No holidays in this business."

We got on our coats, went down. A wide green sedan was parked as carefully as an emerald at our curb. With a gesture noble and bold, Schaeffer laid his hand to the silver handle, and propelled my mother up and in. Stephen and I got in the back seat. The green steed bucked once, and then settled into an even, paced glide.

Half an hour later Schaeffer pulled the car up behind his cottage and said, "Well, folks, for what it is, this is it." We were on a little bluff that scurried abruptly down into the lake and a beach of sorts. The water was a metallic gray-blue. The heavy sky seemed full of snow.

"Oh, it's lovely," my mother breathed. I shivered.

"It's pretty, all right," Schaeffer said. He led us into the cottage. The main room was dark, the furniture bulky and brown. "Upstairs," Schaeffer said, "we got two bedrooms, and I put in a bath four-five years ago when Alice got too sick to go down to the water. We were always out a lot in the summer, in the boat."

"It's been years since I've been out in a boat. Not since my lost youth," said Mother.

"Why, you're only a chicken," Schaeffer said heartily.

"An old hen is what you mean," my mother said, but gaily. Smiling so she did look younger, the smile showed her deep one-sided dimple and her white, wide-spaced teeth. But this girlishness annoyed me.

"I don't suppose," she said, "that we could all take a turn around the lake? I suppose it would be too cold?"

"Good Lord, Mother," I said, "it's the middle of winter and Thanksgiving Day and we're all dressed up."

"Why," Schaeffer said easily, "there shouldn't be any danger. Long as nobody rocks the boat."

"I'm not setting foot in any wet boat," I said. "I just bought these shoes last week."

"Take them off," my mother suggested calmly.

"And freeze?" I asked.

"Uh—" Stephen said, "maybe Ellie and I could just walk around."

"These children," my mother said to Schaeffer, "they have absolutely no gumption. Is it really too cold to go out?"

"Heck, no," Schaeffer said. He slipped off his suit jacket and from a hook on the kitchen door lifted a brown sweater. "Might need a little help, young fella," he said to Stephen. Reluctantly, Stephen followed Schaeffer out to the boat shed. My mother and I went out to watch.

"Honestly," I said, feeling grim. "Mr. Schaeffer certainly didn't want to go for a boat ride in his best suit in the middle of winter. Suppose you tip over?"

"Darling, I wish you'd take better care of yourself, instead of worrying about your poor old mother." She turned to observe the men's progress. Schaeffer and Stephen staggered out of the shed,

carrying the aluminum boat. They came to the edge of the bluff; here the struggle began. They went over, Schaeffer first, shouting, "Hold it! Hold it!" while the prow of the boat tipped up. Then the stern rose, and Stephen turned sideways, leaning, bending lower and lower until, finally, they dropped off the edge of the bluff.

In a moment they reappeared on the stony beach below, stumbling between the rocks.

"Hold it! Hold it!" Schaeffer yelled again, and slowly they lowered the boat into the water. Schaeffer rolled up his pants legs, took off his shoes and socks and laid them aside. At the water's edge he took a new grip on the boat and plunged in. I winced.

"Hey!" he shouted, now in cold water up to his twiglike calves. "Not bad, ladies! Come on in."

In preparation for her descent, mother removed her shoes. Carrying them in her right hand, her purse in her left, she walked down to the cobbly beach, moving sedately, the way fakirs do toward fire. Schaeffer grabbed her arm.

"Allee-ooop!" he said. She clambered aboard. The boat rocked, and my mother laughed, a distant string of chimes. Schaeffer hopped in, and fitted the oars. From the stern my mother waved gravely, like a child on a merry-go-round, while Schaeffer rowed past the curve of the shore.

Stephen looked blue with cold. "Did you get your suit wet?" I asked.

"Nah," he said, smiling. We took hands and went back to Schaeffer's cottage. I sat down on the brown sofa, huddling into a corner for warmth. Stephen dropped down beside me, and we smoked. "Long time no see," he said, putting an arm on the back of the sofa.

He touched the back of my neck, making me shiver, and laid his face against mine. We kissed for a long time. It was as if we were on a long, delightful journey, the destination not quite known. All through the last kisses, which were a dark vortex, I kept thinking I heard my mother's silvery laugh. I sat up, and we moved apart; Stephen lit a cigarette. She came in a moment later with Schaeffer behind her. She was red-cheeked and her hat sat too far back on her head and she was still carrying her shoes.

"Hello," she caroled. "Did you have a nice walk? We had such a lovely ride."

"Got kind of cold though," Schaeffer said and slammed the door. He had put on his shoes but not his socks, and the rolled-up pants legs flapped above his knobby ankles.

"I'm glad you got back," I said. "Safe and sound."

My mother sat down on the fat armchair, and put on her shoes. "Do you know what I think we need, Ed? Some coffee."

Schaeffer had taken off his shoes, and was brushing the sand off his feet. "I don't think we do have any coffee, Frieda, but I bet I've got whiskey. I always keep some for emergencies."

"Oh," my mother said, "I'm not much of a drinker."

"One drink won't hurt. And you don't want to let yourself get cold, Frieda."

"If you're going to give the children drinks, Ed, you'd better make my daughter's weak. She's never had one before."

Schaeffer came out of the kitchen holding all our tumblers between his hands, and my mother, taking her glass, held it up and proposed a toast. "To more and better boat rides," she said.

"Hear, hear," said Schaeffer.

The ride home was wild. My mother and Schaeffer sang duets. They sang *A Pretty Girl*, and *You Were Meant for Me*, and *There's a Small Hotel*, and other songs of that type. In the dark behind their voices, Stephen and I held hands.

"You did what?" my father said, looking at me over a corner of the *Clifton Times*.

"Failed the math," I said again, offering him the report card.

"Hmm," he said, orienting himself. "Let's see. English, ninety; chemistry, eighty; Latin, ninety; social studies, eighty—now this is an interesting mark, this, er—fifty-three."

"The trouble is," I said, "I have to get seventy-five on the final to pass."

He put the card down on the table and cleared his throat. "I suppose," he began, "that this report is not really very bad."

I laughed.

He looked perplexed. "Why are you laughing?" He picked up his newspaper and began refolding it, a noisy process. "I hope your mother will find this equally funny."

Downstairs the outer door opened and closed. "Hello?" my mother called, coming up the stairs, and then, from the doorway, said, "You two! Sitting in the dark. Heaven help us, we're not that poor." She pulled the string of the standing lamp. Under its light she looked ruddy and young. "What a melancholy group, and I f good! You'll never guess what your old mother did today, Ele my dear." She pulled off her frazzled, black wool gloves and t them onto a chair. "I bought a dress. A red one!"

My father looked stern. "Frieda," he said, "your daughte some distressing news."

My mother stopped smiling. "You're not sick?" she asked

I picked up my report card and read out the marks in a bored voice. "That's it," I said. "Really, you don't have to loo death. It's not the first time anyone's failed."

I went out to get my coat. "See you later," I said to my f

"Ha!" he said. He had finally put on the lamp and was now in the *Clifton Times* editorial, with which he nightly, lov battled. I ran down the stairs and out of the door, and began wa up the long hill toward Stephen's.

His house was dark. Suppose that other Wojcik, his father, s open the door. I groped for the iron handle of th fashioned doorbell; it made a rusty clang. The door o a crack, and Rosemary, Stephen's stepmother, peere She was in a pink corduroy bathrobe. "Gee," she her eyes widening, "I thought you were Steve."

"Oh," I said, "isn't he home? He wasn't in school. I thoug was sick."

"Nah, he had to go somewhere for his father."

"Well, could I stay and wait?"

"Sure, OK," she said, and opened the door. I followed her th the hall. The yellowish smell of cauliflower obscured some darkly pleasant that I couldn't at once identify. In the living the TV salesman held up a box of soap, and, as we passed, Rose snapped him off so brutally that he died with his mouth ajar

In the kitchen I saw with surprise that she was baking. The of chocolate was now vivid. On the table stood unwashed co utensils, a ransacked box of cake mix, a beer can with a sm cigarette laid perilously on its rim, and a cracked plate stacke chocolate cupcakes.

"Take off your coat. Want a beer?" She got me a can fro refrigerator and thrust it at me. "I don't cook much, but once in a while I just gotta have a bite of something sweet. have a cupcake." She pushed the plate toward me. "So you th Steve was sick?"

I said I didn't know, but he was always in school, and toda the day we got report cards.

"Hey," she said, "*that's* why he was so mad at having errands for his father. Any other kid'd jump at the chance to day off from school. Me, I never liked school much. I took and shorthand and all that stuff, then I end up at the mill. L the other girls. And we all thought we was going to be secre Ha. You taking typing?"

No, I said, I was planning to go to college. If I passed m made it sound dubious, my passing math; for here, in this kitc didn't seem at all bad to be failing, and indeed Rosemary sm me and winked.

"Who needs it? I mean, so you don't add, some guy'll do you." She leaned toward me, folding her arms on the table. know what? You look like a nice kid, and I can't figure out ho you are. What I mean is, Stevie's an awful sweet kid, and he know A from B yet. Do you read me?"

I nodded, as if I did.

"See," she said, "he might as well forget this college stu father ain't paying for him to go and waste his time, and if yo sticking these bugs in his ear, you better quit."

But, goodness, I said, Stephen was very smart and he coul scholarship.

She laughed a coarse, short laugh. "They don't give schola to poor Polacks. Anyway, what's he want to go to colleg What's he going to get out of it, huh?"

I said, uh, I thought he would make more money.

That minute I heard someone slam through the doors, an the hall Stephen yelled, "Hey, Rosie," and he came and stood kitchen doorway, looking at me. "Oh," he said, "hi."

"I walk all this way to see you," I said, "and you look like dead."

"I'm surprised, that's all." He picked up a cupcake. I st and pulled on my coat, and he took two more cupcakes.

"For Pete's sake," Rosemary yelled. We laughed and we to the car.

"So what did you get in math?" he asked.

"Don't you want to know what *you* got?"

"I know. Ninety-seven, because that jerk always takes of points for neatness."

ne hundred," I said, and in the dark of the car leaned toward
nd squeezed his arm.
ow about that?" he said. "That gives me—uh—hot dog,
-seven for the term. How's that, huh? Pretty good, huh?" In
e, he squeezed my shoulder hard.
don't know why you care," I said, "if you're not going to
."
Who said I wasn't? Rosemary? They don't want me to go."
o you want to?"
eah, I guess so, I don't know."
ou ought to go, Stephen. You know you ought to."
was half-turned toward me in the car, one hand on the back
seat. "If my brother keeps sending me money, I might make
through a year someplace, and if I do OK——"
ou'll do fine," I said, and began to cry.
ey, what's with you? You passed, didn't you? Hey," he said,
cry. Listen, I'm going to help you, no kidding. What do you
you fail in math, anyway, huh? You're the prettiest girl in the
You want to be smart and look like Agnes Pearson?" He tight-
is arm around me. "Ellie, El, don't cry. Listen, I've been
g to tell you, I don't know why, except I can't help it, but
day, I didn't see you all day and I missed you so, I felt so
inside and scared, it's as if there's nothing else I want to do
e you and be with you. Ellie? I guess"—he laughed, and a
fault grew in his voice—"I guess I love you, that's all I can
out."
eaned against him, crying; slowly the tears stopped and I
my cheek dry on his jacket. He held me. I began to feel
sely warm, sleepy, and relaxed.
don't want to go home yet," I said.
he said, kissing me, no, not yet, and for a long while I
there, in the bower of his arms, warmed, nourished, fed, pro-
by the knowledge of his love.

mother was embroidering a tablecloth for Sully, a long piece
ow linen, the tulips on it stamped in faint blue crosses. I
my Latin book to the assignment and read the words over
ecause they sounded so fine. My father came into the living
with a hand on his vest, and his after-dinner expression of
d pain.
inter," he announced, "is here. If anyone cares."
mother's lips pursed, her thread whisked briskly. "I care. In
I think about is next month and the oil bill." She snipped a
. "I hope the new apartment will be warm enough. It should
er all it's cost to create."
s your project, Frieda," my father said. He looked up at the
ng lamp, which gave off, under its
d parchment shade, such an imbecile
Someday," he said, "we should have
ong light from the sun. And heat.
energy for year-round use. Every
owner will have his own reflecting
sorbing panels and there won't be
at bills to worry about."
ntil that day," my mother said, "we
chaeffer says the apartment will be
o rent on the first. I'll put an ad in
mes on Saturday."
ne, fine, fine," my father said.
hope the apartment will fill a few
al gaps."
father slumped back in his chair,
ed his head, and yawned. "I don't
why it is, no one likes to visit the
when it snows."
rains," my mother said to her cloth,
nes."
hink it has something to do with the
of ions. I understand that on rainy
ne ions are heavier and therefore tend
e a depressing effect, quite literally."
hope," my mother said, "that whoever does move in will
et."
father squinted up at the ceiling. "You know what I think,
, we ought to install acoustic ceilings. TV sets, wild parties,
quarrels, right here in our own living room. Good Lord!
r had better study this week, next may be too late."
ade a noise in my throat, and my father looked across the
n feigned surprise. "Why, there she is! . . . What are you
home tonight?"

"Her boy friend," my mother said, "must be ill."

I slammed my Latin book shut. "You will be delighted to know that Stephen's going away over the Christmas holidays. He has a job in Albany."

"How industrious," my mother said.

"By the way," my father said, "how's your math? Is it improving?"

"In four days?" I said. "But I did pass a math quiz this morning."

"Grand," my mother said. "Run right to Radcliffe and ask for a scholarship."

I considered. "I don't think I want to go to Radcliffe."

"Eleanor," my father said, "education is a privilege, not a right. I just want you to realize how much the process costs. Blood, toil, tears, sweat and money."

"Oh, money," my mother said. "Let me tell you this, Fred." He looked up, surprised at the scratchy roughness in her voice. "I know that these money matters are—too—mundane for you. But let me tell you this, Fred. Eleanor must have her chance. I intend to save every penny of what we get from *that*"—she tossed her head to the ceiling—"and if you stand in my way I'll leave you." She rose and went toward the bedroom.

My father stood up, holding his thick brown book. "Your mother is strangely excitable," he said to me. "She may possibly have a thyroid disease. Undoubtedly due to some lack in our drinking water." He left the room, and I heard his heavy step go down the stairs.

Every day, even this Sunday before Christmas, my mother gets out of bed quickly and starts working at breakfast. I hear from the kitchen the sounds of pans banging, the fuzzy voice of a radio choir and, above all this, my father, reading *The New York Times* aloud.

"Case number twenty-three, who was found living in an unheated cellar—good Lord, think of that—at age eighty-one, L.J. has no living relatives—don't doubt it—and hmmmm, living on a diet of—you wonder how some people hang on, this would have long ago killed me—toast and milk—he—hmmm . . ."

This morning I dress slowly; it's absolutely delightful to dress in sunshine after days and days of snow and gray sky. My mother knocks once and walks in. "Your breakfast is on the table," she says. I am puzzled to see that she is still in pajamas. She moves slowly toward the bed, sits on its edge and cautiously lies back. I don't ever remember seeing my mother sick, at least not enough to be in bed.

Can I get her some tea? An aspirin? No, no, she says, she'll feel better soon, it's just a cold. But her voice is dry and tired, with an odd leaflike rustling in it.

I cover her with the comforter, and pull down the blinds.

In the kitchen my father is frowning at the paper. "Good morning," he says, not looking up. "I trust you slept well."

"Listen, Father, don't you think Mother's sick? She's in bed."

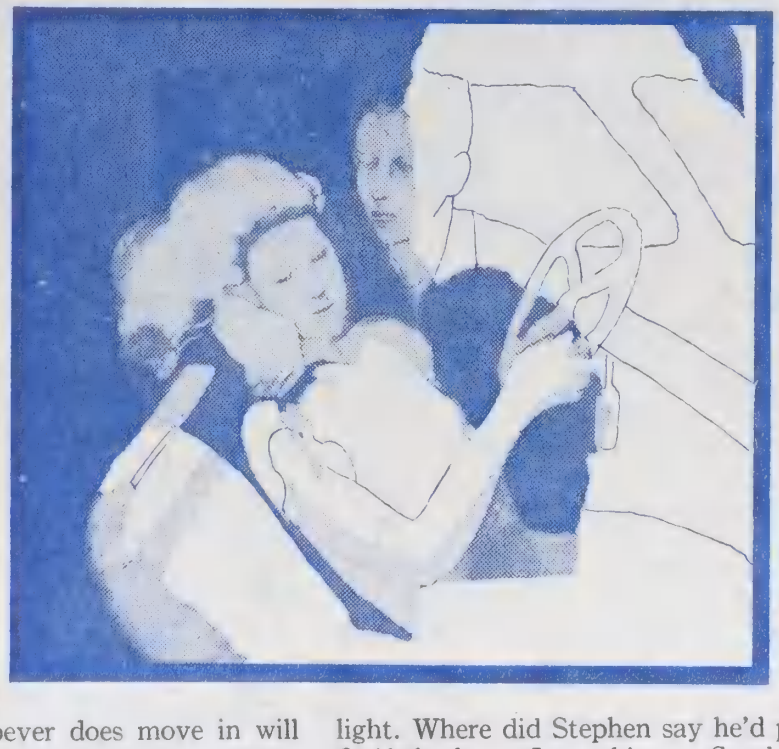
He lifts his brows. "Your mother's got a remarkable constitution. I wish I had it."

"I don't want to go home yet," I said, and Stephen kissed me.

"Do you think she needs aspirin?"

"I have given her aspirin, thank you." He turns the radio up. "If you're going to church, hadn't you better leave soon?"

Outside the air is sharp and light. Where did Stephen say he'd park? My mother would have a fit if she knew I saw him on Sunday morning. I start walking up toward St. Vincent's. Going past me, downstream, the Sunday tide is sober, dark-clothed, well-behaved, headed where I should be going, toward the solid stone portals of First Presbyterian. Upstream, toward the gilded, smoky, pungent interior of St. Vin's, the crowd is colorful, jaunty, and gay; the girls wear jingling lapel ornaments and walk to church on their boyfriends' arms. Just past the filling station I see Stephen's car. I slide into the humming warmth.



"I walked a million miles for one of your smiles," I say, and lean toward him. We kiss, well-practiced now. His face has a tender, just-shaved look, and he smells faintly spicy, like a young tree.

"You're all dressed up," I say. "Did you go to church?"

"Sure," he says. "Should I take you over now?"

"Not today. My mother's got a cold and isn't going. And my father only goes on Christmas. Where shall we go? Rochester! Buffalo!"

He looks anxiously at the dashboard. The arrow of the fuel gauge is just a micro-inch off *E*. "The thing is," he says, "I got to get to Albany tonight on a buck."

My wallet had nothing but three thin dimes. "Listen, can't we just ride around downtown? I don't want to go home."

"We could go up to my place," he says, "and do some math." He looks straight ahead. "Rosie and Mike always sleep late, until two or three."

"If you think it'll be all right," I say, and we drive to the Crab Street filling station and get a dollar's worth of gas, and drive up the hill to Stephen's.

His room is on the third floor of the Wojciks' narrow house, and its view is the rear of the houses behind—wooden back porches painted mongrel colors, yellow, tan, gray. A pair of frozen work pants hangs on a clothesline.

Stephen is sitting on his unmade bed, looking through the algebra text. He mumbles to himself. "Hey. What'd you do on trinomials?"

"I must have failed that, I don't remember. Is that the stuff with three equations?"

"Cut it out," he says. "Yeah, here it is, page eighty-four. You want to look at this?"

"We shouldn't be up here," I say.

He laughs. "You want to start with this problem?"

Our heads bend to the book. He explains how he solved the equation, and I don't understand it at all.

"Now what?" he says.

"Stephen? What do you think of my mother?"

"Your mother? I don't know. She's all right."

"Do you think she's happy?"

"I never thought about it. All I know is, she hates my guts."

"Not really. It's not you, it's everything."

He leans toward me until his face is against mine, and I feel the whisk of his lashes as his eyes close. We sit very still with our faces together, and he leans against me, without kissing me, and then after a while pulls me slowly down next to him. I feel him shiver.

"Stephen?" I ask. "Are you cold?"

He shakes his head no, and then says, "Kiss me, Ellie, all right?"

I kiss him, and he half-turns and kisses me. We lie there turned to each other, our faces close, our mouths together but not kissing.

"Ellie?" he says, and his hands slip under my clothes.

"No," I say, "don't, I can't."

"Why? Do you love me? All right, shhh."

We slept. In my sleep I heard the radiators knock and when I woke up the sky was a heavy gray, the room warm. My head ached. I sat up, and Stephen rolled over and smiled up at me.

"I've been lying here thinking," he said. "The way I figure it out, we can get married in two years."

I looked out the window and saw that it had begun to snow again, large, feather-shaped flakes. "In two years?" I said. "That's crazy. How could we ever get married in college?"

"We could work it out. Couldn't you be a secretary or something? You know Jack Mercer? He went to Cornell and met this girl up there and got married. She works in the Admissions' Office."

"How could I be a secretary and go to college at the same time?"

He looked at me perplexed. "You wouldn't have to go if we got married. You can be educated without going to college, Eleanor. Look at your mother. She's educated, isn't she? She never went."

"That's why she wants me to go, she doesn't think she is."

He looked at me soberly, and put his arm around my shoulders. We went downstairs. In the kitchen he made peanut butter sandwiches and coaxed me to eat tiny bites. We laughed, and, stickily, in between bites, kissed each other.

When I got home the house was dark. In the kitchen, when I pressed the switch, the light showed my father's crumb-spattered plate still on the table, his teacup full of dregs, my curdled coffee. I heard a bump in the hall, and turned. My mother, still in bathrobe and pajamas, stood in the doorway. Her face was flushed and her eyes had a bright, sly look. I caught her as she staggered forward and helped her to a chair.

"What is it?" I asked, frightened.

She shook her head and coughed, a harsh, grinding sound, as if a giant drill were boring between her lungs.

"Where did Daddy go?" I asked.

She pursed her lips. "Movies," she whispered.

The downstairs door slammed, and I heard my father's "Hello!" he called from the living room. "Anyone home? H He came into the kitchen and tossed his hat on the counter. ' anyone go to The Alhambra this week, it's not worth free admis

My mother laughed. My father looked down at her in su "Good Lord," he said to me, "it's almost five o'clock. Do me your mother's been lounging in her nightwear all day."

"She's sick," I said, "really sick," and as if to prove it, she chill so violent that the chair she sat on shook. When it was ov face took on an astonished, docile look. My father, increc started at a run out of the kitchen, then yelled over his shou me to get my mother to bed. By the time I had, he had com with his black bag. He waved me out of the bedroom and sh door. In a few minutes he came out and went to the tele

"Hello!" he yelled at it. "Hello! Oh, Marjorie, this i Munson. Is Harvey—he is—that's fine. . . . Hello, Harvey, Fred Munson. It's Frieda, I'm afraid she's pretty sick. Pneum thought I'd take her down to the General. I'd appreciate you ing in, if you could. Do you want to call. . . . Oh, good, all rig see you there. Thank you. Yes, yes. Good-bye."

We didn't even get her dressed. She was as limp and cumb as an oversize doll, and her eyes had a doll's stiff flicker. I coat, and all we could do was stuff her arms into it, then the blanket around her.

"Come on now, Frieda," my father said, "up, up we go. C that's right, lean on me." Slowly, we worked our way throu house and down the stairs. Outside in the black, bitter stopped to cough again. We half-carried her into the car. My drove slowly and carefully the thirteen city blocks to the h

At home by seven, I lay down on my bed and smoked cig one after the other. In the dark, my mother's stripped bed to accuse me. She had nurtured me toward a brilliant bloom stead, like a simple weed, I craved simple things. For wh daily care, doses of love, discipline and hope? Lost, all los what, besides my future, did she have? Monotony of daily lif less tasks, instead of love my father's weird complaints. I face in the pillow and wished for my mother. I wished that, my poor father, if it would make her happy, let her marry Sc If she would only get well.

My father, sitting across from me on the other the yellow, plastic-topped table, tries to re blurred blue type of the plastic-faced men waitress, tight-faced and orange-haired, looks "Hmm," my father says, "I think I'll have the Salisbury Is that broiled or fried, do you know, Miss?"

She gives him a wan look. "You want it broiled?"

"Yes. Also, do you have puréed peas?"

"Puréed? You mean all mashed up?"

"That's right, yes." My father rewards her with a smile I'll have the rice, as long as it's not too dry. That is, not gra

"I'll have the number two," I get in quickly. The waitress away toward the kitchen. In a rear booth the men appla coming.

"It's amazing," my father says, "how many people hav for your mother. She's been sick only two days, and at least t ple have called. The Ladies Aid sent flowers and the Ph Wives and Mr. and Mrs. Byers. And Mrs. Littrell. And you ber the carpenter who did the third floor, the one who came ner on Thanksgiving?"

"He owns a construction company, Father," I say. "H just a carpenter."

"What's wrong with being a carpenter? I'm merely ide the man. Schubert. Schuman. Something Germanic."

"Schaeffer."

"Right! Damnedest thing; he came by the hospital today. I your mother a dozen roses. I thought that was awfully nice ably had nothing to do with the fact that your mother just s a check for four hundred and some dollars. He's probably decent person, don't you think so?"

The waitress slides our plates toward us. My father's h Salisbury steak, a small mound of rice, and a jar of baby p unscrews the jar cap, peers inside, and pours baby peas over t

"Still," he says, "I couldn't let him go in to see her. I'd e some change today, yet ——"

"What does Doctor McLeod think?"

"Think? It's pneumonia, of course. It's simply that in p therapy you expect a response in (*continued on pa*

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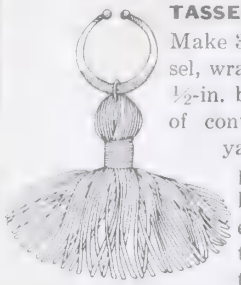
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HOW TO MAKE COLORFUL YARN BAUBLES (see pg. 118)



TASSEL
Make 3-in. tassel, wrap with ½-in. binding of contrasting yarn. Slip plastic hoop earring through tassel top.



POMPON BUTTON
Make pompon by winding yarn 80 times around 2-inch piece of cardboard. Slip yarn off the cardboard, tie in center and snip loops open all around. Shape to form a perfect ball, then sew firmly to a screw-type earring back.



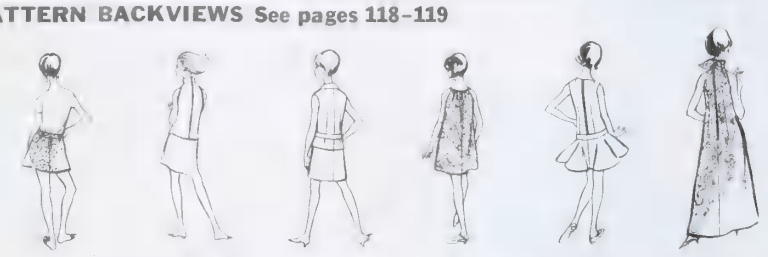
POMPON DROP
Glue screw-on earring back to ball button. From this, suspend a pompon on a chain. Fasten chain to pompon and earring with small rings. (Chain and rings available at dime stores.)



MEXICAN SILVER
Single crochet around large silver button, leaving opening in front. Sew a yarn-covered curtain ring at top and fasten to silver ball button earring, with tiny ring glued to the earring. Chain stitch tiny silver buttons to loops at the base.

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PATTERN BACKVIEWS See pages 118–119



4434 4338 4311 4304 4424 4379

BUTTERICK 4434 Misses skirt, 23½, 24, 25, 26, 28 waists; 50¢. Miniskirt (without belt or pockets) requires 1⅛ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for 25 waist.
BUTTERICK 4338 Misses blouse, 10–18; 50¢. Sleeveless blouse requires ⅞ yard of 60-in. fabric with/without nap, size 14.
BUTTERICK 4311 Young junior and teen suit, 9–13 Junior, 10–16 Teen; 65¢. Sleeveless suit requires 2⅞ yds. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for 14 Teen.
BUTTERICK 4304 Misses dress, "Easy," 10–16; 65¢. Sleeveless dress requires 2¼ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap, size 14
BUTTERICK 4424 Proportioned for teens dress, 8–14 Subteen, 9–11–13 Junior, 10–16 Teen; 65¢. Sleeveless dress requires 2⅞ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14 Teen. Ribbon sash and bow require 2¼ yards.
BUTTERICK 4379 Misses sportswear, "Quick 'n Easy," 10–16; 65¢. Long dress requires 3⅝ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap, size 14.

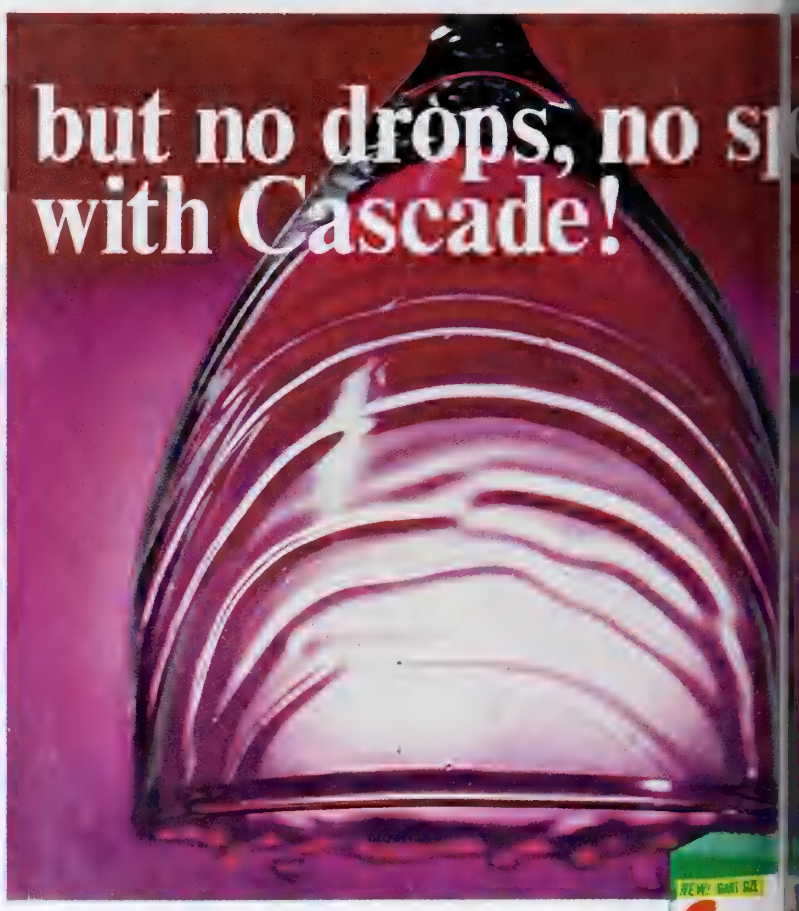
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4452 4415 3552 4425 4343 4

BUTTERICK 4452 Misses sportswear, "Quick 'n Easy," Small (10–1
dium (14–16), Large (18–20); 65¢. Above-knee-length dress (without
requires 2 yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for medium size.
BUTTERICK 4415 Misses sportswear, 10–16; 65¢. Above-knee-lengt
requires 2¼ yards of 38-in. fabric with/without nap, size 14.
BUTTERICK 3552 Misses one-piece jumpsuit, 10–18; 75¢. Short, sl
jumpsuit requires 2⅜ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size
BUTTERICK 4425 Proportioned for teens: 8–14 Subteen, 9–13
10–16 Teen; 65¢. Dress requires 2⅛ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without
size 14 Teen. Contrast bands require 1⅛ yds. of 45-in. fabric for 14 T
BUTTERICK 4343 Misses dress and coat, 10–16; 75¢. Coat requires 3
of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.
BUTTERICK 4346 Misses dress by Gayle Kirkpatrick, 10–18; 75¢. Sho
requires 3⅜ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap, size 14.
CROCHETED BAG DIRECTIONS: For directions to make crocheted
matching belt shown on page 118, send a stamped, self-addressed enve
Ladies' Home Journal Pattern, Dept. #9, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y.





Try Cascade's amazing toothpick test!

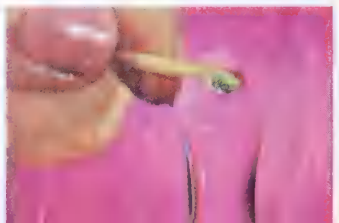
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CORN TAMALE LOAF

1 medium onion, minced
1 clove garlic, finely minced
½ cup cooking oil
1½ cups yellow cornmeal
1¾ cups hot chicken broth
1½ cups diced cooked chicken
1 can (8-oz. size) Del Monte Tomato Sauce
1 Tbsp. chili powder
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
3 eggs, beaten
1 No. 303 can (17 oz.) Del Monte® Brand Cream Style Corn
1 Tbsp. butter

Sauté onion and garlic in oil till tender. Mix with next 8 ingredients and blend well. Pour mixture into well-greased 9-in. loaf pan; set in pan of hot water. Bake at 375° F. 1 hr. or till firm and brown. Heat corn with butter. Turn out loaf on platter; top with corn. Garnish with green onion and olive slices, if desired. Serves 6.





was anyone planned to go to the Auchincloss wedding. While Washington sweltered, a crisp breeze blew across Narragansett Bay. The lawns of Hammersmith Farm rolled blue-green and manicured, down to the blue water's edge. Ponies romped in the fields. The Black Angus steers posed decoratively against the sky as, indeed, they are supposed to do. The Black Angus are a decorative herd. Both Auchinclosses like to look out their windows onto grazing animals and, to indulge this fancy, Hughdie buys 18 to 20 head each spring, and sells them again in the fall before returning to his winter home in Washington. The Auchinclosses butchered one of the herd once and stored it in the freezer, but Janet Auchincloss, thinking of how she loved to watch the cattle, could never bring herself to eat the steaks.

A great white oval tent was set up on the lawn for the reception. Inside there was music and laughter and champagne. Outside little John-John Kennedy, in the costume he had worn as a page in the wedding—blue linen shorts, white silk shirt, blue satin cummerbund, high *(continued)*

white socks, black patent-leather shoes with silver buckles chased the Auchincloss ponies while a brace of Secret Service men chased him.

Blue and white are Mrs. Auchincloss's colors. Caroline Kennedy, in a white dress embroidered with blue rosebuds, wearing a blue satin sash, carrying a bouquet and wearing a head wreath of blue and white flowers, was one of four flower girls. As 600 guests wandered in and out of the tent, admiring the dazzle of the day and the company, and the happiness of the young pair—who received in front of a white lattice screen decorated with blue morning glories—everyone was saying that it was the most beautiful wedding ever. Then, suddenly, at the foot of the great cascade of lawn, the New York Yacht Club's sailing cruise swept into the bay—hundreds of sails billowing like a host of butterflies composing a backdrop for the party.

One guest gasped and said, "I don't believe it! It's not real! It's being produced by Walt Disney!" But it was just another example of the Auchincloss style. Janet Auchincloss Sr. knew that the cruise was scheduled. She had guessed it would arrive in time to help decorate her daughter's wedding. It did, and in her chosen colors: white on blue.

Hammersmith Farm itself, where Hughdie Auchincloss was born (it came to him from his father, who bought it from an uncle), is in the Auchincloss style. When John Winthrop Auchincloss built the place in 1892, he did not build it on Bellevue Avenue, Newport's fashionable "ocean side" where the greatest gilt-and-marble mansions are, but on the bay side, considered, at the time, "the wrong side" of Newport. In so doing—since John Winthrop Auchincloss was who he was—he succeeded in making several Vanderbilts, Astors and Goelets, who had houses on Bellevue Avenue, feel that they had done it all wrong. In the years since, the difference between the two sides of the island has congealed into a rule: Newer, flashier money lives on the ocean; older, solider, quieter wealth lives on the bay.

When people comment on the "competitiveness" of Newport social life, Janet Auchincloss can therefore laugh and say, "We don't compete." They don't have to.

The comforts that Hammersmith Farm offers today are largely owed to the marriage, in 1891, of Hughdie Auchincloss's father, the first Hugh D., to Emma Brewster Jennings, whose father, Oliver B. Jennings, was a founder of the Standard Oil Company. When the Jennings interests and the Rockefeller interests parted company late in the 19th century, the fiscal arrangements were such that the Jenningses are extremely rich to this day. Furthermore, there are no signs that any of their heirs and assigns, including Hughdie Auchincloss's children and grandchildren, will ever be needy.

The comforts of Hammersmith, the house where Jackie Kennedy blossomed into adolescence, are, therefore, considerable. Driving up the long, graveled drive, the visitor slows to a stop under the wide porte-cochere of the big shingled house that sprawls under cupolas and gables and half a dozen chimneys at the top of the hill. He walks up the front steps to the large front door, where a diminutive French maid in a frilly uniform waits, while a houseman hurries down the steps to the car for the bags. Then he steps into the house, where the first impression is of light, space and air.

The walls of the high-ceilinged rooms are lined with tall windows to make the most of the view on all sides. On the right is Hughdie Auchincloss's office, lined with bookcases covered with framed photographs—mostly of his wife and their children on horseback; on the left is the formal drawing room.

The maid leads the visitor up the wide, curving stairs to the guest room. It, too, is large and faces the bay, and everything has been provided: on the writing table, pale-blue stationery, envelopes, postcards, pens, pencils, even stamps; by the bed, a tiny blue breakfast menu, should the guest wish to have breakfast in his room; on the nightstand, an array of current magazines; in the fireplace, a fresh fire laid behind a pleated paper fan.

Instantly the upstairs maid appears, and, smiling, says, "My name is Maria. Would you like me to draw a bath? Are you sure there is nothing you need? If you need anything, just ring twice . . ." In the bathroom, the guest finds extra-thick, oversize bath towels with blue monograms, and fresh cakes of French soap the size of ostrich

stairs, Janet Auchincloss, walking her four dogs—two poodles—is full of a just come back from fo Jackie in New York," sh haven't been able to see not even to flowers for yo bedtime, a bowl of fres mysteriously arrived.)

The main entertaining house is not the formal but the b room that always ca room," pe in it, one of being o ship. The of this ro best descr tic''—an scious mi torian an pieces, cor leather ch a fireplace hold a sr made out Auchinc Spanish t

The de pears sin happened been furn effect is o In one c table tele Hughdie likes to sional foo another is skin rug, which a h Janet's s present a dogs take terest. Su the ceilin of the ro endless sl stuffed Hughdie brought own gun years ago

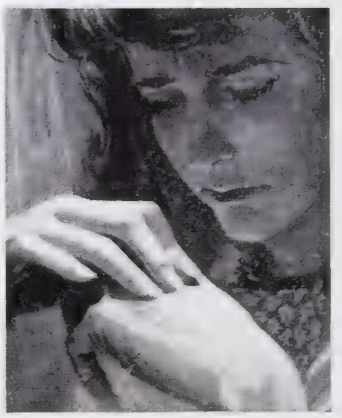
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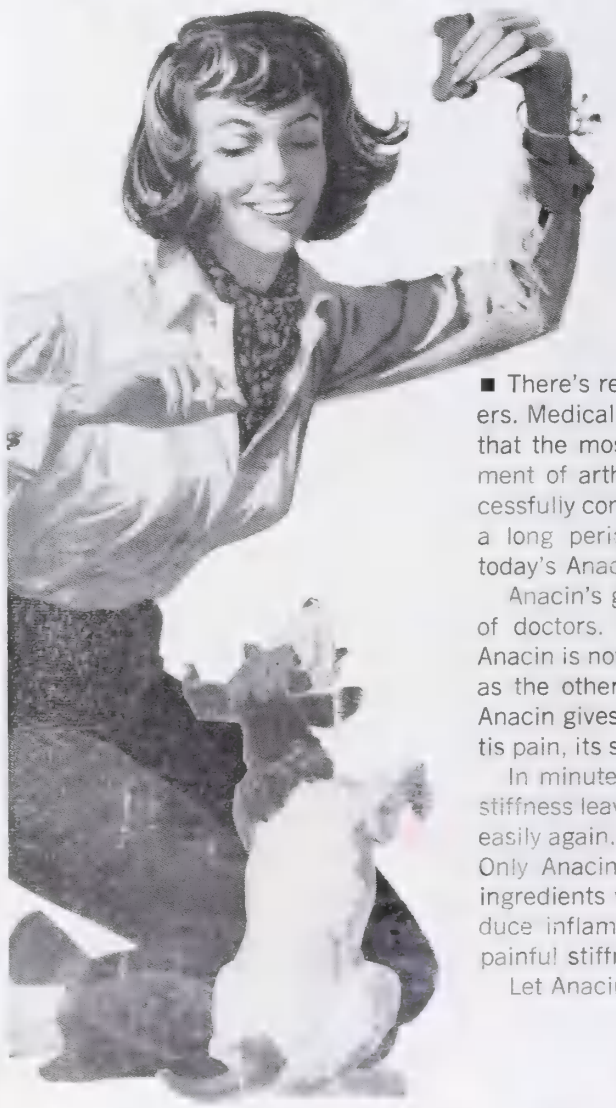
In the of Hammersmith, dozens children of all sizes rompe and through gardens und lance of their nurses. Of th buildings that dot Hamm acres—the guest house, th ent's house, the gardeners hothouses—one of the p hexagonal children's playh

Through the French w deck room, one can step wide terrace that skirts th the house, facing the b Kennedy, who loved to Hammersmith so much s several visits without his

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like to stand here and watch the sunset.

"The prettiest place on the Atlantic seaboard," he used to repeat and, to his mother-in-law with a smile, he would say, "Don't you think this is the prettiest place on the Atlantic seaboard, Mrs. Auchincloss?"

Her answer was merely a rueful look. She insists she never really wanted to live in Newport. As a girl and during her first marriage, she summered on Long Island, and she says, "I'm still an East Hampton person." Of Hammersmith Farm, she says, "I've put up with it for twenty-five years."

From sunset on the terrace, the President liked to turn left, on his evening walk, down the flight of stone steps into the quiet sunken garden, at the end of which, in the basin of a slowly dripping fountain, fat goldfish swim in lazy circles. "Putting up" with Hammersmith Farm would not seem a difficult chore.

Those were exciting days at Hammersmith, with the President there. The Auchinclosses' guest book of that period reads like an international *Who's Who.* There were crowds of tourists at the foot of the drive, and boats in the bay coming in for a closer look, and the retinue of staff and Secret Service men who attended the President to be housed and fed. "Still," says Hughdie Auchincloss, "I think we got the best of the deal. For instance," he notes, smiling, "we got better telephone service. All our calls, you see, went through the White House switchboard." Friends calling the Auchinclosses from down the street had to call them via Washington—but it was fast. So was the mail delivery.

In the summer of 1963, when little Janet made her debut at Hammersmith, there were over a thousand guests, including seven foreign ambassadors, two United States senators, a retired associate justice of the Supreme Court, along with the Angier Biddle Dukes, the David K. E. Bruces, the Harvey Firestones, the Winthrop Aldriches, the Sheldon Whitehouses, and dozens of Auchinclosses. It was the most lavish debutante ball of that or any other Newport season in memory. The President and Mrs. Kennedy could not be there, but they sent Janet the bouquet of flowers she carried, and announced that they would entertain for her at the White House during the coming Christmas season—a season, of course, that did not come for President Kennedy.

Hughdie Auchincloss was lunching at the Metropolitan Club in Washington when the news of the event in Dallas was brought to him. He hurried downstairs to have it confirmed on television, then sped home and gathered his family around him. Later in the day he and his wife went to the White House and met Jacqueline Kennedy when she arrived. Seeing them, she cried, "Oh, Mummy!" and held her mother briefly. Still later, when the President's body was brought to the White House, there was a short family service. At Mrs. Kennedy's request, the Auchinclosses spent the night with her, and were with her early the following morning when she said to the children, "Your daddy isn't coming home because he was a hero, and he's gone to Heaven to be with all the other heroes. . . ."

Today, Hammersmith Farm is as majestic as ever, smiling down across long green lawns upon the blue water of Narragansett Bay. The house, though, wears something of the air of a memorial. Perhaps this cannot be helped. Framed, in the entrance hall, is the Presidential flag that flew from the foot of the lawn when the President visited, and photographs of him are everywhere—there he is with his wife, there with children, there with Hugh Auchincloss Jr.'s twin sons. Upstairs, in the study off the room he used, is a desk with a bronze plaque listing the various bills he signed into law there. Everyone in the family speaks of him with respect as "The President," only occasionally referring to him as "Jack." On the top floor, the children's floor, the rooms are often empty now. The long upper hallway is lined with photographs of departed Auchinclosses, and, though they show happy scenes, one is struck with a sad sense that the greatest days of this great house are passed.

Janet Auchincloss's daughters are scattered across the globe: young Janet is in Hong Kong, where (*continued*)

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her husband has a teaching fellowship; Lee, the Princess Stanislas Radziwill, lives in London; young Jamey left for college this past fall. There may be no more great weddings, no more great coming-out parties at Hammersmith for a while—certainly not until the granddaughters are grown.

The nearest daughter in a physical sense is Jackie, in New York, and she chats with her mother lengthily on the telephone nearly every day. On weekends and holidays, "the place begins to fill up," as Hughdie puts it, with Auchincloss and Kennedy children. But during the week an air of loneliness prevails.

Weekday mornings, Hughdie Auchincloss, dressed in the comfortable tweeds of a gentleman farmer (he spends less time than he used to at Auchincloss, Parker & Redpath, his Washington brokerage house), climbs into his shiny blue Bentley and drives down to the water's edge; he suffers from emphysema, and cannot do much walking. He may spend the morning there, sitting on the dock where the Presidential flag once flew, fishing for mackerel and chatting with passing groundsmen and farmhands. Lunch is at one. After lunch it is time to move into the deck room for any football games on the television. At five it is time for a nap before dinner.

Suddenly Janet Auchincloss, returning from an errand, hurries into the room, crying reproachfully, "Hughdie, Hughdie! Why didn't you *tell* me there was a letter from Janet?" She waves its pages, covered with rounded, girlish, boarding school script, and, though he has already read it, she sits down to read it aloud to him.

The letter is long and full of news. Janet thanks her mother for the records and the check—"She's teaching some French classes, so I sent her the French records," her mother explains. "Then I remembered she has no record player with her, so I sent her the check and told her to buy one as my birthday present." Janet Jr. tells her mother how she and her young husband celebrated their two months' wedding anniversary in Hong Kong—she cooked his favorite chicken dish for him: "'The chicken simply *wouldn't* thaw, though I kept pouring boiling water over it again and again—finally I threw it at the kitchen wall in a fit of pique . . .' And look how she spells it!" her mother cries. "P-e-a-k." Little Janet then describes a scene in a Hong Kong hotel lobby that she and Lewis witnessed—young soldiers who had been on furlough there departing for Vietnam. "I stood on the steps, and as one of them passed by he smiled at me, and I smiled back and said, 'Good luck. . . .'"

The elder Janet Auchincloss has the customary assortment of committee memberships and charitable endeavors to occupy her, including a trusteeship of Washington's Children's Hospital. She also has a snappy new jet-black Jaguar sedan with a leather interior and reclining seats (even the driver's seat reclines, should the driver wish to nap while idling). She was recently worried that the hand-painted initials, "J.L.A." on the rear door were too large. (The Auchincloss style has a lot to do with understatement.) She was also worried that, if she told the man who painted them that she would like them smaller, his feelings would be hurt. (The Auchincloss style has a lot to do with tact.) And she also has—a gift from her daughter, Jackie—a new white standard French poodle puppy named Count Casimir Pulaski.

"I'm training Casimir to be all *mine*," she says. "My last poodle got attached to my cook, and became a kitchen dog. I want Casimir to keep me constant company. I need company these days." These various responsibilities and possessions—along with two houses to staff and run—give her little in the way of idle time.

But she has sensed that the time has come for a change at Hammersmith Farm. She has begun to talk of renting the big house in summers to come, and, about a year ago, she embarked on an unusual project. The old windmill, which once lifted water for the house, stood idle, and she had an idea: Why not move it down to the water's edge and remodel it?

She and Jackie spent weeks hiking about Hammersmith in search of the perfect spot and, when they thought

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a strain. The tension, instead of lessening, seems to mount, and at times it shows in a certain nervousness of manner, a tightening of her facial muscles when the Kennedy name is mentioned, a look of alarm that strikes her face when, with her daughter, she enters a public place, feels the little hush that follows when heads turn, or sees the crowd surge forward. When Janet Auchincloss is recognized, hands reach out to touch her, but not to touch *her* so much as her daughter. She hears the whispers, "It's Mrs. Kennedy's *mother!*" Or, just as often, "It's Mrs. Kennedy. Who's that woman with her?"

Recent publicity around the late President's assassination has been harrowing. Criticism of the Warren Commission Report has stirred dreadful memories. Clearly, the Auchinclosses would prefer to let the dead past bury its dead, but the past will not die. For cooperating with William Manchester on *The Death of a President*, Mrs. Kennedy has been criticized by both the Kennedy and Auchincloss families. The relationship between the Auchinclosses and the senior Kennedys—never intimate—has become cool. The publicity that went with being connected to the White House, once accepted and enjoyed by the Auchinclosses, is now merely something to be endured.

Janet Auchincloss has grown wary of journalists. She dislikes seeing herself quoted, insisting that her quoted remarks make her sound "foolish." This is perhaps because she has a breathless, enthusiastic speaking style, and has a habit of thinking aloud in a completely captivating stream-of-consciousness way that enables her to cover many topics, and many different ideas, in the same sentence.

There is another matter that privately worries the family. "When," asks one of the Auchinclosses, "will the Kennedy publicity begin to deteriorate even more?" When, in other words, will it take on a yellow-journalistic cast of the "intimate-secrets-of-John-F.-Kennedy" variety—or will it ever? Alas, it has had a way of happening, following a decent interval, after the deaths of other famous men, and several of the family are now grimly readying themselves to be trapped in the periphery of this kind of lurid and leering press. The Auchinclosses have never had to live with this threat before, but no one who knows them doubts their ability to handle and survive it.

Recently Janet Auchincloss was driving a guest around Newport, pointing out, in her rapid style, the city's historic houses, many now undergoing restoration; the cemetery on Farewell Street ("Isn't that an appropriate address for a cemetery?") where so many Auchinclosses are buried ("They're in the *older* part, of course, and on a hill"); the Episcopalian church, which she and her husband attend, and St. Mary's Catholic Church, where two of her daughters—Jacqueline and Janet—were married. She drove her guest down Washington Street to the house that John and Elizabeth Buck Auchincloss, the first Auchinclosses to summer in Newport, built over a hundred years ago. The house, considerably altered and enlarged, is now owned by the Carmelite Sisters, and is operated as a retreat for laymen. While Mrs. Auchincloss and her guest paused in front of the house, a little nun, plain and plump as a dumpling, offered to show the two around.

Guiding them through the dark old rooms and along carpeted hallways, the little nun suddenly realized who her visitor was. Almost overcome, she seized Janet Auchincloss's hand in both of hers and gasped, "Oh, you're Mrs. Kennedy's *mother!* Oh, Mrs. Auchincloss, I just want to tell you how much we all love Jackie Kennedy!"

Smiling, with that perfect poise and grace for which Auchinclosses are famous, Janet Auchincloss replied, "And so do we." **END**

THE GENTLE YEARS By Christie Lund Coles

These are the gentle, gentle years,
My fauns, my kittens, my dears,

When leaf and petal are equally fair,
As are shade and sunlight upon your hair:

These are the kindly years, my loves,
My goslings, my birdlings, my doves,

When the rainbow and the stars are true,
And grandma rocks you, rocks you, rocks you

Against her shoulder, murmuring low,
I love you, love you, love you so.

Another "be-kind-to-your-pocketbook" idea from Reynolds Wrap®



Start with an inexpensive cut of meat. Bundle it in Reynolds Wrap and bake. And know what? It comes out so tender you can cut it with a fork. Why, specifically, Reynolds Wrap? Because Reynolds Wrap is **oven-tempered for flexible strength...** a special kind of strength that really seals the juices in tight...so they bubble up through the meat... tender-ize it as it cooks. Rich and flavorful as the most expensive cut.

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strong, dependable, all-purpose Reynolds Wrap.

SWISS BLISS

½ tablespoon butter or margarine
2 pounds chuck steak, cut 1-inch thick
1 envelope onion soup mix
½ pound mushrooms, sliced
½ green pepper, sliced
1-pound can tomatoes, drained and chopped (reserve juice)
¼ teaspoon salt
Freshly ground pepper
½ cup juice from canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon A-1 Steak Sauce
1 tablespoon cornstarch
20-inch sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Assorted garnishes as desired

Spread center of Reynolds Wrap with butter or margarine. Cut steak into serving portions. Arrange on foil, slightly overlapping each portion. Sprinkle with onion soup mix, mushrooms, green pepper, tomatoes. Season. Mix juice, A-1 Sauce and cornstarch. Pour over meat and vegetables. Bring foil up over and double-fold edges to seal tightly. Bake 2 hours in moderate (365°F.) oven. Roll back foil and sprinkle with parsley. Makes 4 generous servings.

continued from page 26

office on premises jointly owned. Glenda has always had a studio in our home, and I have never objected. I have been happy to look in and catch a glimpse of her at work. When she and the youngsters are peaceful, when the children's hair is neatly brushed, their clothes and faces clean, their presence is a joy and inspiration to me. In a harmonious environment I can function. When I am disturbed by noise, disorder, quarrels, my work suffers and I'll admit I become cantankerous. I'll try to control my temper.

"It would be absurd for Glenda and the children to move into another house."

"These two artistic people were making an inartistic hash of their marriage," the counselor said. "Both were exceedingly strong-willed, but Arthur was the more obstinate of the two, the more impractical and self-centered.

"Not that Glenda was entirely blameless for their difficulties. She damaged her relationship with Arthur and prejudiced the children when she contradicted him in their presence. It didn't help for her to confide intimate affairs in friends and kinfolk and appeal for backing from both families.

"It wasn't helpful for her to buy groceries and pay taxes with her own money, and then twit thin-skinned Arthur about it. In the circumstances, however, her tactless remarks and behavior were understandable. In the power struggle, she was fighting to survive as an individual—and money was the major weapon at her command.

"In Arthur's opinion, the standards of his profession—he spoke of himself as a modern-day descendant of artisans dating back to the era of medieval guilds—made it permissible for him to establish a home workshop. He could work to his fullest capacity only in an environment created by himself that was harmonious and perfect in every respect. Perfect in his view, that is.

"He was acutely sensitive to color, structure, form, design, his own reactions and feelings. He was insensitive to Glenda's feelings, oblivious of her wishes and rights as a wife. He endeavored to rule the entire household. Since he was always on scene, Glenda and the children were under observation day and night.

"If Glenda lingered too long over a cup of morning coffee shared with a neighbor, if the children were mischievous and noisy, if a cleaning woman switched on a vacuum sweeper, he complained of the interruption to his inspiration. He actually superintended the way Glenda and the children placed flowers in vases. He felt at liberty to listen in on the extension to Glenda's telephone conversations. He argued with sitters, altered her arrangements for the children.

"For eleven years, with growing embarrassment and impatience, Glenda occupied a partially furnished home. Eventually, he invaded her studio. Even before he made a botch of the ceiling, he designed and installed open shelves, symmetrical and pleasing to his exacting eye. Unfortunately the shelves did not accommodate her odd-sized, odd-shaped canvases, so she had been compelled to stack her canvases on the floor. He then complained of her untidiness.

"It wasn't until Arthur invaded every corner of Glenda's realm as a woman, a wife, a mother, an artist, that she rebelled. When she taunted him with the fact of her financial independence and threatened to pack up the children and move out, she was in earnest and she was desperate. I told Arthur so.

"The real danger to their marriage, and, for that matter, the primary flaw in Arthur's personality, was his overwhelming drive for perfection. His expectation of a forever serene household was ridiculous. His concept of marriage had no basis in reality. I told him so. I also told him that his complaints that outside distractions interfered with his inspiration were nonsense. The main obstacle to his work lay in his own personality. Arthur himself wasted his time and energy, delayed his labors at the drawing board. He continually dissipated his creativeness, interrupted the flow of his talent by thrusting himself into what should have been Glenda's sphere. He did not allow himself the freedom of an uncluttered mind so he could carry out his commissions promptly (he was tardy in nearly all his projects), and he hardly allowed Glenda the room to breathe.

"It wasn't easy for a man as opinionated and articulate as Arthur to acknowledge that he and Glenda could and should divide the areas of decision in their marriage. But he was extremely anxious to avoid a separation. Eventually, he and Glenda were a
number of compromises.

"Glenda and Arthur disc
at great length. Although i
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agreed to give this a tria
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He then agreed that the val
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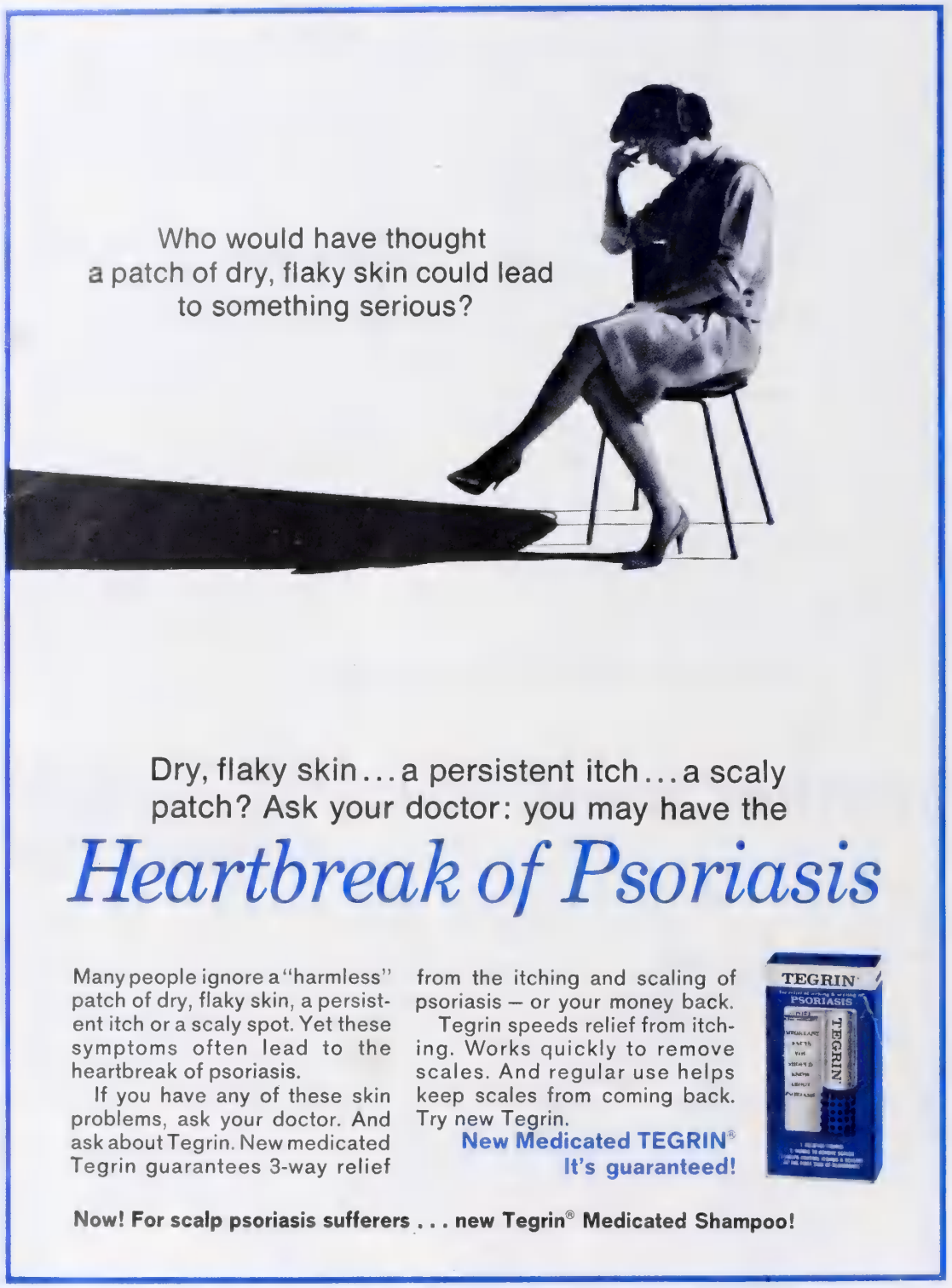
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mites him in the middle of

"But the kitchen, withou
is Glenda's bailiwick, and
her sanctuary. Children mi
sions of their parents; w
lessened by the daytime
temperamental father, Billy
ters have become less unru
surprised and pleased to hav
him affectionately when he

"The marriage of artist
calm, but essentially they
same objectives and have th
Glenda and Arthur belong
and now they know it."



Dry, flaky skin... a persistent itch... a scaly patch? Ask your doctor: you may have the

Heartbreak of Psoriasis

Many people ignore a "harmless" patch of dry, flaky skin, a persistent itch or a scaly spot. Yet these symptoms often lead to the heartbreak of psoriasis.

If you have any of these skin problems, ask your doctor. And ask about Tegrin. New medicated Tegrin guarantees 3-way relief from the itching and scaling of psoriasis — or your money back.

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l look in embossed
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gine *Stone Mosaic* on *your* . The beauty of stone in easy-stall tile. You can hardly see e the tiles join.

uch it! Feel the deep texture. matic shadows enhance the ssing.

ve the way it shrugs off ehold stains and grease... the way it cleans, keeps clean.

ailable in popular 12" x 12" in 4 real-stone colors: White-e, Sandstone, Fieldstone and stone.

see *Stone Mosaic* and other fashion vinyl asbestos tiles sheet vinyl patterns at your eroid flooring dealer. (His e is in the Yellow Pages under ors.")

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UBEROID

NE FLOORING

WHERE DID WE GO WRONG?

continued from page 110

many times, the rules he is being taught to live by broken, and broken without apparent punishment. If training, discipline, a living code of ethics and a stable, secure existence cannot insulate him from these evils, *what can?*

There was a distinct feeling of pulling against the current many times during our daughters' grammar and junior high school years, but we nevertheless waited until we felt they were prepared before we released them to freedoms others had been enjoying for many months. The examples that spring most quickly to mind were unlimited use of a car at 16, going to drive-in movies at 15 and 16 in mixed parties, smoking at 14, 15 or 16. We couldn't conscientiously feel that any of these things were good, right or necessary. We offered limited use of the car, drive-ins on special occasions with groups of girls or with a boy well known to us, but no permission to smoke on health grounds. The argument that it's better to have them smoke in front of parents rather than behind their backs is specious. Their lungs don't know the difference.

We have spent many an agonized hour reviewing our liv
spawned our he
have not found
our home life.
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and injected an
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Whatever in
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You bet your sweet life it's different

It's the new frozen orange juice from Florida—with more orange in it. Close your eyes and you're drinking fresh orange. Whole, sweet, juicy Florida orange. Tastes just like the kind you squeeze yourself. Drink up, with or without a straw, if you know what's good for you.

Orange Juice
the real thing
from Florida



Once or twice in recent
d arrived home perhaps 15
past the agreed-upon time,
she appeared to be follow-
ype of social life to which
accustomed. A girl friend
r up in the evening, they
ably head for a soda or
ne of the eating places on
of town, and she would
hen she was supposed to.
was always someone we
one of two close girl
y years' standing. Some-
ighter would be the one
and the procedure would
erse. We never had any
t her, and it was more
a nebulous feeling of un-
made our attention begin
er. There was never any-
just something we didn't
way she'd come in at night
stairs to her room; the
ould slam to a halt outside
away after she would race
the unexplained mileage
wn car after she'd used it.

efore we read the letter
home a little late and
her room. We called her
d where she'd been. She
unsatisfactory explana-
t "driving around." She
and there was an air of
citement about her that
. We expressed our dis-
oung girls just "driving
oon as she could she es-
.
ing my husband found on
y a thick letter she had left to be mailed to a girl friend who was away vacationing. All the unaccountable uneasiness of recent weeks, the feeling of grappling with a shadowy intruder, the insistent alarm signals he had been trying to rationalize combined to push him to a deed foreign to his nature.

He opened the letter.

From that moment of knowledge we were catapulted into a nightmare. Each succeeding discovery exploded in our consciousness in a series of intensified shocks. We wondered which was the real world—the one we were fighting frantically to hold on to, the sane, familiar world of job, home, family; or this alien, terrifying one with the animal instincts of survival and satisfaction to which our daughter had introduced us. How, we wondered in a sick daze, had we come to find ourselves adrift in this crazy, juvenile hell of grinning faces, dirty feet, empty brandy bottles, dingy rooms?

Was there really a new morality? We began listening closely to conversations and asking questions. We found a noticeable lack of censure regarding actions we did not hesitate to label wrong. Kids who were in trouble were objects of a great deal of sympathy. There were always extenuating reasons to explain their trouble. Jack D. had been expelled for habitual truancy, sure, but it wasn't his fault, because his father didn't wake him up in time for school. Alan S. was always in detention, but it was because the teacher had it in for him and no matter what he did the teacher didn't like it and sent him to detention. Bad luck, not bad conduct, was what landed some kids in court—the bad luck of being caught. Girls who left because of pregnancy were quickly absorbed back into the social group when they returned, and one 16-year-old unwed mother ran for school Booster Day Queen before her infant was three months old.

It was not so much a morality but an amorality that we found. It was never a question of right or wrong, simply a matter of taste. Some of the kids went for the drink, drug, sex bit, some didn't, but it wasn't held against you if you did. It was rather like preferring one style of furniture over another.

We saw that we were separated not only by a generation but also by a vast schism that became apparent when we first confronted our daughter with our findings.

MARCH IS
RED CROSS
MONTH
help us help

We expected she would crumple in shame and guilt, but her reaction was the worst horror of all. She was affronted to think she was going to be cut off from her "best friends" and didn't "see anything wrong with them."

We could have—and this was our first reaction—snatched her away from the environment that had produced this crisis and incarcerated her in some secluded and regulated atmosphere where she could be re-educated to a more acceptable social philosophy, or simply guarded until time did its merciful work of maturing free from blight and plague. But practicality dictated our decision to keep her at home and to attempt ourselves to do battle for her mind and soul.

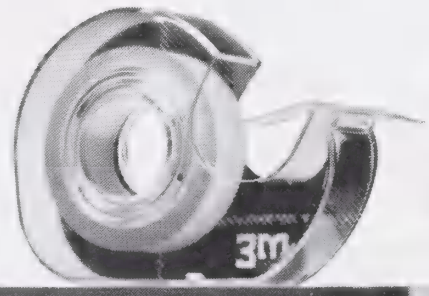
We had nothing to fight with but the puny weapons of love, trivial little things we could do to lure her back—the turned-down bed, the piece of cake saved in the refrigerator, the little pile of mended things because she disliked sewing.

This was not easy for me. I had to fight a constant feeling of repugnance. I prayed that I might not show it; I prayed harder that I might not feel it. I couldn't forget the things she had done, and this knowledge was so irreconcilable with her physical appearance it was a constant and exhausting chore to fit the two together.

She had pink cheeks, this child of mine, and clear gray eyes fringed with black lashes. She was slender and appealing and attractive, and she called me Mummy. How could she be that and at the same time be what I knew her to be—an accomplished liar, a cheerful cheat and a willing wanton?

Our life has changed. We live in fear, fear of a thousand phantoms—disgrace, injury, crime, unwelcome knowledge. We have hurried whispered conferences before daylight on what is the best way to handle a seemingly innocent request to go to someone's house. Will she really go there? If she does, who else will be there? One of the forbidden ones? We have become watchful and suspicious. When my husband and I *(continued)*

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3M COMPANY

leave the house together on rare occasions in the evening, it is with the knowledge we are taking a calculated risk. We lock up the alcoholic beverages. I carry the household supply of aspirin in my purse, fearful that she might take an overdose, as her close friend did in an almost-successful attempt at suicide. At night we keep both sets of car keys in our bedroom. We do this because we don't know what to expect from our daughter, who has rejected our rules for those of an unregulated stratum of society where honor, love, responsibility are laughable nostrums fit only to be fed to very young children. We know we can't count on her to protect herself, or to protect us, not until we are successful, if we ever are, in winning her back to our world of order, and ethical standards.

The fact that she fell victim to the moral sickness of our times, and that our other two daughters were more or less tainted by it, has led us to examine our own beliefs in an effort to discover why they didn't hold up for our children. We tried comparing our children's situation with our own youth, but this is not a fair test. Today there are more young people, more freedom and money, more mobility and far more exposure to unfavorable influences. But, conversely, there is more opportunity, less poverty and far greater scope for healthy development. This in turn led to an examination of the overall parent-child relationship.

What are the duties of parent to child, child to parent? How much does each have a right to expect from the other? Law places on parents the right and duty to control, protect, support, and guide or educate their offspring. Children are commanded by law to serve and obey their parents. There is no common law or statutory duty to love. Love can't be legislated. Love comes, or does not come, spontaneously. A baby knows no social mores or cultural customs, so he doesn't know he's *supposed* to love his mother, and there is certainly no guarantee, contrary to the popular myth, that a mother will instinctively love her child.

I have read of a case where a mother used her 53-day-old infant as a physical weapon with which to strike her husband. I have witnessed domestic court proceedings where mothers could hardly wait to sign the papers and get rid of the children. It might appear, therefore, that children are just plain lucky if, in addition to their parents controlling, protecting, supporting and guiding them, they love them as well.

What return does a parent get from a child? Usually none, financially, except in comparatively rare cases where an overly dutiful child will support and care for aging parents. So, in a great majority of cases, the only reward a parent can expect is a transitory feeling of pride from time to time, which usually springs from a narcissistic appreciation of qualities the viewer sees as an extension of his own personality. Usually all a parent wants, after investing years of devotion, thousands of dollars and untold hours of labor, is the knowledge that he has produced a worthwhile person. Of all relationships in law, nowhere else is there such inequity. A lawyer would be hard put to draw a contract on this basis: A agrees to supply B with food, clothing, shelter, medical and dental care, schooling, money for fun and recreation, vacation trips, other luxuries, etc., for nothing tangible in exchange.

However, there is strong social pressure in our culture to love our children regardless of how poor a legal bargain it is. This parent-child mystique dictates that we continue to love our children even if they bring shame and cause repeated trouble. The basest character wallowing in sin, crime and depravity will often have a single saving grace—his mother still loves him.

But perhaps the new morality will generate a new mystique. We have already progressed from the all-loving, all-forgiving parent to the weeping parent. Will the next step be the rejecting parent? Will not righteous anger and indignation finally force us to the place where we will conclude that all the love and forgiveness and tears in the world are not proof against the sins of the children, the sins of the world?

Already in our town there are 16-, 17- and 18-year-old bums, cast out of good homes by despairing parents who have given up the battle as an uneven contest.

These youngsters sleep in rooming houses and spend their days hanging around public places—the corner by the bank, an all- rant. They have dropped expelled from schools; son sent home from the arme "unsuitable."

Right from our ow hood—a neighborhood o streets, perennial flower b ton sets and group picnics has been sent to reform sc drunk and disorderly in a

These y not victim homes, ec ship or soci tion. The life; they l parents wh eyes in sha drive past the corne helplessly hours.

I cannot self to wh pened to has happ child. I ref responsibil ciety mus burden—o ciety with on materi emphasis values, its of the ba mediocre.

If my hu had it all don't kno could have ent. Perha real solutio been for u ent—less less sensiti tougher, able. How envied th one of th who was who, whe explain h that our da no longer a each other surprise, yourself. I morals th don't kno can do abo

I am b sentful an from the fending thought evident, fi again wha had been ago, from faceless enemy. Who can Who can be slain?

It is not yet apparent wh have any success in re daughter.

It seems senseless and to harp on the need fo code of morality and ethi lived by such a code all can lessen her opportun in danger, but we can't danger.

It will be waiting whe us, as she intends to do. P already lost to us.

Where has she gone, my

How to buy a bra

1. Spend five minutes in the fitting room of a good store with several bras—not just a Bali.
2. Try each one on. It's the only way to tell if a bra fits ...provided you understand what "proper fit" means.
3. Clip out this test and take it with you for a free fitting. It will probably mean a better figure for life.

Yes	No	
☐	☐	1. Can you feel the shoulder straps?
☐	☐	2. Does the bra gap out in the cleavage?
☐	☐	3. Does the back hike up?
☐	☐	4. Do you have to wear the straps short to get the uplift you like?
☐	☐	5. Does the bra feel tight? Or loose?
☐	☐	6. Do you overflow the cups? Or not quite fill them?

If you had any Yes's—you have the wrong bra.

☐	☐	1. Does the lift come from under the cups?
☐	☐	2. Does the back lie low?
☐	☐	3. Do the straps just lie there on your shoulders, supporting no weight?
☐	☐	4. Do the straps move as freely as you move?
☐	☐	5. Does the bra cling at the cleavage—leaving no gap?

If the bra does these things, it's the right bra.

Buy it. We'll take our chances that it's a Bali. Would you believe that the right bra could make such a difference? All you feel in a Bali is beautiful. Bali

©1966 BALI BRASSIERE COMPANY, INC., 16 EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Maine, they have a law about obster Bisque. Ours is legal.

ıety days in jail or a $1,000 fine. Maybe That's what you're liable to get in Maine lling, serving or advertising lobsters (in ɔrm) that aren't the genuine Down-East .

ich is fine with Pepperidge Farm. Because ppen to believe—as they do in Maine—heir lobsters are something apart. Sweet rm and juicy, as only the icy waters off England's shore can yield them up.

We purée the meat into a rich, creamy bisque. A bisque that's drizzled with butter, laced with sauterne and fragrant with spice.

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And it's superb. (You won't need a law degree to know that!)





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the dog food with no sugar added

Some dog foods add as much as 20% sugar (sucrose) as a preservative. Ours? Never.

Meaty Friskies has no added sugar . . . needs no preservative.

What *has* Friskies got? Simply all the vitamins, minerals, and protein a dog is known to need. In fact, 20% more protein in a can than in two patties of the leading sugar-preserved dog food.

To help keep your dog in shape, give him the exercise he needs *and* the complete nutrition he deserves.

Feed him Friskies. Okay, Slim?

from Carnation



Extra Easter Egg

BY MARGARET HAPPEL

The Easter Bunny always leaves in his wake a trail of leftover hard-cooked eggs that have been hunted, gathered, rolled, oohed and ahhed, and, finally, ignored. What to do? Rise to the occasion with this trove of glamorous, yet thrifty, ways to use leftover Easter eggs. Even the most eggs-hausted egg eaters will be tempted by these tasty dishes from around the world. Don't worry about the Easter-egg dye—it's harmless.

EGGS INDIENNE

Colored and decorated eggs originated as a Persian symbol for spring and the new year. The Indians adopted the custom, and even today celebrate their New Year in March by exchanging gaily painted eggs. Use the eggs left over from your celebration for this curried Indian dish.

6 hard-cooked eggs
⅓ cup mayonnaise
6 slices crisp cooked bacon, crumbled
¼ cup finely chopped chutney, drained
1 tsp. curry powder
1 tsp. anchovy paste
Watercress

Cool and peel 6 hard-cooked eggs. Cut in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash with a fork. Then blend in ⅓ cup mayonnaise, 6 slices crisp cooked bacon, crumbled, ¼ cup finely chopped chutney, drained, 1 teaspoon curry powder and 1 teaspoon anchovy paste. Pile or pipe mixture into egg whites and serve on a bed of watercress as an appetizer. Serves 6.

SCOTCH EGGS

Rolling eggs downhill is a British tradition transported to America, where the Easter Day Egg Roll on the White House lawn has become the most famous of all such happenings. After the eggs are rolled, use them in this Scottish dish for a taste of the "auld country." Eggs are wrapped in spicy sausage, then baked golden brown.

Traditionally these are fried in 375° deep (2 inches) fat for five minutes. Our new baking method is more economical and lighter.

6 hard-cooked eggs
1½ lbs. sausage meat (about 3 cups)
2 Tb. instant minced onion
1½ tsp. powdered sage
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ cup milk
1 cup dry unseasoned bread crumbs

Cool and peel 6 hard-cooked eggs. Pat completely dry with paper towels. In a medium bowl, knead together 1½ lbs. sausage meat, 2 tablespoons instant minced onion, 1½ teaspoons powdered sage, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Divide into 6 even pieces. On a lightly floured board, roll out, 1 piece at a time, into 6-inch squares. Place 1 hard-cooked egg in the center of square. Mold meat up around egg. Repeat with other 5 eggs.

Place 2 raw eggs, slightly beaten, and ¼ cup milk in a small bowl. Dip each sausage-covered hard-cooked egg in egg-milk mixture, then roll evenly in 1 cup dry unseasoned bread crumbs to coat.

Bake at 425° for 15 to 20 minutes until sausage is cooked and golden brown. Serves 6.

EGGS DIVAN

The French kings distributed gilded Easter eggs to all the people of their court. Treat *your* frien
dish of eggs on young
with a delicate cheese s

6 hard-cooked eggs
1 (2¼-oz.) can deviled ham spread
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 Tb. prepared mustard
2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen asparagus spears
Sa
¼
¼
2
½
½
1½
½

Cool and peel 6 hard-co
half lengthwise. Remov
them with (2¼-oz.) c
spread, ¼ cup mayonn
spoon prepared mustard
with some egg-yolk mi
high.

Meanwhile, cook 2 (10
asparagus according to
Drain well. Place on sh
platter. Arrange devile
asparagus.

Prepare sauce by hea
ter or margarine in a m
Sauté ¼ cup chopped on
about 5 minutes. Rem
Stir in 2 tablespoons flo
dry mustard and ½
Slowly blend in 1½ cup
heat and bring to a bo
stantly. Add ½ cup
cheese. Stir till melted a
over eggs and asparagus
at 400° for 20 minutes.

MOUSSE CATALAN

Here is a cool, molded sa
of the Spanish provinc
Eggs, sherry and a hint
it a Mediterranean flav

1 pkg. unflavored gelatin
1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken consommé
¼ cup dry sherry
4 hard-cooked eggs
2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. anchovy paste
½ t
¼ t
½ c
cr
be
Garn
1 cu
sl
⅓ c
sa
2 Tb
1 Tb
pa

Place 1 pkg. unflavored
double boiler. To 1 (13¾-
consommé add dry sherry
to measure 2 cups altoge
atin with the chicken-
and heat over hot water
solves. Cool and chill in
mixture has the consiste
egg whites.

Meanwhile, sieve the
cooked eggs. Chop the h
whites finely. Blend sieve
tablespoons grated Parm
teaspoon Worcestershire
spoon anchovy paste, ½
and ¼ teaspoon pepper.
semiset aspic jelly, the
chopped egg whites. Last
heavy cream, whipped.
speed with a portable el
rotary beater. Pour int
1-qt. mold or 6 (4-oz.) in
or ramekins. Chill till s
hours. DO NOT FREEZ

Unmold and surround
cumber slices which ha
with ⅓ cup salad oil, 2 t
sherry and 1 tablespoon ch
Serves 6.

mes, traditional Lenten
cluded the use of eggs
en season. So all the eggs
used up in the Shrove
kes, and, in Italy, eggs
y blessed before being
ıe holidays. This saucy
is a delicious blessing for
any time of year.

ggs *Sauce:*
- 1 (1-lb., 1-oz.) can tomato sauce
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- m ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ¼ cup chopped pimiento stuffed olives
- ons ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

hard-cooked eggs. Cut in
Remove yolks and mash
(2¼-oz.) can chicken or
read, ¼ cup sour cream
n prepared mustard. Pile
ite shells.
lespoons garlic-flavored
bottom of 6 (4-oz.) indi-
ishes or ramekins, or 6
cups. Top each with 2
ves, pressed yolk sides

e. Heat 1 (1-lb., 1-oz.)
ıce with 1 clove garlic,
chopped parsley and ¼
niento-stuffed olives. Di-
er the egg-filled dishes.
with a little of ¼ cup
n cheese.
oven for 20 minutes.
cheon or supper.

BERLINER KRINGEL

In Germany the Easter rabbit hides brightly colored eggs throughout the house and garden, and the young children look for them before breakfast. Wise *Hausfraus* use up yolks of any extra eggs in this old cookie recipe. It's a traditional sweetmeat for Christmas and Easter.

- ½ cup soft butter or margarine
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 hard-cooked egg yolks, sieved
- 2 raw egg yolks
- 1 Tb. grated lemon peel
- ¼ tsp. powdered cardamom
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 egg white
- ½ cup finely chopped blanched almonds
- 2 Tb. sugar

In a bowl beat together ½ cup softened butter or margarine, ½ cup sugar, 3 hard-cooked egg yolks, sieved, 2 raw egg yolks, 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel and ¼ teaspoon powdered cardamom. Gently fold in 2 cups flour to form a stiff dough. Divide evenly into quarters. Divide one quarter into 12 pieces. Roll each piece of dough between your palms to form a rope 4 inches long. (While you roll the 12 ropes, keep rest of dough covered with a damp cloth.) Pinch ends of each rope together to form a circle. Place each circle on greased cookie sheet. Brush the dough lightly with 1 egg white that has been beaten with 1 tablespoon water.

Sprinkle each of the hoops with a little of ½ cup finely chopped almonds that have been combined with 2 tablespoons sugar. Repeat the entire process, using other ¾ of dough.

Bake at 375° for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 4 dozen. **END**

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minine has a lot to do with love. And new DEMURE
s about as feminine as you can get. There's no longer
woman to resort to old-fashioned home remedies or
medicinal powders. DEMURE lets you enjoy complete
ut yourself—plus the most delicate kind of every-
s. Makes you feel very special. Very you. Very much
r husband deserves.
nique formula deodorizes, cleanses, freshens—safely
—but prettily too. Its convenient liquid form, fresh
d light mint fragrance make DEMURE as pleasant to
orite cologne. Be lovely. Discover DEMURE Douche



If you're happy with your dishwasher...

put new fortified Electrasol into it!

(You'll be delirious!)



A dishwasher is such a convenience, many women close their eyes to an occasional spot or bit of film. But now new Electrasol, fortified with water softeners, can assure spotless, film-free results. This new formula was tested, under varying degrees of water hardness, in homes throughout the country. Results proved it is the most effective dishwasher detergent you can buy. Every leading dishwasher maker recommends it. Try new Electrasol—by the world's largest maker of dishwasher detergents.

Get all you want out of your dishwasher... put fortified Electrasol into it!

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC., St. Paul, Minnesota



MACARONI AND CHEESE SUPREME

1. Turn on oven and set at 350 (moderate).
2. Mix in a greased 1½-quart baking dish **3½ cups cooked Elbow Macaroni (cook 1¾ cups), 4-oz. can Mushroom Stems and Pieces, drained,** and **¼ cup finely cut Pimiento.**
3. Stir over low heat until cheese melts **1¼ cups cubed Process American Cheese, ¾ cup PET Evaporated Milk, 3 Tablesp. cut-up Onion, 2 teasp. Dry Mustard, 1 teasp. Salt, 1 teasp. Worcestershire Sauce** and **¼ teasp. Pepper.**
4. Stir into macaroni. Top with cheese and tomato slices. Bake 25 minutes, or until bubbly hot. Serves 6.

Pet Milk...is in
...makes everyday foods
so much better



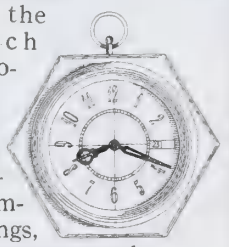
KITCHEN TIME

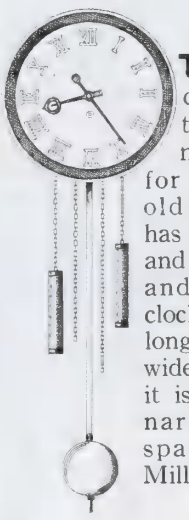
Clocks can be where you like them when they are battery-run—no need for outlets, wires or winding. There are sizes and styles to suit any kitchen. **By Lee Pettee**

You can time eggs to the second with this bright, no-nonsense clock. Its simple design is at home in kitchens styled to op art or country casual. Generous-sized, it features easily read numerals, a special help to children just learning to tell time. (Sessions.)



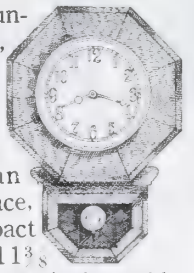
This hexagonal clock, complete with second hand, also shows the date, which changes automatically each day. A boon to home makers keeping tabs on committee meetings, dental appointments and music lessons. (Elgin.)



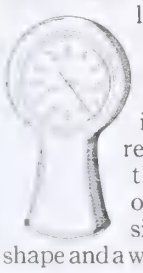


This pendulum clock has traditional charm that makes it suitable for rooms both old and new. It has a walnut case and brass pendulum and weights. The clock is 33 inches long and 10½ inches wide, which means it is well suited to narrow, vertical spaces. (Howard Miller.)

Quaint as a country schoolhouse, this friendly clock of maple with fruitwood finish combines charm with an easy-to-read face, and it is compact in size, too—11⅜ inches high by 7⅝ inches wide. (General Electric.)



For the sophisticated kitchen, a desk clock with a sculptured look is engineered for long-time accuracy. The molded plastic case comes in ivory, black or red. In addition to this pedestal model, other sculptured designs include a squat shape and a wall clock. (Secticon.)



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MURRAY TINKLEMAN

Eve
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New CREAM
is packed

THAT'S RIGHT! B
smoothest, tastiest
ever put a spoon to,
Oats is extra blessed
and nourishment—r
sunshine. And, it pr
protein of tiny, ten
plus the exciting fl
wheat germ. Cream
the day right, and l
going all through a busy morning. Just a jiffy to make. So why don't *you* join the Cream of Oats lovers? Help yourself to a bowl of sunshine tomorrow!



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It's pushing the season for many of us to think about beach towels in March, I discovered exciting new ...h towels can be used in...se very effectively to give bright, new look. These ...by 72 inches, emphasize ...heir soft, velvety pile—the ...ew shearing process. Two ... towels can be made into a ...in simply by adding grom... end of each for hanging. ...vel furnished material for ... at the bathroom window. I was intrigued by the Bangkok pattern, reminiscent of a Thailand woven silk design, with seven-inch-square blocks of color. There is a choice of a hot red-green-pink-purple scheme or a cool turquoise-blue-green-purple one. Regular bath towels in the same colors, solids, or in a similar pattern with smaller (4¾-inch) blocks of color, make it easy to create a complete new color scheme. And there are other go-together selections of outdoor and bathroom towels.



How non-extravagant can you be?

Slip your foot into a Selby shoe and see. It's the kind of fashion that *looks* extravagant. And feels even more so—with its luxuriously soft leathers, precise detailing and incomparable fit. Add what such a shoe does for your ego and a Selby isn't an extravagance at all . . . just the best investment you could make in your wardrobe this spring. For instance, the Vagabond shown here. About $18.

Selby® FIFTH AVENUES



Other Selbys from $15 to $23.

For name of nearest retailer, write Dept. JM-37-S, Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.

The ensemble idea in bed and bath fashions is worked out ingeniously with Cannon products, using color as the basic tie between groups of solid colors, stripes and designs that complement each other. The result looks planned, but avoids the monotony that sometimes results when the exact theme is used repeatedly. Beautiful to look at and practical, too, are the sheared terry bedspreads; towels that are lace-edged and have pucker-free embroidered borders; others with multi-color, jacquard designs and new sheets with trimming along sides as well as the top, in the European way.

We are passing out deserved and well-earned bouquets to: Waste King, the manufacturer who has given more meaning to warranties for their kitchen appliances by making them both readable and understandable; Proctor-Silex, the maker of plug-in devices designed so defective sections may be easily removed and replaced instead of being tinkered with in the old nuts-and-bolts fashion (the result: their products are not out of service for long periods of time); Mort Marton for a fine furniture oil that cleans and feeds wood as it polishes, leaving a marvelous dull glow after application; Rit for the liquid dye, packaged in plastic bottles, that does away with the old problem of dissolving powders. With the basic primary colors, almost any color can be blended, so you may be an artist at the dye pot.

A single stool that can be set so the seat is anywhere from 25 to 31 inches from the floor can be used comfortably at snack counters or work tables and by tall gents or their shorter sons. This stool, by Cosco, uses a button control so the adjustments are easy to make. The adjustable feature is found on several stools—modern ones with revolving fiberglass bucket seats or upholstered models in colors to fit various decors. For comfort, all have footrests that move up or down independently of the seat. . . .

The old "temporary" look of folding card tables is becoming passé these days, I decided, when I saw the newest folding furniture, also by Cosco. There is a 40-inch round table (six chairs fit around it) and a 35-inch square table (four chairs with this)—both are trim and graceful but sturdy enough to serve daily needs for those starting housekeeping on a budget. Yet the tables and matching chairs do fold for compact storage—and easily at that. Frames are tan, bronze or dark metal, and there is a good assortment of upholstery colors, too.

Did you know a compact laundry duo is available for apartments, cottages or small houses that have very little space? The Nesco washer and dryer together fit into a space about three feet wide, a foot and a half deep (each appliance is 18 inches square and 28 inches high). An electric wringer is available for use with the washer; the washer and dryer each handle up to three pounds per load. While no complicated installation is needed, it is important to have ample electric outlets—good 115-volt appliance outlets rather than a connection through a lamp.

Really hot water, from 150 to 190 degrees, is available at the kitchen sink with a new hot-water-heater faucet. The Handy-Hot device (available where Hobart products are sold) is electrically heated and available in two sizes that yield from 60 to 80 cups of hot water an hour. We like the utilitarian design made to fit neatly on the ledge of a sink or countertop where it is very convenient to use.

"What to do?" a reader gripes. "Every time I wear slips, dresses or shirts of synthetic materials, I'm embarrassed by the way they cling." An easy solution: use a fabric softener in the rinse water, even when laundering by hand. The garments will be less body-conforming, also softer and easier to press. **END**

It's In Your Mind

By BARBARA SEAMAN

For Wives of Strong, Silent Men: If your husband just won't talk, you may have to try joining a congenial bridge club or sewing circle. Dr. Joel Nelson, a University of Minnesota sociologist, has found that women who belong to "cliques" are reasonably content with a low quota of "companionship" from their husbands. Clique members advise one another on their problems large and small, and they influence each other in their political and social thinking. Dr. Nelson defines a clique as a group of three or more women who see each other *together* at least once a week. For some reason, one-to-one friendships do not pacify a wife's thwarted need for companionship so effectively.

Teen-Agers and Birth Control: By college age, most girls do have some understanding of birth control, but only one in 10 says that she has been taught anything about it by her parents. Friends are a major source of information, as are books, magazines and classes. Friends often prove to be a surprisingly accurate source, while teachers of biology and health classes may avoid frank discussion in class of contraception.

These are the findings of Dr. Robert Grinder, as reported in the *Journal of Marriage and the Family*. Dr. Grinder has tested the birth-control knowledge of 304 coeds at a large Midwestern university, and he concludes that the vast majority have "enough contraceptive information to protect themselves from pregnancy." One girl in three knew about several methods, and nine out of every 10 girls understand at least one method. Yet only one girl in five had actually engaged in premarital sex relations.

Family Life, Future Style: A leading cyberneticist, Dr. Alice Mary Hilton, says that our rate of technical and cultural change is accelerating so rapidly that life patterns will change more in the next 15 years than they did in the last 300. Dr. Hilton maintains that, while love will not become obsolete, the economic reasons for marriage will. Men will no longer need women to keep house for them, because computers will prepare meals and wash laundry. Women, even mothers, will not need men to support them because anyone will be able to earn a living by working a few hours a week. In order to survive, a marriage will have to be sounder than ever. And if it is, this scientist predicts that both partners may well find that the marriage of the future will be less problem-ridden than the marriage of today.

More Housewives Returning to College: Colleges are becoming more and more interested in "the mature woman student," and a number have formed special departments to lure her back. These departments offer vocational guidance, financial aid in some cases, and help in arranging flexible schedules. The University of Michigan Center for Continuing Education of Women, only two years old, has already processed 1,000 returning students. The University of Wisconsin reports that last year it enrolled 1,254 women who were over 25—double the 1960 enrollment. Dr. Kathryn Clarenbach, head of Wisconsin's special department for the education of women, says that returning housewives are doing extremely well—better, in many ways, than any other category of student.

Guidelines for Neighbors: The people next door are an important form of "crisis insurance" for millions of American families who do not live near relatives. Here are some tips on neighboring developed by a team of sociologists at Michigan State University:

- If you are more affluent or more cultured than your neighbors don't flaunt it. People are most comfortable in a give-and-take relationship that involves equals. If, for example, your husband owns a too-complete set of household tools, the neighbor men won't wish to borrow from him, since they can lend no tools in return.
- You can ask for almost anything (except cash) in an emergency, but do not become a chronic dependent. You can wake your neighbor at 3 A.M. if you must go to the hospital, but don't let your children play in her basement more than her children p
- Heed Robert Frost in hi that "Good fences make bors." This means two your property in good c cause it affects the value ties around it. Also, obser limits of your neighbors' p vary in different regions o and a newcomer must wat some communities you are even to enter an adjoin casually, you may far as the or kitchen

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Getting A Children: known pri where mot much tim children a America searchers Yale and versities up to com of New En with moth the Phili nawa, Ind The scien that in t cultures, much less responsibility of the mothe plex societies, the job is sha mother, grandmother, au and women "too old for who perform as general b

Scientists are trying to re "mothers become emotion when forced to spend lon time without help in car children." There is evidenc the Gusii of Africa spend n time with their children mothers. And both Gusii a are characterized by the r "variable and unpredicta handling of youngsters.

Easy Italian Favorites with Lipton Onion Soup Mix





Lipton Italian Meat Sauce

1 pound ground beef
1 clove garlic, minced
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
¼ teaspoon oregano
1 (1-lb. 12-oz.) can tomato puree
1 cup water

In heavy saucepan, brown meat and garlic, stirring frequently. Add Lipton Onion Soup Mix, oregano, tomato puree and water. Simmer, covered, until thickened, about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve over hot noodles, spaghetti or rice. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Lipton Onion Butter Bread

1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
½ pound butter or margarine
1 (1-pound) loaf Italian bread

Blend Lipton Onion Soup Mix thoroughly with softened butter or margarine. Makes 1¼ cups of Lipton Onion Butter.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Slice bread diagonally without cutting through lower crust. Generously spread Lipton Onion Butter between slices. Wrap in foil, partially open at top. Bake 15 to 20 minutes.

Use remaining Lipton Onion Butter as a spread for sandwiches, "buttered" noodles, macaroni or rice; potatoes, corn and other hot vegetables.

Lipton Onion Soup Mix has a unique blend of especially grown California onions. No other soup—canned or mix—gives your recipes this special flavor.



R PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS FASTIDIOUSLY FRESH

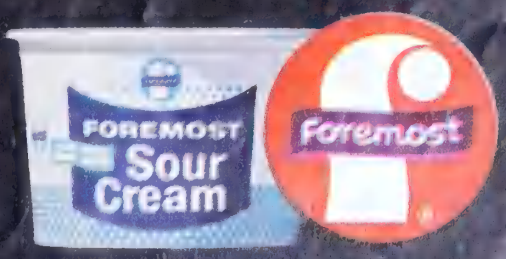
(even when they're fastidiously sour)

ur cream is a marvelous concoction to
ok with. Or to spoon onto a hot baked
tato. As long as the sour cream is fresh
ur cream.
Foremost Sour Cream always is. It's al-
ys nice and white, and always just tart
ough and tangy enough to add a little
zip to things. But never a zap.

Freshness is Our Thing. We take every measure to make sure that all our Foremost products always come to you fastidiously fresh. (And in this case, fastidiously sour.)

Try Foremost Sour Cream.

Fastidiously Fresh



Eating Well by a Wishing Well

BY POPPY CANNON

Ask a visitor or a resident of Houston what comes first to mind about the city. The Astrodome, some will say . . . Dr. DeBakey and his great new medical center.

But there are others, many others, to whom the mention of Houston means shopping at Sakowitz. It's one of the town's most fashionable department stores—Paris originals, Scottish tweeds and Irish linen towels, brocades from India, and always luncheon in between at the Sky Terrace.

The food is folksy in the high Sky Terrace—American tearoom fare at its best. We were served by a courtly gentleman named Morrison at a station close by a wishing well. Maître d' Charles Richard knows without being told where the Sky Terrace regulars like to be seated and which waiter they prefer. Many of the waiters have been dispensing specialties like famous Sky Terrace Turkey Mornay for at least 15 years.

Berniece Mars
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**SKY TERRACE TU
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Sky Terrace Turk
hot, sliced breast
broccoli and past
Cheddar cheese a
sauce, spiced
breads."

2 cups milk
¼ cup flour
1 tsp. paprika
½ tsp. salt
2 Tb. butter or ma
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1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie
**1 (10-oz.) pkg. fro
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POPPY-SEED DRE

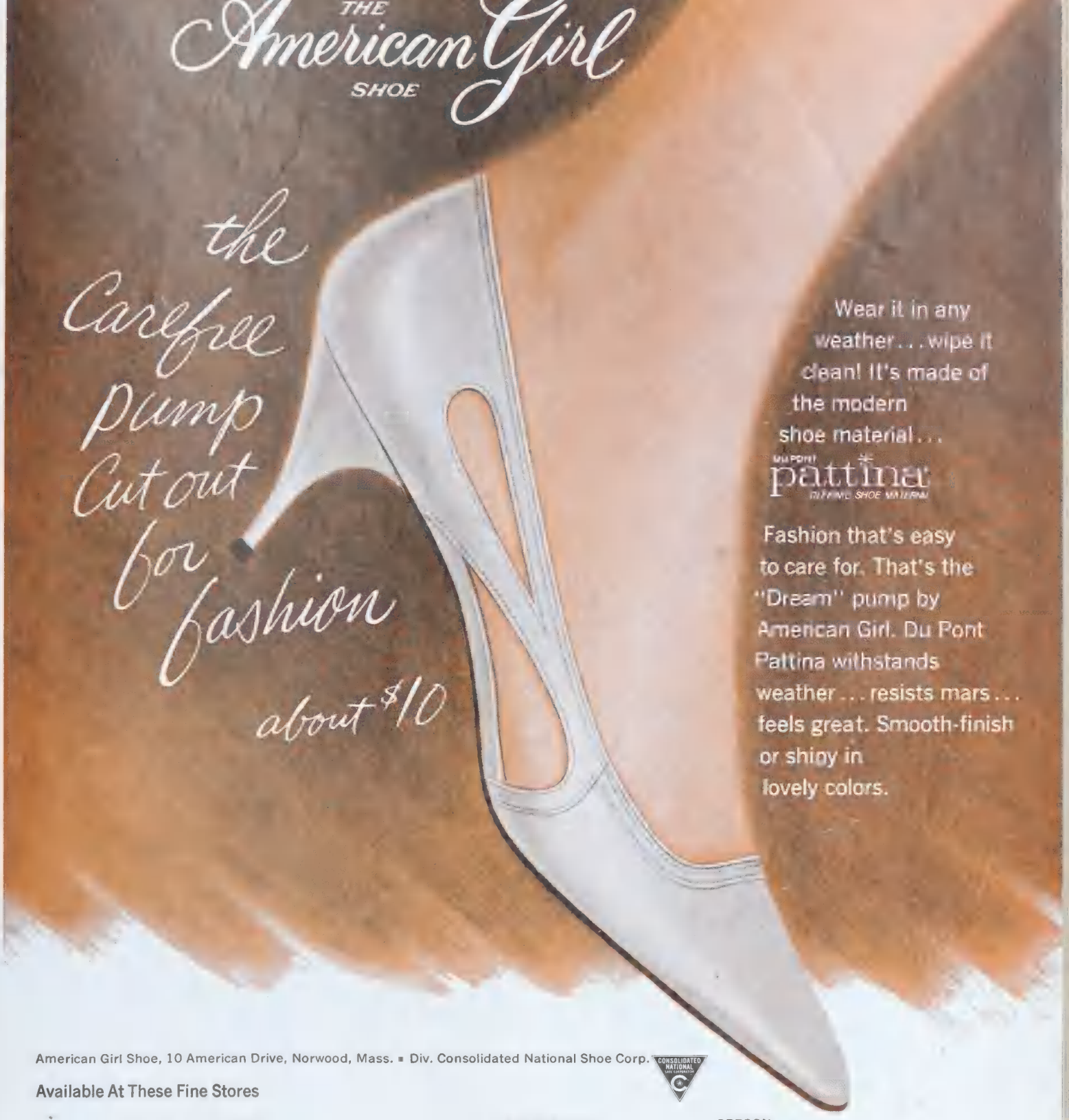
Another one of t
the Sky Terrace
genic salad of f
melon, strawberri
grapes, oranges,
tercress, served
raspberry ice an
Seed Dressing.



2 hot cereals with a kick to 'em

There's nothing bland about these cereals. If you want a cereal with taste to it and if you like a taste that shouts NOURISHMENT, FLAVOR, GOODNESS; then you want Wheat Hearts or Protein Plus. Both these Big G hot cereals have the delicious taste of wholesome wheat—Wheat Hearts is all wheat, Protein Plus has oats added for extra natural protein. Try either one. They've got the kick to get the whole family going in the morning.





American Girl Shoe, 10 American Drive, Norwood, Mass. ▪ Div. Consolidated National Shoe Corp.

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San Francisco ..... **Macy's (Lower Level)**

OREGON
Portland ..... **Meier & Frank, Downtown, Lloyd's Center**

WASHINGTON
Seattle .. **Bon Marche, Downtown, Northgate**
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North Bend ..... Emporium, Pony Village
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Kent ..... Macy's Apparel & Bootery
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Seattle ..... Joe Jaffe Shoes, 610 S.W. 152nd, 9826 16th S.W.
Snohomish ..... Mackies
Spokane ..... Leon's

kept overnight in refrigerator, but not necessary. Serves 8.

BAKED TOMATO WITH BACON STUFFING

A delightful entrée for lunch or supper. At Sakowitz they serve it with jumbo Gulf shrimp, sautéed fresh corn, a green salad, hot breads and a choice of ice cream or sherbet, or spice cake with a seafoam frosting.

6 small tomatoes
3 strips bacon
2 Tb. bread crumbs
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 clove garlic, crushed (optional) or
½ tsp. oregano (optional)

Remove the stems from 6 small tomatoes. Carefully remove the pulp from the insides, using a small melon-baller or teaspoon. Do not cut through the wall. Chop pulp fine.

Fry 3 strips bacon crisp and crumble. Mix together bacon, tomato pulp, 2 tablespoons bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 clove garlic, crushed (optional) or ½ teaspoon oregano (optional).

Fill tomato shells with bacon stuffing and bake in moderate oven (350°) 30 minutes. Serves 6. **END**



We challenge you to taste the difference between TreeSweet freshly squeezed frozen orange juice* and oranges you squeeze yourself.

*from Florida's Indian River Country...now in the botherless Zip Tab Can.

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take a try at flaming shish kebab or *ratatouille*. And if your *Sachetorte* emerges with a drunken lean, it's less embarrassing among roommates. After all, who burned the biscuits last week?

Roommates are also a fruitful source of culinary tips that you don't find in cookbooks. Lael, one of my first apartment-mates, taught me how to test if spaghetti is done. You throw a piece at the wall. If it sticks, it is; if it doesn't, it'll probably fall behind the stove where nobody will ever see it. Even my mother didn't know this technique. When I casually demonstrated it at home one day she was speechless.

As in a marriage, money is probably the most common bone of contention among roommates. Luckily, community living teaches you the basic tenets of economy. Like how to prove that you weren't the one who used the extra message units listed on the phone bill. ("*He* always calls *me!*") Once a group of us completely furnished a five-room apartment with wooden milk crates, which we removed under cover of night from the neighborhood supermarket.

I had one roommate, Pam, who, in the interests of economy, tried to convert us to a permanent diet of brains, kidneys and the other less expensive but more nutritious parts of various animals' anatomies. Her meals invariably featured something on toast covered with a thick cream sauce. It wasn't bad . . . if you like cream sauce.

I've discovered that roommates are divisible into two types. First, those who are messier than I am. They're generous and lovable and kind to animals—though somewhat difficult to room with because you can't get in the closet and strange smells emanate from forgotten foods left under the bed. Then there are those who are organized, efficient, neat and even harder to live with on civil terms, though they're more educational in the long run—or, as my mother would say, a challenge.

Like Madeleine, whose first salary was $75 a week. On that, she managed to support herself completely and save $100 a month. She allowed herself $8 spending money a week (including clothes, which she made herself), and at the end of the week she remarked pointedly that she had money left over because she couldn't find anything worth spending it on. Madeleine now dates her stockbroker, makes plenty more than $75 a week, and will certainly be a millionaire.

Since Madeleine is as economical with words as she is with money, her statements come out sounding like axioms or epigrams. I always imagined them neatly capitalized. I have a collection of several hundred of Madeleine's Laws, such as: "The Only Reason a Sandwich Has Two Slices of Bread Is to Keep the Filling From Falling Out When You Take It to Work; At Home, You Only Need One Slice of Bread Per Sandwich." Or, "If You Empty Ashtrays Into Wastebaskets, You Will Have Dirty Wastebaskets. People Who Smoke Deserve Dirty Wastebaskets."

Madeleine was also opposed to, among other things, eating or drinking foods that have no nutritive value, such as coffee and diet drinks—wasted energy, she said—which drove the rest of us off into dark corners when we indulged. She also believed that dry milk is not only cheaper than whole milk but also tastes better. Since Madeleine (*continued*)



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has never been known to be wrong, we drank lumpy dry milk for three years.

Perhaps the greatest value of having roommates is that it provides what a professor of mine used to call a Cross-Cultural Experience. I remember every one of the 15 with varying degrees of affection. There was Kathleen, whose grandmother had founded a religious sect that included yoga. Every now and then Grandmother would appear on our doorstep wearing brown sateen bloomers, accompanied by a 7-foot-tall Boris Karloff type who was her guru (or she was his, I forget which). Even though Grandmother and Boris might startle a date, they always brought a huge floral offering from some ritual, and Grandmother could really whip up a mean curry.

Then there was little Pru, who was younger than the rest of us and quite naïve. Except for her lingerie. She favored red-fringed, black lace or leopard skin on the theory that they don't get gray like white does. Every Saturday, Pru would go to the corner laundromat to wash all her underthings. Lovingly, she would pull each piece separately out of the dryer and fold it. By the time she was through, she was surro
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Formfit Rogers presents The Ten Best Undressed Women

Number Seven Mary Simpson. Decorator. Of mansions, herself and of any party she goes to. Here wearing the Invisible Slip by Emilio Pucci. Invisible because it molds and moves like skin. Flat "ladder stitches" replace bumped-up seams of the past. (Both placed in back, so you're one smooth line at the sides.) The top is tailored to fit closely—like a bra. Made of Formfit Rogers' *T'Affaire*. Keeps rustling down to a whisper. And never clings. The best thing that ever happened under knits.

The Invisible Slip By Pucci

SEASONAL

By Elizabet

Ah love, youn
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"I have to get to Galway," she said. "My ship sails from there at two, and I've got to do some shopping. 'Bye."

George let her go. For one thing, he hadn't had breakfast or done his chores. For a second thing, he was thinking about what she'd said. His tone of voice.

"Girl," he muttered to himself, listening. "Girl." It sounded perfectly all right.

She'd said something else, though, too. "A girl is a person." As if he needed to be told.

He stood a moment longer in the driveway, scratching his head. Not a picture. Not a type. A girl is a person. Kind of a challenging concept. If you were man enough to face it squarely, a concept like that might change your whole attitude. You might start getting along better with—with people who happened to be girls.

For a *third* thing, and a grand thing it was, he was due in Galway at two, himself. He had a ship to catch. It could hardly be a different ship, because not many liners came this way.

Humming to himself, he strolled in to fix breakfast. It was sort of nice to be going home. END

continued from page 97

athletic-looking girl in a ridiculously small hat, wearing one of those tweed overcoats (blue herringbone) that flared out from the waist. It calmed him to watch her. She was not bad-looking, really. Handsome rather than beautiful—like the head of Liberty on his dime. Thick dark-blond hair, cut short and naturally curly; broad shoulders; a full figure, beautifully carried; surprisingly slim ankles for so large a girl. If he did say so himself, he'd had pretty good . . .

"Good evening, Mr. Trowbridge's residence."

"Hello—good evening . . . Could I please speak with Miss Leslie Hunter?" He might have guessed there'd be a butler. "She was supposed to . . ."

"Who is calling, please? Might this be Mr. Dunham?"

"That's right. I'm Tim Dunham. Has Leslie—Miss Hunter—has she arrived yet? I was to call her here."

"Yes, sir, she arrived this morning. She and Miss Trowbridge were taken to the football game, I believe, but they're back in the city now. They telephoned less than half an hour ago and left a number for you to call. Would you like me to . . ."

"*What* football game?"

"I beg your pardon, sir? Oh—the—I believe it was between Princeton and—now let me think a moment, sir—"

"Harvard," Tim said. "Harvard–Princeton," he repeated patiently.

"I believe you're ri

"I am. You say the

"Why yes, sir, the like me to—"

"I wish you would.

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"Hullo!" It was voice—male, underg over party sounds. fat—hullo, *hullo!*"

"Is Leslie Hunter t There was a sharp cli had been dropped; th it up again began singi piece, imitating one o *not* what I ap*peah* to b I'm a *looo-*. . . ." "I first voice cut back.

"Leslie Hunter. Le

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"Princeton or Ha shouted back.

"Don' mean to be p said into the telephon min' giving your cred

"God! Look—" Tim

"Sir-*rossis* U.," the "Shall I *cutimoff?*"

"He's a *looo*-sah—!

"She's not availabl Tim; then: "Hold it, h a move, here's Mag personalized secretary good boy, she'll . . ."

"*Give* me that, you Dunham? This is Ma Leslie isn't here right but this thing won't l God, it can't—and w to Le Petit Navire f don't you meet us th three-quarters of an be all right?"

"Sure," Tim said. "I

"I'm terribly sorry Leslie was here just Wait. Has *anyone* se lie?" she asked, holdin "They *were* on the bal "Look," Maggie Trov on the phone: "if she shall I have her call y

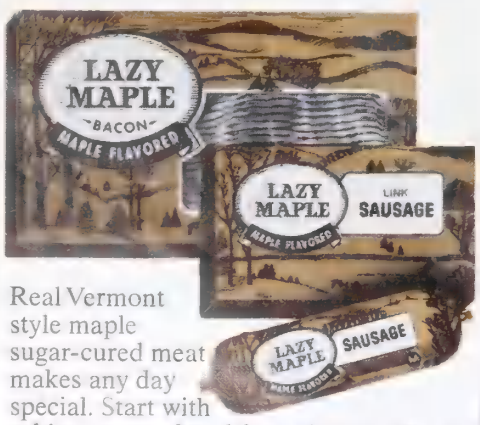
"Let's leave it the ot "I'll meet her at Le P

"Well, if—sure, I gu best. I can almost pro there. In an hour or so. better—let me see—y try here again."

Before hanging up he leave—could still see h walking slowly in th which they had both should catch up with h dinner . . . No, after di He knew where she could go around thi though, he had to see minute, ten minutes . . might, after all, be a joke: what the butle party, everything. . . . trolled fever he opened hattan directory and through its pages, w Le Petit Navire would isted at all) under L,

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O KEEP
page 158

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He took off his glasses and looked at me, his face the unspectacled shy one. "What do you think of the idea?"

"Well, sure," I said, then blurted out crudely, ashamed of myself, "but what do I do about college?"

He put his glasses on. "Oh, I think we can work out a year. Then, it might be nice if you started thinking about your schoolwork. There are such things as scholarships, but, as a rule, they don't like to give them to students who fail. Ah, well, Eleanor! Why all this fuss? In five years you'll be married and have three children."

That made me laugh. "What makes you think so?"

"It's a law of nature. Pretty girls get married; married women have children."

It took me a minute to understand that he thought I was pretty. This made me feel different, not like Eleanor at all, but frivolous. "Well, then," I said—having been complimented on my looks I wanted also to be told I was bright—"what's the point of my going to college?"

"You tell me," he said. "The only honest reason I have is (*continued*)



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Regular STRETCH

bet. Hialeah. I played Hookey Boy to place on a ten-dollar ticket. Odds were fifteen to one to win. How much do you think I made?"

"I don't know."

"Ninety-eight-twenty. Pretty good, huh?"

"You could have made more on a win ticket."

"So what's wrong with ninety-eight-twenty?"

"Nothing. Now you're rich."

The road we were at last turning onto ran along the bottom of High School Hill. The view below was beautiful, loops and lines of lights crisscrossing and doubling back like an astronomer's map of the heavens.

"It sure is pretty," Stephen said. He stopped the car, leaned his head back against the seat, and closed his eyes. "I'm tired. I was so edgy last night about tonight I couldn't sleep."

"Why?" I asked. He dug out a cigarette, and lit it. His face, bent briefly over the cupped flame, was long, yellow and wan. "I don't know. Waiting to see you, I guess. Do you want a drink?" He reached over to the back seat and brought up a fuzzy plaid blanket and a bottle. He tucked the blanket all around us, but kept an arm out to manage the bottle. I took a drink and tried not to choke.

"It's funny," he said, "the time I spent there with my aunt and uncle—I really missed you. They've got this house, nothing fancy, but nice, pink, and new, and my Aunt Betty keeps it neat as a pin. They've got four kids. Anyway, I'd come home with Joe pretty late, and Betty'd have our dinner, spaghetti, or pork chops, or chicken—she's a good cook—then we'd watch th cards. But the funny thin so lonely. You know wh That it was our house and there. I phoned you thre never got an answer. I gues the hospital. It made me you like that."

His hands covered min breath warmed my cheek. lightly near my ear, then s face and toward my mouth

"We ought to go," I sai

He kissed my neck and my mouth. His hands, wa up inside my coat. He ki fingers turning the buttons Don't, I said, it's too cold, pered that he would warm hands slid next to my skin of him felt tight, energy coi ing, and his knees shoved sh mine. I tilted under him, p surging weight, and I strug hands held me. I raised my hit him as hard as I could

He gasped and sat up sl hand to his eye and the bla off his back. I put my hand

"Shall I walk?"

"Ellie. What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"I wouldn't have hurt yo have let anything happen."

"Anything what happen?

"A baby or anything." H of the window. "You think marry you?"

"Marry me?" I laughed. ' I wouldn't marry *you.*" sounded hard, as if it were n "It amazes me, really, ho

that your mother wants you to go. You know," he said to the microscope, "you are a very strange bug. I haven't seen anything like you in"—he sat up straight—"good Lord, not in years. E. Coli? Ha! Klebsiella! It's Klebsiella!" and he jumped up and ran to the door.

"What's wrong?" I asked, but he was gone, half-running, half-limping down the hall. I went to the microscope and looked down and adjusted the knobs until the streaks jumped into focus. Klebsiella looked all right to me. I went to the bookshelf that was clamped over the lab's desk, took down an orange book I recognized, and looked up Klebsiella in the index. Then, on page 471, under KLEBSIELLA PNEUMONIA, I read: *When untreated, the mortality in acute cases averages about eighty percent.* But my mother was being treated, I thought, and read the paragraph headed TREATMENT: *The general treatment is the same as in severe cases of lobar pneumonia due to pneumococcus.* There, I thought, it's all right, but my eyes went on skimming and I read: *Penicillin is not effective.*

In my ears I heard my own heart, and each beat was heavy, slow, like blows from a fist.

All that week my mother went from wakefulness to sleep, and there was no real division between the two. There had been no crisis. Her condition was about the same. Christmas came, a Thursday; we ignored it. On Saturday, when I went in to see my mother, she said to me, "Please put some water in my roses, nurse," and I went home. Stephen was coming for me at seven. We were going to a party.

Waiting for the evening, I felt listless and dull. At seven, when the shelf clock struck, I went into the bedroom to dress, and a little later the doorbell rang. I went down to meet him. "Hi," he said, grinning. "You wrapped up good? The heater's conking again."

"Aren't we just going to Ritchie's?"

"Things won't start until nine," he said. We got into the car. "We'll ride around for a while. For once we've got enough gas."

"It's cold to ride around," I said.

"I've got all sorts of heating equipment," he said, and laying his arm across the back of the seat, he dropped his fingers just inside my coat collar.

I pulled away. "You're cold."

He shrugged, and started the car. I sat back and let the city glide by. In the afternoon it had snowed briefly, then melted. Now a black glaze of ice coated the streets.

"What'd you do while I was away?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said. "My mother's in the hospital with pneumonia."

"Oh," he said. "That's too bad."

He drove out of town, going slowly because the streets were so slick, turning west for a few miles, then north, zigzagging up the hills. "So what else'd you do?" he asked, squinting forward into the dark.

"I read."

"Sounds dull," he said. "You want to know what I did?"

"You worked in your uncle's liquor store."

"And something else. I made a good



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me. You don't
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And so, with coffee and cake, I served up the photograph album. The book was half full of parched ancestors in tones of brown. Pammy climbed up on the bed, and began prodding at my mother's face and the eyeglasses she had put on.

"Look, Sylvia," my mother said, "here it is, a picture of your brother Louis when he was three. He couldn't have looked more like Billy. Do you see what I mean? That expression, and the way his hair falls in his eyes."

My father pulled out his watch. It was four-thirty, he announced, and visiting hours were over. My mother lay back on her pillows with her eyes shut, and I began quietly to put the coffee things together on the tray. The doorbell rang, footsteps came heavily up the stairs, and my father shouted down, "Hello?"

"It's just Ed Schaeffer, Doctor Munson." My mother's eyes flew open. There was something exposed about her expression, as if shades had sprung up on rooms too early in the day. She struggled up in bed and called out, "Ed? Mr. Schaeffer? Come in, I'm wide awake." *(continued)*



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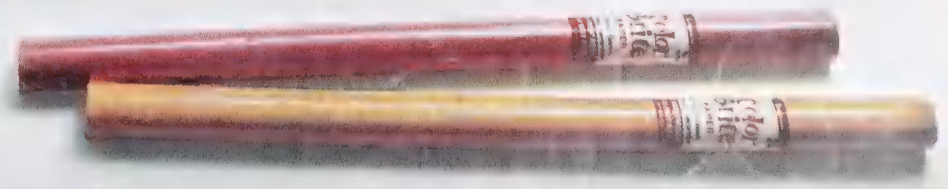
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I picked up the tray and went into the kitchen. Over my shoulder I saw Schaeffer coming down the hall dangling a bunch of red roses, and behind him, guarding him well, my frowning father.

"Daddy," I said, putting my tray down. "You go on. I'll bring Mr. Schaeffer some coffee." My father hesitated, then turned toward the living room. I warmed up the coffee slowly; it was, after all, quite cold, and I warmed it up again, slowly, then poured it, steaming, into a cup, and cut, carefully and slowly, a large piece of the chocolate cake, and slowly and carefully took this back to the bedroom.

"Oh!" I said at the doorsill, pretending to trip a little. Without a light, in the rose-and-plum-colored last of the sunset, Schaeffer sat on the straight chair next to my mother's bed. He had not taken off his coat, and with his head hung down and the roses drooping between his hands, he was studying the floor space between his knees. My mother looked up at me with strange blank eyes.

"Turn on the light, please, Eleanor."

I put the coffee and cake down and turned on a small lamp. Schaeffer looked up.

"Oh, El'ner," he said. "You didn't fix that all for me, did you?"

"I'll trade you the flowers for the coffee."

"More roses, Ed," my mother said. "You're really too extravagant. The last ones were so beautiful. You know, all the time I lay asleep in the hospital, I dreamed of the smell of roses."

There was a silence, and I said, "Why don't you try the coffee, Mr. Schaeffer? I thought it was good."

"Oh, it is good," he agreed hastily. "Very good." He gulped his coffee, ate the cake in two great bites, then stood up, still chewing, and brushed cake crumbs from his coat.

"Well, Frieda," he said, turning to my mother, "best of luck to you. I'm real glad to hear you're on the road to health again. If you ever need help—construction work of any kind—I'll be right there."

They shook hands. I saw him out to the door, then went back to my mother's room to put the roses in water. She had turned on her side and appeared to be asleep. I took the roses and left the room.

At college my room was a corner room, drafty but pleasant, and when it was windy, maple branches knocked against the panes. I kept the room neat, liking a slightly barren look to my belongings, but books overflowed and had to be stacked against the walls. I wanted to study art, music, philosophy, and languages. I wanted to learn something about physics. My ignorance exhausted me; the more I learned the less I knew. Chasing elusive knowledge, I was drawn onto strange terrain, into cold countries I did not know, where plains extended for miles behind me, and looking up I saw nothing but brown plains ahead. In the middle of my senior year in college my mother wrote me that Stephen had had a third child.

Often that last year in high school I had seen him moving down the hall, but we never spoke. It was a tense year for me, dedicated to making a college. For comic relief I went out with John Ritchie. He took me to lavish places, the Kokomo Club near Albany and a place outside Saratoga Springs. Afterward we necked in his wine-red Triumph.

And Stephen? He took out Rosalind Marsh, a girl with snub face and enormous breasts. Even in grammar school her name had been Cow Marsh. In class her round brown eyes were moist with boredom, she was forever hiking up her thick pink straps. But, I asked myself contemptuously, why do you care? Because, for all his brown-eyed needs, Stephen haunted me.

On the day before I was married I went out to buy stockings and, desperate amateur, a cookbook. The weather was bright, if windy. Walking down Park Street toward the bookstore I swung my purse and sang the first aria from *Figaro*. And there he was. He was standing in front of a closed-down sports-goods store that had been turned into a state unemployment office. Walking toward him, I felt my legs wobble, but I went up to him and spoke. After a frozen moment he said hello. I asked him how he was, and he said, uh, fine, and all the while the men he was standing with stared, coughed, turned away, examined the scraped soles of their shoes. I was very conscious of how I looked. I had on a sheer gray cotton dress that fit tight down to the hips and then was full, and because the day was strong I had to stand him with my arms clamped t I was conscious, too, of my loved short white cotton g wore them even in Clifton, were an ostentation. I asked children, and he said they great kids.

And then I blundered, " about the mills closing. Do you'll get another job soon?"

He shrugg why not? T temporary. Ju they move doesn't m place'll be town."

I tried to offered me a and when I head no, he s never did kn smoke."

Then we smile at ea "Hey," he sai you're going ting married s what I read per."

I said yes, fact, the wedd be tomorrow.

"Some ric guess, huh?"

This made No, I said, n all. And we going to study

"Yeah?"

"Well, good wished the sar I put out my after a momer it and we sho awkwardly, a palms had Then I nodd bye and went the street.

Walking av him I was gla saying good-b looked so well, remembering looked, I felt ach fall.

His shirt w the pocket hal his khakis unpr grease-spotted knees. His w said, was a thought how it might have him, and this angry. He was to toss on the of pure procre had taken me these four years stand what he had given me, was process, not entity, and having loved, even selfishly, ultimately love generously. Th ated power was there.

Thinking this, I saw I had p bookstore and had to turn bac my cookbook. I bought not one and came out of the store with of bland contentment.

Food somehow made me love, and as I went on down t it occurred to me pleasurably would be married tomorrow a tomorrow night.

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MARCH, 1967

"What's Happening"

continued from page 182

silent picture. . . . Hardly anyone knows where titles come from, but I wonder if the name of **George Hamilton**'s new MGM film, *Doctor, You've Got to Be Kidding,* comes from George's gasp during his draft-board physical? . . . **Julie Andrews** next stars in *Star,* a story of **Gertrude Lawrence. Robert Wise,** Julie's director, told us how it happened: "The movie started with Julie, not Gertie. When 20th Century-Fox cast Julie in *The Sound of Music,* they had her sign for a second picture, so we were looking for something for her to do." . . . Wise is also the director of *The Sand Pebbles,* which gives young *Chuck Robinson* his first important role. Robinson showed up for breakfast at the Princeton Club doused with English Leather cologne and excited by his big chance. We came away contemplating his philosophy: "Life is an eight-by-ten glossy."

Woody Allen *sits in for* **Johnny Carson** *on NBC's* Tonight *show the week of March 20. "I like to do it occasionally," said Woody, talking in the billiard room of his it's-a-long-way-from-Brooklyn duplex. "There are two easy things about it, one is that you get the good seat that faces the audience. The other is, if you're the host you can sit back and relax and the* guests *have to score heavy. If* you *score, fine; if not, you just throw the ball to Godfrey Cambridge or somebody and let* him *work." . . . Carson gets new competition from one of his former sitter-inners,* **Joey Bishop,** *when Joey launches his own late-night program in mid-April on ABC-TV.*

THE QUEST: The newspaper ads read: "What! You haven't even seen *Man of La Mancha* once?" New York's most stirring musical play goes on and on, and now **Richard Kiley,** who has brought Don Quixote to unforgettable stage life, is going to join the national company in California. Kiley, who spends half the day preparing for his draining evening performance, discussed it in his dressing room.

"It's hard to play a whole evening that requires you to reach emotional heights when you're feeling down or lazy. The toughest audience—the hard-boiled, four-martini, bored, Saturday-night bunch who come in and say show me—they cough through the first fifteen minutes and say, well, who the hell cares about this crazy old man, but by the end of the evening you can hear a pin drop. It's amazing, it's always been like that. The director says the end of the play is almost a mystical experience.

"On one level it's very visual, aural, rich. It's a theatergoer's delight just to watch it technically. The other thing is that it's a profound, emotional, almost spiritual, thing. People really feel touched, and maybe it's something they want to recapture. In fact, I've seen the show three or four times sitting in the audience when I was on vacation.

"The curious thing is that many teen-agers come to see it. Normally they don't go for anything classical, they want the musical-comedy stuff. But I get emotional letters from them about the message in the play. I got an articulate letter, very mature and a little bit bitter. I assumed it to be from a woman twenty-five or thirty. But at the end she said, 'I'll be fifteen my next birthday,' and she was asking if I really feel that there's hope for the world, if there's any reason for us to fight the unbeatable foe. I was very impressed and saddened, but at the same time encouraged, the very fact that people listen to it and come back, that there's a hunger for it. The types I expect to get reactions from are rather idealistic and romantic, but on the other hand we also get very hip, cool characters. They frequently come backstage after the show absolutely red-eyed."

Kiley would like to take some time off, perhaps a year. "But then I'd love to come back. Once in a lifetime an actor has a role that's really his. And I feel that *Man of La Mancha* is mine."

THE SMALL-SCREEN SCENE. Worth watching: Specials. *What else is worth a dram of your time? Fred Allen said TV is called a medium because nothing on it is well done. Still true. Virtually all nightly series are inane . . . and daytime shows are a gum-chewing insult. Taste, originality and a striving to break out exist almost solely on Specials. Even sports are being undermined by braying sycophant announcers. When our best sportscaster,* **Red Barber,** *is fired by CBS's resident Philistine, honest sports coverage is in danger. So what's left for discerning viewers? A few Sunday-afternoon programs, and Specials. Here is a selection worth keeping an eye on.*

March 6: Mark Twain Tonight *(CBS, 9:30–11 P.M. EST.)* **Hal Holbrook** *is memorable in his impersonation of the American humorist. Holbrook has enthralled audiences on Broadway and around the world since 1959. Now it's your turn to watch.*

March 12: Bell Telephone Hour: Arturo Toscanini *(NBC, 6:30–7:30 P.M. EST.) On the centennial of his birth, an awed look at the greatest and most profane symphony conductor of our age.*

March 16: One Hundred Years of Laughter *(ABC, 10–11 P.M. EST.) Negro humor from plantation to protest, starring* **Harry Belafonte, Godfrey Cambridge, Diahann Carroll, Dick Gregory, Diana Sands, George Kirby,** *and three earthy Negro comics, rarely seen by the mass white crowd:* **Pigmeat Markham, Redd Foxx** *and* **Moms Mabley.** *Narrator:* **Sidney Poitier.**

March 16: End of the Trail *(NBC, 7:30–8:30 P.M. EST.) The story of the American Plains Indians, betrayed, bedeviled and butchered by the noble whites. Have your children watch this documentary so they won't think Indians are men who get shot off horses in idiot TV westerns. The script and still-pictures-in-action are marvelous, and the narration by* **Walter Brennan** *is fine.* **END**

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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"



By Gene Shalit

Formula 1 is not Dr. Spock's original recipe: it's an auto-racing term, and auto racing is what you'll be engulfed (shelled?) by if you make tracks to *Grand Prix,* the most relentlessly noisy movie in a long (3 hours, 10 minutes) time. This Cinerama cacophony is crammed with international stars (American, British, French, Italian, Japanese), who demean their careers as they shift for themselves. **Toshiro Mifune,** the celebrated Japanese, is foolish in his phonetically memorized performance, **Jessica Walter** hasn't improved since *The Group,* and **James Garner** remains James Garner. The only acceptable performances are by a young Sicilian named **Antonio Sabato,** and by **Yves Montand** and **Eva Marie Saint.**

"Tell me about it," I asked the bewitching Miss Saint in her Plaza Hotel suite, as she threw out the dead roses from MGM's New York office and accepted the bellboy's live roses from MGM's Hollywood office. She grinned. "I wore ear plugs. Aesthetically, the whole thing went against my senses. And it was physically exhausting. Race tracks are sterile, barren, hot, and the set was tense."

If you're interested in *people,* not machines, skip *Grand Prix* and see the year's most gorgeous film: *A Man and A Woman,* **Claude Lelouch**'s masterpiece. Although it touches racing, it is above all concerned with beauty, with love. And you may never again behold such photography.

NOT INSPIRED *by the name of this column is Columbia Pictures' tentatively titled* It's What's Happening, *starring* **Anthony Quinn** *(yum) and* **Faye Dunaway** *(sigh), a film by* **Elliot Silverstein,** *who did* Cat Ballou. . . . *But Columbia executives were inspired by the* Ladies' Home Journal *when they spotted* **Carmilla Sparv,** *the Swedish stunner, on a recent cover, and started her toward stardom. Now if you scouts will take a look at that irresistible guy to your left . . .*

IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS: Can you imagine a more ridiculous movie than *Young Aphrodites?* (OK. Old Aphrodites?) . . . Now that **Sandy Koufax** has persuaded NBC to pay him $100,000 a year, do you still think he doesn't know how to pitch a curve? . . . Wouldn't it be sensible for American theater ads to emulate their London counterparts, which not only tell you what time the show starts, but also what time it ends? . . . **Jane Fonda** stars in the movie version of *Barefoot in the Park,* and don't you hope she's better than she was in *Any Wednesday* and *The Game Is Over?*... Is there a more satisfying literary show than *Book Beat,* conducted by **Robert Cromie** of the Chicago *Tribune,* and seen every week on National Educational Television? . . . Montreal has a street called Rue Durocher, and isn't that what Chicago Cubs fans are doing now that spring training is here? . . . Doesn't everyone who admires first-rate writing, reportage and humor still miss the daily columns of **Dan Parker,** the sports editor who created Impertinent Questions for the no more N.Y. *Daily Mirror?* . . . Will all the rock-'n'-roll agents begin wearing mod clothes and start dancing at Arthur now that **Roddy McDowall** is set to portray the king of agents in *The Cool Ones* (a movie featuring Mrs. Miller, America's answer to La Scala)?

THAT HAUNTING MUSICAL, Brigadoon, *is set for ABC-TV March 6. . . .* Camelot *is being filmed in Hollywood by Warner Bros. at stupefying cost. . . .* My Fair Lady *is still playing all over the world . . . and now* **Alan Jay Lerner,** *the author of them all, is preparing a new show. So I set out to see him. Two sharp claps of my hands, two smart stamps of my heels, and I choreographed myself into his presence.*

He sits at a white wrought-iron umbrella table in a paper-flower garden. But it's no garden: it's one of his offices in midtown Manhattan. "I like it here," he says from behind dark glasses. "Someday I may plant grass." A silk kerchief volcanoes from his sport jacket. He smokes cigarette after graceful cigarette. He is testing rhymes in pencil on a pad of yellow, lined paper, which he quickly turns face down as I come nearer. They're for the new musical, Coco. *"It's about Mademoiselle Chanel," he says, "really the most extraordinary woman I've ever met. She has something to say about everything. (*A deep draught of his cigarette.) *Usually bad.* (Protracted exhale.) *And usually accurate. She's designed the clothes for the emancipated woman. She's changed the way everybody looks. She invented suits. Short skirts. Bobbed hair.* Slacks. *She's eighty-four . . . but you're not aware of* that *when you're with her. Picasso says she's the most intelligent woman in Europe." (So much for Queen Elizabeth.)*

Lerner sets fire to another cigarette. I ask if he has a favorite lyric. He says yes: two. (Pause. Think of his shows. His songs. *Try to guess. OK, time's up.)*

"Gigi. *I like that better than anything else I've written. I set out to do something, and I did it better than I thought I would. Besides, I forget I wrote it when I hear it. My other favorite is* Accustomed to Her Face."

Is there a song he's written that he doesn't like? "I think I Could Have Danced All Night *is boring. I hate the middle part*—I'll never know, what made it so, ex-ci- *those were just dummy wo wrote them quickly, to have idea of the rhyme scheme. I unhappy that when we open the road—even though the was stopping the show—I ma my mind to rewrite it. But it ribly easy to convince anybo be lazy—so I never did. I do the song expresses the feeli Eliza Doolittle at that momen* (deep exhale) *I wish I could surprised myself a little, that'*

LOOKING FORWARD: **Britt E** will star in two films for W Bros.: *The Bobo* with **Peter S** and **Rossano Brazzi** (Britt p girl of uneasy virtue, and S is painted blue for a bull scene), and *The Double Man* (another espionage picture? **Yul Brynner** of the CIA. You not think this is momentous but it gives me a chance t her picture. *Now* you u stand. . . . Perhaps you ha heard of **Michele Lee** until words ago, but her name become familiar after the premiere of *How to Succe Business Without Really Tryin* United Artists musical sta **Robert Morse** and **Rudy V** She played opposite Morse i Broadway show. "I neve pected to get the movie said Miss Lee when we en tered her on location in New "I don't look like the starlet t Is there a difference bet playing on the stage and in t "They told me not to mov eyes during the close-ups cause they look like bowling rolling across the screen." tuned to this column for i tips on acting.) . . . Superst **Paul Newman,** who insist his movie titles starting w *(Harper, Hud),* will be out in with *Hombre.* Considering th that word is pronounced, m it's a *(continued on page*



Eva Marie Saint *Julie Andrews* *Harry Belafonte* *Hal Holbrook as Mark Twain* *Joey Bishop*

Yves Montand *Roddy McDowall* *Britt Ekland* *Hal Holbrook* *Paul Newman*

APRIL 1967

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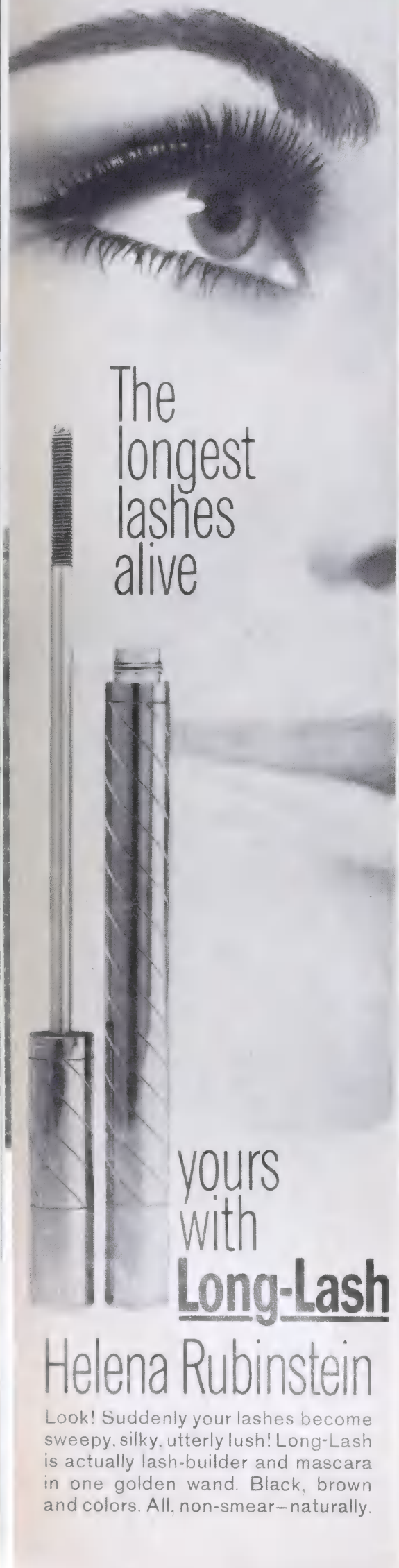
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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER. Other photographs and illustrations not credited on page: 10–Arno 58, 60–Gerry Gersten; 92–Jay Maisel; 93–Herb Goro; 109–Warren Reynolds.

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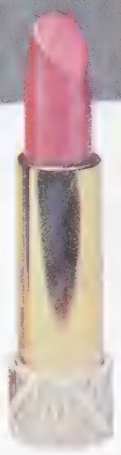
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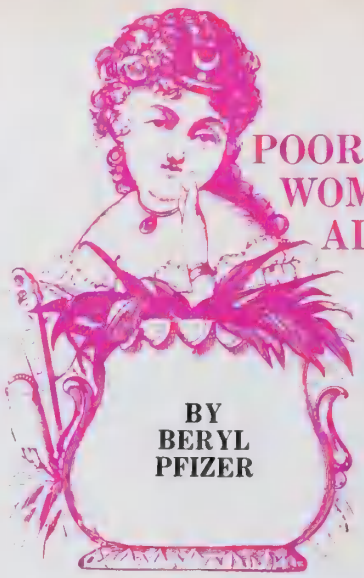
Aren't you too young to feel so tired? You notice it day in, day out. You get up tired and go to bed tired. And you *look* as tired as you feel. Of course, there's no single reason for it... but if you're one of the 40 million women who have a regular period, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. It is this loss of blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.



Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calf's liver. In only one day, Geritol-iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body. Check with your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is making you tired, take Geritol. Feel stronger fast...in seven days, or money back from Geritol.



Even a five-foot woman needs twice the iron of a six-foot man.



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

Weddings are for women. Unfortunately, they without a man.

If you think before you speak, somebody else the first word in.

A little maturity goes a long way.

It matters not if you win or lose, it's how yo game—except in politics, professional sports, the Oly Little League baseball.

Time is money, but tell *that* to the grocer!

Show me a woman who lives in the city, and you a woman who's tired of Venetian blinds.

Today's teen-agers are tomorrow's mothers. If th doesn't stop you, try imagining them as the grandmoth day after tomorrow.

It's hard to like doing something you're not an

Why does the shopper in the supermarket v buying a loaf of bread always pick *me* to ask to go ahead line at the check-out counter?

The best thing to do with old shoes is wear the

Pushing 30 is a lot easier than pulling it.

It's easy to tell a low-budget movie. The actors

Mimeographed letters that begin "Dear Frie make *me* feel friendly.

The best thing about not being a deb is not ha a post-deb.

Working women have a certain something oth don't always have. Tired feet.

Today's dances have solved the problem of that dance-floor conversation teen-agers used to have to make.

Sometimes it's hard to tell where excitement leav fear begins.

Beggars *can* be choosers these days.

Too much time is wasted doing things it would not to have done in the first place.

If "You're only young once" is an excuse for behavior, why isn't "You're only old once"?

I have more old sheets for dust rags than there the world.

If you always look your best when you go downto an errand, you'll never run into anyone you know.

The trouble with women today is, they don't kr the trouble is!



no
settling!
no
shaking!
no
streaking!
no
thinners!
no
half-used bottles!

eamier nail color that's fresh right to the bottom of the bottle

New Cremogenized* Nail Color

Imagine all that in the freshest, richest, smoothest cream you can dream of! That's new 'Cremogenized' Nail Color by Clairol. Color that's super-creamed. Creme extreme! It covers like crazy, dries to a finish you can almost see yourself in, and resists chipping till you take it off. The colors: an even dozen. Six with the glisten of candy coating—six as softly delicate as candy cremes. Pick up your fresh cream today from Clairol—only $1.00 a bottle.

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nail color

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967 *TM

Help your child fight cavities with Colgate's at-home brushing test

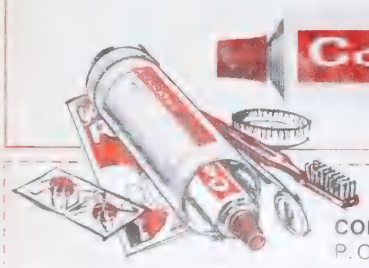


It's part of Colgate's National Dental Health School Program

It's the homework part of Colgate's school program against cavities. All it takes is a tasty little tablet your youngster chews up. As the tablet dissolves, it releases a harmless bright red food dye that colors the areas brushing missed! The effect is so dramatic, it helps children remember those hard-to-reach places they usually neglect . . . helps reduce cavities by promoting better brushing. The color, of course, is easily removed with the next, more thorough brushing.

Send for Colgate's special Student "Brush-Up" Kit today. It includes the tablets, a "Learn to Brush" leaflet, a Colgate toothbrush, a dental mirror and a tube of clinically tested, anti-cavity Colgate Dental Cream . . . all for just 50¢.

New from clinically tested, anti-cavity Colgate



COLGATE STUDENT "BRUSH-UP" KIT
P. O. Box 7726, Chicago, Illinois 60677

Please send me Colgate Special Student "Brush-Up" Kit(s). Enclosed is 50¢ for each Kit ordered. (No stamps please).

NAME _____

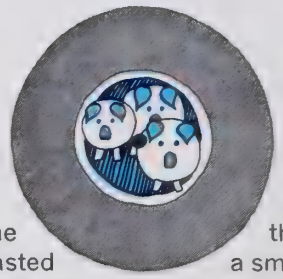
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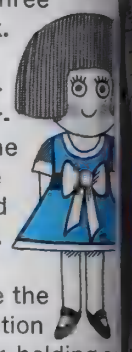
Be sure to watch The Andy Williams Show in color on NBC, Sundays, 10:00-11:00 PM, EST

IF IT WERE MY CHILD . . .
A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone h special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this nature of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their bo tions to the everyday problems of living with children.



READY RECORDS: To help my child identify their phonograph records out having to ask me the title each tim want to play one, I pasted a small picture to th ter label illustrating the title of the record (The Three Pigs, etc.).—Mrs. Jack Henderson, Rocksprings, Tex.



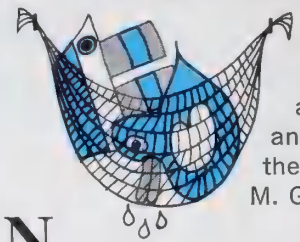
AGE BY INCHES: To help explain to my four-year-old daughter how old people are, I took a measuring tape and told her that each inch stands for one year. This helps her understand the concept of age since she can "see" how old people are compared to her.—Mrs. Gerald O. Melcher, Oakland, Calif.



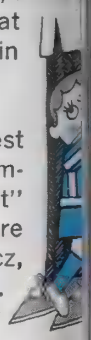
SUCTION-CUP SECURITY: I use the small rubber circles with suction cups on both sides (made for holding so tile) to secure my child's plate and bowl high-chair tray. The suction cups hold (discouraging plate pitching) so the chil feed himself without having the plate slip.—Mrs. Roberta L. land, Hanover, Ind.



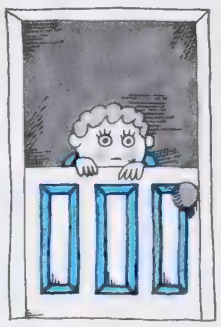
SIGN LANGUAGE: When I became a "Grandma Guardian" to an active little girl, naptime became precious to both of us. I solved the problem of neighbor children visiting us during the nap period by hanging on the door a picture of the child sleeping. The children are quiet when the sign is up, knowing they are welcome to come and have cookies when the sign comes off.—Mrs. Martha Gospard, Sarasota, Fla.



FISHNET STORY: To store my children's sopping-wet toys after baths, I bought fishnet and rubber hooks. I stuck the hooks to the til attached fishnet between them. Th are out of the way after baths, can dri and can be seen for selection at the next bathtime.—Mrs. Karin M. Geach, Sacramento, Calif.



NO LOSERS: When I take my children out, my biggest concern is to not lose one. To show them how important it is to stay together, I deliberately got "lost" once. Our situation is reversed now, and they are careful so they do not lose me.—Mr. Mike Yurawecz, Washington, D.C.



HALF A DOOR IS BETTER THAN ONE: My dren have been adept at climbing out of cribs and wandering about at night. To them in their room, I replaced their door the bottom half of a Dutch door. I lock night so they cannot leave the room, a can easily check on them.—Mrs. F Templeton, San Angelo, Tex.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pa to the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and sitters as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to J Maxey, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., for submissions cannot be ret



inutes ago,
zen solid.

Now firm,
delicious and
ready to serve.

he secret? Our special pouch. We call it "Flash-Thaw" ecause that's what it does. Thaws these lush berries o fast, they aren't mushy when you spoon 'em. They're rm and fresh tasting. And Sélecte Strawberries is nly one of Birds Eye's four new Fruits Continental esserts. Try 'em all.

New Sélecte
Strawberries
from Birds Eye.



New "Flash-Thaw" pouch: just drop it in warm water; the Sélecte Strawberries thaw in 8 minutes. Thaw so fast—they're firm and fresh as never before. Easy to open, neat to use, too.

Try all four new Fruits Continental desserts from Birds Eye, sealed in the new "Flash-Thaw" pouch so they're ready to serve in less than 15 minutes.



Sélecte Strawberries: the ripest, reddest berries from the Pacific Northwest where the world's best strawberries are grown.



Mixed Fruit Suprême: two kinds of cherries, peaches, red raspberries, boysenberries and white seedless grapes.



Cherries Suprême—dark ones, sweet and plump, in a light, delicate syrup. Delectable right out of the package, marvelous for Cherries Jubilee.



Peach Combinâge: new idea: red strawberry halves, golden slices of Rio Osa peaches. Thawed and ready to serve in less than 15 minutes.

GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

We want to soften you up



If you're hard-boiled about most skin lotions, we can't blame you.

Especially when they haven't worked on your brand of rough hands, tough elbows and dry irritated skin.

Still, it's not hard to be soft. Just try the lotion over half the nation's hospitals use for patient skin care: Dermassage.

Cooling, soothing, moisture-rich, that's Dermassage. It helps soften and heal and smooth your skin with good medication, pure and simple.

With Dermassage, you don't buy muted pastels, or misty perfumes, or even a magic potion. All you buy is help. The kind that works.

Call it the soft sell.



Soften often with Dermassage Lotion. Or try super-moisturizing Dermassage Skin Cream.

Be sure to watch the "Andy Williams Show" in color, NBC, Sundays 10:00-11:00 P.M. Eastern Time.



HOROSCOPES FOR VACATIONERS

By Sybil Leek



ARIES March 21-April 19. Arians, who are natu ous, usually enjoy being in crowded places, l year's erratic health, their best vacation would be one th plete contrast to their usual, everyday life. With your proving this month, you will begin to plan for an early v the best time for it would be between June 1 and 25. If y to get away at this time, you may have to settle for s vacation at home, because Mars at the seventh angle car well-made plans to go astray. If this is the case, plan e car to nearby areas, and remember that a change of sc as beneficial to your health as a long and far-away holid



TAURUS April 20-May 20. Most Taureans w enough to be able to take two vacations this y times for them are between August 9 and September 1 ar 1 and 17. Even if the second holiday is associated with t partner, you will still have a lot of fun. You will probably to your vacation in order to release tensions built up in months of this year. Since water has a therapeutic, tens quality for you, you will get the most pleasure from goi the tropical islands in the Pacific or Caribbean. Howe finances will not permit this type of trip, try to go to a



GEMINI May 21-June 21. This year Geminis w chance to take the type of vacation they l dreamed about, because Jupiter's influence will bring a tin in finances. The best time for your holiday is after Augu the disrupting influence of the Saturn-Mars opposition l However, if you are able to make very flexible plans, a tween June 1 and 16 would be beneficial; it will help you the debilitating effects of May's solar eclipse. A Continen especially in Italy, would be suitable for many Geminis sin with a strong Latin flavor will appeal to your romantic n



CANCER June 22-July 22. Vacation plans made with Saturn at Cancer's midheaven are likely routine. But if you start making plans after July 25 for a tween August 9 and 20, your vacation should be exciting. cerians, however, will find themselves settling for holida this year. But even this can be quite enjoyable since you l surroundings. Just try to make the best of a few short car alize that you can meet interesting people no matter wher you do manage to get away, remember that Cancerians l love of nature and as Moon children they enjoy places



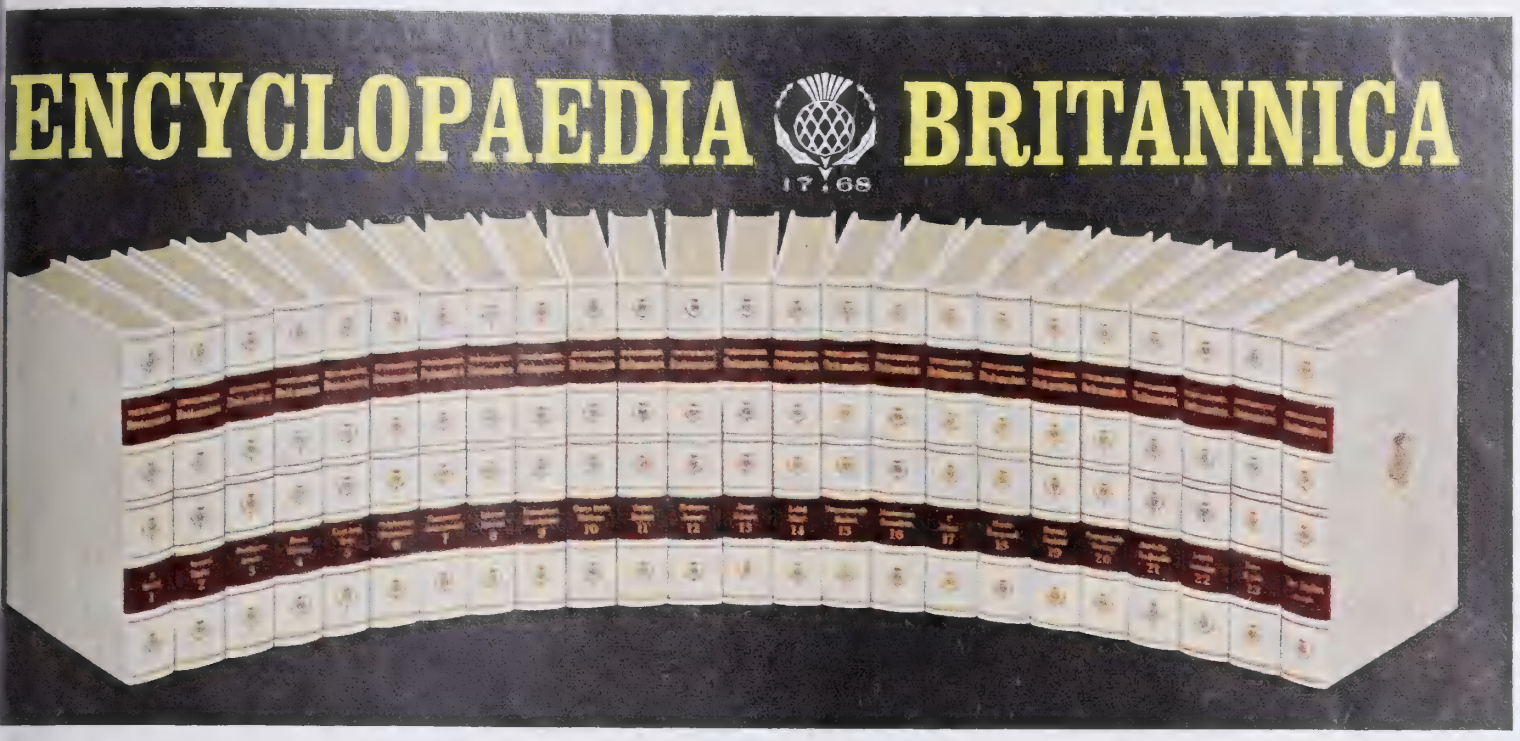
LEO July 23-August 22. Leos will start to plan th early this year, and will best benefit from a ho on their own or with members of their family rather than a tour with strangers. A restful, familiar atmosphere will be pr holiday aimed at adventure and excitement. You may away on a brief vacation sometime between July 19 and order to get a better perspective on certain family proble children of the sun, Leos will prefer to extend the summer a sunny spot between October 22 and November 24.



VIRGO August 23-September 22. For the past few Virgos have had little time or money for a re but this year Jupiter's influence brings financial benefi chance to enjoy the fruits of their labors. You are fortunat to have a wonderful holiday anytime from July through O you probably won't be satisfied with just one. You will wa completely unorthodox plans as a reaction against the routi bilities with which you are usually so concerned. Such ex as Alaska or a safari in Africa will appeal strongly to you is impossible and you take a more modest trip, you will su good vacation if you manage to visit an entirely new place

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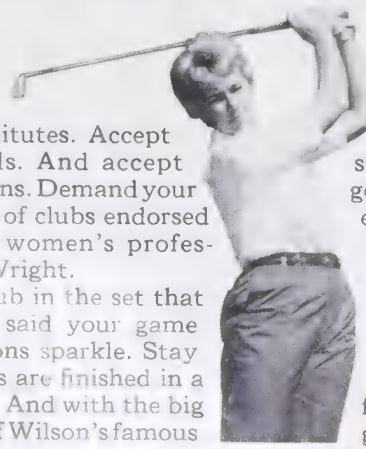
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Watch National Geographic's "Yankee Sails Across Europe!" brought to you by Encyclopaedia Britannica, in color on CBS-TV at 8:30 p.m. (E.S.T.) Saturday, April 8.

Ladies! Demand your Wrights

You deserve the best equipment for a better golf game





Accept no substitutes. Accept no second-hands. And accept no hand-me-downs. Demand your full matched set of clubs endorsed by well-known women's professional Mickey Wright.
There's not a club in the set that would let it be said your game has no style. Irons sparkle. Stay that way. Woods are finished in a rich, cherry hue. And with the big distance power of Wilson's famous Strata-Bloc® head construction, you'll undoubtedly go far. Add to that Wilson's exclusive process which seals out moisture, plus many other fine golf club features, and you have the makings of a winning golf game.
Tell your husband you want your Wrights now. You'll find them at fine sporting goods stores everywhere.

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LIBRA September 23-October 23. Libras would postpone making holiday plans until after May start planning earlier, when Mars is firing you with energy, schedule an overstimulating vacation and overexert you keep in mind that Saturn, which acts as a brake, combine influence of Mars, might force you to cancel your plans be health. The best vacation for you would be one which offer mum in relaxation. Forget about tours and choose a plac hotels and excellent service. You'll need to be waited on offset possible health problems. Plan to get away between J August 31, but be very careful to discuss your holiday pla pectations with your partner in order to avoid misund that could ruin a much-needed vacation.

SCORPIO October 24-November 21. This year Scor have a holiday they'll never forget. Mars, the p ciated with traveling, has a particularly great influence o May 27 through July, and this would be the time for you cessful vacation. Those of you with children will allow yo plan a trip without them, but be prepared for feelings which you are naturally inclined. Because of the expansiv of Jupiter, you will be encouraged to open up new horizo be especially attracted to a trip abroad. If you are unable t country, you will enjoy being in areas that offer theaters festivals. Scorpios have a great need for and love of music because both relieve some of their darker moods.

SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21. Sagitt be attracted to a holiday in which they can pa their favorite sports rather than in peace and relaxation Sweden, Denmark, Canada and the mountainous parts o will appeal to your appreciation of the rugged aspects of your love of skiing and riding. You will want your vaca filled with challenges, and you will therefore be satisfied if take physical activity every day you're away. Although you to vacation in August, you will be most happy on a fa especially in September. Mars, the co-ruler of your sun-sign so much energy that you may find it hard to compromise w so take care not to be impatient with less energetic memb family who are under different signs of the zodiac.

CAPRICORN December 22-January 19. Capricor highly influenced by their partners when making tion plans, but they can still be sure that this year they real vacation rather than one combined with business, as happens. You will probably have an intense desire to es many of your mundane problems, and your main instinct spend enough time away from home to benefit from a compl of scenery, food and people. New and distant places will at and fortunately, Jupiter will encourage you to break new g do exciting new things. But you will only enjoy a holiday with someone who is very dear to you. This should defin shared holiday, and anytime in August would be perfect.

AQUARIUS January 20-February 18. Even if Aqu cide that a holiday is unnecessary this year, much of 1967 is going to be taken up with other kinds of they will have the desire to visit new places because of influence of Mars, the planet associated with travel. It's for you to keep in mind, however, that in order to be assu vacation at all you'd be wise to take it in late July an The influence of Saturn, which keeps you from fulfilling a lightens in this period. Although a few Aquarians might get away, most should be satisfied with a rest at home. where you spend your vacation, your main goal should be Peace and quiet, plenty of fresh air and interesting people you the most beneficial holiday.

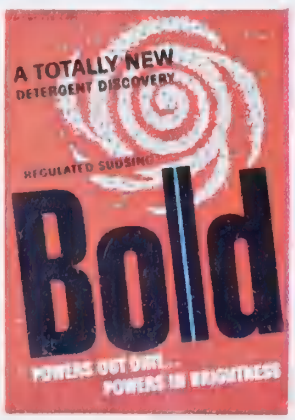
PISCES February 19-March 20. Pisceans will be m nate with their vacation plans this year than any There are literally no limits to your vacation activities b the kindly, expansive influence of Jupiter, and you can b that no matter where you go or how much or how little m spend, you will enjoy yourself and be traveling with good co The most beneficial holiday for you would be in a spacio place. The sun will counter possible health problems, and spa will give you the feeling of freedom which Jupiter's expa demands of you. Although many Pisceans will find themsel short vacations throughout the year, July 20 to 31 will be good for a longer holiday, and you may not be able to resist to some favorite romantic place between October 11 and 17.

Bold really get se clothes bright?





Sho'nuff.



(And bright is better than clean and white)

Brand new Bold puts an end to feuding and fussing with old-fashioned detergents. Its revolutionary power formula drives your wash beyond clean, beyond white—all the way to bright!

Jammed with blue, green and white granules, Bold kicks out dirt to give you not only whiter whites, but bluer blues.

Even stripier stripes!

Remember, M'am, come hill or high country, Bold gets clothes bright.



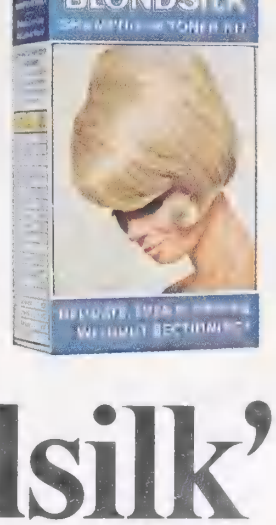
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The most dramatic change in blonding

(since you changed your hair to blonde!)

For the first time: you can get classic, delicate (non-brassy!) blonde shades that really last! With 1 fast, cool shampoo—and no tedious sectioning!

Skeptical? Who can blame you? 'Blondsilk', the first totally new toner—gives you a subtle, inherited kind of blondness. The shades . . . the even-ness you long for. The best coverage of ends you ever saw. Healthy-looking hair you crave (there are special conditioners in it!) All the fabulous shades you'd expect from Revlon, from palest 'White Wine' to 'Wild Honey'. After you pre-lighten, you just shampoo in 'Blondsilk'. NO wishy-washaway shades (colors last and last). NO tiresome sectioning. NO messy mixing. NO waiting (it 'takes' in 10 minutes instead of 30). When will you switch?



New Revlon 'Blondsilk'

The shampoo-in toner that really lasts!

Doctors Say:

Women Need Far More Iron Than Men Do!



You can be Underweight, Overweight, or "Just Right!"... and Still Need Iron *Every Month!*

Most women watch their weight ...but not enough watch their daily iron intake. For whether you're underweight, overweight or "just right," not getting enough iron can make you wan, pale, nervous... looking old and worn long before your time.

It's a fact of life that women need far more iron than men. Between the ages of 15 and 50 the blood iron that women lose every month during their menstrual period may not be restored by their daily diet.

When your body is short on iron, your system just doesn't get the oxygen it needs. Your spirits fall, you become irritable—family and work become burdensome.

IRONIZED YEAST Tablets restore the iron supply your body needs to combat simple iron deficiency anemia. IRONIZED YEAST is economical... you don't pay for multivitamins or other additives that can't do a thing for iron loss.

Yes, with IRONIZED YEAST you can get all the iron you need to regain your old-time pep and energy so you feel and look your best. 60 Tablets only 98¢.

Can This Marriage Be Saved?

BETTE SAYS: "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

The dog—"man's best friend"—plays an important part in family life, and the reasons are varied, depending somewhat on the age of the owner, whether resident of a farm or a city apartment, and on a dozen other circumstances. Occasionally one finds a person who prefers dogs to people because of his or her own feeling of insecurity. Bette, in this story, wasn't happy at home or in other personal relations, but with her dogs she felt she was boss. If she had been brought up properly, there would have been no competition between dog and husband! Each of them would have had an appropriate part in her life. Parents need a good deal of help sometimes to educate their children so they can meet the conditions they will confront a few years later. The counselor in this case was Charlotte Marletto.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and president of the American Institute of Family Relations

"Ivan treats my well-trained, beautifully behaved dog abominably, and I can't bear it," said doll-sized Bette, whose blond hair swung in a childish pony tail. The mother of two small sons, 31-year-old Bette looked almost young enough to be a freshman at the university where her husband was studying for an advanced degree in biochemistry.

"I've owned Tinka ever since our youngest boy was born—she was a gift from my employers, who raise German shepherds—and when Ivan started back to school the authorities granted us permission to keep a dog in the married-students quarters. For six months now, Tinka has been the pet of the whole building. Nobody has complained except Ivan.

"Ivan used to love me. He now thinks of me almost entirely as a wage earner, housekeeper, cook; he thinks I should be his echo, and the boys and I should sacrifice Tinka to cater to his selfish prejudice against the dog.

"Ivan dislikes Tinka because she is fond of the youngsters and me, requires food and exercise, needs occasional grooming and bathing, and sheds a little hair in places he wants to sit. Our apartment isn't spotless, I'll admit, but perfection is impossible in our circumstances. We have just two rooms and a tiny kitchenette; we were short on space even before Ivan's parents came from Detroit to visit a month ago. Ivan himself is responsible for much of the general disorder and untidiness.

"My mother-in-law is as neat and quick as a sandpiper, but she raised a son of six feet four who throws things everywhere and expects to be picked up after. At other times, maddeningly, he expects his paraphernalia to be left untouched. Every extra inch is jammed with Ivan's books, clothes, papers.

"He stores specimens in our freezer which horrify my mother-in-law; she is of Czechoslovakian origin and likes to cook elaborate European dishes under scrupulously sanitary conditions. I can sympathize with her, perhaps because I am German-born myself. Nearly every night she and Ivan get in a terrific fight about his stuff in the freezer. I'm fond of my mother-in-law, but I do resent it when Ivan stops fighting her and denounces me as messy. Then the two join in denouncing Tinka.

"Last night I was so upset by their arguments and by Tinka's reaction to their angry voices—she dropped her ears and tail and slunk out of the room—that I broke down and cried in front of everybody, including the children. Maybe I'm inefficient the way my husband and in-laws say, but I try hard, and sweep our place twice a day: in the morning before I report to my office and drop the boys at the university-sponsored nursery school, and I whip through a second clean-up in the evening after I quit work and bring the boys home.

"A big moment for Joe and Timothy and me is when I unlock the door in the hall and slowly turn the key, for the fun of trying to outwit Tinka, who has been alone most of the day. No matter how quietly I turn the key, Tinka hears and leaps forward at the exact instant the door opens, wild with delight. Timot like to have Tinka jump c lick their faces, and I en Somehow the dog's pr and my feeling that a fri ing for my sons and me and relaxing.

"Some of my earliest dating back more than years to Hamburg, Ger cern a beautiful dog, a Ge herd named Thor. I was a child two or three years o tile grandparents owned T times on Sunday my moth to their house and we wen with Thor on a leash. W dog there beside me and er's hand holding mine, I and safe.

"I can recall exactly looked although I have r of my mother's face. Not the outbreak of World W gentile mother left my Jew she also left me. I never any of her people again.

"For many months I around among my Jewis most of whom were seeki ately to get out of Germa their best to spare me kn their hideous problems, u separated from all the ad ever trusted or ever know ther escaped. His parents of his brothers died in con camps. Often in the night whispering; next morning would be packed and gone vorite uncle and his child be gone, or my Aunt Sara planation of these myste appearances was forthc none a small girl could u

"With each new disappea confusion increased. Fina cided I had been abandone my kinfolk were running c me behind to die. At night would wake in the mornin Thor beside me. Childlike, that with Thor to lead t could walk through the da to safety.

"My father had not a me, of course. I was (

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educat seling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the wor stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other m have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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If you always wanted a shaggy carpet that was more ame than jungly, we have one in captivity.

It wasn't easy to civilize. We had to snip its locks closer o the ground than a shaggy shag. Carefully. So as not to ut out its animal spirit. Then, we gave each strand a bit of twist. For extra strength. It doesn't look anything like a wist, though. We made it civilized. Not formal. Sensible. But a little wild.

Our Civilized Shag isn't long enough to run your fingers through. But there's plenty of soft nylon to squiggle around on.

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nervous perspiration,
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WTS-Pharmacraft, Rochester, New Yo

Fresh
Spray Deodorant
Checks Perspiration, too!

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fine as Hans, had fetched $75 apiece. To my own surprise I offered to sell Hans for $20. Ivan emptied his pockets and took the puppy home with him.

"I fell in love with Ivan very soon, deeply in love. Because I never had a mother for a model I sometimes worry that my relationship with my sons may not be sufficiently maternal; from the first, however, I felt maternal, tender and feminine with Ivan. We went steady for two years. On Saturdays I sewed on his buttons and did his ironing and let my father's laundry pile up sky high in the basket. In those days Ivan was unbelievably sweet and thoughtful, almost clairvoyant in knowing how to please a girl. We liked the same books, the same music. We borrowed our books from the public library, got our music on his small radio. We both had jobs and were pressed for time as well as money.

"But every weekend, rain or shine, we took a long walk with our two dogs. We hiked up mountain trails, strolled along the beaches, explored city streets. I supposed he was in love with me, and assumed he was a dog person like me. Our wedding was small, but we had a ten-day honeymoon. While we were on the trip Ivan casually announced that he had sold Hans. It was a shock, believe me.

"When we returned to our jobs—I have worked all through my marriage—and moved my things to Ivan's off-campus rooming house, I got another shock. Ivan suggested that Lady stay on with my father until he got his B.A. degree in June. Until my honeymoon trip I had never been separated from Lady. I should have argued against the arrangement, but I didn't. I wanted to please my new husband in everything.

"Two weeks later my constant companion for nine years, my beautiful Lady, was killed by a car while running loose on the street. I blamed Ivan for my dog's death almost as much as I blamed Father's carelessness. Actually I guess I should have blamed myself.

"It was a long while before I was willing to own another dog. But after Joe and Timmy were born it seemed to me that our children needed a dog to grow up with, a German shepherd to be their friend, their guard and guardian. So we took Tinka in our home the day we brought our youngest son from the hospital. At that time Ivan agreed that all boys were entitled to a dog, or so he said. Now he says Tinka is a burden, that we have no room for her. Just yesterday he demanded that I sell or give away our dog, even though it would break the boys' hearts, and mine, too. I won't do it. For seven years I've done my best to adjust to Ivan's needs and to accede to most of his whims.

"In many ways I still love Ivan, and I want to preserve our marriage. I will try to become a tidier housekeeper and better cook. But if he is unwilling to compromise and make room for my dog in our apartment, and in his heart, there isn't room for the boys and me. Joe and Timothy and I will move and take Tinka with us."

"I love Bette and I love my boys," said 34-year-old Ivan, a tall, dark man with thick black hair and brilliant blue eyes. "During this past, exceedingly difficult year—divided between a full-time job and a full-time college load—I thought I had proved my devotion. I realize many of my financial problems are my own fault; I played the perpetual college boy too long. (*continued*)



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COSHOCTON, OHIO

At an age when most intelligent men have it made professionally, I am such a lousy moneymaker that Bette still has to work. She and the boys have never had a decent home. I mean to change all that, come next June and my Ph.D.

"It certainly jolted my ego—to say nothing of my deeper feelings—to have Bette threaten to bundle up my kids and walk out rather than part with Tinka. The dog weighs seventy-five pounds. She is almost as expensive to feed and keep healthy (our last month's vet bill was $60) as one of the boys and more spoiled than either. The plain truth is that Bette's jumbo-sized pet crowds us intolerably now that my parents seem to be dug in for an indefinite stay.

"They have taken over the bedroom and are sharing it with Tim and Joe. This means Bette and I have shifted to the sofa-bed in the living room that the boys used to occupy. In theory, Tinka spends the night on the bedroom floor stretched out on a blanket spread beside the kids' pallets. But Mother detests the dog. So when I doze off, Mother opens the bedroom door, Tinka pads into the living room and hoists herself up on the sofa-bed with Bette and me. These days I am so exhausted I sleep heavily, but when seventy-five pounds of dog begins pushing me toward the wall I usually awake.

"These days Bette is exhausted, too. But she has always been a light sleeper, and in our seven years together has often suffered horrible nightmares. A week ago, she had one and woke up screaming. It was fairly early, and Tinka was still trapped in the bedroom. When Bette screamed, the dog charged upon the closed door with full force, snapped the hinges, split one panel, landed on the sofa-bed in a single bound to reassure herself that all was well with her mistress. The bed broke, and I crashed to the floor with Bette and her protector.

"I have no prejudice against dogs, cats, any animal, regardless of what Bette may say—but enough is enough. My shoulder is still badly bruised, and I have paid a whopping price to have the sofa-bed repaired. At this point I find I have just about used up my patience with Tinka.

"It's quite true, as Bette continually reminds me, that when I proposed to her I knew all about her liking for German shepherds. Ironical as it now seems, the first time I ever saw Bette I was bowled over by her skill and charm as dog handler. I was a recent arrival in Los Angeles from Detroit. After an all-out row with my parents, I had hitchhiked to the West Coast and landed a poorly paid job; I was friendless.

"One lonesome Sunday I walked past a half-vacant lot downtown where a church-sponsored pet show was in progress. I joined the small audience, just as Bette stepped out of a tent with a large German shepherd male in tow. The two of them, working as a pair and in silence, demonstrated the fine points of an advanced course in obedience training. I will never forget the effect of Bette's grace and delicacy, the enchantment conveyed by her tininess, her clouds of blond hair. Until I heard her voice at the end of the performance I assumed Bette was a child herself; when she spoke I realized she was an adult.

"Although I was an ex-serviceman of twenty-four, I was too bashful to introduce myself. But as the crowd straggled away, I questioned one of them. I learned Bette's name and address and that she had puppies for sale. It was several weeks before I got up the nerve to telephone and explain I was interested in buying one of the pups. I asked if I could call on her. When Bette said yes, I was filled with joy, and joy is the proper word. Almost from the beginning, I felt that in Bette I recognized my future wife. Possibly that explains why I was able to accept the remarkable change in her appearance at our second meeting.

"I had remembered her as a fairy-tale princess. Our second meeting took place in a fantastically dirty and ramshackle apartment then rented by Bette and her father but mainly occupied by her dogs. Bette wore a pair of dirty blue jeans with a torn sweater. Her hair was badly in need of shampooing and her fingernails were grimy. She was barefoot when she opened the door, and her grimy feet matched her fingernails.

"I bought one of the pups that afternoon. I soon became extremely attached to Hans, and I mean it. Hans was a dandy cure for my loneliness and self-pity, and I enjoyed having Bette assist me in his training. Nevertheless I regarded Hans as a dog, not a person, and I never came close to giving him the feverish, almost pathological (in my view) affection Bette has lavished on every dog she has ever owned.

"I reserved my love for Bette herself. For a long while I loved almost everything about Bette, and much of the time I could even shut my eyes to her slovenliness. No doubt part of her attraction for me was the contrast she presented to my mother. Mother is terrified of germs and forever scrubbing. When I met Bette I was still virtually a fugitive from both my mother and my father.

"My parents came from a Slovak farming region—and neither had a formal education. Not only is my father ignorant and illiterate, but in my childhood he was a bully and a brute. Nearly every Saturday night when he got his pay and got drunk, Father gave me, and any of my three brothers unwise enough to be in reach, a savage beating. He also beat my mother.

"I liked music, I liked to draw and paint; as a kid I was fascinated with form and color, growth. One time I planted some purple and white petunias in strawberry boxes on our fire escape as a Mother's Day gift. When Father spotted the blooming flowers he kicked the boxes into the alley areaway.

"I was Mother's favorite. Long before I reached the teens, she began to use me as an emotional crutch for herself, a shoulder to wail on, her ally in her prolonged warfare with my father. At home she used me as her kitchen helper, with an apron around my waist. It is hardly surprising I was known among the neighborhood kids by an unflattering nickname: Big Sis.

"The Korean War, for which I enlisted, unlocked my prison. My eighteen months overseas reassured me of my manhood, convinced me that I had cut the deadly emotional bonds that tied me to Mother. I enrolled in a college near San Francisco, but in midsemester I received a teary telephone call, along with a report from a credulous doctor.

"I swallowed the tale that my hale and hearty mother was gravely ill, and took the bus back to Detroit. I enrolled in college there, but lived a
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"I just can't conceive tha
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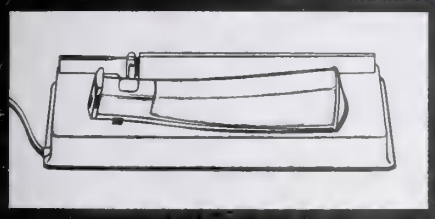
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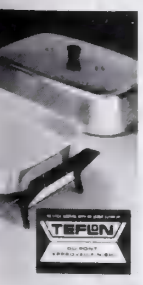
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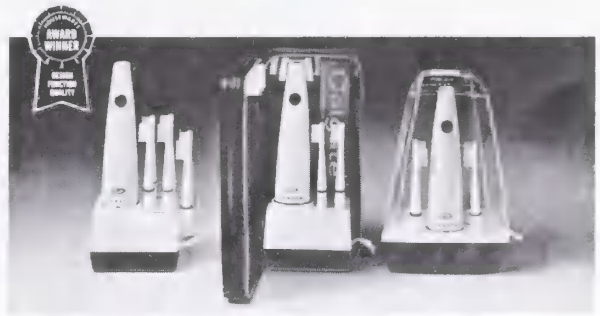
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agree with me, you've got to take my side, you've got to love me.' Both needed to grow up emotionally and stop acting and reacting like self-centered babies. After a long period of counseling—painful to both—they realized this.

"It then became easier, although not simple, for them to make sharp personality and habit changes.

"Ivan gave up the drumfire of complaints about burned food, undusted corners, unmade beds (complaints frequently inspired by fatigue) fired at Bette every evening, when she, too, was overtired. He put his mind on her virtues, paid her compliments, rewarded her with A's for effort.

"Bette's housekeeping then improved, not much perhaps as measured by the stern standards of his mother. But each small improvement pleased Ivan; he correctly interpreted the improvements as tokens of Bette's love.

"It was unrealistic and unfair of Bette to expect Ivan to share his bed and favorite chair with a bulky dog. So Bette outmaneuvered the pampered dog. Tinka whined for a while, but soon adjusted.

"Ivan is now happily established as a biochemist with an upper-bracket income. He has bought a home for Bette and the boys in a pleasant community near good schools. They now have friends among the neighbors—they were much too short on social contacts, worked too hard and were literally starved for recreation. They learned to play tennis, learned to swim when Timmy and Joe took lessons. They resumed the weekend hikes of their courtship; sometimes they take their sons a mile or so; sometimes they leave the boys at home with a housekeeper-sitter.

"Behind their house is an oversized backyard. A picket fence divides the flower-planted garden barbecue area familiar to Californians from an area that shelters a project dear to the hearts of Bette and the boys. In the rear of their property Bette is attempting to breed for the market a much-prized variety of curly-haired hamster. Ten-year-old Joe is raising a large family of cats behind the picket fence along with a pet owl; the uncaged owl forages for itself on nightly flights to mountains nearby, flies back at dawn to repose in a hole Joe ingeniously bored in a backyard dead tree. Eight-year-old Timmy is content with the ownership of a pet otter who swims in a home-constructed fountain.

"As for Tinka—is it necessary to say?—the German shepherd lives cozily indoors. Tinka is supposed to sleep on her blanket, and sometimes does.

"These days Bette holds no nine-to-five job, but does earn dog-show fees. Recently she sent me tickets for a show, and I went. Bette appeared in the ring wearing a smart shift that displayed her pretty legs to advantage. At thirty-two, Bette looked twenty-five, but for some reason also looked like a successful wife and mother—not a blond, bereft Alice shrieking in despair on the wrong side of the looking glass.

"Bette has gone back to college. In a year or so, she and Ivan are confident she will earn enough to make sizable contributions to Joe and Timmy's future college expense. She is taking a tough course in genetics to further her hamster research. But she is concentrating on other classes as well, and hopes to qualify eventually as a full-fledged veterinarian. Ivan is one hundred percent behind her in this venture!" **END**



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JOURNAL ORIGINAL

Looking for a fascinating new spring project? Here's one you'll love to work on every spare second: an afghan in a contemporary design, knitted in six luscious colors. Because it's worked in strips, the afghan is a great knit-as-you-go project (take it along on trips, to the beach, etc.). The yarn is called "Wintuk," four-ply Orlon, so the afghan is guaranteed machine washable and dryable, non-allergic and colorfast. Kit includes designs and yarn for three matching pillows—or, order separately.

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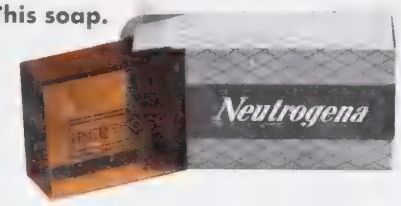
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A Candid Look at Permanent Press

By Betty G. Wadsworth
Home Management Department

Permanent press (or durable press) is one wonderful answer to the problem of always staying well groomed, since garments properly treated with these finishes never need ironing. Cause for celebration, since ironing and pressing are as heartily disliked as any home chore.

As with anything new, however, it takes special knowledge to get best results and enjoy the full benefits intended. *Journal* editors talked with women all over the country to find out their experience with permanent press and what we could do to help. As a result of this survey, here is our very latest information, with our own guide to buying and caring for these marvelous new fabrics.

What Makes Permanent Press Different?

Fabrics selected for permanent-press articles are processed with resins similar to those in wash-and-wear products—but in larger quantities and with new methods. Usually the article—a pair of slacks or a window curtain, for instance—is completely made, specially pressed, then cured or baked in an oven to set the press and make it long-lasting. Less often, resin-treated yardage is cured before being made into a finished article; after manufacturing, the item is given a final press.

A permanent-press finish gives garments and linens a memory—which means they tend to go back to their original, well-pressed condition after having been washed and dryer-dried. Under best conditions, many articles with these finishes actually do not need ironing. Some others, particularly those for which a precise, tailor-like press is important, do look better when they've been touched up with an iron. This is quickly and easily done.

How About Wear?

The best of the permanent-press finishes will last the lifetime of the garment. However, after a dozen or so launderings the fresh, crisp feel of the garment may begin to soften. When this happens, a quick once-over with a steam iron will usually restore the crispness, and, happily, a good steam pressing generally lasts through several launderings.

At first, only all-cotton garments were given permanent-press finishes. It was soon discovered, though, that while these cotton garments needed little or no ironing, they didn't wear as well as cottons without the permanent-press finish. Then it was found that if cotton or modified rayon was combined with polyesters, such as Dacron, Kodel or Fortrel—in at least a 50 percent blend—the fabrics would not only wear better but would also keep their smooth press even longer.



The Products

The first items on which permanent press was tried were men's and boys' slacks; then came shirts, blouses and dresses for children and women. With these, the great advantage is the time saved in ironing and caring for garments that are worn a great deal.

Permanent-press finishing is being extended to household articles: Slipcovers, sheets and bedspreads are now available. These things are probably the most tedious of all to iron, but with permanent-press finishes they stay fresh-looking longer, are easier to launder and need little or no ironing.

Watch for more permanent-press articles, such as draperies, men's sport jackets and table linens.

When You Buy

Naturally the quality of permanent-press garments and linens varies, so shop carefully. Expect to pay more for an article with a good permanent-press finish than for a comparable one without the finish. Permanent press costs more, and, within reason, the price is a clue to the quality of the finish.

Inspect the article carefully for wrinkles. If a garment is wrinkled *before* you buy it, chances are it will stay that way. Watch for puckers at seams and around collars and cuffs. Try to avoid garments with exposed top stitching around collars and cuffs, for these may pucker after laundering.

Select garments in proper sizes so that no alteration is necessary. If changes must be made, take a larger size rather than a smaller one. Since lengthening skirts and trousers or letting out seams usually shows, clothes for rapidly growing children may not be a good buy. Some slacks are made with unfinished cuffs, and some dresses with only lightly pressed hems; although the bottom creases can be adjusted to fit, they never will be as sharp and crisp as when factory-finished. For lengthening girls' skirts and dresses, you might consider designs that will look well if braid, rick-rack or matching stitching is used to cover the old hem marks after the skirt is let down.

There is a new product that minimizes pressed-in seam marks when alterations are made. However, it does not completely erase the stitching marks, and can result in a change of color where it has been used.

Do buy from reliable stores, and consider dependable brands.

Care Is Important

Special care of permanent-press articles can make the difference between ironing often and little o of these articles.

Check for stains befo Fabric blends retain sta larly grease and oil sta stains are present, treat all-purpose detergent, briskly with a soft-bristl sponge. If oil or grease been on the fabric for a w soak in detergent for h before laundering. If oil left untreated, they may pe laundering and are even move. For other specific good stain-removal chart.

Wash clothes frequently tendency to put off wasl nent-press articles becau crisp, unmussed appearanc soil allowed to remain in comes increasingly difficul

Some very new washers cycles for permanent pres for washing in hot wate cool water, then a slow spi keeps wrinkles to a minim washer does not have this a wash temperature that is the color and fabric, then fairly cool rinse.

Use an all-purpose de normal loads. A harsh det excessive alkali will destr iron properties. If clothes or dingy, use a mild or cl bleach on white or fast c instructions indicate other softener in the rinse wate vent wrinkles and static.

Avoid washing perm articles in a fully loaded w wrinkling increases when not move about freely.

Proper drying is importa are best when the dryer h cycle for permanent-press cool-down period at the en ing cycle helps keep new w forming.

Avoid drying permanen cles in a fully loaded dry should be allowed to move (check instructions for l Take articles out of the dr as they are dry. Fold flat ar dresses, skirts, etc., and t maintain an unmussed lo left in a dryer when tum ished will take on new crea

If pressing is needed, seamed and stitched are steam iron (synthetic fibe low end of steam range w pressing). Often a good pr through several washings.

Keep wrinkles from form ing soiled articles *loosely* hamper, instead of packing especially important whe damp.



Illustrations by Mur

Can you recognize
ashion when you see it...



How to feel pretty four weeks a month



If you're prettiest when you feel most fresh and dainty, Tampax tampons are for you.

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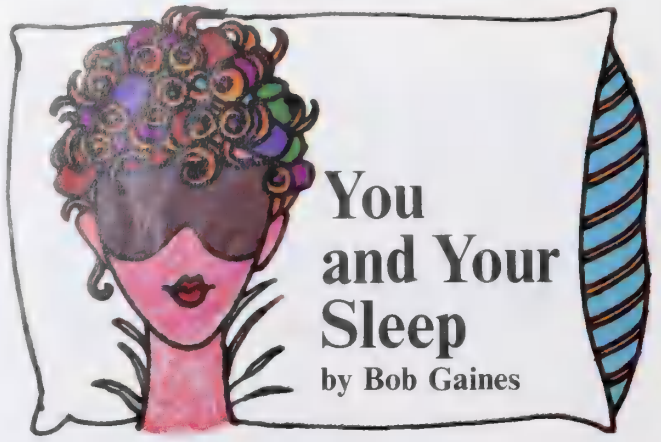
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You and Your Sleep

by Bob Gaines

Sleep and Sex: Sleeping or waking, man remains a sexual animal. Perhaps the most provocative area now being explored by sleep scientists is the relationship between sleep and sex. It is now quite evident that while asleep, man does not stop functioning as a sexual being, either physically or mentally—and indeed his sexuality may be stronger asleep than awake. Sleep scientists first began to examine this several years ago when they noticed that sleeping men seemed to become aroused at regular intervals during the night. This happened on an average of every 85 minutes and lasted for approximately 25 minutes. Furthermore, this nightly biological mechanism seemed to occur among all men—men who complained of being impotent, men in their 70's or 80's who had lost all waking interest in sex. At the moment, sleep researchers don't know what it all means, but they suspect it touches on the very heart of human sexuality. Currently, the scientists working on this problem are turning their attention to women, and are seeking some way of detecting and measuring patterns of arousal in sleeping females.

Mattress Lore: Ten million Americans will spend $1 billion on mattresses this year, which really is not so much when you consider they will also spend a third of their lives for the next few years on this bedding. But it still represents a considerable financial investment. Here are a few things every smart shopper should know before she goes shopping for a mattress: (1) Don't be shy. Take off your shoes and stretch out on a mattress before you buy. Bounce on it a bit (and ignore the smiles of the other customers). Is the mattress long enough? Does it squeak? (2) Count your coils. A good standard double-bed mattress should have at least 220 coils. And if the coils are individually pocketed, this means greater comfort and durability. (3) Buy a new box spring with your new mattress. Manufacturers warn that the old box springs sag, and if you try to match a new mattress with an old spring, you are merely extending the life of an old problem. (4) Check the sides where bedding gets the most wear. They should be made of good eight-ounce twill and reinforced by stitching. (6) Beware of bargains. The $39.95 special may feel good to your budget, but after a few months of use, you may find it is putting a painful crease in your back.

Franklin Beds: One of the most common sorts of insomnia is called "intermittent" or "broken" insomnia. The victim wakes in the middle of the night and finds he cannot get back to sleep. Ben Franklin, among many others, suffered from this condition and devised his own unique cure. He believed he woke so early because his bed was rumpled. His solution—he bought a second bed. Then, when he woke in the middle of the night, he would climb from his rumpled bed into the neat one and quickly fall asleep between fresh, cool sheets. There is no report on what his wife, Deborah, thought of these nightly perambulations.

Executive Insomnia: The "affluent society" has its dark side—usually the nights when high-paid, hypertense executives toss and turn worrying about the businesses that produce all the affluence. More and more bleary-eyed executives are dropping into doctors' offices complaining about their inability to sleep. In fact, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* recently turned its attention to this problem of "executive insomnia." Here are some of its recommendations (these sleep tips apply as much to haggard helpmates as exhausted executives):

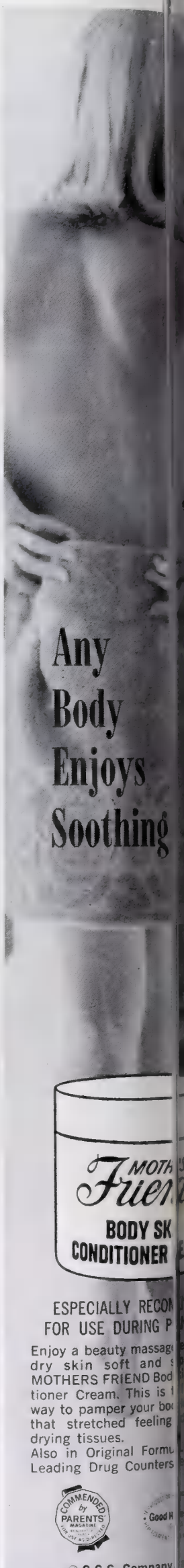
1. Eat a relatively early, light supper so that you can have a snack before going to bed.

2. Try to forget about the day's business concerns before sleep. Read, listen to music, visit with friends—and best of all, take a brisk walk and follow this with a hot bath before climbing into bed.

3. Try to do some "vigorous, prolonged exercise" every day.

Many executives insist upon taking sleeping pills. They would be better advised to endure a few nights of insomnia till their nervous sytems relax. If the tired executive must swallow something, two aspirins or two or three ounces of alcohol before bedtime will often have the same effect as a sleeping potion—and far fewer side effects.

END



or does our name get in the way?


CUTEX
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The Colt
by Robert W. Wells

The new colt stands on ungainly legs in the pasture, the culmination of a decision made 14 years ago when Nancy was three and we lived a thousand miles and a way of life distant from the glacial Wisconsin hill where we now make our home. I was a transplanted Midwesterner then, enamored of big-city life. When the suggestion was made that children and pets belong together, I had a ready answer: "A New York apartment is no place for livestock."

But my daughter was already woman enough to find a way to twist such male logic out of shape. Not by words, which I could have combated, but by looking so wistfully after each dog that passed the window that I finally gave in. Against my better judgment we acquired a puppy, destined to be only the first in a growing collection of pets that have shared our lives.

It was a decision that led with Grecian inevitability to the time when we would abandon the city for the country and to that moment a few nights ago when the pretty young woman who is my daughter stood shortly before dawn in a dimly lighted barn, alone and suddenly mature, and watched the miracle of new life occur. The look on her face, when it was over and the colt had been born and she permitted the rest of us—the outsiders, the ones who had not been there—to approach the stall, is one I treasure.

For I was wrong, back there in the New York apartment, and Nancy was right. Raising my sons and daughter without animals around them would have been possible, just as it would have been possible for us to have remained in the city or the suburbs instead of moving to a place where fresh air and unfenced space are not luxuries. But it would have been more difficult. The results would not have been quite the same.

If someone had told me that giving in to a three-year-old's wistful look would lead to sharing a Wisconsin hillside with four horses, three cats and a dog, I would not have believed him. I felt then as some of my friends feel now when they shake their heads at such foolishness.

"It must tie you down," they say, and it does. "You must really like animals," they say, and I do. But this is not why we have so many. No matter how it looks to those who pass the hundreds of feet of white board fences my sons and I have built, I remain a raiser of children, not animals.

Ginger, who is dead now, was the first—all legs and energy, with a puppy's gallant clumsiness that soon gave way to an adult boxer's sad-faced dignity. It was no coincidence that soon after she came to live with us we moved from the apartment to an old house in the Hudson River valley, which meant commuting 50 miles each way to Manhattan for me.

"The children need the country," I explained defensively, when people asked. But Nancy had her own explanation for the move: "Ginger had to be taken for walks before. Now she can run."

The city dog and the city children soon learned country ways. Together they made paths through the woods to the mountain pond or to the opening in the trees where a glimpse could be had of the distant river. When Dick and John first camped under the oaks, their tent a rude construction of boughs and blankets, the dog lay with her head on her powerful paws and guarded them against the rustles in the underbrush. When Nancy fell from the tire swing and skinned her knee or when she found the burden of being the only girl in a family of boys too much, it was to Ginger she turned for comfort.

But the dog was never wholly hers, and because she needed something that the boys would find beneath their notice, the first of a series of kittens came home with us about the time Bobby was born. My youngest son is 11 now, and the kitten has become Old Kitty, a spry and wary veteran who would have died five years ago if I had listened to science instead of my daughter. The veterinarian, putting a name to the neurological ailment that made it difficult for the cat to walk, said the kindest thing would be to put her to sleep. I broke the news as gently as I could. "Old Kitty isn't enjoying life," I told my daughter.

"She's enjoying being alive more than she'd enjoy being dead," Nancy said, and there was no arguing with such a basic truth. "Besides, she's going to get well."

"The vet doesn't think so."

"She's going to get all right, Dad."

And so I learned a lesson—an expert is not necessarily as accurate in his predictions as a girl whose faith is based on love. For gradually Old Kitty fought back to a time when she again stalks like a tiger through the summer grass.

Tammy, the blue-eyed Siamese, was next to join the menagerie. Briefly there was a baby raccoon, and then came Felix, a coal-black cat who appeared, perhaps by witchcraft, on Halloween.

"There's this cat who keeps hanging around the corner while I'm waiting for the school bus. He's hungry. We can't let him go hungry. I'll just keep him till I can find him a permanent home."

The permanent home she found for him turned out to be ours. Felix sits on my desk or curls himself around the typewriter while I work, and shares the house with the other two cats and a collie named Andrew Brown, who has taken his place as Ginger's successor.

Ginger's grave is in the yard. I waited until no one was watching from the house before I dug it on a rainy spring day. I have always been impatient with those who lose their perspective about the place of a dog in a family. A child is infinitely more important. The children's grief over their loss was of more concern than the death itself. I believe such things, and yet this does not entirely explain how I felt as I lifted the moist earth with my shovel and covered a part of our lives that had been full of motion and zest the day before and now lay so still and withdrawn.

Andrew is not Ginger, but his place in the family is equal. He is a country dog, who returns from the woods behind the house with a shaggy tail full of burrs or flops contentedly on the snow when the winds howl across the hills. He is a boy's dog, a clumsy beast who leaps barking after sleds or trips up young baseball players as they scramble toward first base. He is a dog who hides in tall grass, his nose concealed but hindquarters high and tail wagging, fondly supposing he is invisible as he waits to pounce at his master.

Andrew is mostly Bobby's, as the horses and cats and especially the new colt are mostly Nancy's. When the dog and boy are parted, even for a day, they miss each other. "I wonder what Andy's doing?" Bobby will say, stopping short, his holiday forgotten, as a lover will pause in a busy place and think: *What is she doing now, at this moment?* And when Bobby comes home, Andrew is waiting, shaggy body quivering with joy.

It was Aldous Huxley who said that love is as necessary to human beings as food and shelter, and every parent knows this is true. Each child needs the solid, unquestioning acceptance of his worth that is as vital to his growth as the sun and rain are to a seedling. O grown, he will look for it in other in vain, unless he is very lucky. he is maturing, it must be ther not, no matter how tall he gr will be something about him th ever stunted and twisted and lo

And so each parent does his be his limits, to supply this need, o viction and instinct. But, as the older and develops, it is hard for to accept his ways without Adults look at the child and see or woman he will be, cursed a with the ancient human blessin cern for time to come. I must not too close, we say, or his wings wi velop. I must not wholly accept for fear of what this acceptance to the time that lies ahead.

But for the animal and ofte child, the present moment is all there is. Adults, including pare lost that facility to hear only th time now passing, so we need th allies who can help us raise our Even after the children we lo moving through the labyrinth o cence toward maturity, the anir vide them with a link to the simple days they have forever lo

Nancy is a young woman n hard for us to know what to sa other. Dick is as tall as I, and surpassed me in other ways. I them across the growing barrier mind myself: "Let go. It is time the way things are. Let go."

And because it is proper that th happen, I agreed with Nancy th her right to be alone with the m the colt was born. It was her righ over the years, to make a bed straw in the barn and stay there birds rustled sleepily in the dim of the place and the horses stirre stalls. It was her right to be there for the moment of birth that was mination of a time when a ba child dreamed with a dog's hea knees or walked unafraid down land path with a kitten in her a

"Don't make me go to scho Dad. It might be born and I wo there. It might happen any min

No, she needn't go to school. T more important things than school. And when the colt wasn the daylight hours, she could n quired to come back to her room

"But shouldn't someone st you—just in case of trouble?"

"I don't need anybody. I'd ra be there by myself."

She came and woke us afterw were allowed to share the mome the baby took his first awkward s then stood weaving on his impossi legs, wondering how to get down the comfort of the straw-cover We were permitted to stand look the stall making admiring comm then to call the neighbors and around in the ammoniated atmos the dusty barn drinking coffee a ing. She let us do these things be was all over and there was no could spoil it now.

She could afford to be generous all happened as Nancy had want happen—as, I sometimes think, planned it would happen back the other time and another life w looked with wise and wistful eye an apartment window and made three-year-old woman's mind t was exactly the way things would turn out.



Who could ever suggest that any child grow up without animals?

Illustration by Ron Chereskin

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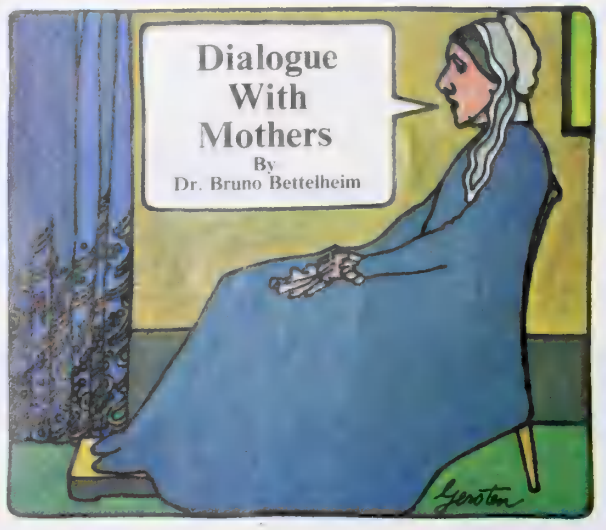
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When Brothers and Sisters Fight

First Mother: What do you do when your children fight? My sons do, and it drives me crazy; somebody always ends up getting hurt. I separate them, I try to talk to them, but it does no good.

Dr. Bettelheim: Well, let's hear first about brothers and sisters fighting.

Second Mother: I have a four-year-old girl and a three-year-old boy. The boy has always been strong and aggressive. When he was first born I had to teach our daughter not to hit him if she was angry or if he pestered her. She could hit the couch, she could stamp her feet, she could do anything but hit him. And then what happens! The boy is almost her size, and as he got older I found that I had taught her too well. Now I have to protect her against the boy, which doesn't seem right. So I've said, "You may not hit each other, no matter what." Well, they hit anyway.

Dr. B.: What you're telling the child is, "If something makes you angry, don't take the anger out on the thing that made you angry; take it out on something else," like the couch. But let's say your girl works in an office when she's grown up, and let's say her boss is extremely unfair to her. What would you think if she never reacts to that, but goes home and stamps her feet and hits the furniture? Is that the kind of person you want her to be? Or do you want her to be a person who, when someone does her an injustice, fights for her rights?

Second Mother: Obviously the latter.

Dr. B.: Yes, but you cannot say to a child, "This is sometimes right and sometimes wrong." It's either right or it's wrong. That is how the primitive mind works. So in your case, your daughter doesn't learn that your advice—don't hit—goes only for her little brother. To her it goes for everything.

Second Mother: But he's not allowed to hit her, either.

Dr. B.: All right, so you tell them that aggression is only physical. Does that make it perfectly all right? My point is, you're really teaching your older child that the younger child's aggression should not be dealt with by defensive action but by a helpless frustration, which is really kind of crazy—to hit the furniture, I mean. This is how we describe an insane person, the one who breaks up the furniture and chews a rug. In a fashion, that's what you've suggested to your older girl.

Third Mother: I have a girl fourteen and a half and an aggressive boy who's eleven. I tell them what's going to happen if they keep on fighting, and when the eventual happens, they go to their rooms and I'm through with it. Is there another solution?

Dr. B.: What you describe is a typical middle-class situation: he has his room and she has her room, and likely as not each has his own toys. We draw children apart, but we still want them to live like brothers and sisters. Sometimes I get the feeling that blood was really thicker than water when kids had to learn to live in one room together and make a go of it. Because nowadays when they bicker there are no consequences. Each one goes his own way, unless there's nobody else around to play with.

First Mother: My boys can be watching TV or playing a game together quietly, and the minute I walk in the room—pow! One of them hits the other one on the head, and I think, why do they do it whenever I enter the room? Better if I stay away.

Dr. B.: Well, you can't stay away forever. (Laughter)

Fourth Mother: Aren't they vying for the parent's love?

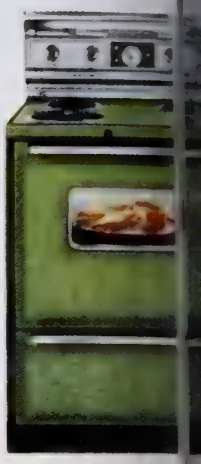
Dr. B.: This is part of it. Actually, when kids have the right relationship, you really get to see it best when you're not around—how they get along together and, if the younger or weaker one is attacked, how the older one comes to the rescue. Because this is really what we want in children, don't we? As you say, they're playing peacefully, and then you come in and the older one whacks the younger one. What is he really saying? "We managed all right, and he recognized my superior rights ——"

First Mother: When I'm not there he's the big cheese.

Dr. B.: That's right. But let's say chief, not cheese. He's a big chief. And if you're the big chief you can magnanimously accept a certain amount of nonsense from the little one. But then mother comes in and he's suddenly demoted. He's no longer the big chief. So, by golly, he's going to make sure the little one doesn't forget it. He's not going to let you get away with destroying his authority by just walking in. As likely as not he's even bossed the little one around a bit. That (*continued*)

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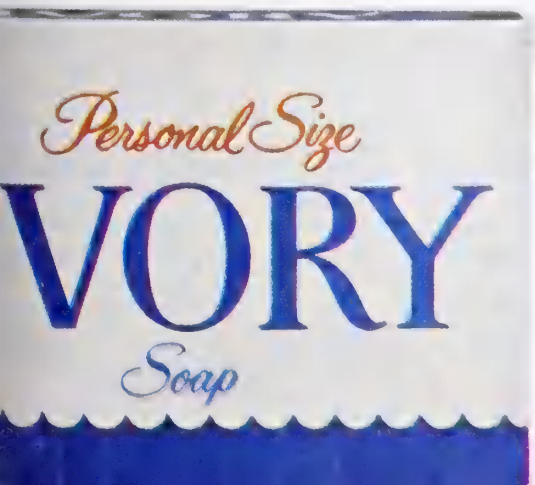
You may submit as many entries as you wish, provided each is in accordance with these rules and is mailed separately—one entry per envelope.

All entries must be postmarked no later than June 1, 1967 and received no later than June 15, 1967. All U.S. residents may enter except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and the D. L. Blair Company or their families. All entries become the property of Procter & Gamble.

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comes with being a chief, you know, but the little one might take it into his head to complain. What I'm trying to suggest is, we can all live with a certain authority over us. We can find our place, and be satisfied with it. The trouble is that with children of different ages the parent continually interferes with this natural authority of the older, and then things go haywire. You cannot be chief and have the responsibility of the chief without the advantages—and there *are* advantages. So when another kid attacks your kid brother or sister, *you* know that you are the big one and you have to do the defending. But if the mother comes and sides with the little one against the big one, then his whole authority collapses.

First Mother: My little one asks, "Who's boss? Who's boss?"

Dr. B.: Sure. You want the older one to be boss, to be the protector. On the other hand, you say, "Don't exercise your rights of chiefdom by taking the toy when you want it." If the older can take a toy when he wants to, that's a small price to pay if you need him as protector.

So first of all the children don't really live close together anymore. They don't sleep together in one bed, as was the custom of a few generations ago, nor do they work together; each one has his own bed, if not also his own room, and they go to different classes. The older one used to offer the younger one protection at night and teach him how to work and so on—all of which the parent alone must now provide. Rarely does a parent tell an older brother, "Go on in, your kid brother is scared in the dark." But if they're in the same bed together, then either the older whacks him one so he can sleep, or else he comforts the little one so that both of them can sleep. The statement I heard as a kid, "He's your older brother," you don't hear anymore.

First Mother: You hear it in my house. I think it's the bigger one's privilege to stay up later.

Dr. B.: Sure, he goes to bed later. But do we really feel, "He's the older brother and therefore should be the arbiter"? No, *we* are the arbiters, but we still want brothers and sisters to be as important to each other and as close to each other and live as peacefully together as before. This fighting really involves two things. First is the jealousy that's created in the older child when he sees the younger child getting things he's already had to give up—the breast, the bottle, having someone put on his clothes, being held. At the same time, we have *not* given the older child new privileges, such as the right to run the younger ones.

Fifth Mother: It seems like you have to choose which problems you're going to have. Because if the pecking order is right, then you have other problems—the younger child feels like he's being oppressed by the older one. When does the little one get in his licks if you don't have one smaller than he is? And I'd object to my child being aggressive outside.

Third Mother: I think this worries most mothers. But I think that the earlier children learn to protect themselves in realistic ways, the better off they are.

Sixth Mother: When I see someone taking advantage of my son it's very hard for me not to get in there and do something. Yet I want him to be able to take care of himself, and many times I feel like saying, "Just hit him back."

Dr. B.: Is that taking care of himself when you tell him that? You see, telling him to hit back already su
conviction that without you
cannot take care of himself.

Sixth Mother: What if he jus

Dr. B.: Look: I would never
"Go and hit back," because
make a man out of him. That
him your puppet again. Th
can do is say, "What are you
about it?" I think that in m
unless there's really a viciou
tally deranged kid on the pl
they look after each other.

Seventh Mother: I'm a nur
teacher and I say to the
hitting, "You don't need t
Does this disagree with you

Dr. B.: I agree that if you
each other in a nursery scho
chaos; I just wonder about
ment "you don't need to," b
decides what I need? Obvi
hits, he needs to hit; what h
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ours. It's different to say, "
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body told you, "You don't
that." You'd tell him, "S
The same is true for children

First Mother: You used the w
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absolute abhorrence of respo

Dr. B.: That's right. You
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without privileges that com
Responsibility is something
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Usually, I'm on the side of
ones, but today it seems I h
fend the stronger ones, too. I
days there wasn't much talk ab
rivalry, though the younger
felt dispossessed—and really
adays, we try to treat each
children as equals, so they're

Our children are still more t
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brotherly love at too early a
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always get along as well as
They have to figure out thei
to each other, and that takes
if they're free to do that, the
basis for real closeness that s
for the rest of their lives.

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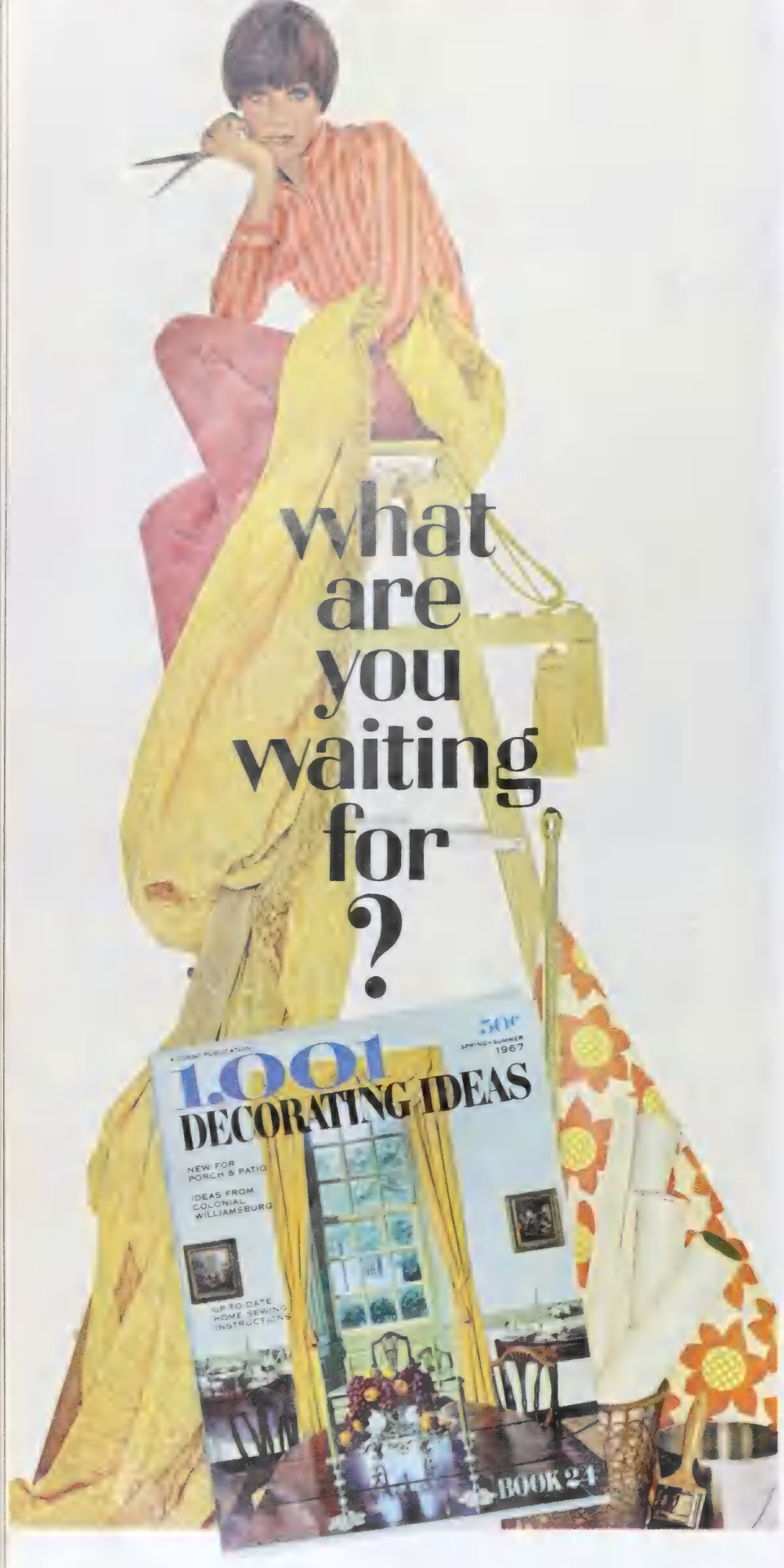
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Medicine Today

A miscarriage may not be the tragedy it so often seems to would-be parents. It is frequently nature's way of eliminating malformed babies, thus sparing the prospective parents future heartbreak.

New tissue culture techniques have made it possible to study the chromosomes of these fetuses. Chromosome abnormalities were found in 24 of 54 fetuses from miscarriages, according to a study at the University of Rochester. Since abnormal chromosomes are always associated with severe malformations and mental defects, it appears that the spontaneous loss of these fetuses during the early months of pregnancy may be a blessing.

Bed rest is no longer mandatory for the sick child, according to Dr. Hugh Jolly, a British physician. If Junior wants to play with his electric trains, even though he has a fever, it's all right, says Dr. Jolly. In the first place, it is impossible to keep him really quiet in bed (any mother will vouch for that). Secondly, studies show that children who were allowed to be up during illnesses if they wanted to were no sicker than those who were forced to stay in bed. (Children with bone or joint diseases who sometimes must be prohibited from weight-bearing are possible exceptions.)

Now that spring is here it is a good time to remember that there may be poisonous plants in your neighborhood that could endanger the lives of children. Youngsters are frequently attracted by the appearance of seeds and berries and will eat them, sometimes with harmful or even fatal results. It is a good idea to bear in mind when landscaping that wisteria, laurel, oleander, castor bean, poison hemlock and yews all are highly toxic.

Is breast-feeding becoming more popular? In 1946 only 38 percent of babies were breast-fed. In 1956 the number had dropped to 21 percent. But lately more mothers are trying it, especially educated middle-class mothers, according to two Pennsylvania State University professors.

Nutritionist Helen A. Guthrie and psychologist George M. Guthrie recently studied a group of new college-educated mothers and found that half had attempted breast-feeding; one-third continued for three months, and one-fourth beyond five months. Most of the mothers enjoyed the experience and said that they planned to nurse future children.

What determines whether a mother will be successful in breast-feeding? The experts nine out of 10 mothers c she must be convinced advantages: a warmer baby relationship, the el of formula-mixing an warming, the fact that b is more easily digested, there is less danger of inf the baby. Then she nee moral support from he the nurses in the hospita family and friends.

In 1956 a group o women, who felt that n instruction and assist breast-feeding was a formed La Leche Lea group has grown and branches throughout the sponsor monthly meet publish literature. (You La Leche League Inte 9616 Minneapolis Ave., Park, Ill. 60131 for more tion.)

One of their most en supporters was a mother met in a well-baby clinic determined to nurse eve her baby was born pre and had to remain in the for two months. Despite mother was actually suc *beginning* breast-feeding baby was eight weeks old continued for well over a

Ordinary aspirin may hel tect you from sunburn. D versity dermatologists h reported on a preliminary which 10 volunteers t baths" with ultraviolet la taking four aspirin tab the day and a half follo ultraviolet exposure, the ued to take aspirin eve hours. Later they tried " ing" without aspirin. All showed less inflammati they were on aspirin. The ers do not know how as to minimize ultraviolet theorize that it has an skin-tissue enzymes.

Being an animal lover, admitting that people ca eases from pets, but I s must face the facts. A r port in the *Journal of the Medical Association* tells lovers who contracted a scabies from their dogs. dogs had itching, scaly were losing hair because In many instances their developed itchy skins af ing and treating their "mange" according to ins from their veterinarians tim *was* a veterinarian). tologists believe that hum of dog scabies may be qu mon and are often misdi The rash is usually on th is intensely

By Phyllis Wright, M.D., with Victor Cohn



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ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC., St. Paul, Minnesota

itchy, and may be mistaken for chicken pox or allergy.

Freezing the lining of the nose is the latest way of stopping severe nosebleeds. Dr. Charles D. Bluestone of the University of Pittsburgh inserts a small, collapsed balloon into the bleeding nostril, inflates it with alcohol and, using a hypothermia machine, keeps the nose "frostbitten" for six minutes. In this short time patients whose serious nosebleeds were not helped by nasal packing have stopped bleeding. The new method is rapid and relatively painless. Most important, it eliminates the prolonged hospitalization for patients with severe hemorrhages.

A small drawing of a hand on a white card may help to protect preschoolers' eyesight. With this card parents can test their young children's eyes in their own homes. The child is asked to tell which way the fingers are pointing while the parent, standing three feet away, turns the card. The test is repeated at 12 feet, using both eyes and then each eye separately (covering the other eye with a paper cup). The mother writes the number of correct answers on a score card and mails it to the child's pediatrician for analysis.

In a recent pilot test sponsored by the American Academy of Pediatrics and the Illinois Department of Public Health several cases of eye-muscle imbalance and poor vision were uncovered by the parent and the pediatrician. The children were then referred to an ophthalmologist for treatment.

Three to 4 percent of U.S. children have imbalance of their eye muscles or poor vision in one eye and quickly learn to use only their better eye. The other eye, therefore, does not develop properly. If the imbalance condition remains undetected until the child reaches school age, the time of the first vision check for many of the children, sight in the unused eye may already be permanently impaired.

More information about various home tests of vision may be had by writing the National Association for the Prevention of Blindness, 16 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

Interest in sex education in the schools is growing all around the country. Parents of schoolchildren who were indifferent to the idea in the past are now putting pressure on school administrators to start courses in family life or to strengthen existing courses. Fear of teen-age pregnancies, venereal disease and the greater availability of contraceptives have awakened parents and school authorities to new responsibilities in a changing world, especially since more parents are beginning to concede that they are doing a less than perfect job with sex education in the home.

The U. S. Office of Education has let it be known that Federal funds for education may now be used to help schools develop sex and family-life courses. State education departments and state health departments are working out guidelines for more such programs, which should materialize before long.

One proponent of better family-life programs in the schools is Dr. James P. Semmens. Writing in the *Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, he outlined a medical man's idea of a good curriculum.

Sex education should re
the preschool years, says I
often when a new baby is e
family or by friends.

He believes that the rig
sex organs should be ta
kindergarten-first grade
concepts of obscenity and
have been allowed to deve
suggests, as a class project
ing a family of mice or
stressing in discussions th
the *two* parents. (Have you
how many children's pict
pict only the *mother* and
mals?) Karl de Schweinitz'
*ing Up, How We Became A
and Grow*, has recently bee
is suitable for this age gro

In the third and fourth
parison of the human repr
tem to other body systems
A simple course in human
can then be presented, wit
phasis on love as it relat
reproduction. A good book
group is *A Baby Is Born* b
I. Levine and Jean Seligm

Fifth- and sixth-graders a
Dr. Semmens, for a study
tive physiology. Walt Disn
Story of Menstruation and
to Man and *Girl to Woman*
as a starting point for discu
"We must remember that
few years from the first d
and we have an educationa
ity to these students. As p
have seen enough pregna
have conceived shortly a
menstrual period to illustr
for earlier presentation of f

Through junior high sc
dents should learn about b
brought about by endocrin
dividual differences in "bi
clocks" can be stressed and
reassured that there are "e
bloomers," both normal. D
personal hygiene and emo
lems, including masturbati
this age. Printed materials,
*Us, Finding Yourself, Love
of Life* or *What Teen-agers W*
are excellent self-instructio
ence sources. Dr. Semmens
mends the books *The Art of
for Teens* and *Why Wait T*
A pamphlet, *Moving Into A
Your Child in His Preteens*,
published by the Children's
may be obtained by sendin
the Superintendent of Docur
ington, D.C., asking for C
reau publication No. 431-1

By the time they enter
Dr. Semmens points out, t
are faced with making dec
the use of tobacco and narc
as the temptation to explo
sexuality. Special courses i
tudes have been requeste
students themselves.

"A final aspect of soci
should be a frank discussion
gers of physical exposure
dress, teasing and petting. R
and dress may invite physi
the form of rape or assault. A
be reminded that to date th
have not taken up the 'tople
been an adult game, truly a
example.'" Summing it up, D
feels that, unless we offer be
tion in family life, our youth
adult-created sexual revolut
moral standards and concep
enable them to compete in i

lose your eyes
nd you're drinking
resh orange.

What tastes like fresh and comes from the freezer? The new frozen orange juice from Florida. Because we're packing more oranges into it. So it tastes just like the kind you squeeze yourself. Drink up, with or without a straw, if you know what's good for you.





Friskies simmered-in flavor... it's the greatest!

What a satisfying way to tempt your cat to eat what's good for her! Simply serve Friskies' 9 fine flavors. Watch her lap up that Friskies nourishment. Slow simmering–careful cooking by the cat-lovers at Carnation–gives Friskies its deep, full flavor. That takes care of a cat's appetite...and famous Friskies nutrition does the rest.

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PET NEWS

By JOYCE KUH

Does your parakeet have a pedigree? There are approximately 10 million pet parakeets in the United States, and some 100,000 of them are pedigreed. These elite birds enter shows, win ribbons and may be worth up to $500 a pair. The American Budgerigar Society has about 1,700 members, most of whom breed budgies for exhibition and would like to see more pedigreed birds as pets.

Budgies are originally from Australia (budgerigar means "good bird" in Bush language) and have been bred in England for 100 years, only 25 years in the United States. The original bird was green with a yellow head; now you can get him in such colors as cobalt blue, opaline yellow, gray and apple green—to name a few.

Pedigreed parakeets (called budgerigars by the professionals), like pedigreed dogs, cats and horses, must meet certain standards. Their heads are generally rounder, their beaks are smaller and tucked into the face, and the bird is slightly larger than his mongrel counterpart. The standards also include specifications for wing carriage, deportment, color and wing markings. Charles W. Schaefer, a judge on the American Budgerigar Society panel, says that even a layman can tell the difference between the pedigreed bird and the mongrel if he sees them side by side. The overall appearance of the aristocrat is a better balanced, better proportioned bird. Mr. Schaefer also thinks that the pedigreed bird is probably healthier.

You don't have to spend $500 for a pair of pedigrees; you can buy one for anywhere from $5 up to $125. The pedigreed bird always wears a band indicating his lineage.

Budgerigar shows are held all over the country by local clubs, and the All American Budgie Show rotates to a different area each year. Champions are flown in to compete for ribbons in the subclasses, and there is a general "best in show" award. Even if your budgie doesn't wear a band, he can still enter most shows in the open division contest.

Now that you have that poodle puppy (well over two million Americans own poodles), would you like to know more about him? Such as how clipping started, what American Kennel Club standards are for him, how much to feed him as he grows, and how to train him?

New paperback books from The Pet Library, Ltd., cover all these subjects, in addition to brief discussions of first aid, diseases and grooming—not only for poodles but for many other breeds as well. A book in the "Enjoy" series (*Enjoy Your Collie, Enjoy Your Boxer, Enjoy Your Great Dane*, etc.) costs about 40 cents and is ideal for a young child with a new pet. *Know Your German Shepherd, Know Your Dachshund, Know Your Beagle* (about $1) are some of the titles in the "Know" series. These books are about twice a more detailed informa color photographs.

There are 124 titles i not only dogs and cats sters, rabbits, turtles, and others. The books shops and some booksho find your Borzoi listed i patient. More titles are they may get to him soo

One of the most beauti ative cat books publis *The Compleat Cat* by J (Prentice-Hall, $9.95). book covers the "privat from kittenhood to court of superb photographs Spies. Dr. Spies, a resea profession, was allured photography many yea calls his book "truly a l

One chapter on felin gives some excellent po training your camera on to catch him yawning w or using tuna-fish oil on get the cat to "kiss" it. include a survey of felir magnificent color photo care for and groom cat local cat clubs throughou Dr. Spies's labor of love book for the true ailurop

If Spot has been scrat ing and rolling on his ba itchy and out of sorts, something besides ordina

Dogs, like people, ca allergies and skin disease such as collies and she sensitive to sunlight. Lon more prone to moist d short-hair dogs. And prac can come up with an aller bother the rest of the dog plastics, soaps and rugs itching. Veterinarians a Animal Foundation in found that some dogs eve from ragweed, just like t

Frequent grooming, a ery three months, will hel itching from allergies. erinarian may find that lems can be helped by a

Warning from the Ameri Medical Association: Ha that catch distemper will ing immunization is not the first shots, but the that *most* dogs could be pr distemper by *yearly* vacci

PET PHOTO OF THI



Fluffy and Mickey Finn Mrs. Carl Roden, Queens

(Do you have a favorite We would like to see it. S News Editor, Ladies' H 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y.

hat's Avon's
or for Spring?
hat would
u like?







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entative will help you
or harmonize your
ils, eyes. She under-
the key to fashion is
nd how you use it:
gently, clearly and, of course, with shimmer. So when your Avon Representative calls, do take time for an Avon color chat.

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AMY VANDERBILT

Wedding Gift Mishap

Q: My husband and I recently attended a wedding at which he was an usher. At the end of the evening, the ushers were carrying wedding gifts from the church to the car. In trying to balance the gifts and open the door, my husband dropped a box and the gift broke. He would like to reimburse the couple for the gift.

A: Your husband has no obligation to do this. But your question does bring up the problem of guests who take gifts to the church. Gifts should be sent to the bride at her home before the wedding. If this can't be done, the gift may be sent to the couple at their home after they are established. In rural areas, sometimes it is expedient and customary to take the gifts to the reception, where there will be someone to note the donors of the gifts. But, again, it is extremely unwise to have the gifts opened at the reception—cards are lost, things are broken and the bride and groom have no opportunity to express their appreciation at the time.

Wearing Gloves

Q: When do you wear gloves and when do you remove them? Do you wear gloves to a funeral? When do you wear white gloves?

A: Wear gloves with street clothes. Take them off when you are eating, drinking or smoking. In church they may be removed for turning the pages of a prayer book or hymnal, and must be removed in the receiving of communion when the wafer is taken in the hand. Gloves should be worn to a funeral, since you will be in street clothes and attending a religious ceremony. They are worn to formal teas, debuts, weddings and are kept on as you go through the receiving line. Gloves are not worn aboard ship except on deck in cold weather. They are not worn in resort hotels, which, like ships, are considered your home for the time being.

If you are a resident in a hotel in the city, you do not wear gloves into the dining room unless you are coming in from outdoors in street clothes. You do not wear gloves in your own home unless the occasion is highly formal—wedding, debut, formal tea or evening reception—where there is a receiving line.

Well-dressed women wear gloves on the street in sophisticated cities such as New York, Chicago, San Francisco. In small towns there is much more leeway in the matter, except for formal and church occasions. In cold weather anywhere, wear gloves.

Simple white cotton or nylon gloves are best worn in the spring, summer and fall. White kid or doeskin gloves are for formal year-round wear, although they are less often seen in the summer because there are fewer formal occasions then and because they are hot.

Adopting a Baby

Q: My brother and sister-in-law are adopting a newborn baby and I would like to give a baby shower soon after they bring him home. Is this proper? Is it proper for them to send out birth announcements?

A: A shower may be given for an adopted baby, but not by a relative. Perhaps someone else will take the initiative and you can help in the background. Birth announcements are sent for adopted babies. The age of the child is given, but not the actual birth date.

Response to Invitations

Q: What can I do about invited guests who don't RSVP promptly? May I call them, or send a reminder?

A: Sensible hostesses do one or the other. If you call, say, "Did you receive my invitation for the twentieth? I hadn't heard and I am trying to make my plans." If you write, a postcard will do. It could read, "Do let me know as soon as possible about my invitation for the 20th of May. Reminder—Dinner 7:15. Informal."

Dressing for the Wedding

Q: I am planning to be married and would like to know where the bride and bridesmaids should dress and from whose home we should leave for the church. I have my own apartment where we will be living after the wedding. My father maintains a small studio apartment in a nearby town, and my older brother has a home in the same town. I would rather leave from my own apartment, but I understand this would not be proper.

A: It is *not* improper, under the circumstances, for you to leave from your apartment and to have the bridesmaids dress there if necessary. Or, if you prefer, they might dress in their own homes, at a motel or hot home of friends if t out of town.

Using the Tel

Q: What can I do a aging long telephone without hurting the ings?

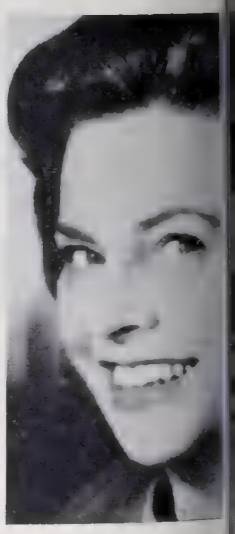
A: Telephone conv usually be shortene your replies brief a give the impression t all the time in the v If this doesn't wor pause in the conv then make a plau such as, "I'd love now, but I have to dren off to school. I you back. When wo time?" Of course, yo sure, first, that there information that ne parted.

It is a good idea making a purely soc to the other person, you know her to be a or a busy career wo a good time for you she says it isn't, ar back or say quickly necessary.

Joint Inforn

Q: When are inform *Mr. and Mrs.* —— t

A: Such joint inform for issuing invitatio clusion in gifts with sage. They should n personal correspond mates separately. T suitable for thank-yo from the couple, sinc then require an aw signature.



Miss Vanderbilt wel tions from readers, to in this column as spa

The following booklets b derbilt are now availabl readers: "Teen Manner ment and Wedding Etiq Manners" and "Office Et 25 cents in coin for ea dered to Miss Amy Va 1155, Weston, Conn.

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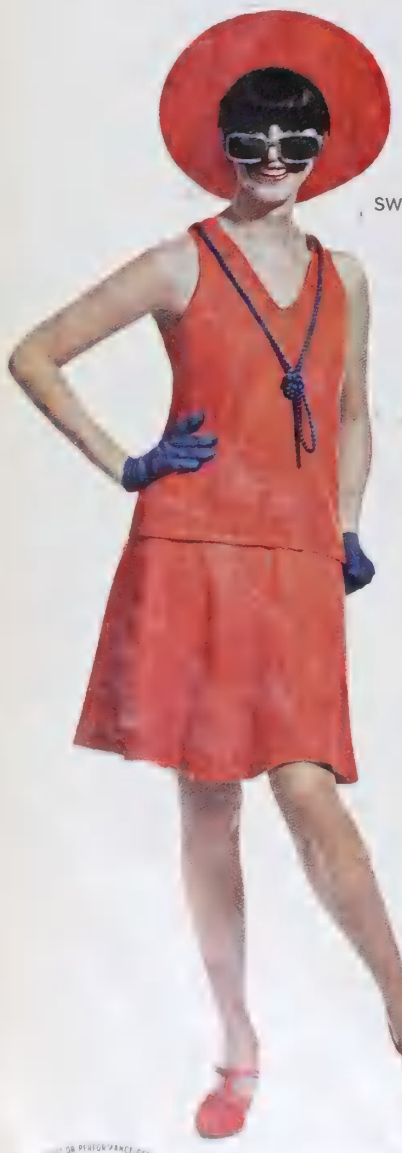
If Fashion says "Tangerine is *in!*" and you're still in last year's yellow.



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Simulated pearls, unfinished wooden bangles, even plastic jewelry love a hot or warm bath in any concentrated Rit color solution like Fuchsia, Tangerine and Purple. Just soak as long as needed for strong bright Rit color.

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

Every featured item was dyed in Rit.

More than a tint Rit colors in depth.

Spending Your Mone

By Sylvia Porter

Q: I made a stupid mistake in filing my income-tax return last year (I forgot to sign the return!), and I got into a lot of unnecessary trouble. This year I'll sign it, all right—but you may want to warn other *Ladies' Home Journal* readers to do this.

A: Your letter is in itself the warning. In addition, be sure that you:

- Attach all W-2 Forms showing the pay you and your spouse received from your employers;
- List your correct Social Security number and your complete address;
- Check the correct block stating whether you are single, married, filing a joint return, etc.;
- Check the correct blocks for your personal exemption and dependents;
- List each item of income or deduction on the right line;
- Double-check your arithmetic (to avoid overpaying as well as underpaying your taxes).

Q: As a strictly stay-at-home mother of two small children, I'm shocked at how many other mothers leave their children to go to work away from home. What are they trying to achieve?

A: Mainly economic security. Today, more than one third of the women in the U.S. labor force are mothers of children under 18. The total number comes to 9,700,000. But nearly all of them work because they are either the sole family breadwinners or because they must contribute toward the support of their families. About half of all working mothers with children under six years old have husbands with incomes of less than $5,000.

In short, the mothers of young children work because their families cannot manage without their earnings.

Q: How much money should a family with three young children have in the savings ac fore investing elsewhere

A: The traditional rule that a family with your bilities should have a fund amounting to six m come in *cash or its equiv* funds in banks' savings a ing accounts, U.S. Bonds). However, if ample hospitalization and other means to mee unexpected expenses, y ably could afford to keep proportion of your savi form of cash on deman greater proportion elsew

Q: We want to invest so in stocks or bonds t extra income for my fa mother-in-law, who hav tired. How do we choose investments?

A: To protect the capit vest and provide a stab for your parents-in-law, solid "income securitie as high-grade bonds a still attractive rates of ir turn—or high-quality st ing a substantial, regu dend. Avoid "long-term stocks or speculative is cause your objective i long-term growth nor sp for capital gains.

Q: I am only a sophomo school, but I already heart set on an expensiv women's college for th 1969. Is there anything now to improve my ch getting a good part-tim help pay the cost of m education—wherever I cepted?

A: Here are two things do—not only to boo chances for a well-payin also to start building t future career:

Decide on some specif skill that you can develop



ears. Which one you
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uate it for you.

Q: Two college friends and I would like to take a trip to Europe this summer—on the money we earned on our jobs last summer. But if we can manage the trip at all, it will have to be on a shoestring. Can you suggest any good ways to stretch our limited funds on our trip?

A: Here are five:

1. Find out if your college is sponsoring a charter flight to Europe. If you can get on such a flight, your round-trip cost could be as little as $200 to $300.

2. If you prefer to go by boat, arrange to go on a freighter or a special student sailing—at great savings over a luxury liner.

3. Take advantage of big discounts abroad for restaurants, concerts, hotels, trains, etc.—available to students equipped with International Student Identity Cards available from the U.S. National Student Association in New York.

4. Plan to stay in low-priced student hostels, youth hostels, or pensions—instead of regular hotels. They are modest, but you pay only $1 to $2 a night.

5. Eat in special university-run student restaurants abroad—at least part of the time—for as little as 25 cents a meal.

Q: We want to make a substantial investment in a 17th-century oil painting. But, as non-experts, we're not sure whether the price is fair, and we're even wondering whether the painting is as good as it's said to be. What should we do before we make the investment?

A: Here are the key guides to avoiding art frauds and misrepresentations—particularly when you are making a large investment:

1. Buy only from a reputable art dealer.

2. Seek the opinion of an outside expert on the authenticity of any high-priced work of art—a museum curator, university art professor or scholar, a major collector of the artist's works.



3. When you make the purchase, ask the seller for a detailed written statement describing the painting—its title, artist, year it was painted, medium, price you paid, amount of restoration, etc. A reputable dealer will make good on his claims and give you your money back if the painting turns out to have been misrepresented.

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.

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1. Bright Olive Green is this year's fresh young color—so start this decorating theme by coloring your washable draperies with Rit
2. For a "Victorian" effect cover a small table to the floor with an unbleached cloth dyed Rit Scarlet Accent with a Rit Purple wooden rope festooned around the table.
3. Co-ordinate the lamplight! Dip a washable fabric shade in Rit Old Rose (or just sponge it).

4. Make this exciting "decorator rope" yourself with unfinished beads, simulated pearls, blocks—then dip in hot Rit Marine Blue. Unusual co-ordinated tie backs for the draperies.

5. Rit color-matches the unfinished wooden lamp base and bowls of colored water filled with flowers.
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More than a tint Rit colors in depth.

You wouldn't buy a cleanser
with no bleach.

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You might buy a cleanser
with one bleach.

1.

You should buy a cleanser
with two bleaches.

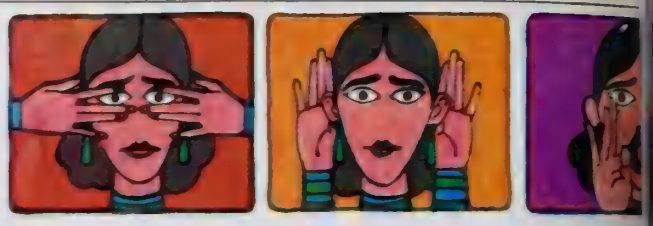
2.

2 bleaches are better than one.



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The Real Villains of the William Manchester Book

By Judith Crist, Critic-at-Large

With the publication of the Manchester book (and who outside the remotest igloo or jungle tree-house would have to be told that it's William Manchester's *Death of a President*?), there is further fuel for the fire of controversy, for the continuing debate on just who has been the villain in the case. Arguments and evidence and confidential information will fill the air:

Was the righteous author undone by the rich and powerful clansmen? Were the honorable noblemen victimized by a money-minded writer whom they trusted? Was the lovely lady, the grieving wife, betrayed in her deepest emotional confidences—or did she, regally and ruthlessly, gainsay herself? Has history been cheated? And, perhaps above all, has society—have *we*—been deprived of a single tear or sigh, a soupçon of sorrow, a moment of lost self-control or pressure-propelled self-revelation, a glimpse of blood from a scarce-healed wound re-opened? Have we, in effect, been cheated of our money's worth? And whodunit? Who is the villain in the case?

The answer to the last question has—or should have—been obvious from the beginning, as any aficionado of the mystery drama knows, simply because it must turn out to be the proverbial butler, the least-suspect character on the scene, the one outside the limelight but ever present.

We are the guilty. We, the public, are the villains. For there would have been no Manchester case, no ugly controversy, were we not always present with our demand for "instant history"—at any price.

"Price" seems to me the key word. Of course we have always had the right to know not only the fact of history but its coloration by the personality and character of the men and women who create these facts. But we are in an era of acceleration, where our demand for "fact" is immediate, and the demand, made with all the salivating impatience of the voyeur, is backed up with hard cash—to the tune of millions of dollars. The era of acceleration is also the era of inflation.

This impatience is a hallmark of our time, a time of super-communication media, of literacy supplemented by every imaginable audio-visual aid, a time unmatched in history in mass communication. Above all, and it is not easy to tell whether communication has fostered this or vice versa or whether they are concomitants, it is a time of voyeurism, when our appetite for the intimate detail has reached new heights—or, perhaps, new depths. We will no longer wait for the general or statesm retirement, to ponder th ments and write his me spective; we cannot let t think and re-think and jectivity, his judgments a by the presence of fles characters with public and private personalities always match. We wan history and if, say, the t mands at very least a litt time, we'll lure the king butler's sister-in-law into intimate view of the roya as viewed from the but on alternate Thursdays.

Consider our creation chester case, which has described as one of the "m controversies of literatur literally, after and since sination of President K Nov. 22, 1963, trillions of been published on the eve ing, during and immediate the tragedy. Certainly need for an "authentic" this world-shaking event would, of course, require ation of those most deepl sonally involved. Within t of the event, the Kennedy uged by requests for sup tion; the family decided single, authorized and version; William Manche tablished reporter and a chosen. And one would ha that in five—or more—would have had as "au history as a man can const his own time; that the t would be read and pon perspective current even would grow, the definit would emerge.

But the public appetit served. Suddenly the inev understandable private c erupted into the open—be denly millions of dollars volved, the "any price" will pay for "instant" histo private and public images teeter and/or topple; per guish is unlimited; char destroyed and suspicions questions are raised that answered to everyone's sa



One question can be answered, however, hopefully to our complete dissatisfaction with ourselves. The villains? Time to plead guilty, I suspect. **END**



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your borrowing

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efrigerator that
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our disposal any
or night. Now,
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But since everybody's needs are different, our ice cube factory comes in 10 different refrigerator models, from a little over 12 cubic feet to a little over 21 cubic feet.

One last thing.

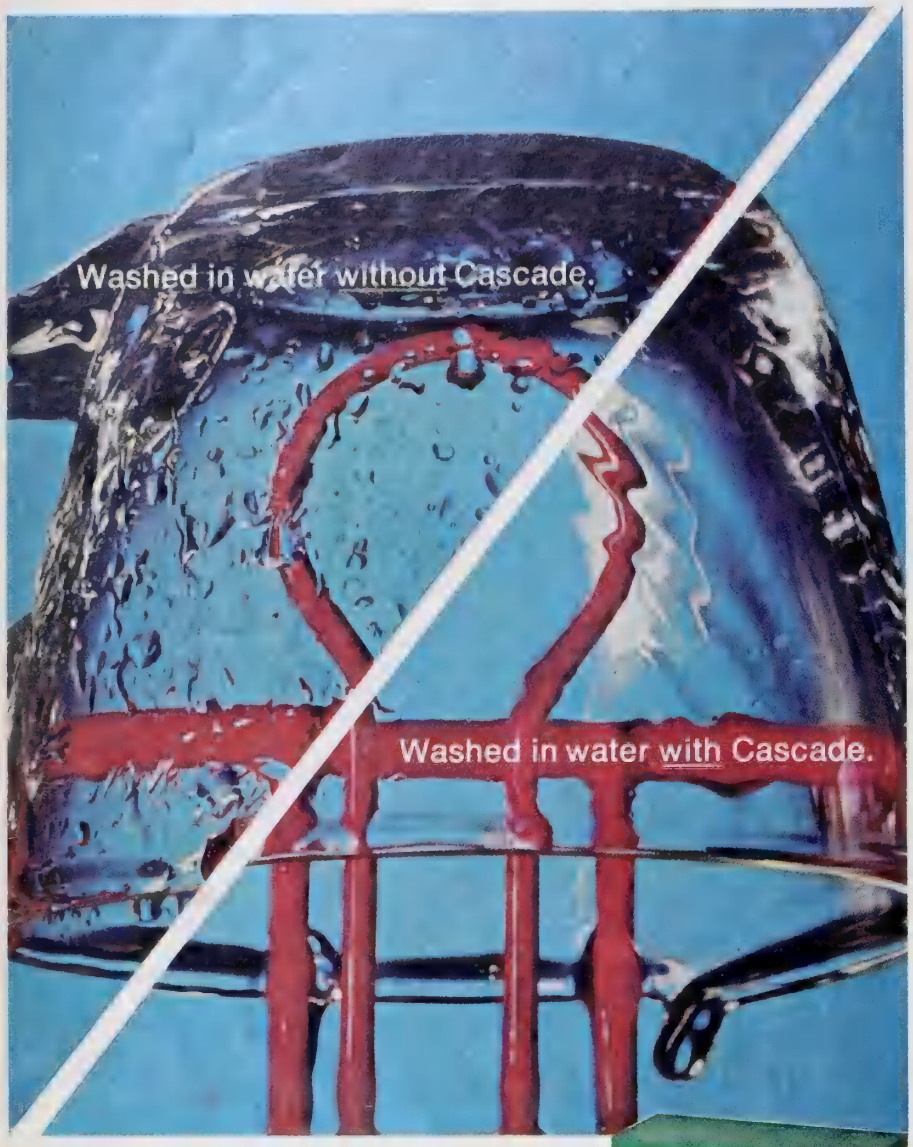
Don't worry that your ice cube factory will attract all the neighborhood ice borrowers.

You may be the last in your neighborhood to have one. (Whirlpool has sold over a million of them already.)

Whirlpool



SEE HOW CASCADE ELIMINATES DISHWASHER DROPS THAT SPOT!



Only Cascade has Chlorosheen for spotless dishes!

You discover how amazingly spotfree your dishes can be when you discover amazing Cascade with Chlorosheen! Instead of ugly spots, you get sparkle. Instead of towel touch-ups, you take your dishes straight from dishwasher to table.

Cascade's exclusive spotfighting ingredient, Chlorosheen, makes the difference. It makes water rinse off in clear sheets, so drops that spot don't form.



Try this toothpick test yourself to see how Cascade with Chlorosheen works:

A toothpick can't pry a water drop from a glass. Drop holds tight.



Toothpick is dipped into Cascade solution. Then, touched to drop.



Poof! Cascade with Chlorosheen makes the drop lose its grip!



Confessions of an Early Riser

By Barbara Walters, of N.B.C.'s *Today* Show

At 5 A.M. each weekday, a long, black limousine pulls up in front of a quiet residential building in midtown Manhattan. From the shadows of the canopied doorway, the lone figure of a woman emerges. Her hair is covered by a large kerchief, her eyes hidden by sunglasses. Quickly, she climbs into the car and it streaks off into the early-morning smog.

Where is she going, off by herself while the world sleeps? Is she meeting a lover? Smuggling diamond dust onto a waiting freighter? Attending a secret meeting of the Doris Day Look-alike Contest Winners?

No, she is riding to the N.B.C. Television Studios, because at that hour she's afraid to walk alone. And, furthermore, under the lights of television that so-exotic lady turns out to be just ordinary, everyday me, and I am Barbara Walters, also known as "the female regular" of the *Today* show and on view every day from 7 to 9 A.M.

Since few women have the dubious distinction of beginning their business day willy-nilly at 5 A.M., I have become a bit of a novelty. Oddly, however, not many people want to know my views on television after 12 years of work in the industry. Nary a soul asks me about my reportorial assignment in India with Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. Nor what I think of Princess Grace, Richard Nixon or Dr. Sam Sheppard, all of whom I have interviewed during the past year. Alas, what seems to be most compelling about me is that I keep the same hours as my milkman. Three questions I am asked (rather repeatedly)—none of which is even "How are you?" They are:

1. What time do you get up in the morning?

2. What do those crazy hours do to your marriage?

3. Wouldn't you rather stay home than work?

I would like the opportunity to answer these questions one by one, and possibly for all time.

1. I arise every weekday at 4:30 A.M. I have not ever gotten used to the hours, but, on the other hand, I have never overslept. (Knock wood.) I dress in the dark, in clothes I have laid out the night before so as not to awaken my husband. (It is true love when you continue to care for a man who sleeps while you go off to work.)

Every morning before I leave the house, I wash my hair because I want it to look shiny on camera. I also put on a bit of makeup for the sake of our cameramen, who have been in the studio since 2 A.M.

Commercials are rehearsed in the studio, but features and interviews are not, so there's an hour for my hairdresser and makeup artist to transform me from a droopy-eyed, wet-haired lump to a vision of early-morning freshness. By the way, I have a few beauty secre

Short hair looks you era and also in real life.

Mascara is more im lipstick.

White cream under cover shadows is mor than mascara.

Wigs are more trouble worth. However, most think you are wearing a hair looks good every d

Legs look prettier u close together.

Too much smiling o no reason looks goofy.

2. What do those craz marriage?

They make it more there are fewer hours t time spent together be important.

I am Mrs. Lee Gube a theatrical producer, a vinced that marriage to quite difficult if my husb extremely happy in his o success allows him to e mine. Furthermore, ther that he is the breadwin dinner late in the even Lee works late. He in t sleep until noon on we doesn't fret when I can't him to the theater at ni

In short, we both g other just a little beyon and we have made our m I think, a very special would not be everyone's

3. Would I rather stay work?

I think so, but then no ing my arm. I love to phone, to spend time mother, visit with the most of all, to sleep late. is one in a million. I never grateful for it. I used to do it for nothing, but n manager has told me I a if not downright stupid, t

But, look, of course times when the job does much . . . when I am so I feel ill, when I long to b ily or friends without i special occasion. Then, to days when I'm so busy rea editing scripts for my show, or writing special f I seem to have more hom in college days. But not derful happens without some sacrifice, and these are the choices I made.



Now then, isn't there anyone who wants to know what I think of Dr. Sam Sheppard? **END**

Dream come true for dieters...



"Dancing on this carpet is like dancing on a cloud," said Sonia.

e Persians have been making fine carpets for 3,000 years, but
en they saw Polycrest olefin, they were impressed.
onia had never seen a carpet with such deep, springy pile. "I
ld have danced all night," she said.
The Persians were quite surprised to learn that this soft, luxu-
us carpet was made with the most stain- and wear-resistant
carpet fiber in the world.

"I have seen America's miraculous fibers before," said one rug merchant, "but nothing so lovely as this."

Nobody knows more about fine carpets than the Persians.

They were impressed.

You will be, too.

agee's "Color Flair" photographed at the Colbeh in Teheran.

POLYCREST® Olefin Fiber by UNIROYAL

NAIL SAVE

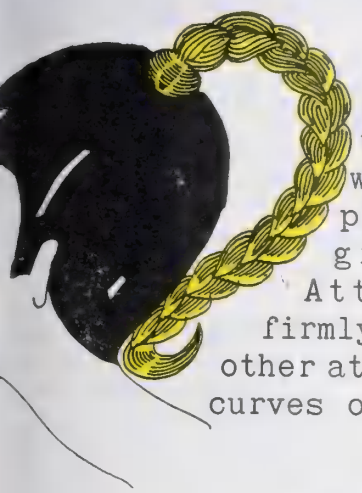
Scotties introduces the new pull-top box that doesn't break fingernails



White Pink Yello

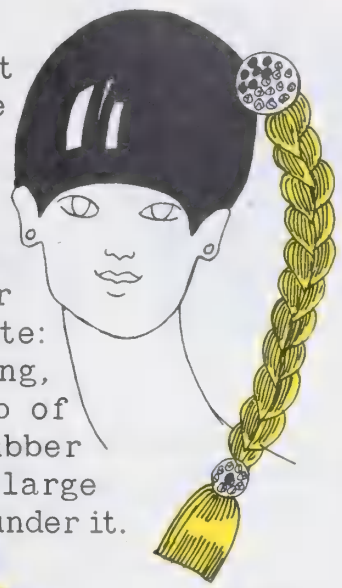
PROJECT: YOU

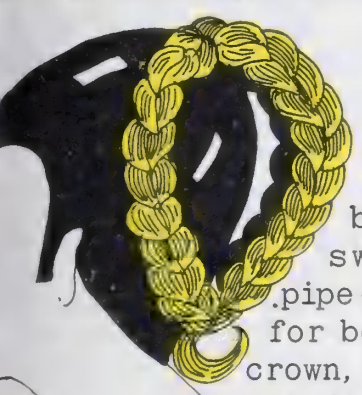
ded switches—10 to 24 inches long, synthetic—are versatile, fun to with. Here, four looks to switch on.



Braid switch with a piece of wire or bright pipe cleaners to give it body. Attach one end firmly at crown, the other at nape, so braid curves out from head.

ch a braid firmly at n, bring to one side lip with a pretty ed pin or bow. braid over one lder and finish it with a smaller ning pin or bow. Note: our own hair is long, it all up to top of n, fasten with rubber and twist into a large url. Attach braid under it.





For a loop-de-loop effect: braid several switches with pipe cleaners or wire for body. Attach at crown, looping each in a different direction, out and away from head. Join, attach at nape.

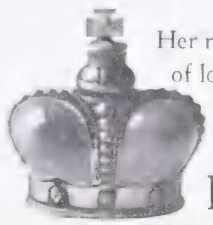
t comb hair into a pouf rown (or use a hair- e; comb your own hair it). Center 2 braids ctly in front of and attach small ers with eyelash . Loop ends of braid nd ears to back of , bend up to meet at n. Fasten. Finish back loopy curls—if hair hort, add fake curls.



ns by Richard Giglio



The perfume for the cherished woman



Her radiance is a reflection of love shared . . . a love that sustains her in all she does. This is the woman who wears Prophecy Perfume.

Prophecy

new from PRINCE MATCHABELLI

COOKING WITH Kellogg's



Oven Crusty Fish

Crisp with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs
. . . bright with Tabasco® pepper sauce

- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon water
- ¾ teaspoon Tabasco brand pepper sauce
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ pounds fish fillets, fresh or thawed frozen (flounder, cod, haddock, etc.)
- 1 cup Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or vegetable oil
- lemon wedges
- finely chopped parsley

1. Combine egg, water, Tabasco and salt; beat until blended.

2. Drain fish fillets, if necessary; then dip in egg mixture. Coat generously with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs. Place on foil-lined baking sheet. Drizzle with melted butter.

3. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 30 minutes, or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve with cut lemon wedges dipped in finely chopped parsley.

Yield: 6 servings



© 1967 by Kellogg Company

Common Measuring Mistakes



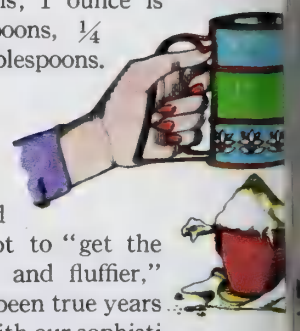
Things Your Mother Never Taught Yo

Usually our *Journal* recipes are so easy, so fail-proo even the most reckless can't ruin them. But occasionall especially in the baking department—readers report catas Most of the time the problem is muddled measuring of ingre Here are some of the most common danger spots:



1. A nest of measuring cups for the birds. Dry ingredient as flour and sugar, should be measured in these cups, wh accurately marked "1 cup cup," "⅓ cup," "¼ cup."

2. Cockeyed measuring of ingredients can be disa Always measure *at eye lev* overhead or on the table) in measuring cup—the type with at the top. For small amounts yo prefer to use a tablespoon. Worth orizing: an 8-oz. measuring cup eq tablespoons; 1 ounce is 2 tablespoons, ¼ cup is 4 tablespoons.



3. Never sift flour directly into measuring cups. Might sound convenient, but DON'T! Pockets of air may form as you sift, and this can be ruinous. Sifting is not to "get the lumps out" or "make flour finer and fluffier," as some people think. Might have been true years ago or abroad. But not any more with our sophisticated milling. Now there's a wild controversy between sifters and non-sifters. If you don't si follow faithfully the directions of your favorite of packaged flour. If you do sift, always sift piece of waxed paper or aluminum foil measuring. At the *Journal* we alwa to aerate the flour and, when necess distribute small quantities of dry in ents (salt, baking powder, spices, etc.) throughout.



4. Never pack flour down int or spoon. The right way is to l spoon or scoop into the cup. Level off the top with the edg straight-edged knife or spatula (not the flat side of the blade ONLY thing you ever pack down is brown sugar. Pack it wit back of a spoon.

5. Sky-high spoonfuls spell trouble. A too-heaping spoonful, especially of salt or baking powder, is guaranteed to mess up everything. If a recipe calls for a heaping teaspoon or tablespoon, use *two level* ones instead. By the way, table cutlery is not for measuring. Buy yourself at least two sets of standard measuring spoons. the kind that come attached to a ring. Keep them clean. Do not measure flavorings and such directly over the bowl. Might spill. And sometimes it makes life easier to know that 3 teaspoons equal 1 tablespoon.



Illustrations by J



n is more
ust a soft margarine.

® is the soft margarine
with pure liquid
er oil. That's why it's
in saturated fat,
t in polyunsaturates of
garines, stick or soft.
ncludes the corn oil ones.

ecause Chiffon is
soft with light, delicate
er oil, there's no "fatty"
rine taste ever. Chiffon's
ss lets the flavor come
h faster. Delicious
g flavor like the
sive spread."

n is more than just
margarine.
more.

CLAYTON & CO.

For the man whose wife doesn't have a maid:



The ugliest household chore is cleaning the oven. One product makes it almost easy. Jifoam. Tell her about it. Better yet, get her some. Better still, offer to clean the oven yourself. You don't even have to dirty your hands. Jifoam sprays on, uses the oven's own heat to dissolve burned-on dirt and grease. Five minutes later, wipe with a damp cloth or paper toweling and the oven will come clean. Once she discovers how great it is she'll be stuck on Jifoam for good. Stuck on you, too.

Ask your wife if she'd like a 15¢ coupon toward her next purchase of Jifoam and a booklet on how to use aerosol products correctly. She can just send her name and address to Shelco, Dept. L, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181.



Jifoam Spray Oven Cleaner

© SHELCO, INCO., 1967



Don't Let Probate Take Your Money Awa

By Norman Dace
Author of
"How to Avoid Prob

The letter on my desk is
widow—a lonely, bewildered
unable to cope with a system likely to deprive h
substantial part of the financial security that she a
late husband had scrimped to accumulate.

If the writer had not given her name and add
would have been impossible to identify her, beca
letter could have been written by any one of several
widows in America. I have heard from thousands
as a result of my book, *How to Avoid Probate*. Dur
past nine months, more than 600,000 copies hav
sold. I was gratified, but also surprised. Why should
with such a dreary title enjoy such an enormous sal
answer must be that it touched a nerve. Everywhere
country there must exist resentment against the
that widows and children pay ransom to obtain
rightfully theirs when husbands and fathers are g
you want to avoid paying the same ransom, you'd be
something about it now.

Let me tell you why and how.

Nearly everywhere in America a special court dea
the administration of estates. Its most common n
"probate" court, though it is sometimes called "orp
"chancery" or surrogate court.

When your husband dies, you will probably be t
to take his will into court and ask that it be accep
probate. The probate judge will examine it to det
that it was drawn with due regard for the legal r
ments. Satisfied, he will direct the "executor" nam
your husband to proceed with the distribution of the

If your husband has died intestate—that is, havi
no will—the state will write his will for him, and the
will appoint an "administrator" to do what the ex
would have done had your husband left a will. In
words, in the case of a person who dies having m
will, the estate is distributed in accordance with the
the state in which he lived. In this event, it is quite p
that the distribution of your husband's estate might
exactly what you and he had intended. For exam
some states a childless widow automatically gets th
$5,000 of her intestate husband's estate—and spli
rest equally with his parents.

Remember, though, that under the present syste
almost certain that your husband's estate will neec
probated whether he leaves a will or not. The will is
scrap of paper until it is carried into the probate cou
accepted.

What will probate mean to *you?*

It can mean that your husband's estate will be sub
to large fees for the lawyer, executor or adminis
appraisers and probate court.

It can mean that the estate will be tied up for an a
of two to five years—and during that time, if you're
you may be able to draw a small "widow's allowanc

Finally, if your husband was at all known in the co
nity, chances are the local paper will tell all your busi
what he left, who's going to get it, etc.

The costs of probate are high, principally beca
most areas everyone, or nearly everyone, connecte
the probate process works on commission—that is
compensation is a percentage of the total estate. In
states the *minimum* fee is prescribed by law, but n
maximum. In most areas, the actual lawyer's fee fo
bating an estate is set not by (*continued on pa*

Wow–
your wash sparkles
like magic!

(Doesn't
she know
about
Dash?)



The magic is…

Dash rids the wash of dirt before the second rinse!

e Dash rinse water test. Take a
he second rinse from a Dash wash.



2. See? Looks sparkling clear. How could there be any sudsy leftovers in your wash?



3. No wonder your wash sparkles when you use Dash!



Dash is different…concentrated power…controlled sudsing…
made especially for automatic washers.

If your shampoo doesn't match the color of your hair...

You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why not try Coiffure Italienne Color Highlight Shampoo? The one that comes in six specially blended shades. (There's one just right for you.) And without changing the color, Coiffure Italienne adds glowing highlights to your hair. Now don't you feel silly using ordinary shampoos?



Coiffure Italienne
Color Highlight Shampoo
by Max Factor

statute but by a private organization—the local, county or state bar association. On small estates of $10,000–$20,000, the fees can run up to 20 percent of the total estate. On estates of, say, $100,000, the costs run to 10 percent. On larger estates, they will be a smaller percentage.

In this country we have a graduated system of taxes on incomes and estates. The larger the income or estate, the higher the percentage of tax levied against it. In probate, we have a graduated tax, too. It is graduated the other way, though: the burden falls heaviest on those who can least afford it.

If a man dies leaving $10 million, and loses one million of it in probate, his family has enough to get along on. But the bite is still felt.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's estate was $1,940,000. The probate costs ran to 11 percent—over $200,000.

Gertrude Strong Achilles, whose family helped finance the Eastman Kodak Company, died in Morgan Hill, Calif., leaving $11 million. The probate system siphoned off 11 percent of her estate, too.

Robert Sterling Clark died in New York leaving $84 million. The administration expenses were $856,747, the executor's fee was $2,965,683, and the lawyer got $1 million!

The highest-paid judges in America are the probate judges, particularly where they receive a percentage of the estate. In some states probate judges earn more than the governor.

Among lawyers, probate practice is regarded as simple and lucrative. Western Reserve University, in a study among a large number of lawyers specializing in that field, noted that most agreed the work was largely a matter of making out the right forms. Many acknowledged that their office clerks did most of that. *The New York Times* quoted a prominent probate attorney as saying that, while legal fees for drawing wills are small, "the real money is in handling the estate after the death of the principal." Not long ago, Senator Robert Kennedy observed that "the probate court is shot through with scandal, scandal which has been documented over the years," and cited the case of an attorney who received a fee of $1,000 from a $1,400 estate.

In most areas appraisers are appointed by the probate court to appraise the value of estates, and this is a favorite source of political patronage. Appraiserships are also used to take care of relatives and friends. In Cincinnati the probate judge recently appointed his brother-in-law as an appraiser of numerous estates. His fee on one was $36,000. One son-in-law got a fee of $6,584, another drew down $1,700. The judge's golf partner, an attorney, collected $3,400. Another friend collected $7,000 on one appraisership, $36,000 on another. The wives of three probate court employees turned up as the appraisers whom the judge appointed on still another estate.

Some states have official state appraisers. In California this political plum pays up to $60,000 per year, and the appraisers are not even professionals. If the estate includes antiques or other items that are not routine, the official appraisers call in professionals to do the job—and their services are paid for by the estate in addition to those of the political appraisers.

Court-appointed administrators are another source of woe to heirs. These are generally local lawyers or politicians appointed under the patronage system.

In a Chicago probate case that recently came to my attention, the deceased was a man who died, as he had lived: quietly. In his furnished room he left behind a few worn clothes and six books. He also left $12,000 in a savings-bank account. There was no will, and his sole legal heir was a niece in New York. The probate judge appointed a local lawyer as administrator. He immediately hired a second lawyer to advise him. A few weeks later, he hired a third lawyer to help with legal problems. They sold the six books for $1.79, but first they paid one of their friends $27 to "appraise" them. The niece in New York wrote 11 letters to the administrator. None was answered. Finally, this undisputed heir went to a lawyer in New York and asked what she should do to collect the estate. He wrote to still another lawyer in Chicago and asked him to write to the administrator. Finally five lawyers were involved, and they collected 15 percent of the estate in fees. Yet they could not even pay the Illinois state taxes on time, so the estate (that is, the heir) was charged an extra $350 in penalty and interest.

In Chicago one weekend to debate the probate system with legal specialists, I described this case on two radio and two television programs. On Wednesday, the niece in New York received a check for what was left of the estate—*5½ years after her uncle had died!*

The appointment of "special guardians" can be another shocking aspect of the probate system. A Westchester County man described to me how his two children had each received a $1,000 bequest in the will of their maternal grandmother. The probate judge refused to allow the executor to pay the money to the parents. Instead, he named two local lawyers as "special guardians" of the children. The executor delivered a check for $1,000 to each of the lawyers. Each deducted a $250 fee and handed the $750 balance to the parents. Neither performed any service whatever.

In Manhattan, there are two probate judges. Recently, one named the 30-year-old lawyer son of the other as special guardian for 35 infants who were beneficiaries of a multimillion-dollar trust. When newspapermen suggested that the appointment might be subject to criticism and asked him why he'd made it, he reported he'd done it as a wedding present for the young man.

Not long ago the newspapers told of the plight of a woman in Utah who had applied to the county welfare board for aid because she was down to her last 35 cents. Five years ago, her father died and left her $546,000. She hadn't been able to lay her hands on a penny of it, and it looked as if it might be another five years before anything was available.

Within the legal profession the abuses of probate are being increasingly recognized. Professor William J. Pierce, of the University of Michigan Law School, says: "Sooner or later some of your own family's money will be involved. It's time we found out just what part of the billions going through those courts sticks to the fingers of politicians and court appointees. Then we must find a way to put an end to this legal extortion."

As a professional estate planner, I became aware some years ago of the injustices of the system and of the existence of a simple legal device that would avoid them. The device is called the or "living" trust.

Many persons are familia "testamentary" trust, which ated through a will. A man example, that after his death is to be delivered to the X Company, which is to pay his income as long as she lives an tribute the estate among hi The only trouble with this ar is that it doesn't begin to fun the will has cleared probate.

The *inter vivos* or "living" t into being while the individ alive. He can serve as his ow with the beneficiary named a trustee, or he can name a bank The arrangement is complete the jurisdiction of the prob Some years ago, I began tell about it.

Two years ago, the Grieva mittee of the Fairfield Count Bar Association went into Court and obtained an injunct ing me to stop telling peop avoid probate. I felt that th abridgment of my constitutio free speech and of the public know. I decided that if I co people how to avoid probat write a book that they could thus learn about it.

Quite naturally, the book h up in arms. For one thing, ma don't understand exactly wha *vivos* trust is or how it works. learn, however. The American ciation is distributing a trai narrated by A. James Casne the Harvard Law School, to associations to educate memb advantages and mechanics of

The reaction of banks to the been mixed. The *inter vivos* tr which it supplies, provide for ficiary to serve as successor tru arrangement doesn't require a executor—and banks that pro services are miffed.

So be it.

My purpose here has been you aware of the dangers to your security that may lie ahe

If you are married, leave no turned to persuade your husb plore immediately the steps take to insure that you will n the probate system's victim. I persuade you that the *inter v* isn't "legal" in your state. everywhere. Don't let anyone it isn't "suitable" for you. several forms of living trust, a them—unless you own absolu ing—can be suitable. Search find an attorney who will dra you, and be wary of opinions person who might lose an exec if you have a living trust.

If you're a widow, it's too la to do anything about your l estate—but you can make su doesn't happen all over agai own estate.

Finally, if you are a single w me warn you that my own e with the probate system sugg the estates of single persons are victimized, both while they are after they are gone.

Married, widowed or sing you'd better beware.

Have I frightened you? I ho have. It's a frightening subject can do something about it.

Anti-
-avity

and new formula helps reduce cavities.
he happy stripes keep the kids brushing.

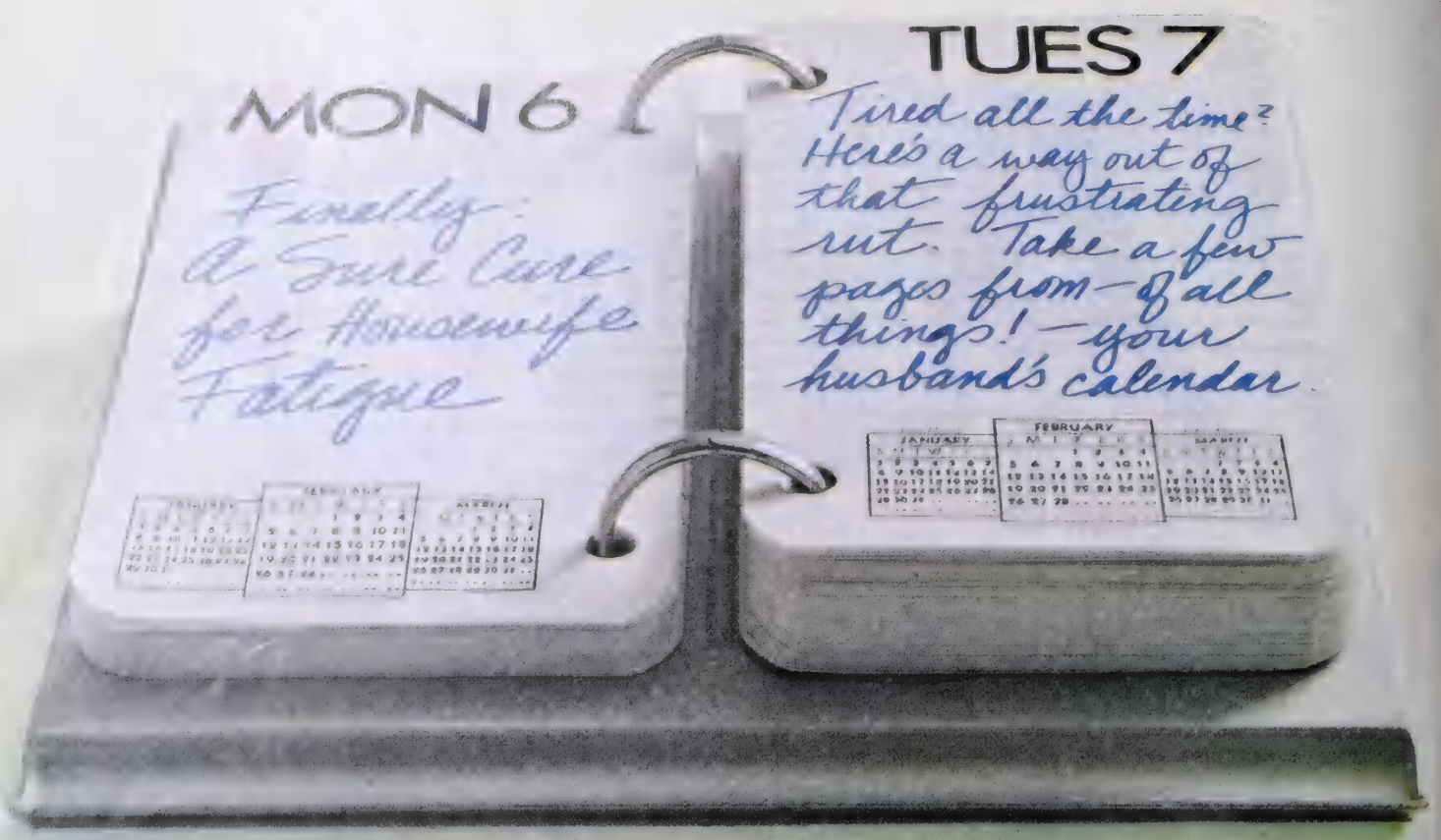
Now the toothpaste kids choose is the one they should use.

"New Super STRIPE has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care."

The Council on Dental Therapeutics · American Dental Association



Make Super Stripe a part of your anti-cavity program · Regular dental checkups · Watch between-meal treats · Brush after meals.



By Walter E. O'Donnell, M.D.

The young housewife sat hunched in a chair in my office. Her head was supported by her hand—almost as if it wouldn't stay upright by itself. Her voice was small, low and monotonous. She was 30 years old, looked 45, and acted like 65.

"Oh, Doctor," she said, "I don't know what's the matter with me." A deep, deep sigh, then: "I'm so tired."

The diagnosis was obvious from her face, the dispirited way in which she heaved herself into the chair in my office, the tone of her voice. She would, of course, have a complete physical examination and a few laboratory tests, but there was little doubt about her major problem.

She was suffering from psychogenic fatigue, sometimes called nervous exhaustion, or "the tired housewife syndrome."

Why? Why does the American housewife feel so tired—sitting at her kitchen table at mid-morning, toying with her cup of coffee, surrounded by her push-button world of labor-saving devices, with money and credit cards in her pocketbook, and her own car parked in the driveway?

"I don't understand," says one vigorous woman in her thirties. "I can be up at four A.M., get the family organized, and take a two-hour drive to ski country. We drive home at the end of the day, and I'm still going strong. I'll admit," she says with a grin, "I'm pretty pooped when I get to bed. But I wake up in the morning feeling marvelous—until the middle of the morning. After a few hours of doing things that aren't one-tenth as tiring as skiing, I'm exhausted."

Another housewife explains, "You know when I really feel good? During spring cleaning! I can really let myself go then. I have a woman come in and help me for a few days. We clean and scrub, rearrange furniture, change curtains and generally tear the house apart. When we're done," she says blissfully, "you'd hardly know the house!"

As these two women point out, fatigue under certain circumstances can be a pleasant experience and, after a good night's sleep, can have a renewing, invigorating effect.

But most of the tired women who pass through my office seldom notice the discrepancy between the fatigue from their ordinary day's work and the totally different fatigue that follows doing something they really enjoy.

As if this pervasive fatigue were not bad enough, our tired housewife is distressed by other considerations. First, she feels isolated and peculiar. It is hard for her to believe that anybody else could have anything like this. "You mean other women feel as bad as I do?" she asks incredulously. Secondly, the housewife's fatigue may be accompanied by other symptoms. She may suffer from headaches, dizziness, indigestion, backache, or bowel disorders. Thirdly, the tired housewife is usually in a state of great anxiety, almost panic.

"You can't tell me there isn't something wrong with me," she exclaims defiantly. "Nobody could feel as bad as I do and not have something serious the matter." The emphasis is on the word "serious." The implied but unspoken adjective is "fatal."

Are you one of these women, dragging from one gray day to another, pushing yourself by sheer force of willpower to do the things you know you have to do?

If you're a tired woman, married to a tired man, and you're in the process of raising tired children, you may not find what I have to say very helpful. But psychogenic or emotional fatigue is less common among men. And I find that pointing this out to women, and analyzing some of the reasons why this should be true, may help pull them out of their doldrums.

Often this discrepancy between how wives feel and act, and how their husbands feel and act is one of the things that bring women to the doctor. Indeed it is one of their major laments: "Why can't I feel the way my husband does? I'm beginning to get him down. I'm no fun anymore, he says. Never want to go anywhere or do anything."

I don't mean to imply that fatigue isn't a problem with men. Some of the tiredest specimens of humanity I've ever seen were men. But it is a less frequent problem. Let's consider why this is true.

Men live under the pressure of an inflexible schedule. From the time they get behind the wheel of their car, catch the 8:05, or join their car pool they are on this timetable. They have to be at work at a certain time. There are appointments, conferences, phone calls and interviews, all on a busy schedule.

Aside from the first frantic hour or two of their day that is devoted to getting their husbands and children off to work and school, most women have no genuine schedule, no framework in which to accomplish their considerable work load. A generation or two ago tradition decreed one day for washing, one for ironing, another for cleaning, a fourth for baking, and so on. Nowadays, most women's days are marked by a kind of aimless improvisation. Impulse and inclination replace scheduling. A man may think he would like to work this way, too. But he is bound by the routines and schedules of others. A woman is a free agent. She knows that she can postpone Tuesday's work to Wednesday, and nobody will be the wiser.

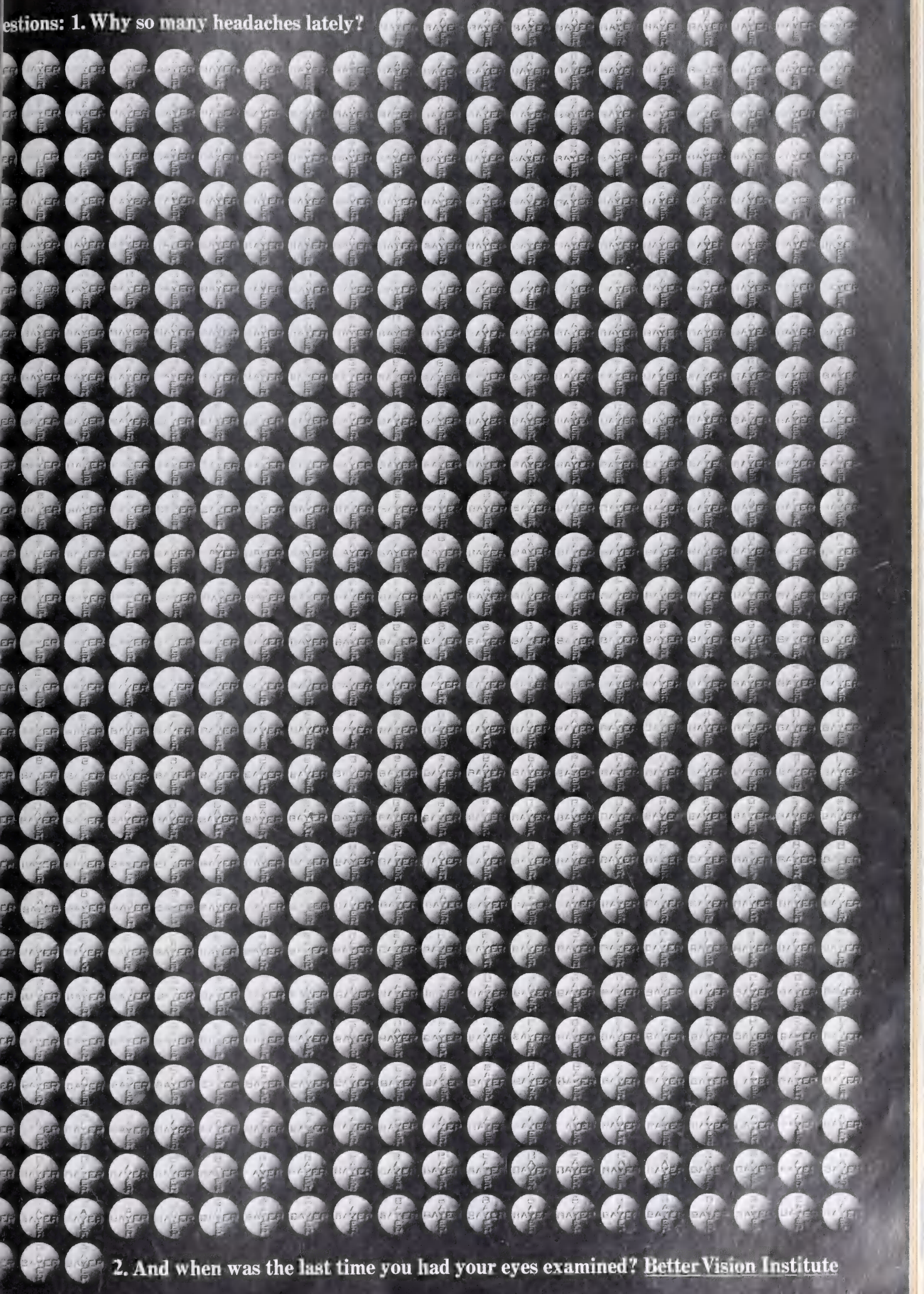
The tired housewife *can* learn from her husband on this one. But when confronted with a recommendation that they live on a schedule, most women either throw up their hands at the thought, or they insist that they already live on a schedule. Very seldom does either reaction reflect the facts.

Putting a woman on a schedule, I find, is something like putting her on a diet. One of the real keys to success is getting her committed on paper. Yet, getting her to write it down is the one thing she most resists. "I'd feel silly having to check the bulletin board every time I wanted to do something," protests one housewife.

I will only say that the most defeating, depressing and fatiguing time of the day for the woman who has no schedule is that moment when she sits in her kitchen over her second cup of coffee and says to herself, "What shall I do today?" The possibilities are literally endless. The day yawns before her. Without a plan or schedule she is licked before she starts. (*continued on page 76*)

Photos courtesy [illegible]

estions: 1. Why so many headaches lately?



2. And when was the last time you had your eyes examined? Better Vision Institute

10 Minute Jewelry Test...



Shows How To Clean Dentures



Special "fast-soak" formula cleans your costly dentures like fine jewelry

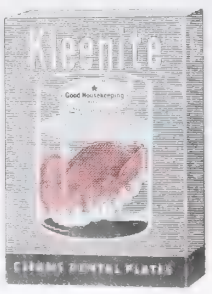
Modern dentures are like fine jewelry—expensive and easy to damage. In fact, recent tests prove dentures are 15 times *softer* than natural teeth.

That's why more and more dentists now suggest soaking dentures clean in easy-to-use KLEENITE instead of hard brushing with scratchy pastes and abrasive powders.

KLEENITE cleans costly dentures like fine jewelry. (For proof, give your jewelry a 10-minute dip in KLEENITE and see how effectively it soaks away stain!)

That's because KLEENITE combines 3 different stain-removing actions: (1) solvent; (2) detergent; (3) oxidizer. It *soaks* away discolorations without scratching—soaks away even dingy film and smoke stains. Helps restore original whiteness.

Dentists have discovered that just soaking your dentures in KLEENITE beats even the hardest brushing with any ordinary dentifrice. So start today to clean your costly dentures like fine jewelry...with KLEENITE. Now at all drug counters.



More Dentists Now Give KLEENITE To Denture Patients

A survey of dentists—all of whom have had an opportunity to try KLEENITE—shows more dentists recommending KLEENITE than any other denture cleanser.

Chewing Efficiency of FALSE TEETH Improved Up To 35%

Clinical tests prove you may now chew better, eat faster—make your dentures average up to 35% more effective—if you sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. FASTEETH is the famous powder that holds false teeth more firmly so they feel more comfortable. It's **alkaline**. No gooey, pasty taste. Checks embarrassing "plate odor." Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH at all drug counters.

Actually, there should be several schedules. A plan for weekdays, another for Saturday and Sunday, a plan of the week, and one for the month.

The basic plan of the day for weekdays must make room for basic things: getting the children up and off to school; planning, preparing and serving meals and cleaning up afterward; checking children's homework or just plain spending some time with them; a period devoted to talking the day over with your husband; and, of course, a slot of time for you to have to yourself.

The plan for Saturdays and Sundays is a highly personal thing, peculiar to each family. For the housewife there are the usual "musts" on this schedule, but it is different because the children and husband are home.

A plan of the week could designate times for shopping, laundry, Scout meetings, piano lessons, and so on.

I well remember the reaction of one young housewife to whom I suggested a schedule. For one thing, it made her drop her mask of lethargy. She shot me a you've-got-to-be-kidding look and animatedly began to list reasons why the idea would never work. Nobody ever agreed more reluctantly to give something a try than she did.

Two weeks later she came in displaying some enthusiasm for the scheme. "We have it posted in the kitchen," she said, "and now my husband and the kids keep an eye on it, and give me a hard time if I try to do anything out of order," she said with a laugh.

The important thing about a schedule is that the housewife has to walk a fine line between living on a schedule and becoming a prisoner of it. It is supposed to solve problems, not create them. It must be flexible and reflect your needs.

Men have bosses, deadlines and quotas. Most men have somebody to whom they are accountable for what kind of job they do. A better source of stimulation, motivation and momentum has never been devised. A woman, aside from obvious standards such as satisfactory meals, house in halfway decent condition and children more or less in hand, has no specific criteria to go by. Even more important, there is no one to apply them. She is accountable only to herself. Most women I know set impossibly high standards, and never succeed in living up to them. And woe betide the husband who takes it upon himself to act as enforcer and evaluator.

A housewife can simulate the technique of the business world. She can be her own boss, set her own deadlines, assign her own quotas, and expect many of the same benefits. It takes a bit of doing, but it is worth the effort.

It boils down to two procedures: first, live on a schedule, and then, assign a set of realistic priorities to the tasks that really have to be done.

You must face the fact that you can set up an almost unlimited number of tasks, yet there is only a limited time for performing them. Obviously, decisions have to be made on what comes first, what comes next, and what gets done only if and when there is time.

Few women assign realistic priorities. They treat their day like a gigantic grab bag; they reach in blindly and pull out a job at random. They work furiously at this until they just can't spare any more time on it. Then they leave it, perhaps half-done, and move on to something else. At the day's end they find themselves with some jobs done, some half-done, and some poorly done or not done at all. These are then carried over as a source of guilt and frustration.

Obviously, cleaning the kitchen cabinets, taking the children to see grandmother, turning the mattresses, doing the laundry, putting photographs in the family album, pruning the rose bushes, organizing a cake sale for the church, cannot all enjoy the same priority (although, of course, mixing in a few unessential but pleasant tasks in the day's assignments spices things up and should not be overlooked).

"You know," said one patient, "I'm much more realistic now. I concentrate on what I really think I can and should do in the amount of time I have available—and I do my best to forget the rest. If one item keeps popping up on my list and never seems to get done, I take a good hard look at it. Then I either do that job or cross it off my list so it won't nag at me anymore."

Men have to start off their day clean and properly dressed. Public opinion demands that when a man goes out to face the world he look the part for his job, whatever it is.

One young housewife told me how she took a tip from her husband: "One morning I was saying good-bye to Bill at the door and I was thinking how nice he looked in the shirt I'd ironed. Then I looked at myself, still in my nightgown, slippers and old housecoat. What a pair we made! I made up my mind I was going to start my day looking as presentable as he. I have ever since, and it's done wonders for my morale."

The lesson is obvious. Take a tip from this housewife who took a tip from her husband.

Men live in at least two worlds. Usually they have 16 hours daily and two days weekly away from their jobs. They are in contact with the outside world as well as with home and family. The two worlds make for a nice balance. One is a refuge from the other. The change of scenery, characters and script can be like a tonic. When the going gets rough at work, there is always an end point when he will head home to his other world. Next morning, if everything is going wrong, the kids are impossible, and his wife is threatening to go home to mother, the man can in good conscience flee this scene of anarchy because "somebody's got to go out and bring home the money to support all of this." He knows from experience that, when he returns, order will somehow have been brought out of chaos, and harmony restored.

The lesson to be learned is so obvious that I am sometimes reluctant to point it out to patients. Furthermore, it arouses hostility in some women. "Here I am without an extra minute," they say, "and you're suggesting that I get out more and develop outside interests! If I were to do that, I'd fall so far behind I'd never catch up!"

I remember once getting exasperated with a young mother I will call Betty. Week after week she complained how tired she felt and how her work was never done. She was a woman with average responsibilities and problems, but she was super-conscientious and never accomplished everything the way she thought it should be done. Worse, she was a victim of an "indispensable-woman complex"—nobody could do it right but herself.

I finally gave her a choi
either you get out of that
least half a day a week or I
send you to a psychiatrist
taking a year to get to know
as I do, will undoubtedly
the same thing. Take a cours
art or interior decorating. I
cost you a few dollars in tui
portation, and baby-sitting
you'll find it a bargain com
psychiatrist."

Betty took my advice,
though she was still occasio
her friends found that her c
was a lot more interesting
been when she had only tw
home and family.

*Men can—or at least think
change jobs if they want t*
option may in reality be
fantasy. The man in quest
middle-aged, possessed of mo
with nothing to offer but 2
perience checking invoices.
stuck where he is until th
party when he gets the gold
that doesn't stop him from c
grandiose moments of self-as
decision: "One of these day
to chuck this job and start
own," he says.

This is just so much vent
it is theoretically within th
possibility. It serves a useful
providing an outlet for ang
tion and resentment. But wo
dulge in no such fantasy.
frozen in their jobs for th
and they know it. They
Harry Truman's famous c
you can't stand the heat, ge
kitchen," but they know th
tive is not available to them

Well, if women can't get
kitchen, they can be happier
fighting it. As the famous p
William James, once noted:
pretensions is as blessed a
get them gratified."

A doctor plays many role
with his patients. One of th
he least enjoys is being a
about other people's trouble
ber one sad-eyed young hou
found herself climbing wea
through life. I pointed out th
her worries were simple p
everyday living, which we
"That's life," as the old cli
and no amount of complaini
ful thinking is likely to chan

A few weeks later she can
see me. "After our little t
home and sat down and tall
self—inside, you know," she
nally I said to myself, 'This
it's going to be and you mi
make the best of it, stop fe
for yourself, and count your
That's all there was to it. I s
that was my trouble all al
guess I never really faced up

*A man's problems in the bus
tend to be more clear-cut and*
least they are out in the o
they can be seen. The boss w
thing done, and so he tells th
what and when. A salesman h
customers to call on. The fact
has so many hours to work
items to turn out. It is all
well defined. But the housew
lems tend to be less clear

The lesson from the male w
always easy to apply. It com
a question of isolating,



First
and only ones
guaranteed five years.

Draperies of PPG fiber glass

Only PPG guarantees you draperies that will stay good as new until at least 1972. What more could you ask for? Plenty: Fashion-fresh weaves, colors, prints. Easy upkeep—gentle laundering, no ironing, ever. Colors that stay vibrant, resist fading. Permanent fit—no shrink, sag, or stretch. You get all this beauty and practicality—guaranteed for five years—when you buy draperies with the PPG Plus-5 Guarantee. Look for them at your favorite department store or drapery shop. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Fiber Glass Division, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

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The Hair Scare is over.

Women keep trying new things on their hair.

And men keep on saying: "Good grief! What have you done to yourself?"

It's scary.

Now there's Kolestral.

It's the hair conditioner that undoes the damage "doing things" can do to a woman's hair. Movie stars, models, TV personalities, career women, fashionable housewives—know all about us.

You may have noticed that these kinds of women are never "scared" about their hair.

Now we're letting you in on their sceret.

How does it work?

When you apply it to shampooed and rinsed hair, Kolestral goes deep into the hair shaft. That's Kolestral's big advantage. Most other conditioners merely coat the surface of the hair.

Deep inside the hair shaft, Kolestral fills up any porous openings. Strengthens every split end. Smooths each broken shaft. If hair is dry, deep-working Kolestral makes it lustrous. If it's limp, Kolestral gives it bounce. If it's frizzy, Kolestral makes it smooth. There's nothing fake about Kolestral. It's the real McCoy. Your hair looks soft and beautiful because now it is soft and beautiful. Your hairdresser recommends it, your hair depends on it. Get a tube of Kolestral. The Hair Scare is over the minute you do.

WELLA



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HOUSEWIFE FATIGUE *continued*

identifying and analyzing the fatigue-producing factors in your life.

I recall one woman who came in complaining of frustrating fatigue among other things. I asked her if any particular situation was bothering her. She said no. The next time I saw her she looked much improved. "You know, a funny thing happened after my last visit here," she said. "The next day I got out my broom and mop and stood there, halfway between the kitchen and the living room, and tried to decide where to begin. The plumber was on his hands and knees in the kitchen, trying once again to get our sink going. I looked at that shabby wallpaper in the living room and those draperies that I've never really liked. I stood there with my chin resting on my broom and I realized that there *was* something very particular bothering me. My house is a mess." Having identified her problem, she went to work on it.

One of my patients came up with a good way of measuring progress in time. "Twice a year—once around New Year's and again around the end of the school year—I sit down with pencil and paper," she told me. "I make a list of all the things that bother me, then I take out the list I made up about six months before. It always amazes me to see how many of the old problems have been solved or at least improved and how many have just sort of disappeared."

Recognizing and defining the problem does not always lead to an immediate solution, but it does tend to reduce it to more manageable proportions.

Men have less time for introspection and self-analysis. As George Bernard Shaw once said, "The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not." Men generally live in the world of people and action. No time to daydream; there is work to be done.

Not that women have an oversupply of leisure time, but the nature of a woman's life and work certainly lends itself more to introspection. She is often by herself for hours, or else she is an adult alone in a children's world. Many of her tasks tend to be repetitive, monotonous and not mentally demanding—the kind that she can daydream her way through. By and large, excessive introspection is nothing more than a bad habit, but it is a tough one to break. Merely telling a person to "think cheerful thoughts" is not likely to help.

Here again, scheduling the day *can* help. By alternating pleasant with unpleasant jobs and solitary with social tasks, one can provide for diversity and avoid boredom. Even so, women tell me that their minds keep drifting back to the same problems they have turned over in their minds a thousand times.

When this is the case I tell my patients they must, by an act of real willpower, turn their thoughts to other subjects forcibly—much in the way they would crank the dial of the TV set to another station. It helps, too, of course, to fill up your mind with thoughts of other things—a new book just read, a new adult-education course that you are taking, or any topic carrying a positive rather than a negative emotional charge.

I remember one chronic fretter whom I put on a program of "worry sessions" three times daily. She was under strict orders to sit down three times and for five minutes devote heartedly to worrying could over as many p could squeeze in. When were up, she had to get work, and postpone any ing until the next regu "worry break." "After a ceded, "I found that it same old stuff each tim to dawn on me how making myself over thi never happen or that I co

Men's work at home women's. If you talked band you'd wonder why hausted. He rushes hom day's work, has a quick perhaps works until bedt what his wife says: "Sure hard, but he's doing wha He loves to work with moaned and groaned abo recreation room in the ba really enjoyed every min he's all done, he really ha show for it. Everybody house admires his recrea

For the woman, the labors are seldom so visi if ever, is she accorded s and approval. Yet she wisdom of Thoreau's ad runs at you, whistle for

Making the best of th can carry one only so far your world is almost int you can't farm out the jo else. As one woman co "I hate to admit it, but about housework that to me than anything else w bathrooms. I found mys the job, always thinking else to do first. Finally I g come in for a few hours you guessed it, her first j rooms. I get such a lift o I don't have to do them t to cut back other expense

Men are generally more fatigue. If they are actua tend to talk about it le front of other men. Some they do not consider it plaint, and may even rega of decreasing virility. seem to have no such inh seem to derive satisfactio when they hear from so almost as tired as they ar

One formerly tired ho shamefacedly admitted, portant thing I did towa of that tired feeling was my morning coffee break door neighbor. I thought Instead, as I look back realize that by listening t tired she was I was exposi contagious disease. I cau ness the way you catch a

So my number-one a tired housewives is: Don't The more you talk about tired you will make your more you open up on the more you will get as a p tired friends. If you keep to yourself and think and cally, it's surprising how self will go along.

Not all of these generali to your husband—or to yo but probably the majority learn from your not-so- It's worth a try.

Softred vinyl by Ruberoid. Only ooks expensive.

shioned for refoot comfort l quiet!

o was created for lively fam- on a budget. Designed like World hand-set tile. Tough, vinyl surface. Colors stay t! As carefree and as scrub- s a floor can be. Seam-free o-wall, in rooms up to 12'

this and a cushion under- too! Little bare feet (and) will enjoy Softred's bliss- rmth. An interlayer of foam the surface yields on im- then comes back. (see mag- cross-section of 3 layers). ns noise, helps hide dents neven floors.



Yields *. . . then back it comes*

l the high style patterns and in Softred vinyl at your roid flooring dealer. (His is in the Yellow Pages under rs.") He's also headquarters her high style patterns in roid sheet vinyl and vinyl os floor tile. Softred is avail- n Canada, too.

more details write to The roid Co., Fullerton, Pa. Dept. LHJ-47

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That's what Naturally Blonde is for.

It not only gives you soft, glowing color. But it conditions your hair, to make it all the more soft. And week after week, your shade stays exactly the same. It won't fade. Even if you douse your head in the Atlantic or Pacific.

And that's not all. With Naturally Blonde, we've found a way to make blonding as natural as washing your hair. After lightening, you simply shampoo it in. In minutes, it gives you the smooth even coverage you want.



The only hard part is when you have to decide which of our 12 beautiful blondes you want to be.

The new shampoo-in toner by Clairol.

Even the Atlantic Ocean can't wa
Naturally Blonde* out of your ha

*TM

The Dream

by H. A. HARTWICK

ing to the heart and mind, as Anne Morrow Lindbergh did in her able book, "Gift from the Sea," a thoughtful writer points the way ppiness and peace so rare today. You may need to read this twice.

---

orld we live in, though an illusion, was surely intended to be so. neant to be exactly what it is, a realm of relativity and unreality. n, as he is constituted, could not live in a real world, which would entirely of absolutes.

e, for instance, absolute knowledge. Knowledge in our world is incomplete, hat causes much of our pain and fear. But without this blindfold of ignorance, d not exist. None of us could endure unless we were, in some degree, d from full, total knowledge of ourselves and the world around us. man is allowed to see his own birth; he would be scarred by the memory. Life, in its wise way, also hides from us e and details of our death. And what torture if we were see our own face all the time—as if in a mirror—while we talk with others. All day long we would read there thers see, realizing the disparity between how we d how we think, and knowing the insincerity des behind our most honest moments.

thermore, some degree of ignorance is ry to keep us from spreading our attention so at we fall into confusion and, by knowing ow nothing.

n absolute knowledge of our future here on ould be insupportable. If you were told uld be struck by an automobile three days ow, and by staying indoors you avoided rediction would thus have been proved untrue, prediction. If the prediction were correct, then you ot avoid the fate if you tried, so knowing it would use to you. If you really knew the future absolutely, uld know something you couldn't elude, and in stances this knowledge would be harrowing. nust live in uncertainty in order to live at all. ing known about the future has, in a way, y happened. If, for example, you knew re going to die *(continued on page 147)*



1966 by H. A. Hartwick. Excerpted from the book, "The Dream," twick, published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

Illustration by Gervasio Gallardo

The Nuns That Quit

A rebellion—quiet but significant—is raging in America's convents. Nuns are leaving in record numbers, 3,600 last year alone. In this unprecedented report, these women speak frankly about why they left, and what has happened to them since then.

By Robert Blair Kaiser

wanted to be a wife and mother."
Elroy (below), "and I saw that God had
feelings." Now she's married
by daughters.



She is a trim, small woman with a vibrant face and expressive dark eyes. She does an imaginative job of running Webster College, one of the nation's leading liberal arts schools for women. She helped organize the poverty pro-
tion Headstart, and took part in
ts march on Selma, Ala. Meeting
ossible to guess that she has just
gh one of the most overwhelming
spiritual crises that a woman can

year, however, after nearly 20
Sisters of Loretto, 40-year-old nun
rennan relinquished her canonical
rty, Chastity and Obedience and
an Catholic order. The press er-
med her departure a "defection,"
ly applied only to those nuns who
way. But Jacqueline Grennan did
made the decision with the bless-
ne from Pope Paul VI to her own
she retained her post as president
ollege. But even so, forsaking her
s! That caused a mighty stir.
just don't do this.
? Last year, thousands of other
ctly the same thing. According to
ates, at least 3,600 professed sis-
convents for good. These were
novices or postulants, but mature
ad taken their vows and served
r years. Most importantly, they
because they did not want to be
y longer—but because they did.
rnal, I have just talked to dozens
ers from coast to coast. Reluc-
, then ardently, they unburdened
st thoughts—many of them speak-
rst time of their personal ordeal
t promise ahead. These frank con-
e the most provocative I have
ey gave me the opportunity to re-
irst time the words and emotions
men reborn and revitalized, ener-
burning with a renewed sense of
vant women whose faith remains
ite what they have been through;
men who now see their lives in a
never dreamed possible. Here are
hings they told me:
ught I'd be more of a Christian if
d of saying that I want what
, I began to feel that the good
might be the same as what Christ

e free, to be able to live my own
v life is new. It's like being a
y in a fifty-year-old body. Before,

I didn't know what it meant to be a citizen of the United States."

- "I had to leave the convent to do what I entered it to do—live for others."
- "Being a sister is great when you are young. But once you start observing the older sisters, you begin to see where it all leads. I started to wonder how long it would take me to become as bitter as some of them."

The alarming rise in the number of nuns leaving their orders is a little-known and poorly understood aspect of the revolution now sweeping world Catholicism, for only recently have the winds of change begun to drift through American convents. Then, too, nuns have been shrouded in a seemingly impenetrable mystique for centuries. "We are," says one American sister, with exasperation, "the last symbol of the everlastingness of things." A rebellion by these patient, dedicated, selfless women once seemed impossible. Yet that is precisely what is happening.

It began in the winter of 1962–63, when the spark of the Second Vatican Council caught fire around the world, when, in his memorable encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, Pope John XXIII preached a modern revolution of truth, justice, freedom and love. That same winter, a remarkable book appeared, called *The Nun in the World*. Written by Belgium's Cardinal Suenens, considered one of the Church's leading progressives, it called upon nuns everywhere to emerge from their convents and play a more active role in easing the tensions and problems not only of the Roman Catholic Church, but of all mankind.

"A community of nuns often gives the impression of being a fortress whose drawbridge is only furtively and fearfully lowered," wrote Cardinal Suenens. "Her world shrinks, and, if she is not careful, will end up no more than a few square yards in size. . . . The religious of today appears to the faithful to be out of touch with the world as it is, an anachronism."

Cardinal Suenens' book swiftly became, according to the Catholic scholars Edward Wakin and Father Joseph F. Scheuer, "a manifesto for progressive-thinking nuns in America." More and more, these sisters had grown restive struggling to lower the drawbridges of their nunnery-fortresses. They began to ask sharp questions. Sister Charles Borromeo Muckenhirn, a leader in the fight for reform, wondered whether nuns' lives could be made "as human as marriage, as relevant as civil rights and as mobile as jet travel," or if they would turn out to be "a wasted shelving of human energy, talent and capacity for love."



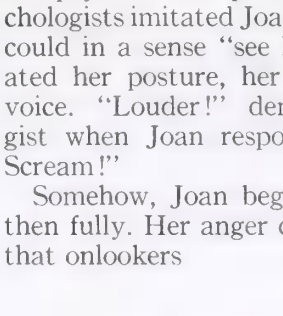
"At first I was afraid to walk
the streets alone," says Nancy Miller (above).
Now she attends a predominantly Negro college and
works in the civil rights movement.

"I just thought I'd be more of a Christian
if I left," explains blond Nancy Hiatt, 25 (below).
"And it wasn't a question of turning my back on Christ.
I simply had to have the freedom to make mistakes."

When satisfactory answers to their questions were not forthcoming from ecclesiastical authorities, discontented nuns experienced a crisis of conscience.

They wanted to attack the problems of the urban poor, to work for integration, to reorganize the Church's system of higher education for women. But many concluded that they could not do so under the archaic restriction of Mother Church; they could not wait for the necessary reforms to seep down. In growing numbers, they submitted their resignations.

Many former nuns are highly individualistic and independent women. Their greatest sense of release comes from abandoning what they consider the false asceticism of the religious life. In many orders, for example, a sister is taught "the custody of the eyes"—that is, not to look at or take pleasure in anything that might interrupt her concentration on God. Joan Carswell, a former nun who now teaches in a large Eastern university, says it took her a while to be able to walk downtown and look around her without a sense of guilt. "Just to be able to look in a store window!" she exclaims. "Exhilaration takes hold of me when I realize I am free to enjoy the world. Under the convent discipline, I couldn't heed my own senses. I couldn't allow myself to appreciate color, odors, textures."



At first, fresh out of the convent, Joan Carswell found it hard even to begin to express her emotions. "I had difficulty being human enough to get angry," she says. Then, last summer, she attended a meeting in Chicago of university people, none of whom knew that she had once been a nun. At the conference, several psychologists conducted a public experiment in psychodrama, with individuals acting out real-life problems.

In a moment of abandon, Joan offered herself as a "patient." She told the psychologist that she had trouble expressing anger. He promptly set up a psychodramatic situation right on the stage of the auditorium. First he introduced Joan to a man who would be her father-figure and attempted to goad her to anger. Joan was encouraged to fight back. As the psychodrama proceeded, three other psychologists imitated Joan's reactions, so that she could in a sense "see herself." They exaggerated her posture, her facial expressions, her voice. "Louder!" demanded one psychologist when Joan responded timidly. "Shout! Scream!"

Somehow, Joan began to respond—slowly, then fully. Her anger came through so clearly that onlookers (*continued on page 136*)

As I Was Saying to a Geranium

I had to put a philodendron to death last week, and I still feel terrible about it. Actually, it was a perfectly nice little plant when I bought it two years ago for 75 cents. And in the beginning it seemed to thrive on the coffee table, where it put out shiny, fat leaves in a responsible fashion.

But, like so many of us, that plant didn't know when to stop, and it grew and it grew until it spread out all over the table and down the sides. When you picked it up to dust the table, you had to hold the pot in one hand and throw a great train of greenery over your shoulder. Now, I would have put up with that. The real problem was that the leaves had become smaller and smaller and limper and limper, and had moved so far away from their source that, in effect, what you were looking at was a pot full of dirt with a few brownish-looking legs sticking out of it. I am told that if I had "cut it back" at the proper moment this would never have happened. But I never know when to cut back. When the proper moment comes, we seem to be out to dinner or something.

In any case, it was clear that that plant had to go. But how? Where? I have known terrible people who disposed of unwanted cats by letting them out of the car in a strange neighborhood. But you couldn't do that with a plant, and, in any case, in this vicinity there is a $50 fine for littering. I thought of drowning it, but that seemed impractical, and, of course, it wouldn't burn. Finally, I gathered it up in my arms and, feeling like a Herod loosed upon the innocents, I walked out into the driveway and dumped it into the trash can. After the deed was done I made myself a stiff drink, but I felt shaky for several hours.

I suppose I did neglect that plant. On the other hand, it would appear that some plants, like some children, require a little neglect. Two years ago a friend sent us a magnificent orange tree that was planted in a handsome Italian ceramic crock. It took two men to deliver it, and they were so patently exhausted by the time they got it from the truck to the door that I told them just to leave it there in the front hallway. As it turned out, that was the perfect place for it—against the bare brick archway. I watered it whenever it crossed my mind and, as the weeks passed, it grew even more beautiful and the tiny oranges turned golden. I would say that I found true happiness with that orange tree. I never went through the hall without stopping to admire it.

Months later, another friend, who is widely as an amateur gardener, came to din took one look at my orange tree a in horror. "Good heavens!" he said, leave this tree here!" "Why not?" "Well, for one thing, it's too cold every time that door opens the tree i Furthermore, the light's wrong. Tha light. And *feel* that dirt. It's too dr

He couldn't have sounded more he had discovered one of the childre and chained to a bedpost. I agreed, that the tree must be rescued at or upon three of us hauled it, huffing a into a safe, sunny spot in the living

That tree never had another we most immediately it developed tha look that children get just before down with the sniffles. Then the lea to curl. Pretty soon you couldn't rea ing room fo plop, plop as they dr ping-pong b floor. We ca friendly flor vice. We ga cial plant foo it more w water. Nothi Too late we returning i



Illustration by

orange tree had slipped away.
ason I pay no attention to Roger
t of my tulips. I planted them in
10 years ago, and they've been
ce. According to my friend Roger,
y state of affairs. Every fall he
me that those tulips should not
n that border, they should be in
esting." (Presumably upstairs in
. And resting from *what?*)
that way at all. Next year I don't
to hunt all over the house for
I want to know exactly where
, anyway, even if you were going
a winter vacation, *when* would
up? Certainly not while they're
d after they've stopped blooming
them.
ord, I will confess that our tulips
the proud, pristine chalices that
re. Indeed, they have a faintly
t them. But they are still bright
and they come back faithfully,
sk of a tulip—or of anybody else,
er.
o idea what foolish theories some
bout plants. My next-door neigh-
in an afterlife for poinsettias.
her, when the blossoms have
ust pinch them off. Next you
ontaining the remains in a warm,
the attic, where you water it
every five days. Then in May you take it out and plant it in the garden. In September you dig up the shoots and move them to a sunny window indoors. Eventually, if you have been constant in your ministrations, the plant should bloom again.

Listen, I would do all that for a friend, but not for a $3 poinsettia. Furthermore, if you kept *all* the poinsettias you get, you wouldn't have room in that attic for the trunks. Actually, what I like best about a big, healthy poinsettia is that it lasts about 2½ weeks, which is enough, and then it goes out when the Christmas ornaments come down. Anything else upsets the natural order of things. For instance, two years ago we received a beautiful white poinsettia, and it bloomed on, not losing a leaf, after all of the red ones were gone. We were charmed when it was still there on St. Valentine's Day. It was even amusing that it survived until Easter. But by July first there was something downright sinister about the whole thing, and people visiting us would say, "That *can't* be a poinsettia, can it?" I think they were bracing themselves to find a trimmed Christmas tree in the next room and learn that we were celebrating early because we didn't expect to live until the feast proper. And when that plant died (a natural death) in August, there was much relief.

It boils down to this: If you're going to live to be 110, you're going to be in the way.

There was a time when I supposed that I knew, at least in theory, how plants grew. However, it now appears that plants need more than sunlight and water. They need conversation. Author Alan Jay Lerner, who had been doing some research on extrasensory perception, explained the matter in the *Times* a while back. "Anybody can make flowers grow by talking to them," he said. "It's a fact. Take two flower pots with the same soil, the same seeds, the same amount of water, and talk to one of the pots. You'll see for yourself."

I don't doubt this for a minute. But it does present certain problems. To begin with, what do you *say* to the pot? OK, you can start off with something simple like "Hello, Ivy, how's every little thing? What kind of a night did you have?" But it seems to me that after that the conversation would sort of bog down. The truth is, I'm not any good at small talk. And how could talk get smaller? The next thing: If you were conducting a controlled experiment with two different plants, would you have to keep the plant you weren't speaking to in a separate room? I mean, you wouldn't want it overhearing you. Maybe it would be enough if you simply made yourself clear on the subject. After a brief chat with the ivy, you could say out loud, "As for the fern on the piano, I have *nothing* to say to you."

No, no. It's too complicated. I have enough trouble talking to the children. **END**

Plants can sometimes be awfully confusing. Pamper them, and they wither. Neglect them, and they thrive. Really, how is a woman to know what a plant wants from her? Now the word is out that you're supposed to *talk* to plants. Actually. But what should you say? And what if you're absolutely no good at small talk?

By Jean Kerr





He was thinking of the night he walked Carol home from dancing class—but hadn't dared kiss her.



Man In The Mirror

What sort of face looks back at a man out of the looking glass depends on a number of variables—his own self-doubts, what his boss said to him last Thursday, and whether his wife thinks he's absolutely perfect. By Robert Knowlton.

long while now, I haven't been agent. The time is past when I was the t swordsman in all France, or the of the underworld, or a debonair lover a trail of broken hearts behind me. ys my name is Charles Madden, and opywriter with Detweiler and Com- dvertising. There's nothing like mar- planting a man's feet firmly on the

ometimes when I see a looking glass s when I was all these heroes come back to me. Tonight, for instance. nd I were supposed to be dining with the Detweilers at eight; and ten minutes before the hour, waiting for her to finish dressing, I caught sight of my reflection in the hall mirror. Instinctively I turned up my coat collar, pulled on my gloves and turned my hat brim down all the way around. "Synchronize your watches, chaps," I whispered. "Zero hour is eight o'clock. And if any of us don't return . . ."

Here my voice caught. "I want you to know you're the finest group of men I ever led."

Straightening my shoulders, I snapped a salute. "Death or glory, chaps," I said; but I was thinking not of that imaginary crew in the looking glass but of those dead and glorious days when I first knew Carol, the days when I was D'Artagnan, Romeo and Galahad rolled into one. Then, as now, I had big feet and jug ears, and my coordination could never have been called graceful. Yet I remembered myself, toothbrush in hand, lunging at the bathroom mirror, shouting, "Parry! Riposte! Dog who would besmirch the honor of our Queen!" And I remembered even more clearly the evening when, in the role of Lothario, I walked Carol home from dancing class.

The only way to make those classes bearable was to *(continued on page 145)*

y Tom Daly

MALCOLM MARSHALL

EVERYBODY'S BREAKING INTO PRINT
By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor

This is the year that prints make headlines and print designers come into their own as fashion newsmakers, with wild and wonderful colors, big bold designs. In fact, with any one of these sensational new prints, you can turn the simplest pattern into a creation. Here and on the following pages, Vogue patterns break into prints by five brilliant print designers.

Malcolm Marshall's active abstracts give a sense of movement to the two simple designs here. Seated, long-sleeved dress of black silk surah swirled with white. Vogue design 6960. Halston hat. Standing, long dress in a flowing yellow and white geometric on silk surah. 6795. Bracelets, Charles Elkaim.
Photographs by William Helburn



LEON HECHT / GENE SILBERT

Leon Hecht and Gene Silbert of Print Directions are popping with new ideas for prints that seem to vibrate with energy. The two examples here, on silk surah, are from their new line for Wamsutta Mills. Standing, a coat fizzed with hyperkinetic black and white bubbles. 7002. The dress beneath it mixes in giant pink bubbles. 6959. Sally Victor hat, Capezio shoes. Seated, brilliant pink and white geometry for a long at-home dress. 6927. Golo mules.



Ken Scott
is the master of contemporary flower prints. Here, two vibrant examples for Falconetto of Italy on linen and cotton. Standing, bright flowers climb all over a luscious pink mini-shift. 7029. Dynel hairpiece by Sant Angelo for R & M. Napier earrings. Kneeling, a rich scrambling of petunias in pink, white and lavender for side-buttoned tunic pajamas. 7074.



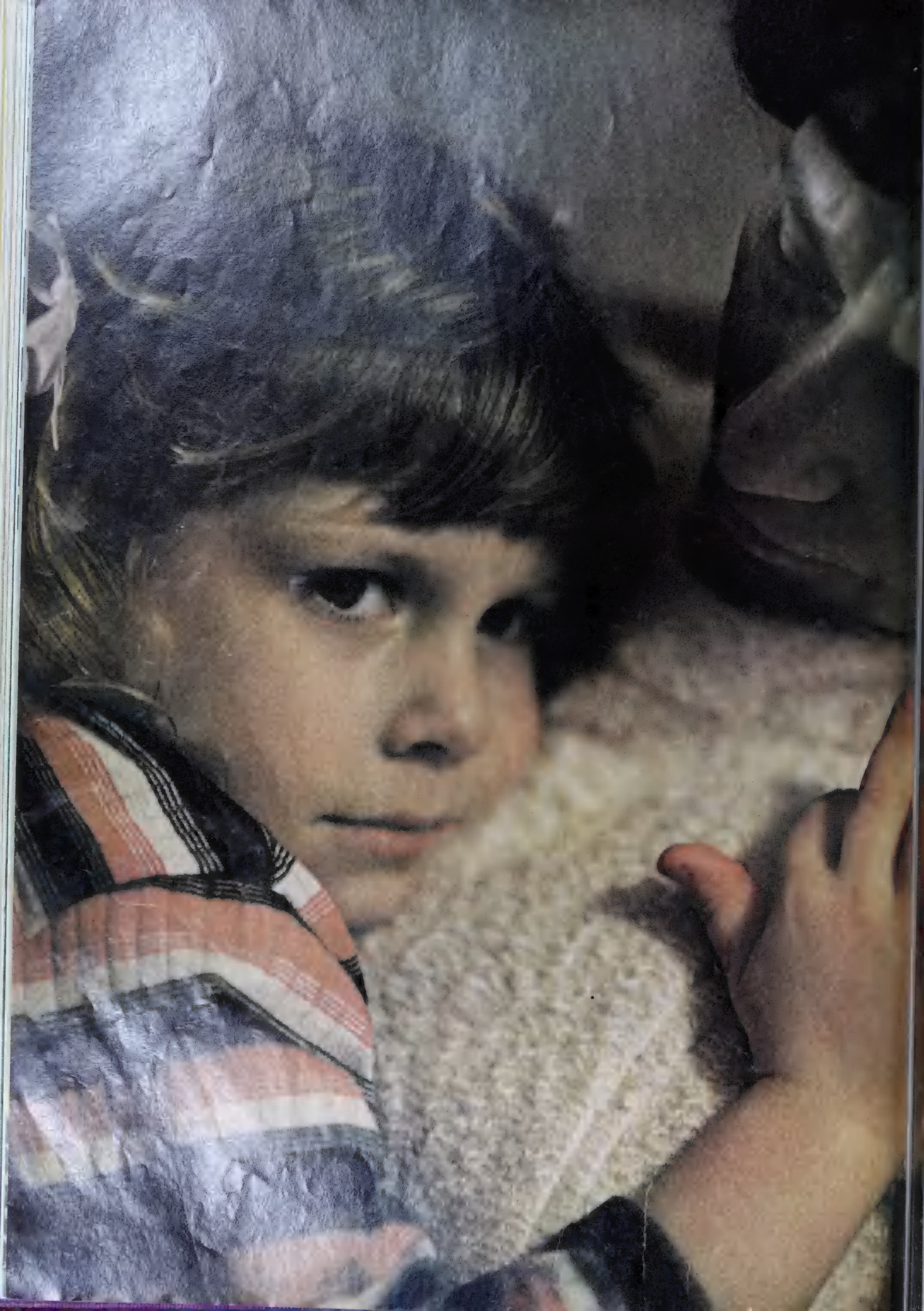
KEN SCOTT

JULIAN TOMCHIN

Julian Tomchin dabbles in water colors—two of his latest pale-tint prints here for Chardin-Marche. Standing, his exotic interpretation of lilies done in liquid blues, greens, pinks on silk crepe for a flowing smock dress. Vogue design 6967. Round the Clock stockings, Uncle Sam parasol. Seated, a fresh pastel approach to paisley, printed on silk surah for at-home pajamas. 7031. Bernardo sandals. Earrings, Mimi di N.

Backviews on page 140.





What would you *do if the law tried to take away a foster child you loved as your very own? Read the inside story of the headline-making fight for Beth Liuni, by the woman who lived it: her mother.*

"They asked us to give up our child"

By Mary Liuni

Did you ever wake up out of a bad dream with the nagging feeling that something very important and close to you has been taken away? It's a nightmare many people have. I suffered through it for 10 months—but for me and my family, the nightmare was agonizingly real; there was no way we could make it go away in the morning.

By now millions of people have heard about that bad dream—our struggle to keep our foster daughter, Beth Liuni; to prevent the Welfare Department of upstate New York's Ulster County from taking her away from us. Now that struggle is over. But as I look back, I remember so many heartbreaking things.

Most of all I remember how the long, painful fight for her custody affected Beth. I remember how she would have bad dreams and wake up screaming in the night, "I don't want to leave!" I remember how my husband, Mike, finally took Beth aside.

"A man wants to take you away from us," he said quietly, cuddling her on his lap, "but we won't give you up. You're a foster child, Beth. We didn't have to fight for your brothers and sisters, but you're special. So we must fight for you."

If you're a mother, or even if you're not, you can imagine how it hurt to hear my husband have to say this to a child we had come to love as our very own.

Elizabeth came to us in 1962 as the result of a television commercial. For months Mike and I had believed that I was going to have a baby. Actually, I had a false pregnancy caused by a fibroid tumor of the uterus.

I underwent an operation, and after that I could never bear a child again.

One night on TV we saw pictures of beautiful children appear on the screen. "If you have room in your home, if you have room in your heart," the announcer said, "take one of these foster babies." We already had three children, Alberta, 14, Michael, 10, and Joseph, 9, but if any family had room in its heart for a baby, it was ours. We applied for a foster child through the Ulster County Welfare Department.

It seemed ages before the formalities could be cleared away, but then Welfare called. "I have a little baby here," the lady said. That baby was Beth. She arrived in our home on July 9, 1962, when she was only *(continued on page 142)*

Michael Liuni (shown in church with Beth) felt God had sent her to replace the baby he and his wife could never again have. Then bureaucrats cited objections that would have "disqualified the parents of Jesus."





and on the following pages, six of America's leading fashion designers express their interpretations of fashion now omorrow. Their clothes are "collected" like first editions or fine paintings—an investment not only in news-making n but also in the finest fabric and the best workmanship that money can buy. By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor

AMERICA'S BEST:

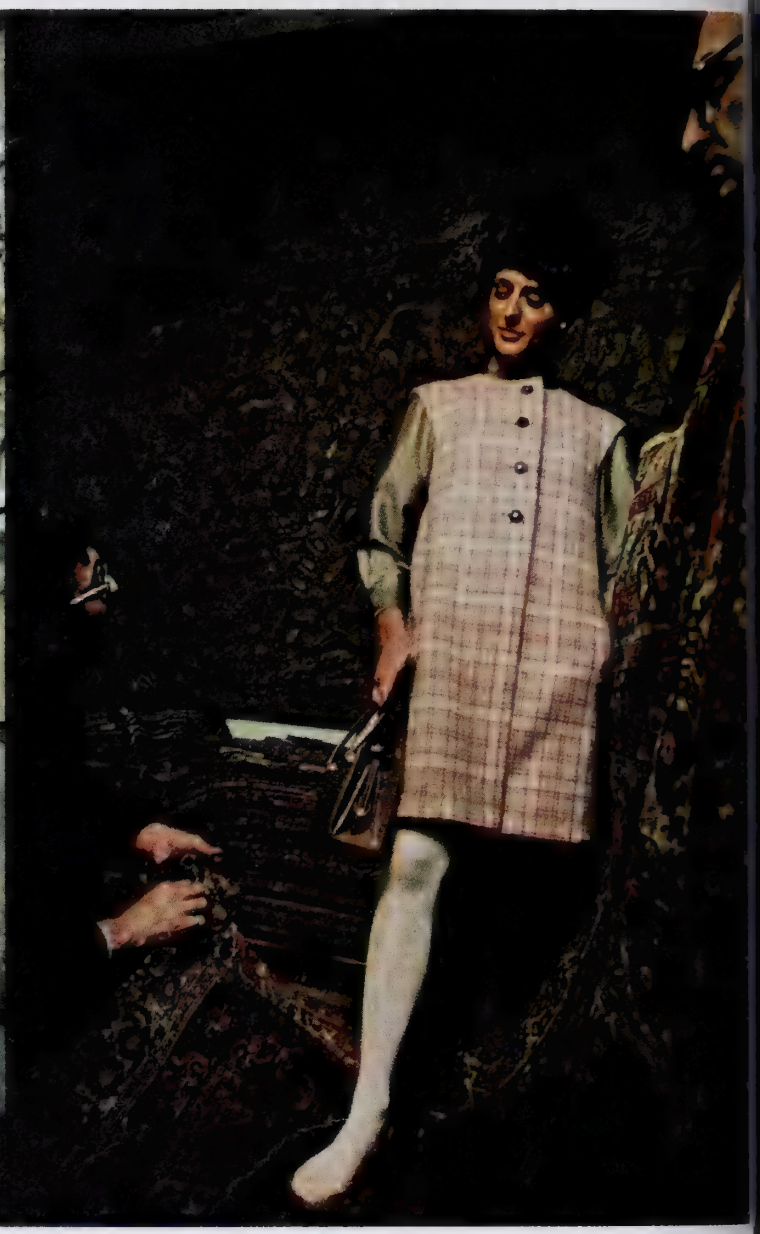
Fashion at the Top



AN NORELL is America's foremost designer. Women who can afford to collect his clothes, love to show off their edition" Norells. Above, left, Norell makes the return of the belt official, buckles it tightly just above the waist on le-breasted coat of Roman-stripe wool gabardine. BILL BLASS, always contemporary, always young, believes in the rful freedom and ease of the short-sleeved suit. His artful interpretation, above right, (for Maurice Rentner) meets d Albers at the Sidney Janis Gallery. Jacket is lined in silk paisley to match its sleeveless blouse. Easy skirt has d front panel. Suit of polyester and wool gabardine. DONALD BROOKS' name is synonymous with elegance and city. His newest look, opposite, shown at Cartier's: the brief, close-fitted jacket with skinny sleeves over a full-blown White silk crepe sleeveless blouse repeats detail on jacket, is attached to skirt at high-rising waist. Suit of wool tweed.

es: Opposite, Cartier jewelry, Lucille handbag. Above, KJL earrings, Belgian shoes and handbag, Cadoro bracelet.





ALL FASHIONS AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, ALL STORES. Photographs by Melvin Sokolsky. Hairstyles by Raymond Costantini.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA projects, above left, his newest thinking on the coat costume (for Jane Derby): gray-an checks reversing to white and gray at collar, cuffs, pockets, for a body-skimming coat ending with a flair. The sle gray dress underneath it has side pleats with matching check inserts. Coat of wool-and-silk twill, dress of wool basket Photographed at Baccarat. JACQUES TIFFEAU looks to the future. His newest prediction (for Tiffeau & Busch), right: the perfect warm-climate combination—a sleeveless coat over a long-sleeved dress; the coat is of double diagonal-weave wool, the dress of silk shantung. Photographed at Mayorkas. GEOFFREY BEENE, a master of prop gracefully raises the waist, opposite, accenting a taut top and a puffy skirt. The cotton-twill dress, dotted d white on black, was photographed against a flashing background of crystal and quartz chandeliers at Charles W

Accessories: Hat, above left, Lilly Dache; stockings, above right, Hanes; both handbags, Koret. Opposite, Emme hat, KJL earrings and bracelet.




17
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III
MARCH





Mike Cuesta

The Punch of Black & White

Take the punch of black-and-white pattern. Play it off against more black and white. Then add the pep of one bright accent, and you've got the freshest, crispest color scheme going. One of the most versatile, too, as a glance at the three rooms, left, will show. A word about mixing patterns: be sure they vary in scale and design (it's the "push and pull" of pattern against pattern that creates the sought-for excitement). By MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor

Bold approach to a tiny kitchen, opposite: Four (count them) different black-and-white patterns, from inlaid vinyl floor to vinyl-papered walls and ceiling, to cupboards, doors and drawers covered in Glen-plaid vinyl (applied with special vinyl glue). The accents: red Formica counter, tip-tilted red-and-black painting. Owned and decorated by Richard Ohrbach.

Traditional family living room, left top, takes the punch of black-and-white-plaid wool rug, a tall white lacquer screen with black Op design. Round table is covered in quilted dress fabric; sofa in practical Greek-key-patterned black cotton. The accent: a brilliant-yellow velvet-covered folding stool. Decorated by Stephen Mallory of Mallory-Tillis.

A variation on the black-and-white theme, left below: an all-white room punctuated with a splash of black-and-white pattern—an oversized chair and ottoman covered in polka-dot cotton. The additional accent: a collection of blue bottles. Chair and glass table from the "In Group" by Kroehler Furniture.

Journal Mi



SHAPES are in great shape this spring—regular glasses, too, for that matter. In fact, the new glasses are so good-looking, many teens make a big point of them as a fashion accessory—whether they need to wear them or not. Some of the shapes to take to now? Hexagonal "granny" glasses like those, right (pretty in black or medium tortoise, especially if your hair is dark). Or big, round frames of clear or pastel-colored plastic (try *white* if you tan to a toasty, golden brown). For active sports—water skiing, motor biking—try big, bug-eye goggles like those above. Their adjustable elasticized strap keeps them securely in place whatever the action is. Both frame styles available at House of Vision stores throughout the country or your oculist can order from them at 137 North Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. It's a **PORTABLE RADIO.** A portable tape recorder. It's both! Play the Radiocorder, right, as a radio. Hear something you'd like to hear again? Just flip a switch and tape it. This goes for voice and piano lessons, too. (We're told it can be a big help to serious music students.) The Radiocorder, by Concord, comes in either black or blue plastic case, $69.95. Join the **PAPER REVOLUTION,** and get in step with what looks like one of this year's biggest fashion trends. The paper bit started out as gag fashion early last year, with paper dresses that were mostly "ugh" and unwearable or just so-so. Things have changed since then, though. Designers took an interest in paper as a "fabric" they could really work with. Now we have almost everything in paper, from glittery dresses to paper raincoats and hats—including the brief little bright-striped paper playsuit, right, that's perfect to wear while soaking up sun in your own backyard. By Formfit Rogers, bra, panties and matching lounge coat, not shown, P-S-M, $5

Illustration by Adee Marie Kanden

100

A monthly report from, by and for the younger Journal set. By MARGARET KADISON

Last year, t
suit, now t
DRESS, a
new-th
fashion
think, is
to go
summe
into fall
and on
The pan
left, is just
for cyclin
ping, casua
anything sh
dress-up occa
Didi Scott, of cotto
dine, in gold or bor
8–16, $12. What to w
it? Knee socks, o
(they're back again,
than ever), and fla
buckle shoes like
our girl in the pan
left, wears.

Meet **CARLA JA**
SON, 17, of
Heights, Ohio (sh
pretty girl sipping
drink, below). Carla
one of hundreds
school students wh
pated in the annual
Youth Conference
Atom, held in Chic
October. (Sponsored
utility companies, the
the conference is to pro
tional recognition for acade
scientific excellence.) Curr
A-average student, Carla
lected to make the all-expen
trip on the basis of her keen
in science—she plans to be a
ment research biologist—and
project she'd done. Carla's
goal: "To be involved in ex-
panding biological re-
search, to do what I
can to find ways of
utilizing the atom in
my field." Her feelings
about the conference: "The lec-
tures, field trips, discussion groups—
they made me really want to get to
work and do something important."



® A trademark of The Curtis Publishing Company

ıce the memorable *Cluny Brown*, Journal readers have cherished this novelist for her deft wit. Now she tells
y of lovable Mrs. Prelude—maybe a widow and maybe not, depending on whether a most serious error was
n't made. A fantastic state of (love) affairs! Condensed before book publication. By MARGERY SHARP

N PIOUS MEMORY

ne thirty years of marriage Mrs. Prelude's sole manifesta-
dependence was always, when traveling by plane, to sit in
She and her husband flew a good deal; he was an authority
ational banking, much in demand wherever his European
s gathered in conference, and he invariably took Mrs.
along to look after him. He suffered from asthma. His
ellect was housed in but an average body—all the more
, therefore, was the effect when on the platform he rose to
and let his intellect loose like a lion from a mousetrap.
lude never witnessed this transformation herself, she was
h the hotel bedroom sterilizing his inhaling apparatus; but
es told her about it. "Honey, you should have been *there!*"
d Mrs. van Hoyt—an impetuous American whom Mrs.
met on circuit. "He just *slayed* even the French!"
ur likes to find me waiting for him."
ess it's a privilege," said Corinna van Hoyt, "to have a
enius so dependent on you."
ed it is," said Mrs. Prelude.

es the inhaling apparatus, the Preludes' luggage reg-
cluded two special anti-asthma
nd a supply of special yogurt.
ith Arthur's equally indispens-
er jacket and tails there would
en excess baggage to pay, if
lude had put in evening dress
. Fortunately she didn't need
thin silk dress (for Rome)
ghtweight wool (Stockholm)
and Arthur was very under-
when Mrs. Prelude once had to
mbrella at The Hague.
another giant intellect (such as
Hoyt, whose wife always re-
him as The Prof) greatly envied Arthur
He had, in fact, married recklessly
d even after the birth of William, Eliza-
Lydia, he never had cause to doubt
wife's true allegiance lay.
e same, whenever they traveled by
rs. Prelude sat in the tail, even if
ouldn't find a place beside her.
d somewhere that it was safer,
ts proved her right. When
taking them back from
rashed into an Alp, Mrs.
in the tail, was but
and bruised, whereas of
and there remained but
ins.
eath of such a man as Ar-
ude naturally caused some
obituary in *The Times*
five and a half inches;
and floral tributes flowed
eads of banks all over the
here were fewer personal
ces; he had led too dedi-
fe to have much time for
lationships; accordingly,
rners were expected at
al. The table in the din-
ing room was spread with only a dozen plates of ham and tongue, and one of mousli for a vegetarian executor.

"Thirteen," said Elizabeth uneasily.

"Take one away," said William. "In fact, take two away. The Wilfreds won't come—not on Toby's last Fourth."

The Wilfreds—the Wilfred Preludes—were Arthur Prelude's brother and sister-in-law, whose son Toby would leave Eton at the end of that term. There had never been any expectation of Toby's attending his uncle's funeral, and William's guess that his parents wouldn't either was immediately confirmed by the arrival of a telegram.

" 'Terribly distressed but quite impossible. All love and sympathy,' " read William.

"Tell Mother," said Elizabeth.

William hesitated. "She's still crying . . ."

"Well, of course," said Elizabeth. "She behaved quite marvelously, after the crash, and if she's been crying ever since it's only natural."

"As it's natural for us to remain dry-eyed?"

"I suppose so," said Elizabeth. "After all, we didn't know Father very well."

"If at all," said William, "apart from his reputation."

"What I feel chiefly . . ." Elizabeth paused, considering her words; she had her father's academic brain, and at twenty-eight was a lecturer in Greek at a London women's college. "What I feel chiefly," stated Elizabeth, "apart from being terribly sorry for Mother, is a sort of anger that Father should have died so . . . wastefully. What do you feel?"

William paused



"Perhaps I was mistaken," said Mrs. Prelude. "Perhaps it wasn't your father's funeral!"

67 by Margery Sharp. Condensed
"In Pious Memory," to be
April by Little, Brown and Company.
James Cooper

in turn. In him, too, the academic tradition was strong; though in the antiques trade, he was engaged to the daughter of his tutor at Oxford.

"Very much the same," he said finally. "Lydia, on the other hand, *has* been crying."

"Lydia is sixteen, and dramatizes," said Elizabeth, rather sharply. "Is Mother crying very much?"

"Passionately," said Lydia, from the stairs.

She descended with a slow and solemn step; but still looked young enough to slide down the banisters. "How odd everything looks," added Lydia, "with the blinds down! It feels like being in a haunted house."

"Hush," said Elizabeth. "Here's Mother."

Mrs. Prelude had indeed at last emerged from her room. She wore a black silk dress (Rome) under a black woolen jacket (Stockholm), and a small black international hat. But no crepe-bordered Victorian weeds could have made her state of widowhood more explicit; it was explicit in her face, puffy from weeping.

"Are you sure, Mother, you ought to come?" asked Elizabeth anxiously. "Even though it's Father's funeral?"

Mrs. Prelude pressed a handkerchief to her lips. "Of course I'm coming," she said. "I've never failed your father yet . . ."

At that moment the hearse arrived, and behind it a large black limousine (once the property of Queen Mary) for the family. A second car provided by the undertaker was empty save for two inexplicable Japanese, and actually no one but his immediate family and Arthur Prelude's executor came back to eat the ham and tongue and mousli.

It was wonderful what a difference pulling up the blinds again made. Only those of Mrs. Prelude's bedroom remained drawn; she had gone upstairs to lie down. ("You shouldn't have given her so much brandy," said Elizabeth.) Under the sun pouring in through opened windows the dining table with its several untouched plates had now an almost raffish look, as of an abandoned table d'hôte.

"I must say Father left a very fair will," mused William, picking up a slice of tongue. "I expected more sex discrimination."

"Father was a mathematician," said Elizabeth. "Four into eighty thousand goes with a certain beautiful classic simplicity. I shall take a couple of months in Greece."

"I," said William, "shall get married. I've yearned long enough."

"Alice?" asked Elizabeth, rather dryly.

"Naturally Alice. Any comment?"

"Only that you'd better stop her driving that absurd Jeep," said Elizabeth, "before she breaks her neck in it or rams a Rolls-Royce."

"Cat," said William, without rancor. "Lydia of course can't touch capital till she's twenty-one, but if there's anything she wants to train for—I suppose it'll be drama school?"

Lydia nodded blissfully.

"Mother will go and live at Hove," said Elizabeth. "She's always had a hankering after Hove, only Father thought it bad for his asthma. If she takes a nice big flat, you and Lydia can go for weekends, and the Wilfreds and Toby in the summer."

"And we'll be able to have lobster," said Lydia, in a dreamy tone. "Why was lobster bad for asthma?"

"Why were oysters?" countered William.

"Hush!" said Elizabeth.

As suddenly as she had appeared on the stair, Mrs. Prelude now reappeared in the doorway. She was no longer pale, however, but flushed, for William had indeed given her too much brandy.

"What were you all chattering about?" she demanded. "I could hear you from upstairs, chattering and chattering."

Her children exchanged guilty glances. "I'm very sorry, Mother," said Elizabeth, "I know it must seem terribly heartless, just after father's funeral . . ."

Once again Mrs. Prelude pressed a handkerchief to her lips. "If it *was* your father's," she said.

There was a shocked silence. Then Elizabeth spoke. "What do you mean, Mother, *if?*" she asked sensibly. "Of course it was Father's! Whose else could it have been?"

"Well, there was a whole row of bodies," said Mrs. Pr

"But, Mother, you identified him," said William.

"I know," said Mrs. Prelude. "So would you have. It w dreadful and pathetic ——"

"Poor Mother!" cried Lydia.

"—I just wanted to get away. I'm not sure now that looked at your father at all—if it was your father. I can't re looking . . ."

"That's shock," explained Elizabeth, "making you l memory. But after a good night's sleep ——"

"I don't want to go to sleep," said Mrs. Prelude. "I wan about it. If I *have* made this terrible, terrible mistake, I fe never sleep again."

William, under the urgent eye of Elizabeth, drew a deep "Listen, Mother," he said, "it's not possible. Just supposir retically, you did make a mistake, when all the other bod identified there'd be Father . . . well, left over, and someo body short."

"Unless *they* didn't look properly either," said Mrs. Pr

There was a certain logic about this not easy to answe

"Listen, mother," said Elizabeth, "even if it *is* possil father's buried somewhere in Switzerland ——"

"One coffin was being flown to West Point."

—"or even at West Point, does it really matter? No one he hasn't been paid every due respect."

"He may even have had military honors," cooperated W

"You don't seem to understand what I mean at all," com Mrs. Prelude. "There were injured persons, you know, as dead. Perhaps some of *them* lost their memories, as you say Don't you see, if it *wasn't* your father, he may be still *alit*

"But then what d'you think's happened to him, M asked William, taking a fresh grip on the situation.

"Perhaps he just wandered off," said Mrs. Prelude, "ar kindhearted person took him in——"

"Monks," said Lydia eagerly. "With St. Bernard d simple peasants."

"They'd have to be more than simple, they'd have to be said Elizabeth, "not to know about the crash and get in with the airline."

"Yetis?" repeated Mrs. Prelude—beginning to totter.

"Abominable Snowmen," said William.

At which moment Mrs. Prelude fortunately collapsed and Elizabeth and Lydia were able to take her upstairs a her finally to bed.

"Of course it's Father," said Elizabeth, when she return

"Also pure Freud," said William. "Even to waiting unt the funeral to unburden herself. Hence the guilt complex."

"You are saying more than you intend," said Elizabe least, I hope so. You're saying Mother wanted Father to be

"You've never packed his inhaling apparatus," said W "We must all be very kind to Mother, and find her that Hove at once."

"You are taking it too lightly," said Elizabeth.

William hesitated. "The only way I can see, solute proof, though naturally one flinche it, is to get an exhumation order. Obvious couldn't ask Mother herself to look again, you and I identify him ——"

Elizabeth shuddered. "I feel sick just thinking of it. I want to see Father decayed, I want to remember him alive—off with his briefcase, full of slightly ridiculous importance

"There's Father's dentist," said Lydia. "Dentists can identify bodies—the police call them in specially—by their t

"I still," said Elizabeth slowly, "as William says, flin have a dentist poking about his jawbone seems to me the l dignity. How do you feel, William?"

"Much the same," admitted her brother. "I do feel a of . . . desecration."

"Almost of impiety," said Elizabeth.

don't believe a word of either of you," said Lydia, "about ration and impiety. *I* know why William would feel like a l, and both of you sick, and a dentist be the last indignity. n case Mother's right, and it *isn't* Father. If you and William get an exhumation order, *I* shall!"

You're still under age," reminded William. "If Elizabeth and ect—as we would, wouldn't we, Elizabeth?"

Certainly," said Elizabeth. "The best way we can help Mother ver Father's death is by behaving completely normally."

lizabeth's policy of complete normality proved a complete ss. She stayed at home only a few days before returning to emic duty in London, and encouraged William, who was em- d at Sotheby's, to do the same. Lydia, under protest, was tched to finish the term at boarding school. But, since Mrs. de obviously couldn't be left quite alone, Elizabeth sum- d two old friends to bear her company: Miss Harriet Champ- nd Miss Barbara Hume, the one an unpaid Liberal agent, ther currently clipping poodles. Both happened to have a for shellfish, and Mrs. Prelude was so grateful to them for ng to her in her wretchedness that the fishmonger's bill soared, he wine merchant's, too.

reece, my dear?" suggested beth. "A couple of months in e? Rather bliss?"

one sense," agreed Henry Al- "I couldn't agree more. But ou who'd be paying the bills." nd why not, now I've come noney?"

ctually, since I read your dad's ry in *The Times*," said Henry, a journalist's keenness, "I've wondering whether I mightn't rofile of him. It's quite extraor- how little anyone knows him, outside a conference I mean, how did he prepare terrifically important es? Did he pace his study all on relays of hot milk, or swig y in the bath? A really decent , and I might be able to pay wn fare," he pointed out. hically, mightn't it be prefer- o draw on Dad's cash rather ell his life story? But I'll tell e thing about him," said Eliz- making a brilliant leap at her , "Father hated money to be ve. He'd have regarded your r education in Greece, my as a sensible investment." zabeth so pressed the point that before long Henry was in full ment to fly to Athens first, then Delphi, then Rhodes.



"Father lost his memory and wandered away," said Lydia.

o we can get married straight away," said William.

ce was a lovely girl, as daughters of Oxford dons often are. William had induced her to become engaged to him he still n't imagine; he lived in perpetual fear that she might meet ne handsomer, cleverer, richer, and change her mind.

ll have to talk to Daddy," said Alice.

lliam's expression of adoration instantly changed to one of ous dislike. He was used to these violent reversals of senti- after an hour in the company of his beloved he often felt as h he'd been ducked alternately into hot and cold water and wrung out. It was one of the reasons he was so anxious to at once and get it over.

ou know perfectly well," William said furiously, "you have daddy in your pocket. You're simply playing cat and mouse me, and I'm damned if I'm going to stand it any longer."

It was the first time he had ever spoken so roughly to her. But he had the Dutch courage of 20,000 pounds in him.

"But, darling, you're in *mourning*," reminded Alice.

"If you like, we'll have a black wedding."

"I'm making every allowance," said Alice, "but I hope you know you're being quite intolerable?"

William suddenly realized that he understood as little of what went on in his beloved's mind as if she'd been a mermaid or a Presbyterian. He hadn't a clue, but he had an idea.

"I'll tell you something about *my* father," said William. "He always wanted me to marry young. He often told me . . ."

Here William had to pause, since so far as he could recollect his Father had never conversed with him on any subject of importance whatever. But, like Elizabeth, he could improvise.

". . . that marrying my mother when they were both practically under age was the whole basis of his career. If there's any filial duty *I* owe," said William loudly, "it's to get married at once and not be strung along for another year or so. In fact, either marry me or don't, next month."

Mrs. Prelude accepted the news of William's forthcoming marriage with surprising aplomb. William's reminder of how young she had married herself undoubtedly weighed with her; the period of her own engagement, she fondly recalled, had lasted only one month; poor Alice, who had waited two years!

"She wouldn't mind it being a *quiet* wedding?" asked Mrs. Prelude. "I wish I knew how your father would feel about it!"

Panic seized William. "What you may not know, Mother, is that Father always wanted me to marry young—just as he did. He said it was the whole basis of his success."

"Did he really?" asked Mrs. Prelude wistfully. "Then if you're really sure, dear, write and put poor Alice's mind at rest at once. Poor Elizabeth!" she added. "Going off to Greece all alone!"

William, who knew perfectly well that Henry Alcott was going to Greece, too, was loyal to his generation. "Elizabeth has her career, Mother. Father often said how proud he was of her."

"Your father seems to have talked to you children far more than he ever did to *me!*" sighed Mrs. Prelude. "You must tell me everything you remember."

It was quite surprising how much they remembered. Elizabeth, down for the weekend, and alerted by her brother, was particularly fertile in sympathetic anecdotes. "Don't you remember how pleased and proud he was, Mother," prompted Elizabeth, "when I made my first speech at the Union?"

Mrs. Prelude actually didn't remember. Nor could she honestly say she recalled her husband greeting Alice Harvill with a kiss, as William said he did. The pictures were so pretty, however, that Mrs. Prelude willingly, gratefully, accepted them. Delving further back, into memories of childhood, William and Elizabeth recalled gay bonfires on Guy Fawkes night made even gayer by their father's presence. Mrs. Prelude had always thought the gardener was simply burning rubbish, and that Arthur went out only to stop him because of the sparks. It was a true pleasure to know that at heart he had been such a family man.

"We should have lied to Mother sooner," said Elizabeth.

"How could we, while Father was still alive?" countered William.

"I *must* say I never thought she'd take it so well," observed Mrs. Wilfred Prelude, driving back with her husband from a visit of condolence. "Did *you* ever realize he was such a family man?" she asked presently.

"My late lamented brother," responded Wilfred Prelude, "never had a thought in his head outside economics."

"Perhaps you didn't know him very well, darling."

Halting before a traffic light, Wilfred Prelude was able to turn and scrutinize his wife's profile. What he saw surprised him: down the carefully rouged cheek a tear trickled.

"We never had a bonfire night for Toby," she sighed.

"If Toby had wanted a bonfire," Toby's father pointed out, "he'd have suggested it."

"Yes, darling; but it was Arthur who suggested theirs; that's why the children enjoyed it so. . . . I believe he was much more affectionate than we realized," said Mrs. Wilfred.

"Sweetie pie?" mused Professor Harvill. "Arthur Prelude?"

"You hardly met him," said his daughter Alice.

"Actually only twice," said Professor Harvill. "Once in connection with an appeal to endow a scholarship, and once at a luncheon in aid of the Liberal Party. On neither occasion did he subscribe."

"What I was working up to, to sort of *prepare* you," said Alice, "is that William has such a terrific *loyalty* it's making him absolutely *inconsiderate*. He says his father ——"

"Arthur Prelude?" checked Professor Harvill. "William Prelude?"

"Darling, haven't I been engaged to William for *years?*"

"You've been getting engaged ever since you were sixteen. Is William over twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five, darling. He says his father always wanted him to marry young because he did himself and it was the whole basis of his career. I'm terribly sorry, Daddy ——"

"If to that agreeable woman with him at the luncheon," put in Professor Harvill, quite warmly, "I dare say he was right. I was struck at the time by her quickness in procuring him grapefruit instead of the lobster cocktail. It seems he had an allergy to shellfish."

"What I'm trying to tell you, Daddy darling, is that William wants us to get married quite *soon* . . ."

Professor Harvill's eye brightened. "How soon?"

"September," confessed Alice. "He says it's what his father would have wanted . . ."

Professor Harvill felt sorry for William, but the prospect of losing his daughter filled him with thanksgiving. "God bless you, my child," he said briskly. "Just see that the date's in my diary and I'll be there to give you away."

"How everyone *appreciated* Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, with tender pride. "That nice Professor Harvill has written specially to send his sympathy. . . .

" 'His brilliant intellect,' "



"Come in, come in!" cried the woman in the pig's mask.

reread Mrs. Prelude, " 'is his country's and, so I am told, prol the Common Market's loss. The amiable qualities displaye intimacy I dare say only his family can adequately mourn. . . . so wonderful how Arthur's lovableness shone through."

"How does it go on?" asked Miss Champney.

"Oh, just something about coming to call," said Mrs. Pr carelessly. "I expect about the wedding. Poor man, how he wish Alice's mother were still alive!"

There was a second letter for Mrs. Prelude that mor Corinna van Hoyt's sympathy, affection and apologies for in writing filled three pages and ended, rather casually, wit news that she was getting a divorce. Mrs. Prelude was shocke distressed. She was fond of both the van Hoyts. Of course, Co was more specially her friend; but how kind and considerat any short encounter, Corinna's husband! Mrs. Prelude rec him more than once coming up for a little chat at an airport or railway platform. She didn't want to blame Corinna, but sympathies were at least divided.

However, she had little time to spend worrying about the Hoyts, for Lydia came home for the holidays looking like a g There was no color in her cheeks, she had rings under her eyes long ponytail of black hair drooped like a mourning veil. She lo less as though she'd come to holiday in that happy house haunt it.

"Poor wee one!" murmured Miss Hume sympathetically.

"I've never seen a child so haggard," said Miss Champney

She looked haggard as a young witch; and when one midn shortly after her return an owl hooted in the orchard, she ran like a witch to greet her familiar spirit, Toby Prelude.

Toby had propped his bicycle against an apple tree. It w machine in the last stages of decrepitude: vintage. He himself vintage knickerbockers, orange skiing jacket and espadrilles. ing to his extreme handsomeness, however, and in the moonl there was somehow projected the image of young knight tethered steed.

"I got your letter," said Toby. "It wasn't very enlighteni

"I couldn't be," said Lydia, "in case it fell into other ha But thank goodness you've come!"

"I'm sorry I wasn't at Uncle Arthur's fune added Toby politely. "Was it very harrowing?"

"Not the funeral," said Lydia. "Afterwards. Th what I couldn't write about." She paused; it was biggest line of her life. "Oh, Toby," said Ly "it *wasn't* father's funeral!"

"Elizabeth and William think Mother's imagined everything," she explained, s minutes later. "But William wants to married to Alice ——"

"He must be insane," said Toby.

"And Elizabeth wants to go to Gre and *I* think she's taking some awful gi with her. Father'd never have put up money for either of them; so they were predisposed. I mean, what evidence they, to think Father's dead?"

Toby broke off an apple twig and che on it. "Well, you might say your mothe he pointed out. "Then there's the airl you can bet the airline was searching survivors like blazes, if only to keep death roll down. If Uncle Arthur's alive, what's become of him? V.I. don't just disappear."

"Father never *looked* like a V. Even in photographs while he was mal a speech there had to be an arrow poin at him. He was flung out and lost memory," said Lydia rapidly, "and wand into the mountains and was taken in by ple peasants the airline never thought of aski

hich case," said Toby grimly, "he's probably hoeing away
ife, sleeping in an outbuilding like a poor old watchdog . . ."
Elizabeth and William can leave Father starving in a
the sake of a measly twenty thousand apiece is simply too
!" cried Lydia.
ieve we all get mercenary with age," said wise Toby. "My
ma was quite sick at being left out of the will."
akes one ashamed of the human race," said Lydia severely.
t's obviously why the others won't do anything and it's
"
ousins never had need for many words between each other.
d been too long in league.
o and look for him?" said Toby at once. "But that means
o France."
yone's always going to France. Especially in the summer
The whole of our Upper Fourth's going."
with a free hand," said Toby, "which is just what our lov-
ies won't want to give us—unless we tell why."
nitely not," said Lydia. "It would be too cruel, to raise
hopes. Besides, William and Elizabeth would stop us."
ee with you," said Toby. Lydia waited respectfully while
d again; she had inherited her mother's esteem for the
llect.
h clubs," pronounced Toby at last. "On bikes. We'll take
by train as near as we can to where the crash was ——"
nbéry," supplied Lydia.
d start from there searching yard by yard!"

st say it's nice to know you were really *pleased* with your
bicycle," said Mrs. Prelude. "I was afraid you weren't."
ng, I'm mad about it," said Lydia.
h it was a pleasure to see the child looking so much
Mrs. Prelude hesitated. "I'm still not sure I quite like the
ing: cycling all about France with perfect strangers."
's going," said Lydia.
does make a difference," admitted Mrs. Prelude, "if
e your cousin Toby to look after you . . ."

ot 100 pounds for expenses, far grander than Toby's 40.
ut Mrs. Prelude, thanks to Arthur, was so used to
rge figures—loans of 50,000 here, a couple of million
ere—that 100 pounds struck her as just a nice little
und sum.
finances thus assured, Toby and Lydia still had to suffer
eal of advice from their elders and betters rather hap-
assembled at Sunday lunch. Elizabeth was there to col-
case, William to pick up *Chefs-d'oeuvre du Mobilier Fran-*
. Wilfred Prelude because Toby was.
t lose your passports," warned Elizabeth.
t your bicycles stolen," warned William.
t your pockets picked, darlings," said Mrs. Wilfred, who
lost a purse in Notre-Dame.
gracious, you'd think the children were going quite by
s," exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, "instead of with a youth
l you're off to the Lakes," she checked, to Mrs. Wilfred,
abeth to Greece, so why don't we all meet here for lunch
two weeks' time and tell each other everything that's
." All agreed that this was a very nice idea.

and Lydia, who according to plan should have entrained
or Chambéry on the borders of Switzerland and Haute-
ound themselves cycling along a *route nationale* in the
, because (as all children know, only they'd forgotten) if
lie it is likely to come true. In brief, they encountered a
b, or worse: The Chambéry train was lively with almost
Upper Fourth from Lydia's own school.
de!" exclaimed the games mistress delightedly. "Lydia
I never knew one of our *seniors* had signed up!"
ally I didn't ——" began Lydia.
r mind!" beamed the games mistress. "There's always an
at a hostel!"

So Lydia and Toby got out at the next stop. Furtively they watched the train draw out. "We'll have to catch the next," said Toby. He consulted the timetable. "Actually from here there isn't another till tomorrow morning. But if we bike about five miles back down the line we can pick up the nineteen-fifty from Villeneuve-le-Duc."

So, far sooner than they expected, they were seeing the country. "I'd see more without a rucksack," complained Lydia, pedaling between rows of poplars. "It makes me wobble. What's a *jubé?*"

For a sign at the crossroads suddenly indicated: *Eglise St. Emilien, beau jubé.*

"Rood screen," said Toby knowledgeably.

"Let's go in and look at it," said Lydia. So they turned and pedaled up a lane, and propped their bicycles outside a churchyard, and Lydia, with her mother's international good manners, pulled a scarf from her jeans pocket to tie round her head.

The *beau jubé* was so huge, it almost filled the small edifice dedicated to St. Emilien: in the dim religious light it obscured both choir and altar. There were a great many figures carved upon it, including two that looked like the Virgin and a Roman soldier.

"I know you're an agnostic," said Lydia, "but would you mind if I lit a candle?"

Toby liberally bade her go ahead. He himself was touched to solemnity by the *beau jubé*. He knelt. Lydia came and knelt beside him. At that moment a last spectacular ray of sunlight came suddenly through the west window, and the whole *jubé* started to life. The Virgin leaned forth in blessing, the Roman soldier seemed to signal encouragement. Lydia felt like Joan of Arc hearing voices in the bells.

In Buckinghamshire at just about the same time, Mrs. Prelude was receiving a visit of condolence not from Professor Harvill, who had written such a kind note of sympathy, but from Mr. van Hoyt. She felt extremely flattered that he'd squeezed her in between Zurich and Amsterdam.

"To come all this way just for an hour!" marveled Mrs. Prelude. "But then Arthur really was, wasn't he, in his way, great?"

Mr. van Hoyt didn't fail to notice how swiftly, instinctively, she transferred the compliment from herself to her husband. It was a sort of womanly modesty he found both becoming and unusual. As for Mrs. Prelude, she was gratified to hear Arthur's praises from one who truly knew how to value him. So far, he had made no mention of Corinna and the divorce. No doubt the subject was too painful, the wound still too fresh? Yet Mr. van Hoyt didn't look wounded. On the contrary, he looked unusually well.

Of course, Mrs. Prelude could never tire of hearing Arthur eulogized, but by the time Mr. van Hoyt at last paused, she found she knew just what she was going to say, to give him the chance to open his heart and be sympathized with himself.

"You put it all so beautifully!" sighed Mrs. Prelude; and added, "Corinna wrote."

There was a brief silence. Mr. van Hoyt's expression changed. "She's in Mexico this minute," he said.

"But how can she!" burst forth Mrs. Prelude. "Her letter upset me for days! You know I love Corinna dearly—but how *can* she!"

"I guess I was too old for her," said Mr. van Hoyt.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Prelude, impulsively pressing his hand. "Why, at every single conference I always thought except for Arthur you looked the youngest there! And you took her everywhere ——"

"I did hope," recalled Mr. van Hoyt, "foreign travel might compensate."

"I meant, to the parties as well," said Mrs. Prelude. "Why, whatever more could she want?"

"It seems an action painter," said Mr. van Hoyt. "She met up with this one in Athens. I guess it's a more glamorous occupation."

"If you ask *me*," said Mrs. Prelude warmly, "there's absolutely nothing more glamorous in the whole world than international finance. Packing Arthur's bags for him and attending to other details, I used to feel absolutely *privileged*."

"He was a much-envied man," said Mr. van Hoyt, remembering how often it was he who packed for Corinna.

Silence fell briefly as Mr. van Hoyt pressed the hand of his hostess. The sympathy between them was almost tangible—cobweb-fine, but what is stronger than cobweb?

"Have you ever visited New England?" asked Mr. van Hoyt.

"No, only New York," said Mrs. Prelude. "We stayed at the Plaza. The room service was wonderful."

"I've a small property there," said Mr. van Hoyt. "One day I'd like to show it you. Darnation, there's my car come to take me back to the airport."

"Have you your briefcase?" cried Mrs. Prelude. "Shall I cut you a few sandwiches? Arthur could never eat a thing they gave him, on the plane! But what silly questions," she chided herself.

"They don't sound foolish to me," said Mr. van Hoyt, "and, in fact, I have never been asked a single one of them before."

The hired car honked again. "May I have the privilege of calling again," asked Mr. van Hoyt, "before I leave Europe?"

"Please do!" begged Mrs. Prelude. "It's been so lovely, talking about Arthur!"

Mr. van Hoyt was not disappointed by this termination of their re-encounter. He knew that Mrs. Prelude, treasure that she was, needed time to readjust into the position of a remarriageable woman. It surprised him, in fact, to find her so perky already. In a couple of months more, he judged, she would happily fly back with him to Boston to help inaugurate a Chair of International Finance endowed by himself and named for his late colleague: thence to visit a small property including a swimming pool and several miles of woodland walks. He'd even picked the spot where he intended to propose.

Lydia left the church so elevated that it took Toby several moments to convey to her the fact that her bicycle had been stolen. Where two bicycles had been left against the gate, now there was only one. There stood Toby's decrepit machine inviolate; Lydia's brand-new chromium job had vanished.

"I suppose we'd better go to the police," said Toby uneasily.

Lydia blinked. She was still only just awaking to reality. "My rucksack as well. But won't it hold us up for hours?"

"More like days," said Toby. "We'd better just write it off and push on. You can always hire another bike and buy gear when we get to Chambéry."



The old man looked up from his hoe, startled. "Father!" cried Lydia.

Toby had literally to push. Obviously he couldn't accommodate Lydia on his cross-bar; faithful as his steed might be, the double burden would simply have sent it to the glue factory.

"Has the station at Villeneuve a proper restaurant?" asked Lydia presently.

"If not, there'll be one in the village."

"I shall have an *escalope*. What shall you have?"

"*Bifsteck*," said Toby unhesitatingly.

Nothing so alleviates a footslog as discussing what one is going to eat at the end of it. They had cheerfully completed several miles before they realized that they were lost.

It seemed impossible, even in the swift-falling dusk. The only explanation was that at some point they must have turned off the road. In any case, where should have twinkled before them the red and green lights of the Villeneuve station, gleamed lancet windows high up in what was evidently the turret of a château. The in dismay beside a tall iron gate ajar between pillars wit on top.

"We'd better take a look at the map," said Toby.

One thing efficient about his bicycle was the lar it now proved useless was simply because Toby which had the map in the pocket, had fallen extremely sorry," apologized Toby. "It's ent fault. I should have lashed it on."

"Considering that, besides the map, it's got all our mo our passports in it," said Lydia, "I really think you migh

It was extraordinary how quickly darkness had beco plete: the moon not yet risen.

"I'd better cycle back," said Toby. "You wait here."

"One thing I absolutely refuse," wailed Lydia, "is to b alone in the dark in the middle of France!"

An owl hooted. Otherwise all was silent, under tall trees beginning of moonlight transformed fallen branches in traps. Suddenly, somewhere to the right, a dog bayed—a bay, suggesting a large and powerful dog.

"The Hound of the Baskervilles," said Toby. He let his fall, Lydia clutched his ha together they raced for w sanctuary the château offere through an opening door s to meet them; some sort servant accepted their dishe unsurprised, and wordlessly way across a great historic the historic drawing room

To Toby and Lydia (fre the dark, blinking under to chandeliers), it seemed crov fact, no more than half merrymakers delightedly co upon them—the males in wh ner jackets, the three female sitely if somewhat fantasti tired in gold-bordered sari, of thin Liberty silk, and sh with pearl paillettes. Above rose the head of a pig, abo lettes and Liberty silk the sheep and goat; above the wh ner jackets those of boar, v ram—Mrs. Armadale, w rented the château for the s having decided to give a spe party for her intimates with of rubber masks specially i from New York.

"Come in, come in!" sh thrusting up her rubber sno veal features scarcely less "How sweet, how *young!* Did we frighten you?"

"Yes," said Lydia, "very much. You looked so natural

"I was terrified, too," said Toby, but more politely, t rapid survey of the three men now equally unmasked. I looked as though he could be the owner of the château. T fact, evaluated the whole set-up accurately; he knew châtea frequently rented to fun-loving foreigners in the season whe began to smell like drains. So, although this particular fu struck him as a bit wild, because outside it was dark, and t no money, and Lydia was very pale ——

"I'm afraid we've rather boobed," he said apologetical hoped the Duke (actually the grandfather of a friend o would put us up overnight. But, of course, we'll just move

"Don't think of it!" cried Mrs. Armadale warmly (anc Toby had anticipated). "You'll stay as long as you like! I'm and these are Babs and Cécile and Bobo and Peter and

vhat are *your* names, you babes in the woods?" she asked.
san and Harold," said Toby, "Blackwood. We're cousins—
ur of France to improve our accents."
. Armadale's fat white countenance creased to the eye
s in a conspiratorial smile. "Which I for one don't believe a
noment!" she declared. "*I* believe you're eloping!"
antly the whole fun party took up the idea with enthu-
-sheep and goat, boar, wolf and ram crowding round, breath-
into Toby's and Lydia's faces. "So obviously, so *terrible-*
love!" yearned Babs. Cécile had an arm around Toby's

ell you what," giggled Bobo, "let's have a wedding! Darling
wouldn't it be rather *fun?*"
certainly would," beamed Mrs. Armadale, tears of pleasure
yes to see her guests enjoying themselves once more. (With
ys; a new game.) "Only what about a minister? They both
me like Episcopalians."
en just a bedding—*à la dix-huitième siècle!*" giggled Blimps.
bed them in the bridal suite!"
re Toby could extricate himself from Cécile, Peter and
were manhandling Lydia up a broad stairway. Toby took
irs two at a time, shoved past the men, pulled Lydia in
a door and thankfully shot the bolt. It was a door remark-
ough to be exhibited, off its hinges, in any exposition of
domestic art. But what Toby and Lydia chiefly appreci-
s its strength. Under the poundings of boar, wolf and ram
t so much as budge.
us in, let us in, let us in!" chanted the fun party.
y drew Lydia toward a window seat on the chamber's
side, thrust her down, and let her hold his hand.
ey really *are* beasts," panted Lydia. "Pulling me upstairs,
en didn't just pull me, they sort of *fondled* me . . ."
on me if you like," said Toby.
fled first by the door, then by the breadth of the room, the
s racket outside scarcely penetrated. They had time to
eath; to look about them, at the great bed, curtained above
oard carved with a coat of arms, at the shining wardrobes
l-boys and straight-backed chairs. They had time to look
the window, across a formal garden and stretch of lawn
wilder parkland beyond. The moon was now up, and almost
mewhere below a clock struck twelve with the peculiar
iveness of a clock that has the house to itself.
ve they all *gone?*" whispered Lydia.
haps they've just passed out . . ."
listened intently. Then, "Bolt the door behind me,"
rdered.

He was gone perhaps ten minutes. When Lydia let him in, what immediately struck her was the fistful of notes he carried: both French and English. "I was right," he reported, "they're absolutely strewn all over the place. It was like kicking one's way through dead bracken."
ere did you get that money?" Lydia demanded. (Like all
s, she took money seriously.) "You don't mean to tell me
nt through their pockets?"
y the chaps," reassured Toby. "And of course I left
. Now pull yourself together and let's push on."
once outside, Toby, finding his bicycle where he had
d it, wheeled it no more than a yard or two before both
ell off, and after collecting his rucksack he abandoned it.
rest of the night they slept in a ditch; but the night was
nd the ditch dry. Both slept like logs, and under the early
ke fresh as daisies. They sensibly decided to retrace their
the railroad station, not only because they could catch a
ere, but also on the chance of finding Toby's jacket.
e been thinking," said Toby. "I'm pretty sure it happened
e turned off."
er it got dark," said Lydia, with a shiver.
then, her sharp eye was caught by a patch of orange pro-
from a rabbit-hole. It was Toby's jacket, all right; their
ts were still in the pocket, but their money wasn't.

"A simple peasant," observed Toby, "probably hasn't any use for passports."

In any case, they had Bobo's money. At an inn outside the station, the cousins consumed an enormous breakfast of omelets, rolls, more omelets, more rolls, butter and honey and coffee. Toby tipped the waiter so lavishly, as they boarded the train the man pressed on them a bag of slightly overripe plums and rejoiced that there were still a few milords left alive.

In London, over lunch at the Ritz, Alice allowed William to place an engagement ring on her finger, and exclaimed how perfectly it fitted. Then, during a lull in the conversation, William struck on a telephone call from his mother.

"D'you know what?" said William. "You may well be going to have a millionaire step-papa-in-law."

Alice looked interested at once. "Tell me more, darling,"

"It seems that Mr. van Hoyt, a colleague of my late father's, flew in for an hour's chat with Mother between Zurich and Amsterdam."

Alice opened wide brown eyes. "Zurich and Amsterdam?"

"Precisely. Mother described it as a visit of condolence; but of course they chatted about this and that as well; such as the van Hoyt divorce. He's to call again before he leaves Europe. I honestly don't believe Mother has a clue," added William, "but one can't help suspecting intentions on the part of Father's pal——"

"I think it's perfectly dreamy," said Alice. "Really and truly cross your heart a millionaire?"

"Multi," said William. "I dare say he owns half Bermuda."

"Bermuda must be beautiful," sighed Alice. "All those luxury hotels with their own swimming pools. . . ."

During the long, hot train journey, Toby had been thinking steadily and practically; he had waited to inform Lydia of his conclusions only because he didn't want a row with her in the crowded compartment. As soon as they left the station, however, he took the bull by the horns.

"We now," stated Toby, "head straight for H. M. Consul."

As he expected, his cousin turned on him in indignation. "You must be mad," said Lydia. "And a rat. Didn't we agree right from the start to keep grown-ups out of it?"

"Look," said Toby stubbornly, "he may have heard something, some chat after the crash there seemed no point in investigating."

"Then he's another rat."

"What doesn't seem to strike you," said Toby patiently, "is that it's never even been suggested to him that Uncle Arthur isn't dead. Of course, if we can't get him to believe us, we're back to square one. On my own I wouldn't try it; I dare say he wouldn't believe you either. . . ."

So Lydia was won over. The prospect of smiting the Consul with her eloquence, like Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, was irresistible.

It wasn't much of a consulate to which the cousins were directed. It was, in fact, a rather down-at-the-heel villa with two bottles of milk on the doorstep. Nor was Mr. Dumbly much of a consul.

"If it's your fares home, no," he said at once. "Hitchhike here, hitchhike back."

"Sir," began Toby, "this is m'cousin, Miss Prelude."

Mr. Dumbly straightened slightly. He hadn't yet forgotten the hell of a to-do over a chap called Prelude after the plane crash—evidently some sort of a V.I.P. Mr. Dumbly disliked V.I.P.'s on principle; in his opinion they had too much cheek. What Mr. Dumbly liked were decent, quiet couples on a package trip who just needed directing to the Anglican Church. But, though he mentally groaned, he sat up and regarded Lydia with wary respect.

"Miss Prelude? It was I who had the sad privilege," recalled Mr. Dumbly, "of escorting your dear mother on that last sad, er, tour of inspection. How is the poor lady?"

"Actually very well," said Lydia, "and actually why I and m'cousin are here is because we think she made a mistake."

Mr. Dumbly groaned aloud. "My dear Miss Prelude," he said firmly, "take my word for it: there isn't a chance."

The arguments with which Lydia had convinced her cousin made no impression on Mr. Dumbly whatever. He simply closed his mind. It was a method he frequently employed when pestered: just close the jolly old mind.

". . . So you see what it means to all of us!" finished Lydia passionately.

"I do indeed," said Mr. Dumbly, opening his eyes. (Or hadn't he shut them? He hoped not; he couldn't remember.) "I've never been more touched and distressed. But so long as you didn't actually *know* you were smuggling ——" He checked himself as Lydia rose indignantly.

"I'm afraid there's only one word for it," said Mr. Dumbly hurriedly. "*Requiescat.*"

"We've had a letter from Mother," said Elizabeth, idly stretching her newly tanned legs upon a Grecian shore.

"And what does she say?" asked Henry Alcott.

"That Mr. van Hoyt's been to call. One of Father's millionaire colleagues," she explained. "He dropped in to tea between Zurich and Amsterdam."

"A very nice gesture."

"Mother's terribly distressed because his wife's left him," added Elizabeth. "She's getting a Mexican divorce to marry an action painter she met in Athens."

"The background to international banking sounds more fascinating than one suspected," said Henry.

"They were on holiday," said Elizabeth defensively. Then, seeing Henry laughing at her, she laughed in turn. "Prig that I am," said Elizabeth. "Actually Mother seems to have sown a little seed of love herself—not consciously, of course; but one doesn't lightly fly in for tea between Zurich and Amsterdam. You wouldn't actually mind, would you, having him in the family?"

Elizabeth never suspected mercenariness in others. But her 20,000 pounds barely made her an heiress to Henry Alcott; it came as a beautiful thought to him that, as other millionaires endowed hospitals or art galleries, Mr. van Hoyt might care to endow a literary masterpiece—especially if written by one of the family.

"If your mother's going to be consoled, three cheers," he said. "I've always liked the sound of her. I only hope she likes her son-in-law."

Elizabeth so reassured him on the point that next day she was wearing an engagement ring. If only of silver, it was still very engaging: an ancient coin set in a modern bezel minutely incised with dolphins. Wearing it, Elizabeth stretched more happily still on the fabled Grecian shore.

Professor Harvill, calling on Mrs. Prelude, arrived unheralded. Still, her welcome was genuine. She had been thinking about him, and feeling for him, off and on ever since receiving his letter; on sight, her sympathy increased. Mrs. Prelude would have felt sorry for any widower faced by all the problems incident to a daughter's marriage, but somehow Professor Harvill's neat brown whiskers gave him an extra pathos, for she perceived at once that he'd been trying to dye them.

"How nice of you to come!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude warmly. "I expect it's to talk about the wedding?"

For a moment Professor Harvill was thoroughly startled. If his own thoughts had surprised him by their forwardness, how far and fast must his hostess's have been traveling? A second moment, however, made all plain, as Mrs. Prelude added that of course she would be more than delighted to help with dear Alice's tro

"Just to see she doesn't forget dull things like hankie plained Mrs. Prelude. "I'm sure Alice has wonderful taste! you terribly mind coming into the kitchen? I'm in the of preparing a stew."

The odor as she popped a knob of butter into a hot fryi and then tipped in a plateful of onion rings was the m licious Professor Harvill had ever smelled. His late w been as indifferent to cookery as Alice was.

"I brown the carrots, too," explained Mrs. Prelu serving with pleasure his interested look, "and just a little pa

With what grace she lifted the lid of a large iron casse ready a-simmer!

"And you make apple pies, and so on?"

"Well, not this afternoon," smiled Mrs. Prelude. "Bar Miss Hume, who's staying with me—wants me to type ou poodle pedigrees for her."

She could type as well!

"Latin," hazarded Professor Harvill (his own lecture n often as not were illegible), "shouldn't by comparison much difficulty?"

"Not if written out clearly first," said Mrs. Prelude, "as always did. I must have typed *quantilla prudentia* over and

"A common tag," said Professor Harvill, rather jea "*Quantilla prudentia orbs regnatur!*—we are governed by

"*I* always thought it had something to do with insuranc panies," confessed Mrs. Prelude. "How nice it is to know!"

All men, even if not professors, enjoy instructing. Pr Harvill warmed to her more and more.

"With a simple grammar, and a little coaching, you'd s the hang," he promised kindly. "As an occupation for evenings I can think of none more pleasant."

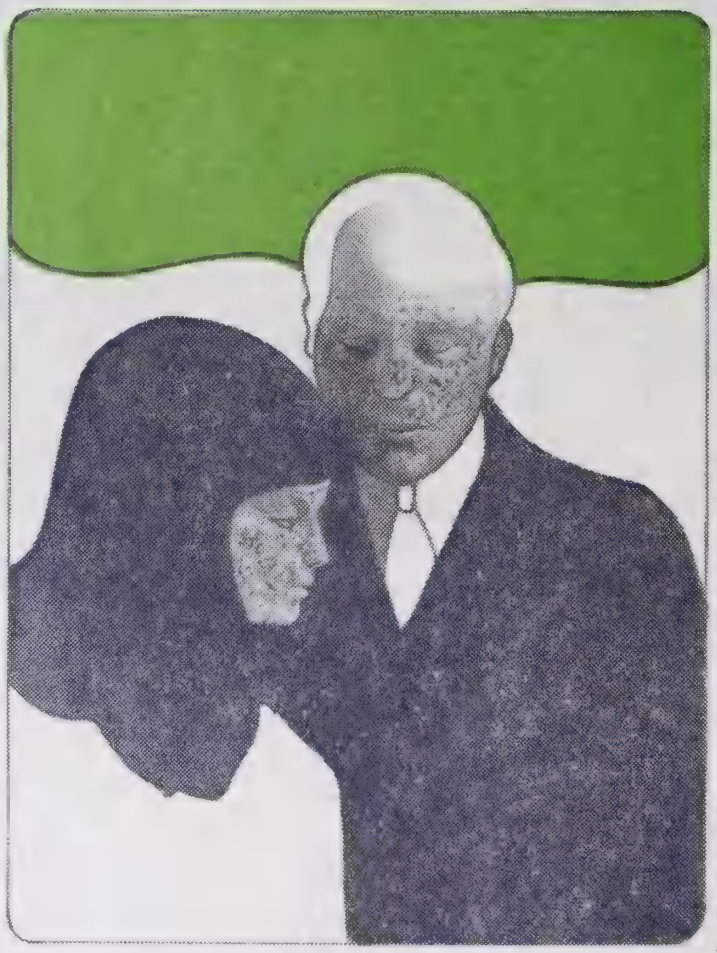
"Neither can I," agreed Mrs. Prelude. It was nice to have one in the kitchen with her, especially a man. So she kept Pr Harvill in the kitchen for an early cup of tea and tossed hi few hot scones while letting him instruct her in a simple La clension. Beginners are customarily started on *amo*—I lov unusual sensitivity, Professor Harvill substituted *habeo.* already awarded Mrs. Prelude an alpha plus.

Not long after Professor Harvill's departure, Mrs. P answering a phone call from A dam, invited Mr. van Hoyt t Most intercontinental calls p dinner—or at least luncheon— tions. Mrs. Prelude's simple bid tea did her no harm with imp Mr. van Hoyt. He was a man wh having tea. He planned to get h tea quite often, in that lovely outside Boston. "I'll bake you a promised Mrs. Prelude. "Che sultana?"

"Cherry," yearned Mr. van "I haven't tasted a home-baked cake in years. . . ."

The date was for the following day. Hanging up, Mrs. Prelude r bered Alice Harvill was due to b ing nearby, and dropped a note in her to tea, too. For a moment sh templated inviting Alice's fat well; but somehow had the notio the two men mightn't get on.

In Chambéry it was raining steady, even, drenching mountai It was far too wet to go cycling foothills, and the cinema didn' till five. Toby and Lydia spe afternoon in the *(continued on pa*



"May I show you," said Alice, "a lovely woodland walk?"



n first, cleaning second"

ng-clean or not to ean? We asked four ousewives. Their an- unanimous No! "No- ring-cleans anymore y 71-year-old grand- ," said one young All agreed they would aintain a clean house y-to-day basis than big seasonal cleaning s. Their way of op- outlined here) is typ- undreds we've talked eard from. For more is new maintenance turn to our chart on ving pages.

e doesn't look too clut- n't let it bother me," says ugherty, "but I couldn't e in a house that wasn't neat." Bonnie and her Paul, and their two chil- 4, and Keigh, 1½, live go, in Libertyville, Illi- -year-old two-story frame nie's approach to cleaning al one. "With two small d a husband who travels on business, you have to ur standards," she says. s to spend extra time hildren to make up for 's frequent absences, so eeps daily cleaning time minimum. Her regu- ncludes dusting, vacuum- ll-to-wall carpets, check- doors and windows for d small fingerprints. Bon- gh-cleans in anticipation ial occasion—a party, for when friends or family This, plus her daily rou- s her house at spring- el all year round.







"Friday is spring-cleaning day"

"Friday is the day I put everything back into spring-cleaned perfection," says Judi Arndt. "Otherwise I have no real cleaning schedule, except to make sure that everything's in its place and in order—no dishes in the sink, no unmade beds, no toys to trip over." In seven years of marriage, Judi and her husband, Gary, a captain in the army, have lived in seven different homes (including one in Stuttgart, West Germany), so she is a real expert on setting up housekeeping.

The Arndts and their three-year-old daughter, Lee, now live in a one-story house near the University of Iowa, where Gary (who was wounded in Vietnam) teaches ROTC. Like most couples, the Arndts do their entertaining on weekends—one reason why Friday is Judi's major cleaning day. Weekends are when Judi wants the house to look its very best. "My way of avoiding the big spring cleanup is to do one special chore of spring-cleaning proportions each week—like organizing a closet or cupboards, cleaning the rugs, polishing the furniture, along with my regular Friday routine."







"Don't let the dust gather"

"Gail's always cleaning," her husband, Paul Schmitter, says. Actually, she isn't; she's much too busy taking care of their two sons, Freddie, 3, and Paul Scott, 1, and their dog, Angie, and helping her husband with his business (he's a church architect, has an office in the basement of their seven-room house in Milwaukee). Gail does clean every day, though, says that "a little disorder is understandable when there are small children romping around the house," but insists that "the house should be basically spotless underneath the occasional clutter."

She believes in preventive rather than spring cleaning. Her philosophy: "It's much easier to cope with dust and dirt early on than to let it accumulate." One of her tricks is to use masking tape on furniture legs to prevent scarring from toys and Paul Scott's walker, which she removes when she entertains.

Gail is also one of the many women we've talked to who find it easier to apply fresh paint with a roller than clean the walls of a room when they get dingy. So she and her husband, Paul, turn into house painters every six months or so. She's especially finicky about the kitchen floor, and scrubs it thoroughly on her hands and knees in order to get after stubborn spots and stains.





Karen is a "morning person" cleaner

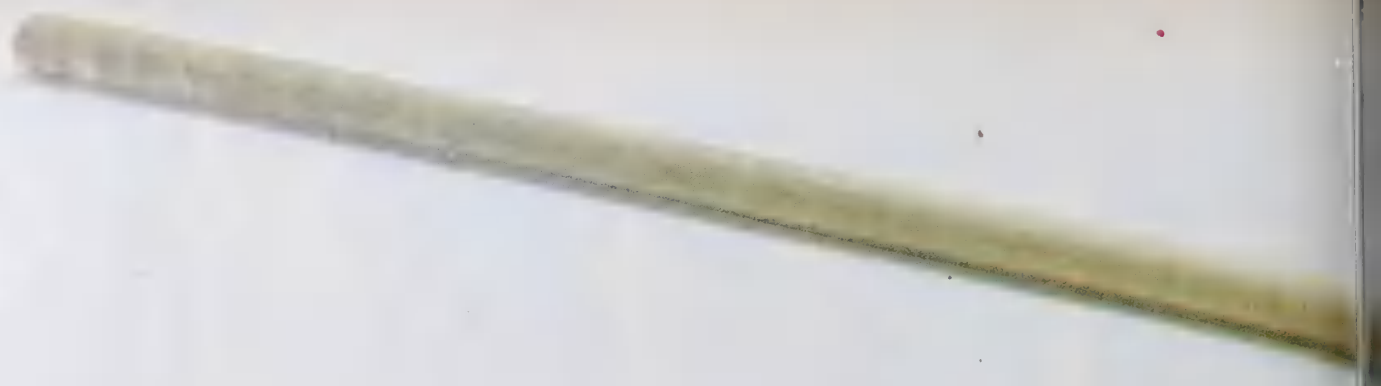
"I'm a compulsive cleaner," says new bride Karen Sherrin, who lives with her husband, Rick, in Dearborn Heights, Michigan. "It's not that I like to clean—it's tedious, it's not creative, and I'd much rather cook dinner for 25—but I'm willing to make the effort because I so adore having everything look bright and shining."

Karen, a "morning person," breakfasts at 6 o'clock with Rick (he's a resident surgeon at nearby Henry Ford Hospital). After he leaves at 6:30, she irons, vacuums, and does "whatever needs to be done" (including occasionally vacuuming air vents and air conditioner to keep dust to a minimum). She does all this before going off to her job as a speech therapist. To keep her cleaning supplies well organized and within easy reach, Karen turned a coat closet into a "pantry annex."

SPRING CLEANING— YEAR ROUND



By Margaret Davidson
Home Management Editor

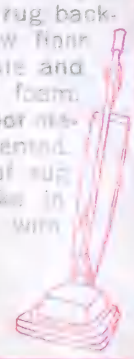


To spring clean, or not to spring clean—of course, it's up to you. But whether you're like the four you women you met on page 109—who'd rather maintain a spring-cleaned house all year round—or prefer the seasoi everything-fresh-at-once approach, you'll find helpful short-cut cleaning methods and tips in the handy chart bel Before you begin any ambitious cleaning project, it's a good idea to check on some of the following:

- ☐ **If part of the job calls for professional help, set up a schedule—make appointments so things get done in the proper sequer**
- ☐ **Always complete the dirtiest jobs first—like changing furnace filters, repairing plumbing and heating systems.**
- ☐ **Make a list of all the cleaning supplies and equipment you'll need for each job, have them on hand and make arrangeme for equipment rentals well in advance.**
- ☐ **Plan to do no more than one room at a time to save the house from total disorder.**
- ☐ **Always clean a room working from the walls toward the center—walls and windows first, rugs, carpets, floors last.**

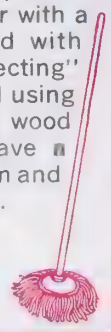
CARPETS AND RUGS

For quickest, easiest cleaning, use one device for all floors—a **vacuum cleaner** or one of the new **carpet sweepers** with adjustments for bare floors. Studies prove rugs stay bright longer when vacuums are pushed slowly several times over one area to remove deep-down dirt. Spots come out best if treated within 8 hours. So be prepared for emergencies and have a **rug stain remover** kit handy. Sponge toward center to keep stain from spreading; use solution sparingly to avoid soaking, and pat dry with **towels. Powdered rug cleaners** do a fast general brightening job and rugs are usable within a few hours. Work powder into pile with rotary brushes of floor machine, or use a stiff brush. When powder dries, take up with vacuum. Special **liquid rug cleaners** are more thorough than powders. But allow at least a day for rug to dry. Important: Use suds only to avoid soaking rug backing. Some new foam machines create and dispense dry foam. Remember **floor machines** can be rented. When fibers of rug are dry, stroke in one direction with vacuum.



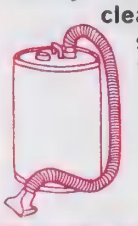
WOOD FLOORS

The fastest method of caring for wood floors is to clean and polish in one operation. Look for the new **solvent-base cleaning waxes** made especially for wood floors. Shake to mix well and apply with disposable pads (change pads often, for they gather up loosened dirt). Waxes for wood floors look best when polished, though some new wood floor finishes dry bright. **Electric buffers** quickly bring the shine back to scuffed wood floors, even without rewaxing. Nice to own, they can also be rented. Floors that receive much traffic are best protected with **paste wax,** which cleans as it is applied. Use paper or cheesecloth pads on a machine and change often. **Disposable wax treated pads** are handy, too. Important reminder: Two thin coats of wax give a brighter, more resistant surface than one thick coat. "Dust" wood floors by going over them with **vacuum cleaner** or **sweeper** set for bare floors, or with a dry mop treated with special "dirt-collecting" compound. Avoid using an oiled mop on wood floors—it will leave a dirt-collecting film and soften wax finish.



RESILIENT FLOORS

Fastest method of cleaning resilient floors (linoleum, vinyl, asphalt, ceramic, concrete) is to use one of the special new **cleaning wax floor finishes** that clean and polish simultaneously. They're also water soluble, dry shiny-bright. Do not shake. Pour wax directly onto floor and smooth with damp applicator, stroking in one direction. Rinse applicator frequently in clear water to remove dirt. Buff, to bring up the shine even more. If layers of dirty wax make the floor look dingy, use a **wax remover,** diluted as directed. Sponge onto floor, allow to soak briefly, remove with mop. Stubborn dirt can be loosened with an **electric floor machine** and scrub brushes—for hard-to-reach places, use a handled brush or **plastic-ball** pot scrubber. Once conditioned, the clean-and-shine method prevents wax build-up on floors. Also useful: a **heel-mark remover** that leaves a waxy finish. Once floors have been given a protective wax base, surface dust can be swept up easily. Use a **vacuum cleaner** or **carpet sweeper,** set for bare floors, to collect the dirt.



WOOD FURNITURE



To dust, clean and shine in a single operation, choose a **cleaning-type furniture polish.** Fastest way to use the aerosol cleaners is to spray with one hand, polish with the other. Fastest way to use **creamy cleaning polishes:** apply polish to a small area with a moistened flannel or cheesecloth duster. Then immediately polish with a dry duster. For short-cut cleaning of very soiled painted, enameled or plastic-coated furniture, rub on **kitchen cleaning wax** with a damp cloth or sponge and immediately polish to a gleam. For regular dusting, use **vacuum cleaner tool,** or a dusting mitt treated with special dust-collecting compound. Avoid oiled dusters; oil softens wax and leaves dirt-collecting film. Use **cream waxes** or **special polishes** for general care of antique or low-luster furniture finishes. Protect these surfaces twice a year with a thin coat of **paste wax,** then buff to harden the surfaces.

UPHOLSTE

Remember to d holstered furni often as you wo other (even thou may not show)—t ric will age more if left undustec effective method up dust on uphol with a **vacuum cl** using either spec provided with f model, or a sma able model. move soil on arr backs of chairs o use the **spotting** that dry to a spray on, let dry, off. Important: te hidden area befor ting in conspi places. For fastes upholstery cle choose a dry, bree and work with w open. Speedy dry proves results. U cial **upholstery cl foam** in an aeros tainer—or the kir erated by a small held electric uph cleaner. First, r loose dirt with a va Then work foam ir face with a sponge brush. Keep fabric as possible to avo coloration from padding and to p colors from ru Treat small area ing with a dry cl fore going on to th Avoid rings by o ping new areas wi viously treated on

SPRING LEANING YEAR ROUND

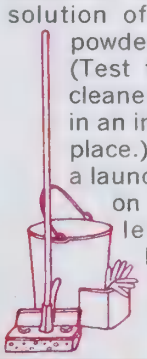


RAPERIES

k refresher for draperies: tumble r 15 minutes in a **dryer** set to oper- out heat. Remove ng immediately. ves much of the finish, although ot remove grime. n draperies fre- so that collected oes not become ded in fibers. fabric tautly as e, vacuum from bottom with flat, ozzle of cleaner ment—or with e cleaner. Lined es should be dry- , either profes- or at a self-service orhood cleaner. rs for washable es: wash two sill- pairs of average r one pair of floor- draperies at a his avoids over- g your **washer.** erloaded washer poor cleaning job, ases the draperies essarily.) Two washings are bet- n one long one for g very soiled dra- A fabric softener rinse will keep les to a minimum. washing, spray eries with **stain re- pellent** made for washables. Heat from the dryer, or ironing, will set the re- pellent.

PAINTED WALLS

Use an **all-purpose cleaner** (one that needs no rinsing) on fingerprints and smudges. In liquid or spray form, these cleaners loosen the dirt—which comes off easily when surface is wiped dry. **Sponges**, **paper towels** and **disposable wipers** further simplify job. Busy mothers find this one-step process best for keeping up with baby's handprints. When cleaning whole walls, take up loose dirt with **soft-bristled** brush or **vacuum cleaner** wand. (Harsh brushes and some mops may smear dirt.) Wash walls with an **all-purpose cleanser.** Use a long-handled sponge (one that will get at hard-to-reach places), dampened just enough to float away dirt, not enough to dribble. Start at the floor so the solution will not drip and leave hard-to-remove streaks. Work in long, overlapping strokes to further avoid streaks. Avoid rubbing. If dirt is stubborn, try a stronger solution of heavy-duty powdered cleaner. (Test this stronger cleaner first, though in an inconspicuous place.) Do not use a laundry detergent on walls—it is less efficient because it needs to be rinsed off.



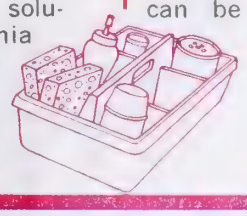
WOODWORK



The fastest way to clean wood trim or walls is to use a **solvent-base cleaning wax** that waxes and dusts. Spray or wipe onto the surface, then polish until it shines. When carvings, ledges or shelves have a heavy accumulation of dust, vacuum or dust first. Protect clean window sills with colorless, dull-finished silicon or paste wax, buffed till bright. Sills will then be easier to care for in the future. Faster way to clean painted woodwork and doors is to use a no-rinse, **all-purpose cleanser.** Paneling and furniture that are not highly polished seldom need cleaning, but do need dusting (particularly if textured). A vacuum cleaner brush attachment or soft bristled brush is most effective. When using a mitt or dry mop, treat with **dust-attracting compound** so dirt is not spread around. New **spray-type** cleaners leave a soft, satiny finish and they are good for cleaning where no shine is desired.

WINDOWS

Special **glass cleaners,** either cream or liquid, speed up window cleaning as they cut through grease and grime. With them, windows stay clean longer because they leave no dirt-catching film. Cleaners with a powdery base help loosen gritty dirt; liquid cleaners are effective for removing smoggy film. Both types come in convenient spray containers. When cleaning windows, have plenty of absorbent materials on hand—cheesecloth, paper towels, old sheets, even unglazed newspaper. Wash windows in the shade. Direct sunlight may cause the cleaning solution to dry so quickly it streaks, and glare from the sun may make dirt difficult to see. Wash inside of windows first, then the outside—that way grime you may have overlooked is easy to reach. Wash inside and outside in different directions so that missed spots will be easy to locate. For difficult-to-reach outside windows, use a special tool with a sponge at one end of wand, a squeegee at the other. Or, use a long-handled brush dipped in all-purpose detergent solution or ammonia water. Rinse with a hose and wipe dry with squeegee or chamois.



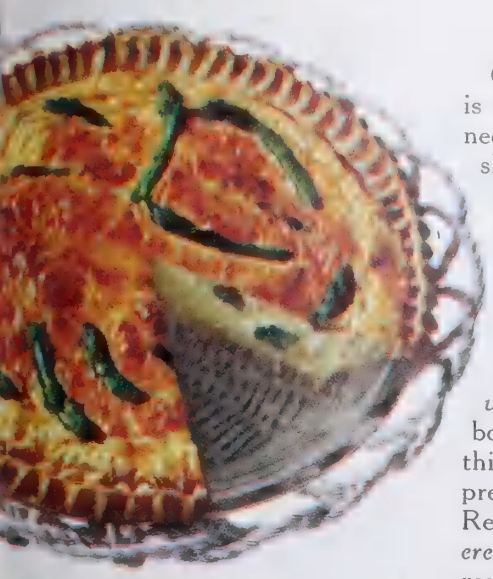
WALL COVERINGS

Remove grease spots from wallpaper with **spray cleaners** that dry to a powder. Or, spread a paste of French chalk (available at drugstores) and nonflammable cleaning fluid on the area. Allow to dry. Then brush powder off with a soft brush or vacuum cleaner. (Test first on an inconspicuous area.) To remove lead pencil marks, use a **soft gum eraser.** Pat ballpoint pen marks with alcohol-moistened tissue. If mark remains, try laundry bleach (but first check its effect on the paper in an inconspicuous place). The **dough-type cleaners** are safest for wallpaper, and are available at wallpaper and department stores. Knead a wad of it until soft, then rub on paper in gentle, overlapping strokes. As dough becomes soiled, knead dirty section in toward center, always working with clean part of dough. Vinyl-coated paper or fabric resists stains, can be washed with all-purpose cleaner that needs no rinsing. Many fine wallpapers are washable and easy to care for. Other nonwashable papers can be factory-treated before hanging.

Photograph by Arthur Beck



The Art of Asparagus Cooking



iche d'Asperges

PPY CANNON, Food Editor

ble of vegetables is asparagus. Or do
parrow grass"? In the industry they
ass."
be thick? Or the thinner the better?
e bleached creamy white like old
bright, deep green? Should the
cut or broken, and just where?
talks be peeled or scraped or let
s off or on? Or does it matter?
he proper way to eat? . . . With
fork? A special holder of gold or
pick it up with your fingers?
e eat just the tender tips or how

now do you cook it? Standing up-
bottom of a double boiler with the
? In a special cooker with a special
a skillet? And how long?
gle one of these questions will get
rent answers from different author-
rent parts of the world. About the
arguments have been raging for
) years, ever since, as noted by
Emperor Augustus originated the
cker than you can cook asparagus."
vas quick?



aragus Timbales

e *Journal* we have been fomenting a
cut the actual boiling time for
gus from about 15 minutes to
minutes!
ore, we've discovered a secret—a
the stalks bright green and crisp,
all the children dally and loiter
washing their hands or the guests
a traffic jam.

by Marie Cosindas; photos this page, Arthur Beck

Our basic technique for preparing asparagus is so simple it's almost simpleminded. All you need in the way of utensils is a deep, heavy skillet or shallow pan. (We're especially partial to one that can go directly from stove to table.) Arrange the stalks (trimmed or scraped, we'll get back to that later) in 2 or 3 layers. Thicker stalks on the bottom, thin on top. Cover with cold water till it stands $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep above the asparagus. Add about a half teaspoon each of salt and sugar or honey. Bring, *uncovered, please*, to a full, rolling boil and let boil from 1 to 4 minutes, depending upon the thickness of the asparagus and whether you prefer it crisp and chewy or a little softer. Remove from heat and let stand, *still uncovered*, in the water at least 8 minutes or until ready to serve.



Salad Vinaigrette

This method provides its own natural, built-in controls. The asparagus continues to cook while the water cools. If the wait is too long and the asparagus gets too cold, simply bring once more to a boil, drain and serve *immediately*.

With this method, the asparagus never becomes limp, gray or overcooked. It keeps its garden-bright color; keeps its fresh, crisp texture. Resist the temptation to cover the pan or dish, or the verdant hue will dim and inevitably you'll get that steam-table taste.

Frozen asparagus, being already partially cooked, takes less time, same method. Start with solid-frozen, cover with cold water (half an inch over asparagus), bring to a full, rolling boil, separating stalks with a fork. Boil 1 minute. Let stand, off heat, about 4.

Canned asparagus is already cooked. Just heat and drain immediately. Or, better still, chill and serve, as in our Salad Vinaigrette.

Ways to serve asparagus . . . these could take a thousand pages, beginning with the wild asparagus of Macedonia, the Greeks and the Romans, and spreading through all the nations of Europe and the Orient. In almost all countries today, asparagus eaters are divided into 2 groups—those who like it green, and those who can't abide it unless it has been bleached silvery white with maybe a touch of purple at the tip. In Holland, Belgium and Germany, no host or hostess would dream of offering to an honored guest anything other than the whitest of asparagus—the type that comes only in cans in the United States. In France, England and Scandinavia, opinion is divided. Wild asparagus, no thicker than darning needles, is considered the greatest of treats from Paris to Majorca. All of the types are served in much the same fashion—with butter, lemon, with sauces like hollandaise or buttered crumbs à la Polonaise. As for the etiquette of asparagus eating . . . if the whole stalk is served, fingers are in. Most people like to cut the stalks all the same length, just above the woody portion. Scrape or peel unless the stalks are very thin. Remove all but the top scales, except when the wands are exceedingly youthful. Cook only until the top half is tender. Dip (fingers, again!) into sauce and nibble away at the sweet, green tenderness like a gazelle at a leafy bush.

All the fine points of dealing with asparagus, all the subtleties and whys and wherefores, along with recipes for presenting "the grass of the gods" in a kaleidoscope of ways, are here. Just a sampling of our artful asparagus dishes, shown on this page, are: Quiche d'Asperges, the famous cheese pie of Alsace-Lorraine, with the colorful addition of asparagus; Asparagus Timbales—light, lovely chicken-asparagus custards; spicy Asparagus Salad Vinaigrette—a hearty, cold salad; and elegant, molded Asparagus-Ham Aspic. Recipes for these dishes and more begin on page 128.

Asparagus-Ham Aspic



While Ollie's impatiently waiting to begin this opulent meal (hardly looks like a diet, does it?), Stan is perusing the amazing new book from whence it came—the *Weight Watchers Cook Book* by Jean Nidetch (Hearthside Press, $4.95). This book is the "bible" for a nationwide group of dedicated dieters, presenting a detailed, all-day, everyday diet plan that can be easily tailored to the needs of everyone in the family: men, women and teen-agers. The *Journal* feels that among the many, many diets it has seen, this one is a milestone, especially for the serious dieter. There's no calorie counting, no crash dieting, no hunger pangs. Into the meal plan you can weave imaginative meals you cook yourself or simple ones to grab away from home, and for inspiration the book gives dozens of menus, hundreds of recipes. Results? Your ideal weight . . . painlessly. How soon depends on how much you need to lose. Most members of the Weight Watchers Clubs, like Jean Nidetch, the founder, reach their ideal weights easily within 16 weeks. This month we have all the ground rules—the do's and don'ts, the basic menu plans and a few sample recipes. Guard this issue well, for next month we'll have more of the suggested menus and recipes from the book—all as tasty as the one shown here. Ready to go? Turn to page 120. Dig in, Ollie, you'll soon be as slim as Stan!

Journal cookbook of the month: No. 18 of a series.

Copyright © 1966 by Jean Nidetch
Weight Watchers Cook Book, published by Hearthside Press, Inc., New York, N.Y.



TYPICAL DINNER MENU

Escarole Soup
Chicken Cacciatore
Broiled Mushrooms
Herbed Zucchini
Maple Bavarian
Cream

Photograph by Mike Cuesta

Discovered: New Values in Veal

Veal in this country is the Great Undiscovered—most glamorous of budget-stretchers, the most festive of main dishes. In other lands it has been glorified in many ways—Scallopini in Italy, Schnitzel in the German-speaking countries, a host of gastronomic delights in France, Hungary, Yugoslavia. But most of us in America have yet to learn about veal's many virtues, not least of which is its economical price.

The cuts of veal called scallops are, admittedly, expensive—from $1.75 to $3 per pound. Ignore it, please! We have found two sly ways to create veal scallops from shoulder of veal (only 79 to 99 cents a pound). Or you can use even cheaper cuts from leg and breast. For cosmopolites who long for the flavor of true milk-fed veal, available in Europe, we have even concocted a way to approxi it using chicken breasts!

Gathered together here in one place is all the info tion one needs on exactly what cuts to buy, how to out the delicate young flavor, how to braise veal to perfection. Peruse our diagram of the charted calf at Study our Master Recipe for producing economical scallops. Cast an eye at the glamour-type dishes bel choice recipes from around the globe. Then turn to pa for recipes, cooking tips, the story complete!

MASTER PLAN FOR ECONOMICAL VEAL SCALL

Save up to $2 a pound by making veal scallops from

SALTIMBOCCA (*right*) *literally means "jumps into the mouth." And so it does. In this famous Italian dish, ham slices are sandwiched between veal and breaded with a Parmesan-flavored coating.*





SCALLOPS OF VEAL ZINGARA (*left*), *a part of the art of Hungarian gypsies. Zingara is a garnish of julienne strips of ham, tongue, fresh mushrooms. Final touch: a sauce made of beef gravy and Madeira wine.*



ESCALOPES CHOU-FLEUR (*right*) . . . *veal with a colorful French accent. Breaded veal surrounded by cauliflowerets, sautéed cherry tomatoes and fried potatoes—a party complete on a platter.*

Photographs by Henry Sandbank

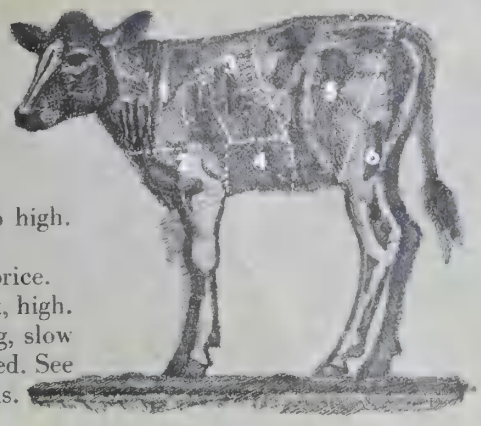
tart with a boned, rolled shoulder of veal. (Your
l do the boning and tying for you.) Slice down
of bread into thin (¼-inch) slices. Place each
n two pieces of waxed paper. Pound even thin-
ooden mallet or rolling pin. (This is a good way
your frustrations at the same time.) Remove
enderize according to the directions on a jar of
izer, sprinkling ¼ teaspoonful on each side of
all over thoroughly with a fork. Now proceed
f our recipes calling for veal scallops. Even
t a little harder to use, is the leg or, cheapest
reast. See page132 for directions and recipes
eal dishes like those shown below.

THE CUTS OF VEAL AND THEIR COST

Because veal comes from the calf, the meat is young and tender, lacking fat and connective tissue. Here are various popular cuts and their relative costs:

1. Shoulder, medium price.
2. Shank, very low price.
3. Rib, medium price except for chops, medium to high.
4. Breast, very low price.
5. Loin, low price, except for loin chops, medium price.
6. Leg, medium price except for scallops and cutlet, high.

All low- to medium-price cuts of veal need long, slow cooking, either braising or stewing, unless tenderized. See Page132 for directions on various cooking methods.



SCALLOPS OF VEAL ENGLISH STYLE (*right*) . . . *Oliver Cromwell had a weakness for veal with oranges. This variation is garnished with marinated, minted grapefruit.*

WIENER SCHNITZEL...*Vienna's greatest gift to gastronomy. . . Sautéed breaded veal scallops with the classic accompaniments—capers, sieved egg yolks, chopped egg whites and green olives.*

Work Wond With Packaged Potato Products

We've picked a peck of potato products—an array of handy packages that turn into mashe potatoes, scalloped potatoes, potato pancakes, even sweet potatoes in less time than it used to take just to *peel* potatoes. Add a flash of imagination and out of the packages come not just plain potatoes but such as those shown here—breads and salads complete main dishes and even ■ super marzi Collect a cartful, and see what wonde wrought. Recipes are on page 12

A pair of golden breadstuffs with ■ wonderful, coarse, homemade texture: ***Potato Muffins*** *(right) and* ***Cheese Potato Bread*** *(far right). Secret ingredient in the muffins is instant potato flakes. Serve with poultry dishes, and get ready for huzzahs. The spectacular cheese-potato bread uses prepared instant mashed potatoes, has a heart of Cheddar cheese.*

Alsatian Potato Salad *(right), the traditional, piping-hot, savory potato salad of Germany, with bacon, vinegar, caraway seed, paprika and onion. Peeling and slicing potatoes is* verboten. *With this modern version, you use scalloped potatoes from ■ mix. Extra bonus—the leftover cheese sauce that comes in the package! Serve over any vegetable or to dress up any number of entrées.*

Bangers and Mash *(above) . . . a hearty, traditional Cockney favorite—fat little sausages nested in garlicky mashed potatoes and topped with a sour-cream-chive sauce. This famous English dish can now be whipped together in a few minutes, thanks to an ingenious baked-potato mix that comes in a package with sour cream and aluminum shells. Makes a rib-sticking luncheon or supper dish. Recipes and tips for these and more tricks with packaged potato products begin on page 127*

Photograph by Lynn St. John

HONEST.



Soap can dry your skin...

Dove creams your skin while you wash.

Deanna Lambert put soap on her right cheek, Dove on her left cheek. Fifteen minutes later we photographed her face. The soap side was hard, dry, cracked. The Dove side . . . still smooth, moist, and creamy.

Remember this picture of Deanna. It's proof that Dove with ¼ cleansing cream can't dry your skin the way soap can. Proof that once you use Dove, you'll never use soap on your face again. Honest.



Only Dove is ¼ cleansing cream.



For April Fool's—eye-fooling food, of course, like this "parfait" of beet or tomato aspic with sour cream.

Fooled again! In the scallop shells—not seafood but raw vegetables in mayonnaise.

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1. April Fool's Day. Play jokes. With food, too An appetizer "parfait" (see picture above). Raw vegetables look like fish au gratin. For dessert? April Fool "eggs"—an apricot half on vanilla ice cream, sprinkled with nutmeg.

2. On this day the gourmet's fancy turns to fresh or canned shad roe (the caviar or eggs of the fish).

3. Tasty new product, inspiration for brunch, lunch or supper; fried rice with chicken. Heat per directions. Combine with 4 softly scrambled eggs. Sprinkle Parmesan and parsley.

4. National Cherry Blossom Festival on the Potomac. We'll have cherry streusel from a refrigerated package.

5. "Pearadise in April"—sandwich 2 drained canned pear halves together with a Tb. of canned chocolate frosting. Top with nuts and sauce made by melting more frosting with 1 Tb. lemon juice over hot water.

6. In the Minneapolis North Star Inn they serve curry with Nine-Boy Sambals: chutney, coconut (fresh and toasted), chopped apple, sliced kumquats, slivered almonds, raisins, toasted sunflower seeds, grapes.

7. Let fantasy flourish with some of the new refrigerated cookie rolls. Sprinkle just-baked chocolate ones with chopped dates or figs; roll vanilla ones, before baking, in instant-coffee powder; give lemon the sparkle of sugar as directed on package.

8. Beginning of National Panic (or Pay-Tax) Week. Franks and beans for supper . . . what else?

9. Anniversary of day Sir Winston Churchill was made an honorary U.S. citizen. Because his mother was from Georgia, we'll have warm peach pie.

10. Salvation Army Day. Doughnuts, of course! We make ours by punching out the middles of refrigerated buttermilk biscuits. Deep fry or brush with melted butter or margarine and bake in hot (475°) oven 5 minutes.

11. A delicious meal opener from the Muslim world is yogurt soup: cook a sliced onion till soft in butter or margarine; add 6 cups rich broth, 1 pint yogurt, ¾ cup rice. Simmer 20 min.

12. Fresh Artichoke Week. On the *Today* show, Michael Field showed a new way of cooking artichokes. Starting from the top, remove center core and scrape out fuzzy "choke" below. Cook in boiling, salted, lemon-flavored water about 20 min. Sauce in center.

13. Jefferson's Birthday. His was the first ice cream freezer in the New World, and he brought this little-known delicacy to the table "in the form of small balls, enclosed in cases of warm pastry." Bake frozen puff pastry shells. Sprinkle with sugar.

14. For the Root Festival at Warm Springs Indian Reservation in Oregon, baked beets drizzled with honey.

15. Spring Fair in Zagreb, Yugoslavia . . . scent of savory veal roasting.

16. Fresh pineapples are here . . . cut in fingers, serve with an Italian dip: ricotta cheese and sour cream (equal parts) laced with Jamaican rum, sugar.

17. Blue Monday, "a truly evil day," says the Old Farmer's Almanac. Lift the spell with something lovely, like asparagus timbales!

18. The first of the fresh baby green peas come to Northern city markets. Or find the tiny treasures in cans or frozen, anywhere, any time.

19. Revolutionary thought for revolutionary Patriot's Day in Maine and Massachusetts—slice a large baking potato in half lengthwise. Don't touch. Just bake 15 to 20 minutes at 450° for a puffy brown upper crust.

20. Says our astrology editor, Sybil Leek: "Taureans are earthy, like rich foods of spicy, stimulating type." Like 2-in. steaks covered with coarsely cracked peppercorns, broiled, flamed with brandy!

21. San Jacinto Day: Texas onions, crisp lettuce with new bottled Cheddar cheese and red wine dressing.

22. Oklahoma Day. A local favorite is corn fritters with Picnic Chicken, broiled and basted with vinegar and melted butter or margarine.

23. Peppercorn ceremony in Bermuda. Peppercorns (2, crushed) give startling fillip to banana pudding or pie (use a 5¼-oz. packaged mix

24. Happiest day of the year in Jewis households. For 8 days beginnir with first stars tonight, unleavene matzos. A blessing so many holida foods are now ready-made!

25. Second Seder Supper tonight i Orthodox Jewish homes . . . secon pan of Kugel: combine 1 cup eac grated apple, carrots, potatoes (swee or white) with ½ cup each choppe pitted prunes, raisins, sugar, matz meal, plus 2 Tb. lemon juice, ½ ts cinnamon, ½ tsp. salt. Stir in ½ cu fat (chicken preferred). Pack in small ungreased bread pans. Bake a 350° for 45 min. Cool in pan.

26. For Secretaries' Day (all goo secretaries cook in a hurry), a quic new Concord grape gelatin.

27. Honor St. Zita. Angels came dow to bake her bread while she prayec Other angels have recently put i tubes, to sell from refrigerated bins 2 small buttered layered loaves.

28. Expo 67 in Montreal. Celebrat with Canadian bacon, brushed an broiled with maple syrup, vinegar.

29. At the World's Biggest Fish Fry, i Paris, Tenn., they have Hush Puppies fried in the skillet. There's a mix in th South, or settle for corn sticks!

30. Greek Easter, with red harc cooked eggs. Tap the eggs togethe tip to tip. Whoever succeeds in breal ing another's egg first wins a prize

Photograph by Bernard Gray



minted mold

1 3-oz. pkg. lime flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
⅓ cup Kraft Mint Flavored Apple Jelly
½ cup water
½ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
1 cup green grapes
1 cup diced pears

This elegant mold is delicately-spiced with America's favorite salad dressing—Miracle Whip. Dissolve lime gelatin in boiling water. Combine jelly and ½ cup water; heat until jelly is melted. Add to gelatin; cool. Gradually add gelatin mixture to salad dressing, mixing until well blended. Chill until slightly thickened; fold in fruit. Pour into 1-quart mold; chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with frosted grapes and mint leaves, if desired. Serves 4 to 6. The famous flavor of Miracle Whip comes from a bouquet of fresh-ground spices—a unique Kraft blend.



RELAX...
MAKE IT
EASY!



hawaiian dream torte

¼ cup Parkay Margarine
1 10-oz. jar Kraft Pure Orange Marmalade
10 pineapple slices
1 1-lb. 2½-oz. pkg. yellow cake mix
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Maraschino cherries

For a speedy start, make this pineapple-orange torte with a cake mix. For distinctive fresh orange flavor, use Kraft Pure Orange Marmalade. Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in each of two 9-inch layer pans. Cover each with ½ of marmalade and 5 pineapple slices. Prepare cake batter as directed on package; pour over pineapple. Bake at 350°, 50 to 55 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes; turn out. Cool. Stack layers, pineapple side up; frost sides with whipped cream. Garnish with cherries. Use Kraft Jellies and Preserves . . . 21 flavors, all fresh-fruit good!

FAVORITE KRAFT RECIPES / clip and punch to use these cookbook-size pages

YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE

clip and punch
to use these cookbook-size pages

FAVORITE KRAFT RECIPES

crispy chicken bake

1 broiler-fryer, cut up
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
1 cup corn flake crumbs
½ cup Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese
Dash of salt and pepper



The gently-teasing taste of Miracle Whip is baked right into each golden piece of crisp-coated chicken. Coat chicken with salad dressing; dip in combined crumbs, cheese and seasonings. Place in baking dish; bake at 350°, 1 hour. Serves 3 to 4. No matter what you do with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, the delicate flavor always shines through.





sauce up vegetables fast!

Make these flavory sauces in minutes with fluffy, fresh-tasting Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese. *Basic recipe:* Blend a 4-oz. container of Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with 2 tablespoons of milk. Heat until cheese melts. Serve over hot, cooked vegetables. *Continental Broccoli:* Use racy Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with Blue Cheese. *Ginger Chive Carrots:* Use savory Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with Chive, adding ¼ teaspoon ground ginger to cream cheese mixture. *Zodiac Green Beans:* Use Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese with Bacon and Horseradish. *Sumptuous Succotash:* Use spicy-sweet Catalina Whipped Cream Cheese. Toss with cooked succotash. Each recipe makes 4 servings.



THE KRAFT KITCHENS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
FOR GOOD FOOD AND GOOD FOOD IDEAS





epicurean spaghetti

½ cup chopped green pepper
⅓ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons Parkay Margarine
1 8-oz.pkg.Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, cubed
¼ cup milk
1 pkg. Kraft Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

This superb spaghetti main dish is speedy, thanks to Kraft Spaghetti with Meat Sauce. Cook vegetables in margarine until tender. Add cream cheese and milk, mixing until well blended. Prepare spaghetti as directed on package. Combine ½ of meat sauce with spaghetti; place in 1½-qt. casserole. Top with cream cheese mixture and remaining meat sauce; sprinkle with Grated Parmesan Cheese. Bake at 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. Serves 6. Kraft Spaghetti with Meat Sauce gives you Italian-style spaghetti to cook up fresh—13 ounces of the meatiest sauce (so much juicy beef you don't need to add meat)—and Parmesan Cheese aged over a year.







spinach salad

2 qts. (1-lb.) fresh spinach
4 slices crisply cooked bacon, crumbled
3 hard-cooked eggs
Onion rings
Kraft Italian Dressing

This change-of-pace tossed salad gets a superb send-off with Kraft Italian Dressing. Tear spinach in bite-size pieces into salad bowl. Add bacon, chopped egg whites, onion rings, and sprinkle with sieved egg yolk. Toss lightly with enough dressing to moisten. Serves 6 to 8. Kraft Italian Dressing is a tantalizing blend of the finest herbs and spices in pure, clear oil, vinegar and lemon juice.



tivoli salad

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, cooked, drained, chilled
1 7-oz. pkg. elbow macaroni, cooked, chilled
¼ lb. sliced salami, cut in strips
½ cup sliced radishes
¼ cup finely chopped onion
Tomato wedges
Kraft Thousand Island Dressing

Where the boys are—this hearty main-dish salad will be a winner! That's because you serve it with creamy-thick Kraft Thousand Island Dressing. Layer peas, macaroni, salami, radishes and onion in a salad bowl. Garnish with tomato wedges; serve with dressing. Serves 8. Kraft Thousand Island Dressing is creamy-thick but pourable, with little islands of spicy pickle relish all through.





pink sparkle freeze

¼ cup honey
1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
1 13½-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries, partially thawed
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

This festive dessert-salad gets its rich, creamy goodness from Philadelphia Brand, the freshest-tasting cream cheese you can buy. Gradually add honey to softened cream cheese, mixing until well blended. Stir in pineapple and strawberries. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into eight ¾-cup molds; freeze until firm. Unmold. Garnish with strawberries, if desired. Serves 8. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese is guaranteed fresh when you buy it or your money back from Kraft.

YOU'LL FIND 2 MORE COOKBOOK-SIZE PAGES ON REVERSE SIDE



Fruited Kugel for Passover (see Line a Day for recipe), topped here with a lemon sauce.

Sweetened Grape Wine or Passover.

MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

s with which? And when? And the new food thoughts and nd recipes fit together in the f meals that cook in a hurry? answer for every single day th!

isk means recipe in this is- o recipe index, page 154, to

RIL FOOL'S SUPPER
Beet Aspic with Sour Cream keys" (Stuffed Pork Chops) getables with Mayonnaise pril Fool Eggs

EASON FOR SHAD
r and Pink Grapefruit Cup utéed Shad Roe with monds, Lemon Juice tered Fresh Asparagus cles ● Bouquet of Sherbets

ED RICE SCRAMBLE
om Caps in Chicken Soup ice and Chicken (canned) with Scrambled Eggs as, Celery Hearts (canned), onut Custard Pie, with Mandarin Oranges

ERRY BLOSSOM TIME
Noodle Soup (packaged) ves' Liver and Onions Whipped Potatoes Spinach with Bacon Bits Streusel (refrigerated)

ARADISE IN APRIL
uffed with Onion Soup Dip aks ● Hash-Brown Potatoes *Herbed Zucchini radise in April Dessert

NINE-BOY CURRY
umber Salad with Mint Shrimp or Chicken Curry Nine-Boy Sambals erbet with Lingonberry Sauce

7. JUMPS INTO THE MOUTH
Raw Cauliflower, Cherry Tomatoes
*Saltimbocca ● Broccoli
Parsley-Coated Noodles
Strawberry Punch-flavored Gelatin
Baked Refrigerated Cookies

8. PANIC SUPPER
Hot Dogs with Homemade Mustards
Baked Beans ● Mixed Vegetable Salad
Baked Apple à la Mode

9. DOWN SOUTH SUPPER
Fried Chicken ● Candied Sweets
Stewed Tomatoes, Okra ● Fruit Salad
Georgia Peach Pie (frozen)

10. SALVATION ARMY DAY
Carrot Sticks and Assorted Pickles
Beef Stew (canned or frozen)
Brown and Serve Rolls ● Oranges
*Baked Plain and Sugared Doughnuts

11. NEAR EASTERN SUPPER
*Yogurt Soup
Lamb Kebabs with Tomatoes, Peppers
Broiled Eggplant
Melon Balls (frozen) with Orange Juice
Baklava (bakery)

12. BEGIN WITH ARTICHOKES
Artichokes with Hollandaise
Ham Steaks Baked in Cider
Escalloped Potatoes, Cheese Sauce
Succotash
Tomatoes on Watercress
Lemon Angel Food Cake

13. JEFFERSON'S BIRTHDAY
Sherried Tomato Bisque
Spaghetti, White Clam Sauce, Crabmeat
Little Peas with Onions
*Ice Cream Balls in Pastry Shells

14. INDIAN ROOT FESTIVAL
Grilled Salmon Steaks
*Baked Beets
Wild Rice and Long Grain Rice
Mixed Green Salad
Raspberries (frozen) with Hazelnuts

15. SPRING IN ZAGREB
Cream of Chicken Soup,
Crushed Almonds
*Savory Veal Cutlets ● Sauerkraut
French Green Beans, Tomato Sauce
Stewed Apricots with Cinnamon, Raisins

16. STARRING PINEAPPLE
Consommé ● London Broil
Brussels Sprouts with Slivered Celery
Dill-Buttered Potatoes
*Pineapple Fingers with Ricotta Dip

17. BLUE MONDAY
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
Batter-Fried Fish Puffs (frozen)
*Timbales of Asparagus
Orange Tapioca Pudding in
Orange Shells ● Brownies

18. PEAS APPEAR
Beef Barley Soup
*Scallops of Veal, English Style
*Potato Cheese Bread ● Fresh Peas
Strawberry Cream Pie (frozen)

19. PATRIOTS' DAY
Deviled Clams (frozen) ● Cold Ham
*Revolutionary Baked Potatoes
Cauliflower, Cheese Sauce (frozen)
Fresh Blueberries ● Spice Cake

20. FOR TAUREANS
Cheese and Celery Soups, mixed
*Peppercorn Steak Flambé
Broccoli Topped with Mayonnaise
Pickled Beets ● Grapes and Pears

21. SAN JACINTO
Black Bean Soup with Pimientos
Tamales or Enchiladas
(canned or frozen)
Onion Salad with Cheese-and-
Red-Wine Dressing (bottled)
Apples and Walnuts

22. OKLAHOMA DAY
*Picnic Chicken ● Lima Beans
Apple, Celery and Raisin Salad
Pecan Pie (bakery)

23. PEPPERCORN FESTIVAL SUPPER
Baked Red Snapper ● Baked Yams
Buttered Whole Green Beans
Escarole and Chicory, French Dressing
*Banana Peppercorn Pudding

24. FIRST SEDER
Chopped Chicken Liver (frozen)
Matzo Ball Soup (canned)
Boiled Chicken ● Carrots
*Kugel ● Sweet Red Wine

25. SECOND SEDER SUPPER
Passover Spinach Borscht (from a jar)
Roast Beef, Beet-Horseradish Relish
Boiled Potatoes
Avocado, Grapefruit, Lettuce Salad
Fresh Fruit ● *Kugel

26. SECRETARIES' DAY
Broiled Halibut Filets, Mushrooms
New Potatoes in Their Jackets
French Fried Onion Rings (canned)
Buttered Kale with Chopped Egg
Concord Grape Gelatin

27. HONORING ST. ZITA
*Escarole Soup ● *Chicken Cacciatora
Macaroni Tossed with
Parmesan Cheese, Sour Cream
Italian Green Beans Vinaigrette
*Buttered Layered Loaves
Compote of Peaches, Black Cherries

28. WELCOME EXPO 67
Split Pea Soup
*Broiled Canadian Bacon
Potato Puffs
Grilled Garlic-Salted Tomato Halves
*Maple-Flavored Bavarian Cream

29. FISH FRY SUPPER
Fried Fish ● Hush Puppies
Cole Slaw ● Tossed Green Salad
Lemon Meringue Pie (bakery)

30. GREEK EASTER SUPPER
Red Eggs ● Green Salad with Sardines
Roast Lamb ● Rice with Fresh Dill
Honey Rolls
Sliced Oranges in Sweet Red Wine



The best tasting vitamin C comes straight from the tree.

A Sunkist orange never forgets that vitamins are supposed to be delicious. Sure, it's glowing with natural Vitamin C and fifty other things that are good for you. But this goodness comes in the brightest, juiciest, sunniest flavor you can buy. For eating or for drinking. So open up an ice-cold Sunkist orange. And taste the

Sunkist®

From California-Arizona

RODUCTS

m page 118

ID MASH. Use 1 (4.4-oz.) otatoes with sour cream, in ells. Prick 1 lb. tiny cock- ers well with a fork. Divide he empty aluminum shells. hot oven (400°) and bake ers are brown and tender, minutes. Drain off surplus each shell set aside 2 or 3 rnish.

otato mixture according to ns. Stir in 1 clove garlic, on into aluminum shells. 2 or 3 franks on top.

ur-cream mixture according using ⅓ cup milk. Stir in 2 hopped chives. Spoon on es. Sprinkle each with some n grated Parmesan cheese. . (Men will want 2 apiece.)

ATO BREAD

pared
hed
or
nilk
tive

6–7½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ lb. grated cheddar cheese (1½ cups)
2 egg yolks
2 Tb. cold water

bowl, beat together 1 cup instant mashed potatoes, or margarine and ½ tea- eat 2 cups buttermilk till n (about 95°). Off heat, s. dry active yeast, until at into potato mixture. r in 6 to 7½ cups sifted ur to form a soft, smooth till smooth. Place in bowl. mp cloth. Let rise till dou- own. Divide dough into each into a 12x9-inch rec- le each evenly with ½ cup r cheese (about ½ lb. or ether). Brush 1 long edge gle with water. Roll up, on, starting with the other ss firmly to seal. Dampen rm a circle and pinch to ch on a greased baking scissors, snip into petal g about ¾ through. Cover th. Let rise till double in with egg glaze made by yolks with 2 tablespoons 400° for 30 minutes, until own and hollow-sounding n base. Serve hot or cold. ch) rings.

TO PANCAKES . . . Even auce, the plain pancakes t accompaniment for ham, ge dishes.

ced
)
ze)
ter
ered

Sauce:
1 cup apple sauce
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup peeled chopped apple
1 Tb. lemon juice
½ tsp. dry mustard

con, diced (about ¾ cup), skillet until crispy. Drain towels.

-serving-size) pkg. potato- according to directions, old water and 2 eggs. Stir oits and ½ to 1 teaspoon e. Fry according to label pancakes. Keep warm.

ce: Heat 1 cup applesauce pped onion, ¼ cup peeled , 1 tablespoon lemon juice on dry mustard. Simmer ender, and serve with the warm pancakes. Good for supper, brunch or lunch. Serves 6.

PENNYWISE MARZIPAN

2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 (8-oz.) can blanched almonds, finely ground
¼ cup cold mashed potatoes (made from instant mashed potatoes)
1 unbeaten egg white
1 Tb. fresh lemon juice
¼ tsp. almond extract
Powdered chocolate or Toasted coconut or Finely chopped toasted almonds
Food coloring

In a large bowl, combine 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 (8-oz.) can blanched almonds, finely ground, and ¼ cup cold mashed potatoes (could be leftovers). With a wooden spoon stir in 1 unbeaten egg white, 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Knead till smooth and pliable. Add a little more lemon juice if the mixture seems stiff. If it seems too loose, or soft, add some confectioners' sugar. DO NOT add any more potato.

To use: Roll into small bite-size balls and toss in powdered chocolate, toasted coconut or finely chopped toasted almonds. Makes about 1 lb.

POTATO MUFFINS

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 Tb. sugar
1 Tb. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 cup instant potato flakes
1 cup milk
¼ cup oil
1 egg, slightly beaten

Grease 9 (2½-inch) muffin pans very well or line with paper liners.

Sift 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour with 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt in a bowl. Stir in 1 cup instant potato flakes. In a 2-cup measuring cup, beat 1 cup milk, ¼ cup oil and 1 egg. Pour into flour-potato mixture and stir quickly with a fork until ingredients are just combined. Batter will be lumpy. Fill muffin pans half full. Bake at 425° till golden brown—about 15 or 20 minutes. Loosen around edges with a spatula. Turn out. Serve hot. Delicious with poultry dishes. Makes 9 (2½-inch) muffins.

ALSATIAN POTATO SALAD

1 (5.35-oz.) pkg. scalloped potatoes with cheese sauce
6 slices bacon
⅓ cup cider vinegar
2 tsp. instant minced onion
1½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. caraway seed
½ tsp. paprika
⅛ tsp. pepper
Celery greens

Open 1 (5.35-oz.) pkg. scalloped potatoes with cheese sauce. Save the packet of cheese-sauce mix for another day.

Cook potatoes in 2 cups boiling water until just tender. Drain well. Keep warm.

Fry 6 slices bacon till crisp. Drain on paper towels. To bacon fat in skillet, add ⅓ cup cider vinegar, 2 teaspoons minced onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, ½ teaspoon paprika and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cook until onion is tender. Toss over hot potatoes. Sprinkle with crumbled bacon. Garnish with celery greens. Serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING. Beat 2 (5-oz.) pkgs. instant yams into 2 cups boiling water. Let stand covered 3 minutes. Beat in ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup butter or margarine, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon salt. Finally, beat in 3 eggs. Pour into a lightly greased 2-qt. dish. Stand dish in a large pan surrounded by 1 inch of hot water. Bake at 350° for 1 to 1¼ hours or till knife tip inserted in the center comes out clean. Serve with heavy cream. Serves 6. **END**

New Dishwasher all with built-in spot removers



Strips away the invisible film that causes water to spot



What causes water spots? An invisible film. It clings to glasses, silver, dishes. Water drops stick to it and dry into spots. Now Dishwasher ***all*** with its built-in spot removers penetrates this invisible film, strips it away. Now, water drops can't stick, can't spot. Go on. Try it. See the difference!



Be More Beautiful All Your Life

A smooth, flawless skin is one of the fundamentals of beauty. You were born with this priceless asset, and today it is possible for you to cherish it as never before, for scientists have discovered a tropical fluid with remarkable, beautifying properties that can help to preserve and revive the natural splendour of your skin.

For generations now, American women have learned the paramount lesson that care and encouragement are very necessary to the skin if it is to stay young and beautiful.

The naturally fine, petal-soft complexion of childhood is sustained through the early years by a consummate supply of natural skin oils. In the fullness of time, however, the skin matures and the body processes slow down, and this is where science steps in and aids nature in keeping signs of skin deterioration at bay. Through the influence of this tropical moist oil, the perfect conditions under which your childhood skin blossomed are virtually re-created to maintain a superbly smooth, supple complexion.

A lovely skin depends on a balanced supply of natural elements to the sub-surface cells, and this moist oil has a particularly important "isotonic" action, an ideal osmotic pressure that allows it to merge with the skin's own fluids.

Then, too, the moist oil enables the skin to utilize its rich beauty values easily and thoroughly because it is "peeled" of the sealing elements present in ordinary oils. You can discover the value of this aspect by dipping a rose stem in conventional oil before placing it in a vase of water. The rose, rendered powerless to absorb life-giving fluid, will gradually fade and die. With this "peeled" oil, however, it is significant indeed that your complexion immediately benefits tremendously from this unique beauty fluid.

Your complexion will rapidly acquire a flower-like bloom because the moist oil encourages the replenishment of the plasma colloids (tiny water carriers of the skin) and brings into operation an external, hygroscopic action which attracts and draws moisture from the atmosphere to the skin, assisting in the prevention of dehydration of the epidermal skin and ensuring that the complexion is completely "proofed" against the formation of wrinkles.

Smoothed over the face as an invisible powder-base, the moist oil cherishes the skin, encourages cosmetics to blend beautifully and stay matt, and brings back the attributes of an exquisitely lovely complexion.

In tropical countries this beautifying moist oil is known as oil of Ulan, in England and other parts of the world as oil of Ulay. In America it is available from druggists as oil of Olay. Everywhere, beautifying Olay oil is being acclaimed as a means for women to gain lovelier complexions at any and every age of beauty.

Beauty Skin Care Consultants Recommend

To give your complexion clearness and youthful loveliness, smooth on a film of oil of Olay before making-up. Besides beautifying your complexion, the Olay oil will insure that your final make-up has a perfect matt finish.

To keep your lips soft and pretty give them a generous quota of the beautifying moist oil when you do your face. This light film of oil of Olay will also act as a foundation for the smooth and lasting application of your lipstick.

Keep your hands beautifully soft and smooth by applying a few drops of oil of Olay after working in water. This moist oil will replace the loss of natural oils drained away by the water and detergents.

Advertisement

ASPARAGUS

continued from page 113

QUICHE D'ASPERGES

The famous savory cheese pie of Alsace-Lorraine takes on added color-flavor with spears of asparagus. It's quickly put together in an unbaked pie pastry shell—makes a wonderful main dish for luncheon or supper.

1 (9-in.) unbaked pastry shell
1 egg white
4 eggs
1¾ cups light cream
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen or 1 lb. fresh asparagus spears, cooked

Brush inside of 1 (9-in.) unbaked prepared pastry shell with 1 unbeaten egg white. Set aside to dry.

Meanwhile combine 4 eggs and 1¾ cups light cream in a bowl. Beat till well blended. Stir in ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pour mixture into unbaked pastry shell. Bake in preheated 400° oven 20 to 25 minutes, or till semi-set.

While that bakes, cook 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen or 1 lb. fresh asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Cut spears into 2-in. pieces. When custard is semi-set, insert asparagus in the quiche, tips pointing up. Bake 10 to 15 more minutes or longer, till knife blade comes out clean when inserted in center. Makes 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS TIMBALES

Serve these delicately spiced chicken and asparagus custards for any festive occasion, either as a side dish or, with the tomato-wine sauce, as a light and pleasant entree.

If you have a pressure cooker, prepare as described below, then cover the timbales with buttered wax paper or aluminum foil, pressing or tying in place. Cook according to manufacturer's directions, at 15 lb. pressure, 3 minutes. Let cold water run down the side of the cooker to bring down the pressure at once.

2 Tb. dry bread crumbs
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup more dry bread crumbs
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. paprika
3 eggs
½ cup milk
½ cup chicken broth
2 cups cooked ½-in. pieces of asparagus (1 [10-oz.] pkg. frozen or 2 [15-oz.] cans or 1 lb. fresh)
1 cup cooked diced chicken

For Sauce:

½ cup chopped tomato
2 Tb. chopped onion
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce
¼ cup white wine
1 Tb. chopped parsley
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ teaspoon salt

Grease 6 (6-oz.) individual soufflé or custard cups. Sprinkle each with some of 2 tablespoons dry bread crumbs. Shake out excess crumbs. Set aside.

In a large skillet sauté ½ cup chopped onions in ¼ cup butter or margarine till soft and tender but not brown, about 5 minutes. Combine ½ cup more dried bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon paprika and add to onions in pan. Mix well. Remove from heat. Combine in a bowl: 3 eggs, ½ cup milk and ½ cup chicken broth. Beat till well blended. Fold in 2 cups asparagus cooked a method on page 113, or fro cans, drained, and cut in 1 cup diced cooked chick onion mixture. Mix well evenly among the 6 greas cups in pan of boiling water a preheated 350° oven for 3 utes or till knife inserted in out clean.

Tomato Sauce:

Sauté ½ cup chopped to tablespoons chopped onion spoons butter or margarine utes. Stir in 1 (8-oz.) can to ¼ cup white wine, 1 tablesp parsley, 1 clove garlic, crus teaspoon salt. Simmer cove utes. Unmold timbales. around each. Garnish with pa Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS HAM ASPIC

A cool and pretty dish t family or guests. If you use row mold, cut 3 ham slices use canned asparagus tips. a long oval mold, wrap aspa in a whole slice of ham.

2 pkgs. unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2½ cups chicken broth
2 Tb. dry white wine
¼ tsp. pepper
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen *or* 2 lb. fresh cooked asparagus spears *or* 3 (10½-oz.) cans asparagus tips, drained
1 Tb. le
½ tsp. p
6 slices (abou in 4 x *or* 3 h cut in
Lettuce

Soak 2 packages unflavo in ¼ cup cold water for 4 o Add 2½ cups hot chicken to dissolve. When slightly tablespoons dry white wine spoon pepper. Cool and chill

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. fro fresh asparagus according to on page 113, *or* use 3 (10½-o paragus tips, drained.

Sprinkle asparagus with 1 lemon juice and ½ teaspo Place 5 or 6 stalks asparagus a ham slice. Roll up. Stack asparagus rolls in an oval mo semi-set chicken broth over mold with foil or plastic wra 1 to 2 hours or until firmly s

To serve, you may dip bott in sink or basin of hot w slowly to 10, and turn aspic ou ter covered with lettuce leav right from the dish! Makes

ASPARAGUS SALAD VINAIGR

A man-sized, man-geared and a pretty centerpiece fo table (or to serve at a neighb becue).

5 or 6 crisp lettuce leaves
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen *or* 2 lb. fresh asparagus spears, cooked, or 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained
4 or 5 radishes, sliced
1 cucum
2 hard-c eggs, c
1 cup oil vinega dressi own
¼ cup s

Place 5 or 6 crisp lettuce l large oval plate. Top with

Don't have a Pot Roast Dinner.

Have a Pranzo di Manzo, instead.



To make the Frutta: After a meal, Italians eat *frutta.* Plain fresh fruit. Serve yours with knives for peeling, and cheese alongside. Any combination will do (apples and Bel Paese is a good one). For this dessert, it's not what you serve that's Italian, it's the way you serve it.

To make the Pane: Bread is *pane* (pah-nay) in Italian. Buy breadsticks, or a long thin loaf of "Italian Bread." Slice halfway. Then to make it even more Italian, dot with butter, parmesan cheese and a little garlic salt; wrap in foil and warm in the oven.

To make the Manzo: Pranzo di Manzo means "dinner of beef," but you don't have to know how to say it to make it. Because Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® makes a spaghetti sauce that's so Italian, it can make a pot roast Italian. Just cook the Chef's savory sauce right into the meat, the way Italians do. Let its special Italian spices and rich tomato goodness add their lively flavor to your roast. That's all it takes to make sure that instead of ordinary pot roast, this will be something special: real Italian Manzo.

3 pounds beef (pot roast cut)
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. oil
2 cans Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms

1. Season meat with salt and pepper. 2. In a large heavy saucepan, brown all sides in oil. Pour off excess oil; pour on Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms. 3. Cover and cook slowly 2½ hours (or until tender). 4. Serve sliced with extra sauce poured on.



Chef Boy-Ar-Dee

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen cooked asparagus spears or 2 lb. fresh cooked asparagus spears (prepare according to method on page 113), or use 3 [15-oz.] cans asparagus spears, drained) Cut 4 or 5 radishes and a cucumber into ¼-in. slices. Then cut cucumber slices into quarters. Peel and quarter 2 hard-cooked eggs. At each end of the oval platter group egg quarters, surrounded by slices of radish and cucumber. Scatter some of the cucumber and radish over asparagus, on lettuce.

Beat together 1 cup bottled (or your own) oil and vinegar salad dressing with ¼ cup sour cream. Serve with salad. Makes 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS WITH SAUCE ALLEMANDE

This creamy mushroom sauce (which begins with a can of soup) makes asparagus taste like *more*. The nutmeg and poultry seasonings give an unusual touch.

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears, cooked *or* 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained
1 (10¾-oz.) can condensed cream of mushroom soup
2 Tb. light cream or milk
1 egg yolk, beaten
¼ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. poultry seasoning
1 Tb. chopped pimiento
1 Tb. chopped scallion, chives or parsley

Cook 2 lb. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Or use 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained.

In a saucepan combine 1 (10¾-oz.) can condensed cream of mushroom soup and 2 tablespoons light cream or milk. Heat over low heat, stirring constantly, for 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add 1 beaten egg yolk, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento and 1 tablespoon either chopped scallion, chives or parsley. Stir gently. Place back over heat for 2 more minutes.

Serve sauce with or poured over hot, well-drained asparagus. Makes 6 servings

DEEP-FRIED ASPARAGUS

Pieces of asparagus fried till golden in a rich batter make an extraordinarily delectable hot hors d'oeuvre. Irresistible as a vegetable with meats, fish or eggs.

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears, cut in 2-inch pieces
1¼ cups flour
½ cup milk
1 bay leaf
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¾ cup sour cream

Cook 2 lb. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Drain asparagus well on paper towels. Cut in 2-in. pieces.

In a medium bowl combine 1¼ cups flour, ½ cup milk beaten with 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon marjoram. Beat till well blended. Toss asparagus pieces in batter to coat well. Heat up about 2 cups cooking oil to 365°, or, to tell when oil is hot enough, toss in a bread cube, count slowly to 30. If cube is browned, oil is ready. When oil is hot, cook asparagus, a few pieces at a time. Fry 3 to 4 minutes till golden. Keep cooked asparagus warm while you fix the rest.

When ready to eat, sprinkle a platter of fried asparagus with coarse crystal salt and let snackers eat with fingers, or serve at the table. Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND SOUR CREAM

A tasty trio of flavors in a spicy, hot vegetable casserole.

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears, cooked, *or* 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped

Cook 2 lb. fresh or 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to our method on page 113. Or use 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained.

In a medium skillet sauté ½ cup chopped onion in ½ cup butter or margarine, about 4 minutes, till soft and tender. Add ½ cup each chopped celery and green pepper. Cook, stirring constantly, 2 more minutes. Then add 2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped, 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Stir and cook covered over medium low heat about 15 or 20 minutes until vegetables are tender.

At serving time, discard bay leaf. Spoon vegetable mixture over the well-drained hot asparagus. Top each serving with some of ¾ cup sour cream. Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS BARI

Bari is a town in the heel of Italy, on the Adriatic Sea. There they serve asparagus topped with this sau
sion of hollandaise transform
tang of oranges.

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen *or* 2 lb. fresh, cooked, *or* 3 (15-oz.) cans asparagus spears, drained
1 (2-oz.) holland mix
½ cup co cream,
1 Tb. oran
½ tsp. gra orange

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. froze
fresh asparag
according to r
page 113. Or
oz.) cans a
spears, draine
warm while
sauce.

Prepare 1 (2
hollandaise s
according to
Remove from
up ½ cup c
cream till it f
peaks. Fold
cream, 1 table
ange juice an
spoon grated o
into hollanda
Place back on
and gently hea
for 2 or 3 min

Serve sauce
asparagus.
servings.



ASPARAGUS A SAUTERNE

Asparagus b
sauterne sauc
up with onio
an epicurean e

2 lb. fresh *or* 2 pkgs. frozen a spears, cooke
½ cup chopped
½ cup butter o margarine
¼ tsp. rosemar
¼ tsp. thyme le
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup sauterne Chablis wine
1 Tb. chopped

Cook 2 lb. f
(10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparag
according to method on page
paragus should be slightly u
Place spears in baking dish.

In a medium skillet, saut
chopped onions in ½ cup butte
garine about 4 or 5 minutes, til
tender but not brown.

Stir in ¼ teaspoon each r
thyme leaves and salt. Rem
heat and spoon over cooked asp
dish. Pour in ½ cup sauterne o
wine. Bake in preheated 400
minutes. At serving time sprinl
tablespoon chopped parsley.
servings.



an you ever get a bad one?

Miss America ever get a run
ocking?
ourse, she can.
that occasional embarrassing
own as a "bum banana" can
to us, too.
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NEW VALUES IN VEAL

continued from page 117

ALL ABOUT VEAL

1. To Make Extra-Economical Veal Scallops from the Leg and Breast. Even more inexpensive than the Economical Veal Scallops made from veal shoulder (described on p. 116) are "scallops" made from the leg or (cheapest of all) the breast. Bones, fat and tendons must be removed from the meat, which takes a little time and patience. Slice *crosswise* into thin pieces. Pound and tenderize according to the method described on page 116.

2. Chicken Breasts Look and Taste Like White, Milk-Fed Veal. True milk-fed veal is rarely available in the United States, but it is possible to approximate its delicate flavor by using chicken breasts! Slice single chicken breasts in half crosswise to make 2 *thin* slices. Pound each between 2 pieces of waxed paper. Tenderizing is not necessary. Substitute these "scallops" in any of our recipes. They make beautiful facsimiles of European veal in appearance and flavor.

HOW TO COOK VEAL

Veal requires careful cooking because it is young and lacks fat and connective tissue that keep the meat naturally moist during cooking. Therefore:

A. Very thin cuts of veal are cooked in hot butter, margarine or oil.

B. Large cuts, after the initial browning are pot-roasted (another term is braised). That is, they are placed in a casserole with vegetables and basting liquid, covered and cooked.

Time and temperatures for pot-roasting veal. First roast uncovered at 450° for 10 minutes. Then reduce heat to 325°, cover and baste often. Cook until fork-tender or until a meat thermometer (inserted in a fleshy part of the roast and away from bone) reads from 170° to 175°. Europeans like their veal less well cooked, about 165°.

A rule of thumb for the total cooking time is to allow 25 minutes per pound plus an additional 25 minutes.

WIENER SCHNITZEL

Anchovy fillets are often a part of the classic garniture for Wiener Schnitzel, although they are not included in our picture (page 117). Traditionally, two fillets are crossed like swords on each schnitzel.

2 lbs. veal scallops or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup unseasoned dry bread crumbs
¼ cup flour
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¾ cup butter or margarine
1 lemon, thinly sliced

Garniture:
1 head Boston lettuce
1 (2½-oz.) bottle capers, drained
2 hard-cooked eggs
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup chopped stuffed green olives
1 (2-oz.) can anchovy fillets, optional

Dip 2 lbs. veal scallops in 2 beaten eggs. Drain slightly. Toss into a mixture of 1 cup unseasoned dry bread crumbs, ¼ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Press crumbs onto meat to coat well. Shake to remove surplus. Let dry 5 minutes. Cook 2 minutes each side in ¾ cup butter or margarine. Drain slightly on paper towels. Arrange scallops on a hot platter, with a thin slice of lemon in between each.

For garniture shown on page 117 form 5 lettuce cups from 1 head Boston lettuce. Place cups around meat. Fill each cup with one of following: 1 (2½-oz.) bottle capers, drained; 2 hard-cooked egg yolks, sieved; 2 hard-cooked egg whites, chopped; ¼ cup chopped parsley; ¼ cup chopped stuffed green olives. Serves 6.

SCALLOPS OF VEAL ENGLISH STYLE

Garniture:
2 small yellow grapefruit
¼ cup oil
1 Tb. cider vinegar
1 Tb. chopped fresh or 1 tsp. dried, mint
2 lbs. veal scallops or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 eggs
2 Tb. water
1½ cups dry unseasoned bread crumbs
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup cooking oil
Mint sprigs

Prepare garniture first by peeling skin and pith from 2 small yellow grapefruit. Cut into thin slices crosswise. Marinate in ¼ cup oil, 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, and 1 tablespoon chopped mint (or 1 teaspoon dried mint) for 1 hour in refrigerator.

Prepare 2 lbs. veal scallops by seasoning each with a little of 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Beat 2 eggs with 2 tablespoons cold water. Dip each scallop into this mixture and then into 1½ cups dry unseasoned bread crumbs to coat well. Shake to remove surplus crumbs. Let dry 5 minutes.

Heat ½ cup butter or margarine with ½ cup oil in a heavy skillet—preferably the kind with ridges on the bottom, to give a diamond-scored effect. Place veal so ridges run diagonally across meat. Press down 15 seconds, then lift and move so ridges run diagonally the other way. Sauté 1½ minutes more. Turn; repeat on other side. Drain slightly on paper towels. Keep warm on a platter. Drain grapefruit from marinade. Use to surround veal. Garnish with mint sprigs. Serves 6.

SALTIMBOCCA

2 lbs. veal scallops (approx. 16 large scallops) or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
½ lb. cooked sliced ham
¼ cup flour
¼ cup Parmesan cheese
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. powdered sage
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup olive oil
1 cup chicken broth or white wine

Garniture:
1½ lbs. potatoes, peeled and cut in ½-inch cubes
2 Tb. butter or margarine
2 Tb. chopped parsley

On top of each of 6 to 8 large veal scallops place a slice of lean ham. Trim to fit. Top each with another veal scallop. Hold together, sandwich-fashion, with toothpicks. In a medium bowl, combine ¼ cup flour, ¼ cup Parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon powdered sage and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Use to coat veal-scallop sandwiches, rubbing well into surface. Sauté in ½ cup olive oil about 2 minutes for each side. Drain well on paper towels. Remove toothpicks. Keep warm on hot platter. (If you wish to make gravy, drain oil from pan. Heat pan drippings with 1 cup chicken broth or white wine that has been blended with 2 tablespoons of the seasoned flour and cheese with which scallops were coated. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Serve alongside meat.)

Meanwhile prepare garniture by boiling 1½ lbs. potatoes peeled and cut in ½-inch cubes, just till tender, about 5 minutes. Drain and gently toss with 2 tablespoons butter or marg
tablespoons chopped parsl
meat in center of platter. Su
parsleyed, buttered potato
to 8.

SCALLOPS OF VEAL ZINGAI

2 lbs. veal scallops or make economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
1 cup flour
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup butter or margarine
Sauce:
1 (10-oz.) can beef gravy
¼ cup swee
1 Tb. t
Garnitu
1 Tb. b marg
¼ cup fresh caps
¼ cup strip tong
¼ cup strip nam

Coat 2 lbs. veal scallops wi
of 1 cup flour, 1½ teaspo
¼ teaspoon pepper. Pound
into surface of meat. Sauté
each side in ½ cup butter
a few pieces at a time. D
on paper towels; keep war
platter, arranged in one lo

Make sauce by combini
can beef gravy with ¼ cu
sweet sherry and 1 tables
paste. Simmer gently, co
minutes, to blend flavors.

Prepare garniture by me
spoon butter or margarin
frying pan. Sauté ¼ cup ju
mushroom caps until tende
5 minutes. Add ¼ cup ju
cooked tongue and ¼ cup ju
cooked ham. Cook till hea

Scatter over the small pa
lops on the platter. Surroun
Serves 6.

ESCALOPES CHOU-FLEUR

2 lbs. veal scallops or make your own economical veal scallops according to recipe on p. 116
2 eggs
2 Tb. water
½ cup flour
½ cup Parmesan cheese
½ cup dry unseasoned bread crumbs
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp.
1 cup s
Garnitu
3 cups cauli
2 (10 froze cauli
½ tsp.
1 baske toma
1 tsp. marj
4 cups potat

Dip 2 lbs. veal scallops in
2 eggs beaten with 2 tables
Drain slightly. Toss each
a mixture of ½ cup flour,
mesan cheese, ½ cup dry
bread crumbs, 1½ teaspo
teaspoon pepper and ⅛ te
meg. Shake off excess crum
5 minutes. Sauté a few at a
salad oil. Keep warm on a

Prepare garniture by co
cauliflowerets in boiling s
just till tender. Or cook c
(10-oz.) pkgs. frozen cauli
cording to label directions
toss in ½ teaspoon paprika

Sauté 1 basket cherry to
that remains after cooking s
minutes. Drain and sprinkl
spoon powdered marjoram
same oil fry 4 cups thinly slic
(Dry well on paper towels be

To serve: Heap veal in ce
ter. Surround with cooked c
and tomatoes on a wide bo
potatoes. Serves 6.

BLANQUETTE OF VEAL

The ultimate in stews! To
classic style: place in long, s
Garnish with crisp bacon c
lemon wedges.

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That's why all Sunshine crackers have that happy taste.

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sp. Choice ingredients
g the dough to exactly
an inch is what delivers
taste.

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Sunshine makes the cheese that goes into Sunshine Cheez-Its. That's why this one-bite cheese snacker cracker is the only one with that happy real-cheese taste.



For Sunshine Honey Grahams, the Bakers put the finest pure honey in their graham cookie dough. That's why Sunshine Honey Graham is the cookie-cracker that's a honey.





oil
uth

THE NUNS THAT QUIT

continued from page 83

applauded her emotional freedom. Unbidden, Joan walked to the apron of the stage and bowed like an actress.

"How do you feel?" asked the psychologist.

"Wonderful," said Joan. "I feel like dancing."

"Fine," said the psychologist, "go ahead."

Joan turned to the audience. "I feel like dancing," she said. "I want you all to sing for me." People began to hum and sing and clap, and Joan began to dance. For a breathless three minutes, she was a Spanish flamenco dancer, whirling and tapping her feet gaily. Afterward, people stopped to congratulate her. "I'll bet you were a professional dancer once," a middle-aged woman said enviously. Joan Carswell, former nun, could only smile. She'd never danced in her life.

Rediscovering her own identity has meant a great deal to Miss Carswell, who is one of those classically ageless women. At 50, she has a fine figure, a face almost without wrinkles, a sparkling smile and magnificent blue eyes. "In the convent I had no driver's license, no Social Security number, not even my own name. Afterward, when people began to call me Joan, I felt it really meant affection. A first name is personal. It was like being a newborn baby in the body of an adult." (During our interview, Miss Carswell reached out to pour me a cup of coffee. Even such a simple act

poignant memory of
would have been difficu
cup of coffee without
prior permission," she e
I hadn't gotten the per
feeling guilty about tra

When she was in the
well was given the job
"spiritual renewal" p
younger sisters. She tr
the young women to m
tute self-direction for
Although her superiors
the program and even
sions with the young
acted negatively when
itually renewed" sisters
the old ways of doing th

"My superiors thoug
to support me," says
"but they were not poli
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to create autonomous
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frustrating—for me, th
and the superiors, to
General ended up takin

Miss Carswell feels t
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confusion along with th

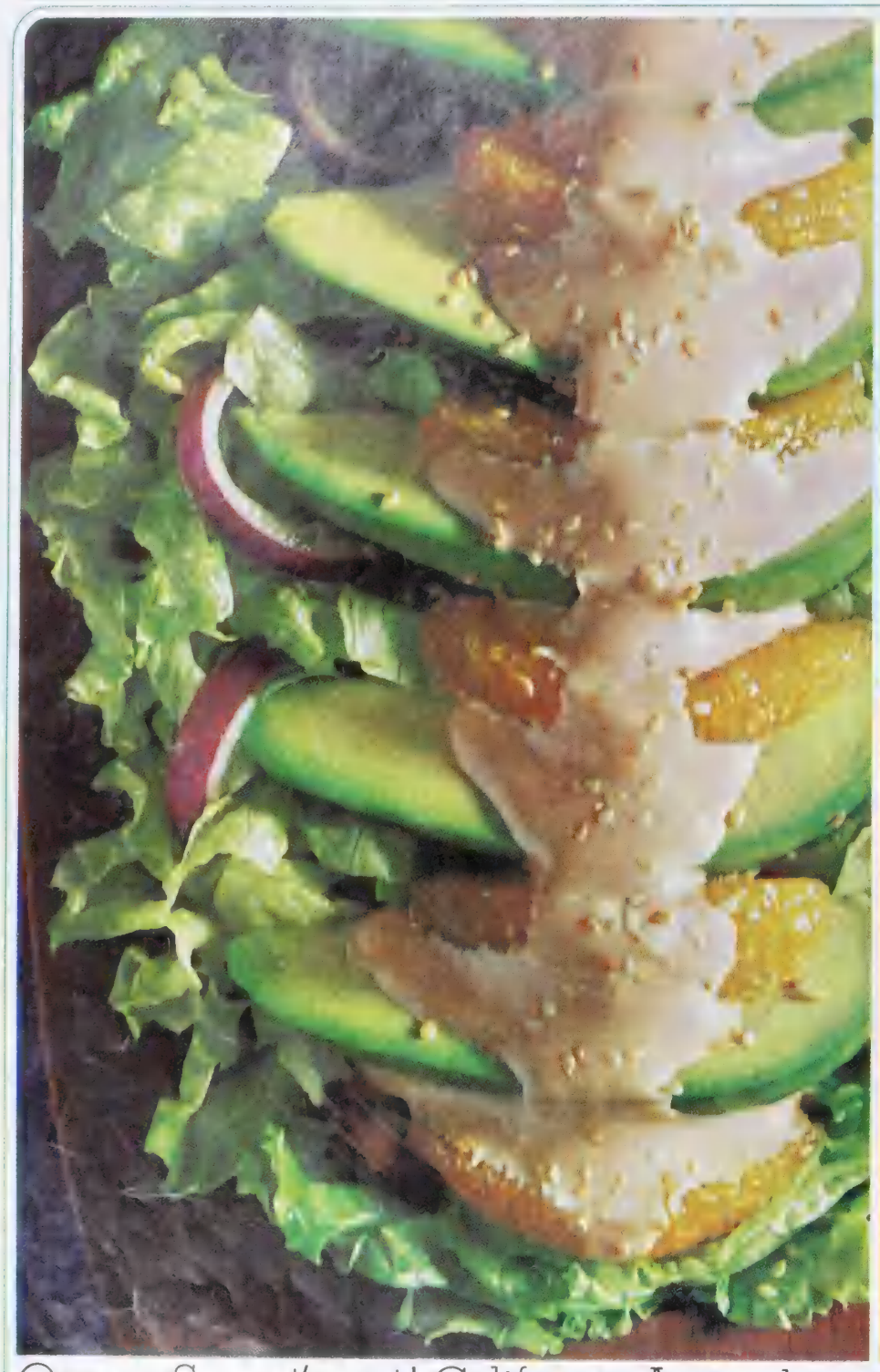
From the start, nuns a
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spiritual strength. But
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fail to attain the accept
that are promised to t
lant. Nancy Hiatt, who
for her California tea
left her order becaus
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about convent life.

"The sisters would
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come out and go their
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school in a highly conse
geles suburb. Nancy fou
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pressures of parents wh
trol the curriculum. S
jected when Nancy r
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would not support her
sisted that Pooh Bear i
It was Nancy who told
joyed being a sister at f
had second thoughts wh
bitter many of the o
grown. Nancy saw too
been waiting year after
and found themselves st
age of 35. "That was
pect," she says, "think
women without hope."

So Nancy asked to l
her vows. "I just thoug
a Christian if I left. I sir
the freedom to make r
wasn't a question of tur
Christ. Instead of sayi
what Christ wants, I be
the good things I wan
same as what Christ wa

"I talked to some oth
said, 'Stay!' Others sa
said, 'I wish I'd gone b
late.' So I decided to
consequences."

Leaving the religious
ribly traumatic experie
nun, Judy Christophe







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sections on a chilling bed of crisp Western
Iceberg Lettuce. Pour on Salad Secret brand
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How's that for a secret worth sharing?

were put on her to stay.
nt to divorce Christ?" the
al asked. "What draws you
d, the flesh, or the devil?"
led her apologies and said
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the order. Yet afterward
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with a realistic Jesuit
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it was better to leave than
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other has intimidated at
sisters into staying," she
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mean."
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at she wanted a dispensa-
r vows. The Reverend

ER WAS GOOD-BYE

IcLain Stoop

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mean," but Judy held her
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action of her life.
leave is sometimes inter-
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the evil spirit. And con-
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es her attitudes were pa-
has shifted her sights to
of rural poverty in Ap-
y recalls she was afraid to
he city when she first left

the convent. Then, when she got over her period of awkward adjustment, she plunged into a dating whirl. For six weeks, she went out with a different man every night. Now she marvels at her naïveté.

"I had a tendency to get too involved too fast," she says. "A man would say he loved me, and I'd say to myself, 'Gee, what am I going to do? He loves me and I don't want to hurt his feelings.' But soon I learned to pick up the clues so I'd know when he was giving me a 'line.' Now I find it easy to say 'no.'"

Some sources estimate that a third of nuns who leave eventually get married. Jane O'Leary of Minneapolis is an example. She left her order seven years ago, at age 25. Jane admits that she probably should never have gone into the religious life. "I wish that the sisters who taught me in elementary school and high school had given marriage its due," she says. "I grew up believing that virginity and perfection were synonymous. I'll always be grateful to the first young man who asked me for a date after I left the convent. I felt so awkward. My hair was too short and I felt undressed. The wind was blowing on my legs and I kept looking around, thinking, 'What has happened to my skirt?'"

Soon Jane was seeing other young men, and eventually she met the man she married. Now she candidly admits that she enjoys the physical side of marriage. "I look upon marriage as a vocation. This is really what God wants me to be doing. It may not be glamorous, being a housewife, but it gives me more chance to do for others than I had as a nun. You can't be selfish if you have a husband and three children, but it's easy to be selfish as a sister. It isn't hard to go into chapel and meditate for an hour. It shows a lot more love to get up at night with two sick babies and walk the floor with them."

In *The Nun in the World*, Cardinal Suenens criticized how some orders of nuns detach themselves from the world, physically and psychologically. This detachment causes delicate "re-entry" problems for former nuns who suddenly are expected to act like women when for so long they have been treated as neuters.

"In religious communities," says Sister Judith Tate of the Benedictines, "a negative celibacy has claimed first attention for centuries. The premise seemed to be that if a sister could eradicate her sexuality she could stand a better chance of being 'holy.'" Sister Judith explains that this concept arose from the assumption that "sexuality, especially feminine sexuality, was a necessary but obscene invention. . . . It was fairly simple to establish shame about the fact of womanhood. . . . In some extreme cases, it became part of a virtue to make oneself unattractive, for attractiveness was sexual lure. Hence mirrors were banished, heads were shaved, curves were flattened—all in the name of virtue."

Such a denial of sexuality can lead to physical complications. Joan Carswell says that while she was a nun, she and many other sisters suffered from fierce headaches and other menstrual distress, but that since she has left the order she has not experienced these symptoms. "Doctors really ought to do a study of this phenomenon," she says. At least one doctor has. Writing in *Review for Religious*, Dr. John Wain, a Catholic physician who has treated nuns for many years, agrees that menstrual and menopause problems are particularly widespread among nuns. Dr. Wain also notes that some overly modest sisters go so far as to conceal serious gynecological complaints, occasionally until it is too late.

It is precisely this unreal stance of the traditional convent toward sexuality that drives many sisters out. Mary McElroy of Antioch, Calif., now a pretty, vivacious mother of two baby girls, found that the "sexlessness" of convent life made her face up to her own conditioned Puritanism. "When I did that," she says, "I knew that I wanted to be a wife and mother, and I saw that it was God who had given me those feelings." In her case this realization proved to be the key to a happy marriage. She left her teaching order in Chicago, and two and a half years later married a man who teaches handicapped children. "Larry couldn't get over the fact that I had no inhibitions," she says.

The reasons nuns leave are as complex as the women themselves, (*continued*)

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¼ cup peanut butter
4 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies

1. Melt Chocolate, Butterscotch Morsels and peanut butter together in heavy saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly until well-blended. Remove from heat. Add Rice Krispies; stir until well-coated.

2. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto waxed paper or buttered baking sheets. Let stand in cool place until firm.

Yield: about 4 dozen confections, 1½ inches in diameter

Note: Mixture may be pressed into buttered 9x9-inch pan, if desired. Cut into squares when firm. Yield: 3 dozen 1½-inch squares



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but the case of Jacqueline Grennan at Webster College, near St. Louis, is of particular interest.

In leaving her order, Sister Jacqueline was scarcely recoiling from Spartan, old-line convent life. At her college the Sisters of Loretto enjoy "the responsibility of freedom." The nuns are not restricted to a convent; instead they reside in snug cottages around the campus, in groups of two, four or six. They are not under the close watch of superiors; they rise and retire when they wish, and say their prayers when it is most convenient within their professional schedules. They are permitted to wear "civilian" clothes instead of the habit. Even before she left the order, Sister Jacqueline would work in simple shirt-waist dress or a forest-green, knee-length wool skirt with a matching, short-sleeved jersey top.

The day the *Journal* visited Webster Groves, eight nuns consented to be interviewed in a cottage at 10 P.M.—an hour at which many sisters elsewhere are getting ready for bed. Casually, Sister Mary Rhodes Buckler offered a Scotch and water, and then talked at length about nuns in the modern world, the true meaning of the religious life, and the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. After a while, Sister Anita Schader, a philosophy professor, came in from a meeting. She wore a black-and-beige checked suit. "I like the way your hair is styled, Anita," said Sister Mary. "Where did you get it done?"

Yet even this liberal, modern order became too restrictive for Sister Jacqueline Grennan. And so she left it—not because of any lessening of dedication, but because of her hunger for freedom to "lead an intense Christian life in the modern world. I have come to believe that the notion of cloister—in physical enclosure or in social regulations or in dress—is not valid for some of us who must live our lives as dedicated women in the public forum." She believes that the *aggiornamento*, or modernization of the Church, really calls for a dedicated Christian to work *in* the secular world, rather than out of it.

One of Sister Jacqueline's widely discussed national appearances came on a David Susskind television program, in which four nuns discussed their changing role. Perhaps significantly, two of these four sisters have since left their orders. Sister Jacqueline and Sister Kristin Morrison, a Harvard-trained Ph.D. who had been teaching at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles. On the television show, Sister Kristin said: "I would like to be as honest a Christian as I can, in whatever way I can, doing whatever that demands of me, and I'm not sure I know what the future demands of me."

That same night Sister Jacqueline revealed her own doubts. When moderator Susskind asked her if she had any misgivings, if she ever questioned whether she had chosen the right vocation, she replied: "Sure. I think every good nun in the world today is reassessing her position. We could not be in the state of ferment we're in if people were not asking that question over and over again. Every time you ask it and stay, you are there more profoundly, but it doesn't mean you're not going to ask it again tomorrow or next year or next decade."

The "new nuns" realize that they are in the vanguard, that many Catholics are simply not ready for them. Before she left the order, Jacque reported receiving letters f tive Catholics in Califor tucky calling her "a daugh bub." She reported, "Ea pray for my excommuni nightfall so I won't cau trouble." But the world out to the liberal sisters, them cannot understand a people should be scandalize at a performance of *Wh Virginia W* a nun shou mitted to tini witho glances.

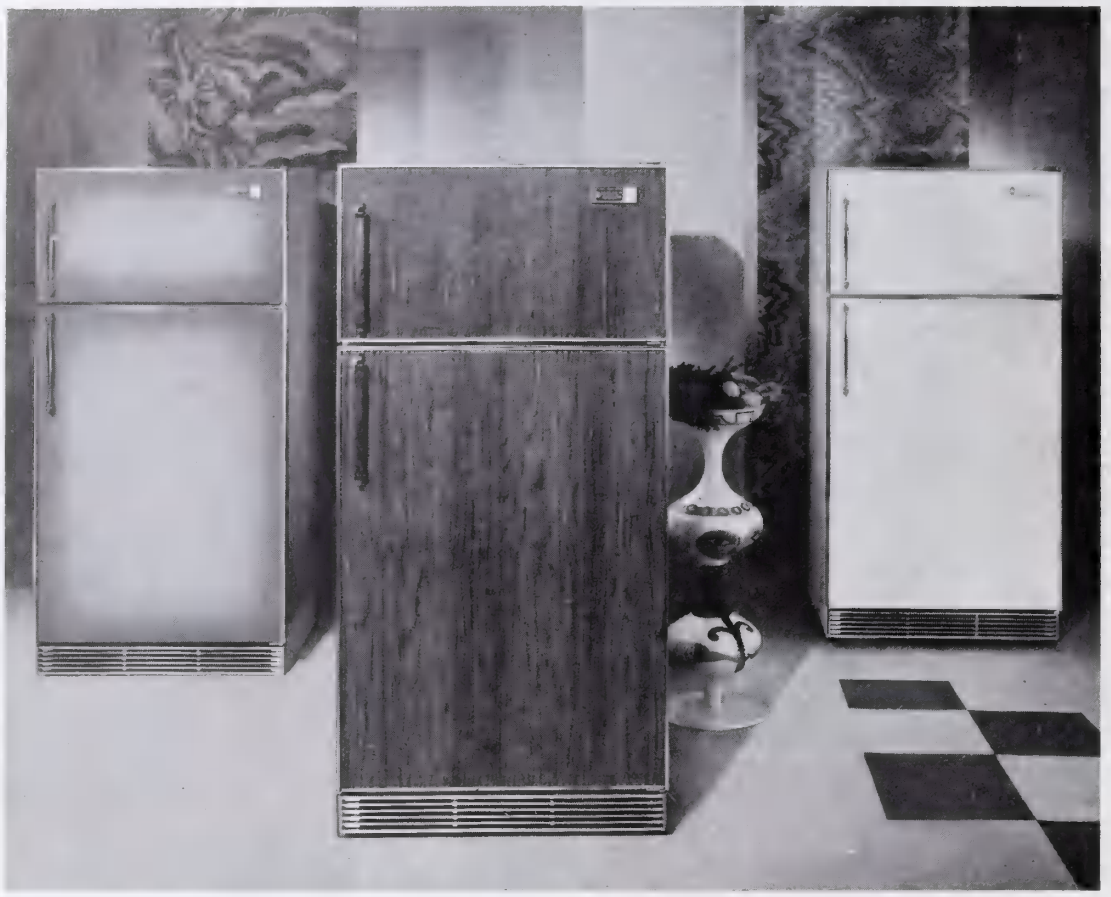
"We are Charles E sort of soci blanket Catholics

Not all with this ferment; r that it has In a rece *Thought*, magazine Fordham Sister Bert ers of the Charity w provingly ent whirlw content an the confusi with license uous self-se free dabbl 'new theolo Bertrande that nuns accept "logi discipline" in religious

What of frequently many form "problem w cannot abic and disciplir are the kin malcontents found in any of people, h cated? Rece studying so major univ pleted a d sertation in surveyed dr non-dropout order. To h she discover sisters who l *less* critical ders than the remained.

Of course, do not le because they are satisfied lives or because they choo for reforms from within. But a secret that many were shak couraged by the recent exper Glenmary Sisters.

The Glenmarys, with head Cincinnati, are a liberal orde modern than most. They worked with the poor of Appa are now following them in t for jobs in cities such as D Chicago. The sisters live in s ments in these cities, in clo with the neighborhood and a bles. In their practical gray



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Reform at such a pace is too slow for some nuns. Thirteen sisters of Notre Dame asked for a dispensation from their vows last year and left the Cleveland convent. Ten of them stayed together to found what they call the Community of Christian Service. They went to Pueblo, Colo., rented a house in a poor section of town, and are living communally under private vows of poverty and chastity. Several are teaching at Southern Colorado State College, several in public high schools, one is a laboratory technician, one is a county welfare worker.

The members of the group still consider themselves sisters, although their private vows are taken for only a year at a time. One, who is teaching in the college, has a persistent male admirer on the faculty. She finally had to tell him, "I don't date, I'm a sister."

Within the self-imposed restrictions of their vows, the Pueblo sisters have a great sense of freedom. As Mary Terese Moynihan puts it: "Now I am available. I can be of service wherever the opportunity presents itself. In the convent it was all so abstract. Love was a forbidden word. Literally. We signed our letters 'charity.'"

Sally Watkins, another member of the group, works in her free time in a Mexican-American slum, just as she had tried to work in Cleveland. "The difference is that now I can stay with a situation where I am needed. In (*continued*)

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Cleveland I always had to hurry back to the convent."

The work these former nuns are doing is not specifically with or for Catholics. They feel that their dedication is to something more than the institutional church. But they have not renounced their faith. They have a sense of Christian community, and feel that, while they could carry on in their secular work alone and scattered, it would not be as fruitful; they need one another.

Some nuns who drop out are lonely. Elsie Heiligers, for example, is no longer a Sister of Mercy, but she is doing what she wants to do—social work among the Negroes of Oklahoma City. She says that her only regret is the loneliness, the lack of close friends who can share the life with her. Sometimes old friends from the convent visit her. They talk a bit, and the sisters complain about the same attitudes in the convent that drove Elsie Heiligers away. But, essentially, her work is done alone, her only companions the poverty-stricken people who still call her Sister Nativity.

As a Sister of Mercy, she had tried for 17 years to make the social teaching of the Church more relevant to the world around her. In Oklahoma City, she and five other sisters wanted to live in a nearby slum and help the people there. Their superiors split them up and reassigned them to six different cities.

Sister Nativity was sent to New Orleans, where she tried to integrate the sodalities (clubs) of a white and a Negro high school. After a bomb threat, she was transferred to Little Rock, where she protested against the segregation of her order's boarding school. She proposed bringing in some Negro girls, but her superiors would not hear of it.

"Why take the vows if they can't free us enough to undertake unpopular causes?" Sister Nativity asked.

She was sent back to Oklahoma City, where she had begun, and here came the climax of her struggle. The Negro Church of Blessed Martin was closed, and the congregation integrated with that of a white parish—a change that Sister Nativity applauded. But she saw that the Negroes in the area felt somewhat bereft and abandoned.

She asked the bishop if she and three other sisters could take over the rectory at Blessed Martin's and begin social work among the Negroes. He gave his professional approval and went to consult with the Mother General of the Mercy Sisters in New Orleans. She said the sisters could certainly do the work—if they wanted to leave the order. She gave each of the four their option to leave, and forbade them to discuss the matter among themselves. The other three nuns decided to stay in the order, but Sister Nativity chose to leave.

The story of Lupe Anguiano is similar to Sister Nativity's. She joined Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters and struggled for 17 years to find a way to work with Mexican-Americans. I talked to her when she had been out of the order for a year and had a worthwhile job in the Federal antipoverty program. We sat in her modest but modern apartment in Los Angeles. She looked out the window and waved her hand in the general direction of racially troubled Watts and Boyle Heights. "That is where the Church should be," she said. "But the Church is caught up with the status quo. Those in charge believe in the institution rather than in the people it should try to serve."

During her last five years in the order, Lupe says, she tried to find a way of agreeing with her superiors. She tried to believe that God spoke to her through the mouths of her superiors, and if they said "no," God, in effect, was saying "no." When she began to suffer extremely painful headaches, her superiors assumed that they were part of God's plan, that she was to "suffer with Christ."

Lupe plunged back into her labors with Mexican-Americans, felt the tension ease and the headaches diminish, and then was again reprimanded for her work. She was told to obey or to leave the order. So she hired a lawyer to help her draft a letter of resignation and, trembling with her audacity, walked to the corner, and posted the letter by U.S. mail (because she felt the convent mailbox was censored). Shortly afterward, she was released from her vows.

Like Joan Carswell, Lupe recalls vividly her first bewildering experience with the outside world. The day before she left the convent for good, she went to a department store to buy clothes with the $200 she had received from her order for 17 years of service. Confused and embarrassed, she pretended that she was shopping for a friend. "What size is she?" asked the salesgirl. "Oh, about my size, I guess," Lupe replied.

"I didn't even know my own sizes," she says now. "You should see the slip I got. It's way too big. I still have it in my drawer."

Lupe looks back at her life as a nun more in sorrow than in anger. "When you think of the tremendous talent going to waste in the convents," she says, "and of how much that talent is needed in the world! I haven't even gone back to visit my best friend, S because I knew I would as

There are 180,000 siste and the dropout rate—a just a few years ago—see ing. Few of the mother provincial superiors are v their personnel files. St careful though unoffici *Journal* was able to dete 4, 5, 6, even 7 percent leaving provinces from Massachusetts, and that were down by as much Many experts believe tha celerated dropout rate wi some time, and that m sisters will join organiza the Peace Corps until t more fully modernized.

The dropouts may well up this modernization. Borromeo believes that si college degrees today and to their convents have an to help the communitie And Sister Mary Audrey of the Holy Names of Jes envisions a major change of the orders—one that foreshadowed by the work belling nuns so often have

Historically, the reli founded and staffed sch pitals because, when Amer and growing, these insti desperately needed. Now school or hospital is no lo ing. Sisters ought to be frontiers, Sister Audrey ample, working with the p

If she is right, the conve be following the examples have left. And the era of nun would be over.

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 88-91



6960 6795 7002 6959 6927 7029 7074 7031

VOGUE 6960 One-piece dress; 10–18; $1.50. Dress requires 2 yds. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6795 Coordinates, dress, blouse, jacket, pants, shorts, Make"; 10–18; $2. Long dress requires 3⅜ yds. 45-in. fabric with nap for size 14.

VOGUE 7002 Coat; 10–18; $2. Coat requires 4¼ yds. of 45-in. fab without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6959 One-piece dress; 10–16; $1.50. Sleeveless dress requires of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6927 One-piece dress; 10–18; $1.50. Sleeveless dress requires of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 7029 Jumper and dress; "Easy to Make"; 10–16; $1.50. jumper dress requires 2¼ yds. of 50-in. fabric with/without nap fo

VOGUE 7074 Coordinate blouse, tunic, dress, pants, and shorts; 1 Tunic and pants require 3⅜ yds. of 50-in. fabric with/without nap fo Lining of tunic sleeves (to edge) requires ⅝ yd. of 50-in. fabric with nap for size 14.

VOGUE 7031 Jumpsuit; 10–16; $1.50. Sleeveless jumpsuit requires of 40-in. fabric without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6967 One-piece dress; 10–16; $2. Long-sleeved dress, with tie all in same fabric (1 yd. by 4 ins.), requires 3⅜ yds. of 40-in. fab without nap for size 14.

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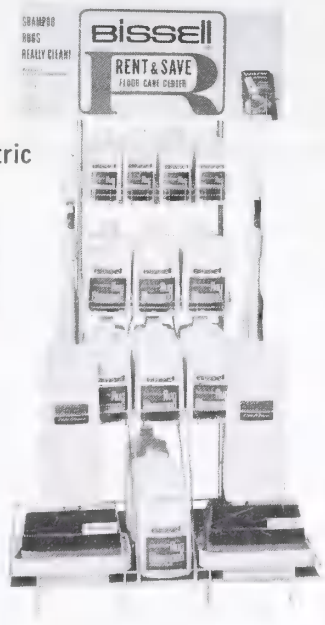


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"THEY ASKED US TO GIVE UP OUR CHILD"

continued from page 93

five days old. Since then she has been our own delightful baby daughter in every sense but one—the legal sense. Yet the term "foster parent" was only a technicality as far as we were concerned. Beth was ours, heart and soul. Or so we thought until a chilly day in February, 1966, when the Welfare Department caseworker arrived at our three-bedroom, 10-year-old brick home in Tillson, New York.

When I saw her, I felt as if a cloud was passing over our sun. A premonition had been haunting me for a week. My husband laughed when I told him about it. He said that I was being morbid and too suspicious. Still, I decided to say something to the caseworker.

"I have a feeling," I told her, "that this isn't just an ordinary visit. Do you have something to tell me?"

"What do you think that would be?" she asked.

"You do know that we want to adopt Beth?" I said.

The caseworker looked upset. "Oh, no," she said, "you have no chance at all!"

"But you told us that the longer Beth was with us, the better our chances to keep her!"

"I'm sorry," the caseworker replied, "but things have changed. You people have no chance at all anymore."

That was it. After 3½ years, Ulster County was taking our baby away—except that, as they pointed out to us so many times, it wasn't our baby; it was *theirs* under the law.

The four official reasons given by the Welfare Department shocked us:

1. That we are too old. Mike and I are both 48. We were 44 when we first took Beth into our home. "Beyond normal childbearing years" was the official phrase.

2. That because I had once received hospital treatment for menopausal symptoms, I was "not physically able to take on the care and responsibility of a young child at this time."

3. That as foster parents we had no legitimate claim to Beth.

4. That the child, who is blue-eyed and of fair complexion, did not match the Liunis' ethnic background!

The last reason seemed the most unreasonable of all. Beth was to be taken away from us because we were of Italian descent! "This child," read the welfare report, "is of French and Irish and German extraction; they are Italian on both sides; there is coloring, there is the physical makeup of the natural parents and of the adoptive parents. . . ."

Maybe that last "reason" was a lucky break for us. If it hadn't been for the implication that Beth was being denied to us because we are Italian, I don't think the Liuni case would have aroused such world-wide indignation.

Even when she was a week old, Beth was a beautiful, blond, blue-eyed baby—except for one thing: Over her left temple was a large, strawberry-colored birthmark. Later this mark became an important factor in our struggle to adopt Beth.

From the start, I suppose, we all spoiled her terribly. The kids argued about who would hold her and who would feed her. When my son Michael, who is blond and green-eyed, held her, they really looked like brother and sister, with her yellow hair lighting up in the sunshine. Mike, my husband, felt Beth was the baby sent by God to replace the one we couldn't have.

After a few months, however, Alberta asked the crucial question. "Mommy, what will we do when they come to take her away?"

The status of foster parents, of course, is very different from that of adoptive parents. The standards for placement differ, and foster families are warned from the beginning that they are keeping the child on a temporary basis. We were paid first $60 and later $70 a month by Ulster County for Beth's board and care, and the county also paid all medical bills. In a sense, the county regards foster homes as transient baby-motels where infants are kept until adoption can be arranged. From talks with other foster parents, we knew that this usually took less than a year.

But as soon as Alberta asked the question we all knew our answer. We could never let Beth go. We asked the caseworker what we should do about starting adoption proceedings. She was vague, but she reassured us in another way. "With that blemish it won't be easy to place this child," she said. "Just sit tight. The longer you have her, the better your chances are." In any event, she explained, it was impossible to offer the child for adoption without the consent of Beth's father. This m... where to be found. Beth's mother, we later discovered, ... town about 20 miles away fr...

Knowing that nobody ... adopt Beth for a while gave ... assurance. Mike bought a ... ette—we had long ago given ... baby things—and when he ... berta's old white wood crib ... many nights refinishing it. As ... up it was eas... that we ha... claim on her ... ber her first ... how she got a... trying to se... piece of cake ... ber my thr... first words: ... Dadda"—a... "Booey" for ...

Beth gave ... joy that after... year we tol... that we coul... of another f... They sent ... premature b... mother was ... take care of ... knew from ... ning that wh... better she ... Paul back. ... were prepare... left us aft... months. Bu... loved havi... around. So ... Dennis next ... fell in love w...

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Someho... found the ri... For weeks ... around to ... friends, bo... have a bea... You haven't ...

Shortly ... the Welfa... called again. This time they ... girl named Lisa, and they j... find a place for her. "I do ... could cope with another one ... I said. But finally I agreed t... Now we had six children in ... three of our own and three ... dren. Lisa was a colicky child ... wake up screaming every tw... I would have to be ready wi... Finally, so that the rest of ... could get some sleep, I mov... into the living room and sl... couch next to her.

Gradually, the nervous s... to affect me I found I w...

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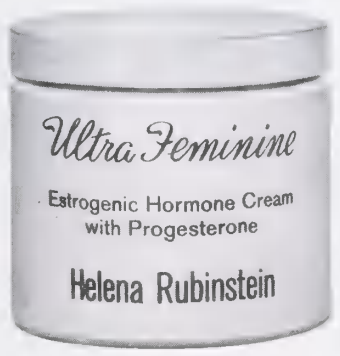
thoughtfully, then
s is my house!"
I knew one thing.
o take her away

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fight to keep her.



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It is going to be a long fight and it will cost a lot of money. We might have to sell this house, or mortgage it to the hilt. Daddy and I want to know how you feel about this. When we die, the house will be the biggest asset you will inherit, so you should have something to say about it. It's a long fight and we'll probably lose, but Mommy and Daddy want to do this. How do you kids feel about it?"

The boys just looked at Alberta, and she spoke for all of them. "Mother," she said, "we know that whatever you're going to leave, you'll leave to us, but there's a difference between leaving a house and a home." That settled it. Next day we hired a lawyer and started to fight in earnest.

Shortly after that, we were directed to produce Beth and appear in court to answer habeas corpus proceedings instituted by the Ulster County Welfare Board. The court order was signed by Judge Mahoney, a rotating New York State Supreme Court justice.

The morning we were scheduled to appear, I tried to get the children off to school so we could get ready for court. "We're not going to school," Alberta said. "We're coming with you." For we all knew that it might be the last time we would see Beth.

When Judge Mahoney reached the courtroom that day, I guess he found out for the first time that he was being asked to make an on-the-spot decision regarding a child's life. The walls are thin in that court and we could hear him shouting, "How can they ask me to sign this paper today? I want some facts on this case! Where have the Welfare people been these four years?"

So Judge Mahoney had the case moved to Family Court—another in a series of many court appearances for us. Gradually the strain began to tell. After our second day in court, Michael was so upset that he vomited. Joseph asked to be excused from school because he was sick to his stomach. Alberta broke out in a nervous rash. And my husband Mike lost 15 pounds in one month.

During this time, however, we found powerful friends. Mike loves to play bridge, and he remembered that a fellow player at one tournament had mentioned an organization in New York that helps people with adoption problems. Through the American Contract Bridge League, Mike located the man who had made the remark and finally was referred to the Adoptive Parents Committee of New York City. Attorney Leonard N. Tarr, the vice president of the committee, took a particular interest in our case, since he and his wife, both dark-haired like us, are also the adoptive parents of two blond children.

In the meantime, unknown to us, Mrs. Grace McAvoy, our good neighbor and friend for many years, wrote a four-page letter to our Congressman, Representative Joseph Y. Resnick, who immediately investigated the case. As soon as he had satisfied himself that our claim was legitimate, he went to work for us. First he tried to arrange meetings to settle the matter out of court. But when Welfare Commissioner Joseph Fitzsimmons refused to budge, Congressman Resnick released our story to the press. The result was instantaneous and amazing. We appeared on local and network radio and television, and received more than 600 letters and contributions to our legal fund from 47 states and many foreign countries.

Finally, Family Court (*continued*)



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Judge Hugh R. Elwyn handed down his decision. He ruled against us. However, Congressman Resnick discovered that Judge Elwyn was a cousin by marriage of Welfare Commissioner Fitzsimmons. Resnick persuaded us that we could get Judge Elwyn's verdict overturned because of this—and he was right. Leonard Tarr took over as our lawyer and the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York unanimously struck down Judge Elwyn's decision.

Meanwhile, Beth couldn't help but notice all of this excitement. For the first time in more than a year she began to wet the bed, and she began to have those recurring nightmares. It was at this point that Mike told her we wouldn't give her up, which seemed to reassure her. Oddly, Beth didn't seem disturbed by all the television crews and newsmen coming in and out of the house—sometimes she seemed to enjoy it. Usually she didn't seem to be listening when we talked about her. But once, after playing quietly in a corner throughout a discussion of the case—apparently paying no attention as we analyzed its dark-eyed-parents-and-blue-eyed-child aspect—she looked up as the TV crew was leaving and said soberly, "My brother Michael has blue eyes!"

After the Appellate Division reversed Judge Elwyn's decision, a Surrogate from neighboring Columbia County, Judge R. Waldron Herzberg, was appointed to sit as a Supreme Court justice—specifically to hear the Liuni case. He named Judge William E. J. Connor to act as Beth's guardian during the litigation. It was also announced that Commissioner Fitzsimmons had agreed to accept the recommendations of Judge Connor and his investigator, former New York State Trooper Frank Appleton. Our lawyer was told to prepare the adoption papers so they would be ready for our January 9 hearing.

Soon after Judge Connor was named Beth's guardian, he came to visit her. Since we were afraid she would associate him with the "bad people" who wanted to take her away, I told Beth that a kind "Grandpa" was coming to see her. Judge Connor arrived carrying a big doll for Beth, and they hit it off very well. After several hours, he started for the door. "Good-bye, Beth," he said, "I'll be back to see you soon."

Beth looked up at him. "Good-bye, Grandpa!" she said.

I'm not sure, but I think the judge was on the verge of crying.

Then, just when the case seemed to be going so well, everything suddenly came apart. Judge Herzberg released the news that Judge Connor and Frank Appleton had both recommended that we adopt Beth "as soon as possible." Commissioner Fitzsimmons promptly denied that he had agreed to go along. It was obvious why the Commissioner was annoyed. In his legal opinion, Judge Connor had said that the child Jesus himself would have been denied to his parents under Welfare Department rules. But Fitzsimmons wouldn't concede. He said he had to "compare the information with recommendations furnished by my staff of qualified and state-trained personnel."

The tension was almost unbearable. But we felt that if we had held ourselves together this long we could wait until January 9, when Fitzsimmons would announce whether he'd approve the adoption, and when Judge Herzberg would hand down his final decision.

On that big Monday, January 9, 1967, we left Beth with her aunt a few blocks from the courthouse since we might have to produce her in court if the adoption proceedings were OK'd. But Commissioner Fitzsimmons never appeared in court. Instead his lawyer, Richard Griggs, asked for a postponement. Griggs said that the Commissioner had not had sufficient time to read and evaluate the reports. Reluctantly, Judge Herzberg granted a seven-day delay, until January 16. I couldn't stand it. I broke into tears right in the courtroom, although I knew that the county might use this as evidence that I was still "nervous."

In granting the delay, Judge Herzberg warned the Welfare Department that if it intended to continue its fight for custody of Beth, it had to notify our lawyer, at least by Thursday, January 12. We were sure we would have to wait a week for the news, but then Commissioner Fitzsimmons called a 4 P.M. press conference for January 12. We all waited anxiously by the telephone for some clue, as to what he would say. Unfortunately the wire was tied up most of the time by reporters, who also wanted to know what was to become of Beth. Finally, at 4:14 P.M., we got the news—on the radio! Commissioner Fitzsimmons had read a long statement criticizing our handling of the case, commenting unfavorably on the Family Court's investigation, and even—after all this time—casting doubt on our ability to support Beth financially "in the manner that the Ulster County Welfare Department has done since 1962." (We are not wealthy, but my husband has a good, responsible job as an engineer for I.B.M.)

In fact, Fitzsimmons' report was so negative that as he read it several reporters with tight deadlines raced to telephone the news that the Commissioner refused to sign the adoption papers.

But then, grudgingly, Commissioner Fitzsimmons concluded with:

"In view of the extremely unjustified, unwarranted and unfavorable public furor and the attendant nationwide publicity of this case, it is my considered opinion that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to locate and approve suitable adoptive parents who would now accept this child into their home. I am prepared to sign the necessary agreement and consent as requested by the court so that little Elizabeth may be removed from the glare and spotlight of publicity. The court mu and heavy responsibilit the Liunis as adoptive p

We had won! I was sp heard the news. I just s ing. Finally Mike's sis Mauro, called to Beth w in the kitchen:

"Beth Liuni, come in

And Beth ran right in while we all stood togeth hugging each other. "W another Liuni now!" was

Despite our happiness, ing, "I won't believe a have that piece of paper On January 16, in Ju chambers, we saw Com simmons himself, in one to-face encounters. He s angry. While negotiatio lawyers were proceeding, Connor.

"Hello, Grandpa" she

Judge Herzberg smile at his fellow jurist. "S grandpa?" he said. J grinned proudly.

At 11:10 A.M., on Jan County surrendered to t This time Mike was clos tives crowded around in hugging and kissing us, dle of all this Beth's fluff with a music box in it sud stuck. It began playing, danced all night . . ." again, right there in cou

Commissioner Fitzsim back door. "Would you h hand now that the fig reporter asked Mike.

Mike hesitated. "We a word against Commis mons. I suppose he felt h duty. But I don't think hands with him."

Outside, TV reporters, and friends waited. The kept shouting at Beth: name, Beth? What's yo Beth just looked dazed.

Later, as we arrived h gled up to Alberta and sa name is Beth Liuni, isn't

For us it is all over sense it is just beginning. to return to a normal hom very quiet without all the and visitors. But our ho again—with Beth, Beth L who is "something specia



"You're getting warmer."

Who says he's a man's dog?

g now. I feed him Friskies Mix. You see,
who loves to crunch. And Carnation
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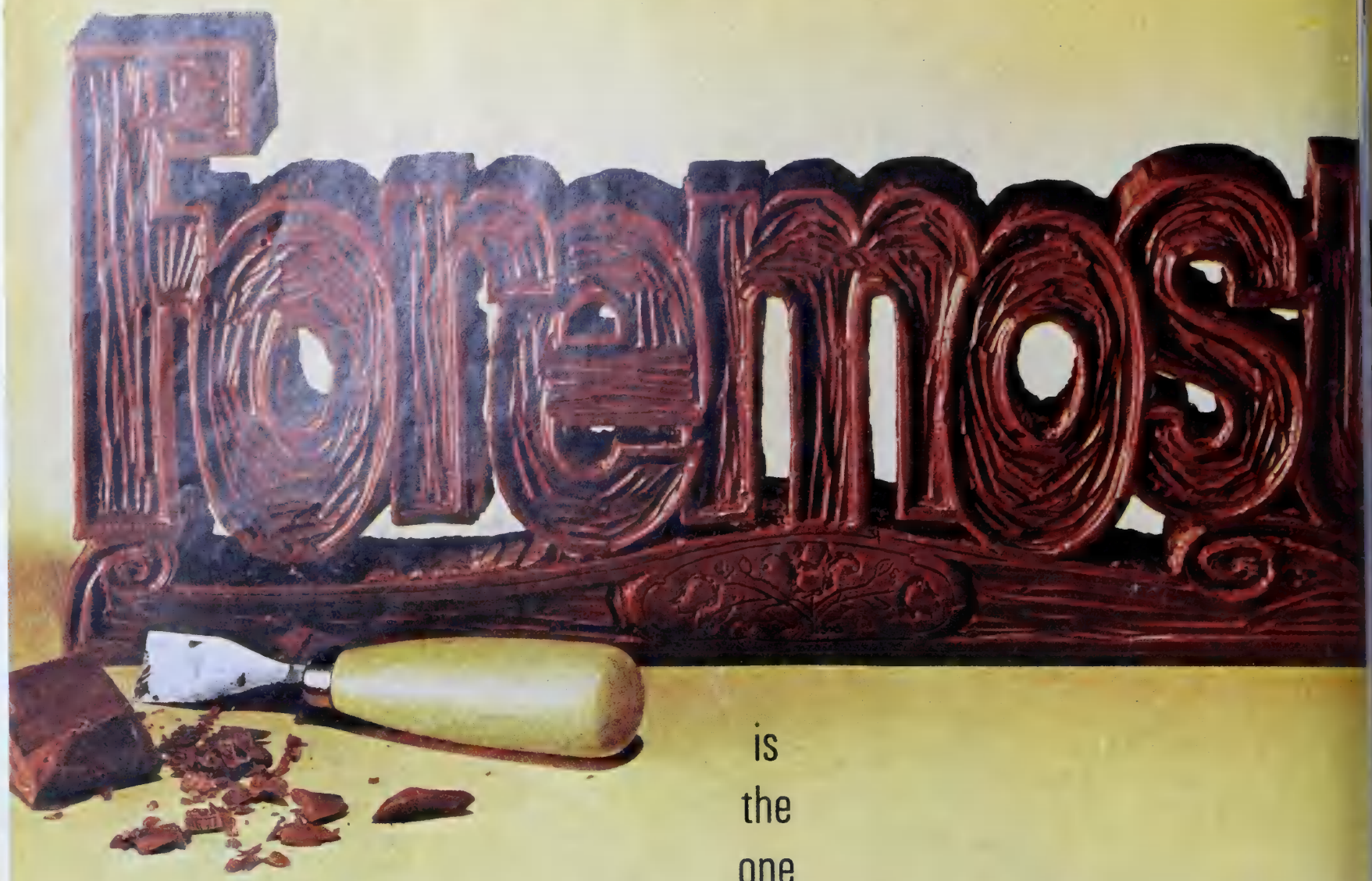
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Feed *your* dog Friskies Mix straight from the box. And change off with Friskies Sauce Cubes (same high protein, same built-in crunch—even while it makes its own light, tasty sauce).

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Just mix Foremost Instant Breakfast with milk and you have a complete and nourishing breakfast. Here's all the nutrition you need to launch your day—in an instant! Look for Foremost Instant Breakfast in the cereal section of your store. Give it a whirl.

The Scandal of Our hool Lunch Programs

By BERNARD ASBELL AND BERNARD BARD

alk two blocks east of the e to 14th Street and a mile treet, you come to the place -year-old Washington first- d Freddy, still slightly hun- his school was killed wheels of a

dy is retold dramatize eath but his eddy came npoverished was under- his entitled with 10,000 the capital, laily a free aper bag—a eup of salad, fruit and a milk.

leath it was each day the school ithout his owledge and is purpose: he precious rother and were too chool. Rac- m one such t, Freddy ath. Before rse, his un- er and sis- old enough If they are undernour- vill then get of his own. children in are luckier They are no suffer hun- their class- years ago, gton *Post* readers by front-page ildren dur- unch hour garbage can o eat. An revealed elementary were un- serve a hot hin weeks, ted special Washington ioneer pro- ing school- severely poor families free, —and breakfasts, too. In overcrowded to make space ms, children eat in their

, largely unknown to the er in the classrooms afflicts thousands of children in In Chicago, 238 elementary no food service—and, there- needy pupils receive no napolis, St. Louis and San ave lunchrooms in only mentary schools; in Detroit, f 285; in Minneapolis, only

Milkman tastes better than non-fat dry milks because

It's never thin or chalky. It's always rich and creamy. So you don't have to mix with regular milk for flavor.

Milkman alone is made with cream



culture George L. Mehren, "are in elementary school, at the age where their bodies are being formed, where good health practices can be established for a lifetime. Nearly seventy percent are in counties or metropolitan areas with a population of 100,000 or more."

The number of hungry children may be far greater than any official dares guess. In the absence of a survey, one may post himself near a school at 8 A.M. in a poor neighborhood of any large city. select a nickel's worth of penny candy. They devour the goodies, not as children savoring a treat but hungrily.

After 10 minutes, an observer can tell which kids have had breakfast. Some run and dance to the curb energetically; obviously they have eaten at home. Others plod listlessly. Almost without fail, these children turn into the doughnut store; then, cramming a confection into their mouths, they continue to school at a slightly quickened pace.

It seemed that fully half of the children stopped for doughnuts or candy. Charles Hayes, a former principal who heads Pittsburgh's special program to aid deprived schoolchildren, says that a figure of 50 percent wouldn't surprise him, but that nobody knows for sure.

"In my old school," he says, "you'd see so many kids come into class with a pickle and a bag of potato chips that you stopped paying attention to it. A teacher would only notice if the pickle smelled up the classroom. Among these kids there is a tremendous problem of obesity, another reason we may be underestimating the extent of malnutrition. They get fat not because they eat too much but because their diet is almost all starch. This, in turn, leads to all sorts of psychological problems that stand in the way of education."

Teachers have their own way of telling which children haven't had breakfast. "At about nine-thirty," says John Brewer, former principal in Pittsburgh and now assistant to Hayes, "the first kid starts dozing at his desk. If the teacher hollers at him for closing his eyes, he starts cutting up and he's classified as a discipline problem. By ten or ten-fifteen, half the class is restless or dozing. It's almost always the same kids—kids from homes where there's the least money and often where mothers have been deserted by their husbands."

A Washington, D.C., principal, Mrs. Dorothy W. Harris, takes a different, yet related, view of breakfastless children. "Whenever a child is sent to me for being evil or mean in the morning," says Mrs. Harris, "I've learned, before doing anything else, to ask, 'Have you had any breakfast?' The answer is 'No' almost every time, and I can tell when a kid's telling the truth. First thing, I bring the child to the lunchroom and ask the lady in charge for a cup of soup or something. What a difference it makes! I've come to believe that the biggest part of the discipline problem here, not to mention the learning problem, is food." *(continued)*

which a child cannot obtain a thing to eat.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture subsidizes lunches for 19 million schoolchildren (poor or rich) to the extent of 4.5 cents per meal plus 6.5 cents in Government-donated food—milk, eggs, beef, pork, cheese, beans, poultry and flour.

But the Government's National School Lunch Program is helpless where local school officials have not provided facilities for serving lunch. About 9 million children attend lunchless schools.

"Eighty-five percent of these children," says Assistant Secretary of Agri- In Pittsburgh, for example, the proprietor of a corner confectionery and fruit store, a plump lady, stands at her door until the morning's first children barge in, their fingers curled around pennies and nickels. Her counter is loaded with two large trays of doughnuts, plain and glazed. Her first customer, a boy, exchanges 10 cents for his breakfast—one glazed doughnut and a bottle of cola. His younger sister buys a nickel bag of potato chips and sips half of her brother's drink as they amble toward school.

Some children, having only a nickel, breakfast only on a doughnut. Others

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DEMURE's unique formula deodorizes, cleanses, freshens—safely and thoroughly—but prettily too. Its convenient liquid form, fresh ocean color and light mint fragrance make DEMURE as pleasant to use as your favorite cologne. Be lovely. **Discover DEMURE Douche**



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LUNCH PROGRAMS *continued*

At 11:30 A.M., when school lets out for lunch, many children race home, where a mother greets them with an adequate meal. Others are what Pittsburgh's John Brewer calls "key kids"—they wear house keys on strings around their necks, and let themselves into their homes. The lucky ones find a sandwich and drink left by a working mother; others slap together what they can find. But scores of others again head for the corner store for doughnuts and candy.

Sidney P. Marland Jr., Pittsburgh's highly regarded school superintendent, would like to declare war on classroom hunger. But the task is not easy.

"Having a full belly may be more important than getting good instruction," says Marland. "But remember that the idea that a school should be concerned with the social environment of children is very new to most people. Not long ago, if an educator said a school should worry about the mental health of children, he'd be considered far-out. Now mental health is accepted as the business of the school. Should it be a school's responsibility to guarantee that a child has a roof over his head, or a blanket to keep him warm, or clothing as good as his classmates? Right now the answer is no. Society doesn't expect it. But for the first time society is expecting us to be concerned that a child has food."

While leaders such as Marland react to needs as quickly as the public—and public funds—will permit, others are content with their old ways of neglect. Los Angeles and Dallas, for example, decline to accept the Federal subsidy of the National School Lunch Program.

Los Angeles pulled out of the program in 1955 because it "required too much paper work." Money for free lunches is contributed by Parent-Teacher Association chapters, but their funds are always short. The city, therefore, requires an impoverished child to take a physical examination and show clear evidence of malnutrition before being eligible for a free meal. When such meals help the child to overcome the obvious symptoms, he then is removed from the list—possibly to starve once again. With an enrollment of more than 600,000, the city's schools distribute free lunches to only 3,500 children, little more than one in 200.

In Dallas, the last census showed 9,400 schoolchildren from families earning less than $3,000, yet only 2,500 receive free lunches. "We're not interested in Government handouts," said one Dallas school official.

Thousands of other school districts have turned down Federal aid for lunches, sometimes calling it "socialism," "New Dealism" and "sponging." Explains Colonel Harvey Allen, former director of the New York City school lunch program: "They'll take handouts for anything else—highways, oil allowances or agricultural subsidies—but not for their hungry children."

Other schools accept the small Federal subsidy gladly, but are in deep trouble anyway. Eleven cents covers only a minor portion of a school meal that usually costs more than 30 cents. Some schools have so many poor children who can't afford to pay the difference that the cost of feeding them would cripple the instruction budget. In some areas of Appalachia, impoverished children of the same family take turns at free lunch. One child eats one day, l sisters on consecutive d County, Kentucky, the School started a lunch p but had to give it up a many children needed there wasn't enough n that year of lunches," editor of the *Mountain* pils gained a full-letter in their grades in all sub come in without brea through lunch hour They're so tired and be their heads down durin and sleep."

The big hope for red the classroom is the Fed cation law that Congress chiefly to help childre While the money is inte educational improveme used to feed the stomac as well as their minds. example, is planning to o lunchless schools with to serve hot meals. Be ready-strained school b would then expect to Federal aid to subsidiz needy.

Presumably other citi districts, recognizing t precede learning, wil Schools unequipped for follow the example of W tributing wholesome c breakfasts. This, too, c by the new Federal funds, added to the old Lunch subsidy. Last f Government made ano close the hunger gap in c gress passed and Pre signed the Child Nutri established a $2-millio breakfast program and Department of Agricul $750,000 for kitchen other such assistance t schools. But many scho that much more money program.

Federal money does n solve the problem, how ple, in Washington some last fall refused to permi bag lunches. Some c "handouts," and "detri acter-building"; one pro ing in school "made st teachers didn't like i claimed lack of space or pervise. One principal a some of her children l lunch, psychological h done to those who get another took an opposit of her children got a others might feel left ou principals actually war stigma of poverty. List among them showing th lunches distributed in e some principals find st their number as low as

The callousness of th principals was correcte protested. Ultimately, t responsibility lies. Wh school officials prefer to hungry rather than acce to which they are ent usually surrendering to of the most vocal citizen must get vocal, too—i make sure that Johnny



"What's for lunch?"

ew Zee napkins in Tropic Tone colors!

Found in the tropics: three lush colors growing wild!
Rain Forest Green, Tahitian Coral, and Pirates' Gold.
We caught them, tamed them, and turned them
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Bring some home alive.



TELL ME, DOCTOR

What's All This Talk About More New Bacteria in Our Hospitals?

By FRED WARSHOFSKY

New kinds of infections are suddenly and strangely attacking hospital patients, causing wound abscesses and kidney disease in surgical patients, fevers and diarrhea in newborns, pneumonia in babies and old people. These are not the now well-known "staph" infections, but an entirely distinct category of germs. They are called Gram-negative bacteria because they do not change color in a staining test invented by a Danish scientist, Hans C. J. Gram.

The puzzling thing about the Gram-negative bacteria is that man has lived closely with them since long before anyone knew that germs existed. Many of them are normal inhabitants of the human gastrointestinal tract, where they help to break down waste products. Some freely float in the air; they are in the soil, on plants, in our food.

If Gram-negative bacteria live within man and all around him, how can they suddenly become killers in the hospital? The scientists' explanations are not sure or complete. Their reasoning is something like this: A healthy person, past the first few critical weeks of infancy, lives in natural balance with these bacteria. He has antibodies that keep them in check, so long as the relationship between the man and the germ follows its customary pattern. For example, the organism Escherichia coli lives in the colon, where it does no harm. But if it gets into the kidneys, it can cause serious trouble. Some strains of the bacteria, Pseudomonas, may live in a soap dish or a sink drain without threatening any healthy person who uses the soap or the sink. Yet if they colonize on the surface of a bad burn, they can cause a severe infection. Aerobacter aerogenes may be found on plants throughout nature. A healthy person may have them on his skin without harm. But if they get into the lungs of a premature baby, thence into the bloodstream and the central nervous system, they can cause fatal meningitis.

How do these familiar organisms get into unusual situations where they can cause harm? Actually, they rarely do, except in hospitals. That fact does not imply condemnation of hospitals. It only indicates that hospitals are where the susceptible people are. And it indicates that some of the procedures in hospitals, carried out to help cure patients, may accidentally provide a way for Gram-negative bacteria to invade and cause damage.

For example, one of the most common causes of kidney infection is the use of the catheter. This method of emptying the bladder with an instrument may be necessary sometimes with surgical patients or maternity patients. Yet it presents a considerable hazard of infection by E. coli and other Gram-negative bacteria. The Pseudomonas in the soap dish may be carried on the hands of a nurse who has conscientiously washed before dressing a burn. The patient who is so sick that he needs oxygen may, unfortunately, get a Gram-negative pneumonia from bacteria lurking in the respirator.

We are accustomed to thinking of hospitals as totally sterile places where no infectious organisms are tolerated. But that is a kind of popular misconception. Total asepsis—that is, complete absence of germs—is almost impossible to attain. Hospital personnel aim for a sterile atmosphere in the operating rooms and to the greatest possible extent in the nurseries, especially those of premature babies. But the halls, patients' rooms and treatment rooms are public property. Nurses and doctors aren't boiled and disinfected every time they come back from lunch. Visitors walk in off the streets. It is not possible to seal off a hospital and keep all of it completely germ-free.

Some germs are so clearly dangerous to everybody that hospitals take great precautions to prevent their spread. If a patient landed in a U.S. h smallpox, bubonic plague, o he would be strictly isolated measures would be taken germs from escaping into th hospital. But what can hosp nel do about bacteria so co anyone may carry them at

For a good many years d on the antibiotics to curb co tions. Those were the year chief culprits were bacter streptococ monococcus, ylococcus. W stant devel new antibi germs are s lable. But n think that price we pay trol of these b be the increa negative inf

Dr. Sidn professor of the Chicag School, expl "After all, b pete for foo space. If a receives anti eliminate oth then the Gra bacteria tha fected by t lar antibioti advantage. grow and m cause some o petition is way."

Of course effective op any bacteria man body's bodies tha germs and that act as s the bloodstr is, they are t fective in a h son. But ma patients hav defenses. In drugs given diseases low munological against infe instance, co given for arthritis lea tient far le combat infec and irradiati cancer weak fenses agains

In fact, it patients who very sick f other cause fatal Gram-negative infecti group of patients studied, w had some "rapidly fatal" di as acute leukemia, the mo from Gram-negative infect they acquired it, was 91 per other group of patients with the mortality rate was 66 p they were people already with kidney disease, liver d mia, and other serious conditi 85 other persons in the hosp critical reasons, who also got the mortality rate was only

The actual incidence of Gra infections is not high enough t



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's about wild rice, dark and firm, sim- d with chicken and splashed with white .

's about mushrooms sliced *whole* into k that's deep brown and sparked with a clear wine.

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It's about provocative ingredients and uninhibited seasonings. It's about subtleties of flavor you rarely encounter.

Eight soups that cast a different kind of glow over every meal. That's what Pepperidge Farm Soup is all about.

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the advantages of going to the hospital when you need to. In a study of more than 33,000 patients in Boston City Hospital, only 2 percent contracted these newly virulent infections. But the difficulty of overcoming these germs is what is currently worrying doctors. Of the 650 persons in the Boston study, 240 died, in spite of all the best efforts of the hospital staff.

If the same antibiotics eliminated both Gram-positive and Gram-negative bacteria, there would be no problem. But from the beginning of the antibiotic age it has been clear that these agents we used to call "wonder drugs" are not as effective against Gram-negative bacteria as they are against Gram-positive bacteria. Even so, five or ten years ago doctors could expect to eliminate Gram-negative bacteria with *some* antibiotic if they could find the right one. But today the Gram-negative germs are rapidly increasing their ability to escape the action of most antibiotics. There are strains of some Gram-negative bacteria that resist *all* known antibiotics. Herein lies the threat that most disturbs doctors.

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Over One-half the Women in America Wear the Wrong Bra. Do You?



Won't you spend 5 minutes on a better figure for life?

Here's how to tell. Right this minute, while you are reading this. Can you feel the shoulder straps? Do they dent your shoulders? Did you think they had to? Wrong bra. *After six months of marriage my husband said "What's the grooves in your shoulders from?"*

Look down. Does the bra gap out in the cleavage? Sorry. *I never knew this could be corrected!*

Is the back hiked up? Wrong again.

Do you have to wear the straps short to get the uplift you want? Uh-uh. *Yup! Double them up on top and sew them down!*

Does it feel tight? Or loose? Do you feel it at all? It doesn't fit you.

What you need is a fitter, a fitting room, and several bras to try on—not just Bali. *Most people are hesitant to do this, especially the younger ones, including myself – age 23!*

Here's what to look for.

The lift should come from under the cups. – *Discovered from the fitter!*

The back should lie down on the job—the lower the back, the higher the lift in front.

The straps should just lie there on your shoulders. *Relief!!* good lazy straps, supporting no weight, just feeling secure. The bra should cling at the cleavage—no gap at all.

If the bra does all that—buy it. You have a bra that fits you. *I tried on 22 to be exact.* And chances are it's a Bali. *True Bliss!*

Now put back on the dress you wore in. Would you believe the right bra could make such a difference? – *Nothing did more to make a trim bustline appearance than my Bali. No more sagging out the sides for me.*

All you feel in a Bali is beautiful.

Bali

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Only wish I had seen this ad years ago. I've been wearing Bali bras with the wire uplift for 1½ yrs. now. Rather light than switch now! I had been wearing a 34B until the fitter put me into a 36C. I couldn't believe the difference it made. Thank you, thank you, thank you!
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Sacramento, California

This page arrived in our mail exactly as you see it. Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Warmerdam.

What's the ugliest part of your body?



You just said, "my feet", didn't you?

That's typical.

Most women feel their feet are the least attractive part of their body.

Up until now all a woman could do was hide them.

But now there's something you can do to make them pretty.

Not just passable. Pretty.

Now there's a product named, appropriately enough, Pretty Feet.

Pretty Feet is a pleasant roll-off lotion.

Pour a little on your fingers every day of the week and rub it into your feet.

Then see the rough, dead skin roll right off.

Soon you'll have beautiful feet that can wear open sandals...lovely feet that won't hide in the sand at the beach...smooth feet that won't run stockings...soft feet that will be as sexy as the rest of you.

If you're genuinely interested in making the ugliest part of your body pretty, send 25c in coin to cover postage and handling for a sample bottle of Pretty Feet. Write to Pretty Feet, Dept. L2, Chemway Corp., Fairfield Road, Wayne, New Jersey.

hand cream. Lightly scented, the cream is also good as a body cream for keeping arms, legs and feet in silky-smooth condition. Four ounces, $3.

If you're one of the many women with a Dynel hairpiece (or two, or three) in her wardrobe, you'll appreciate a new hairbrush by Tovar Tress. Designed especially for use with hairpieces, this two-sided brush (wire on one side, textile fiber on the other) helps clean, control, style Dynel "hair," $3.95.

Yes, Kent of London's Deodorant Stick *is* for men, but the scent is so refreshing, the bright-red plastic case so attractive, it's well worth borrowing. Of course, in addition, it's an efficient, easy-to-use deodorant, too, $2.50.

Breck has two new shampoos for color-treated hair—one for hair that's been bleached, the other for tinted hair. Both shampoos will leave your hair shiny-clean and prevent any color change. The seven-ounce bottle costs $1. **END**

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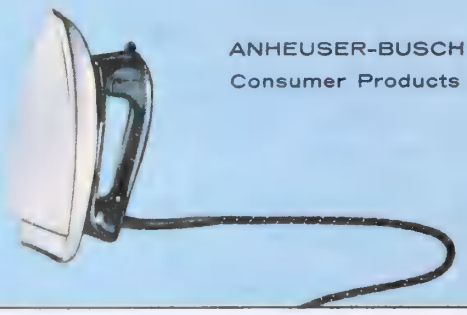
And the starch itself? It's different. It gives fabrics body *without* stiffness. All fabrics, anything you want to wrinkleproof.

If you've hardened your heart against starch, here's something to soften it.

The soft starch.

Available also in convenient aerosol form.

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arley Madden, I was shy
us, certain that the girls
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back and forth with
, a surly oaf whose idea

of sophisticated repartee was a punch in the nose. Ordinarily, I found it prudent to avoid Hippo, but the sight of his arm around Carol gave me an odd choked feeling in my throat. The man of mystery, arrogant and devil-may-care, walked across the room and tapped his shoulder.

"Get lost," he snarled. "No cutting-in this dance."

"Your shoelace is untied," I hissed.

As he stepped back to look, I grabbed Carol, and stumbled toward the center of the floor. "For years your portrait has haunted me," I said, the vibrato in my voice working overtime. "I knew we'd meet someday."

"We've known each other all our lives," she pointed out. "Besides, you weren't very nice to Hippo."

"Is that the yokel's name?" If I'd looked over my shoulder I would have seen Hippo following me, red-faced and snorting, but by now I was completely caught up in my role. "You are far too lovely for such company."

"What a pretty compliment!"

"Let me take you away from all this," I said. Oh, the cavalier was in rare form. "Let us stroll together, alone, through moonlit streets."

"You mean you want to walk me home afterward? That's very thoughtful of you, Charley. I'll meet you at the door."

Hippo's hand descended on the back of my neck; and at that moment the instructor, a gaunt matron wearing pince-nez, blew her whistle. "Everybody change partners," she cried brightly. It was her constant hope that each boy would dance at least once with each girl; but if she understood dancing, she certainly didn't know adolescents.

I squirmed out of Hippo's grasp, and headed for the refreshment table. I had done what I came for; and by keeping a potted palm between me and the instructor, by pretending that the fruit punch was champagne and the cookies caviar, I coasted through the next hour quite easily. Once or twice, when the pince-nez swung in my direction, I waved and grinned at some girl whose back was turned, and plunged onto the dance floor, returning by a circuitous route. It was an old trick, but she never caught on.

At the first notes of "Good night, Ladies," I sauntered to the coatroom. In five more minutes this homespun revelry would end, and I'd be alone with Carol. But I hadn't counted on Hippo's malevolence. As I stepped across the threshold, a foot hooked my ankle, and a meaty hand shoved me hard from behind. I staggered through the coatrack, tripped again, and crashed into the wash basin.

When I finally lifted my head, blood was dripping from my nose, and I felt lightheaded with rage. Hippo had planned his ambush well. If I wasted time chasing him, Carol would leave alone; yet it was unthinkable to meet her at the door in this condition. Who ever heard of a sophisticate with a bloody nose?

I stared into the mirror, dabbing at my face with a grimy handkerchief. The band was still playing; and for a moment it occurred to me that I might renounce the fashionable world and devote myself to my art. A solitary and enigmatic figure, I would live only for music and for the great symphony orchestra under my baton. "Allegro!" I (*continued*)



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No scientific fact or piece of human knowledge is more positively validated than the words of Jesus. And He promised us:

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And lest you think that these are merely words ... that the teachings of our Lord were intended for an earlier and less complicated world ... be reminded that the cornerstone which He built is still present and visible, and the words He spoke are lasting foundations of truth which no wind, or flood or nuclear blast can destroy.

If you are searching for true peace of mind in these turbulent times, take a few minutes to read a pocket-size pamphlet we have prepared on the topic: "Everlasting Foundations." It covers such points as Christ the Cornerstone, Apostolic Witnesses, Apostolic Successors, Christian Response and The Christian Heritage. And it will show you how to be like the man whose house survives every storm because it is built upon rock.

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commanded, lifting my arms. "Now the bassoons. Andante!"

But Carol was waiting, and even a wounded cavalier can't admit defeat. I sloshed my head in cold water till the bleeding stopped, then pushed my way through the noisy punch-bowl crowd. The first thing she said when she met me at the door was, "You're wet, Charley." And the second was, "What happened to your poor face?"

"A slight clash with the peasantry." The words were meant to be jaunty; but, to my horror, the voice came out a frog-like honk. My nose was shut tight. Taking her arm, I rushed her down the steps and along the sidewalk. For the first time I realized that without words I was crippled. If I couldn't talk myself into self-confidence, the only personality left for me was jug-eared, slue-footed Charley Madden.

She didn't protest. Neither of us said a thing as we hurried along the dark street to her house. I thought bitterly of the unfairness of the external world—a world where louts like Hippo could destroy romance with a casual shove. Our affair was over before it began; but I was determined that the cavalier would bow out with one last glorious gesture.

All the way to her door I reviewed my plan, and decided it couldn't miss. As she turned to say good-night, I sighed, "Carol!" Eyes closed, lips pursed, I clutched at her blindly. My arms closed on nothing; and from the dark hall I heard her say, "Won't you come in for some milk and crackers?"

Perhaps the campaign wasn't lost yet.

"What a delightfully rustic notion," I croaked, following her into the kitchen.

She switched on the overhead light and opened the refrigerator. "Sit down, Charley," she said, "and tell me who you are tonight."

Tilting my chair far back to keep the light from my swollen nose, I said, "One gets so bored with champagne and . . . What?"

"I just want to know who you are," she repeated, handing me a glass of milk. "Sometimes you sound like Cary Grant, and sometimes like Douglas Fairbanks Junior."

Movie actors! Was this all my glamorous world meant to her—a secondhand image in a provincial theater? No, she had to be joking. "Promise me you'll never lose that unspoiled sense of humor," I said, tilting even farther back. "So refreshing after the cynical, worldly women I'm used to . . ." The chair legs shot forward; and the next moment I was lying on the floor, my head against the stove, milk dripping from my chest.

Slowly I pulled myself up and slouched toward the door. What more could I say? It was over for good now. Her voice followed me. "Are you all right, Charley? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Why don't you giggle like everyone else?" I asked.

"Because I don't see anything funny."

I jammed my hat on the back of my head, over the growing bump from the stove. "And I even tried to kiss you," I said. "Isn't *that* a howl?"

"I know you did," she said softly. "I would have kissed Charley Madden, too—but not some movie star I've never even met."

It was too late to start again. The character I had built up so carefully all evening long, the debonair man of the world who was my only defense against jug ears and big feet a dead on her doorstep, l portunity.

The very air aroun have turned chill. No l pleasant evening for through moonlit stree backyards and drivewa shadow to shadow like ping to catch my brea reached my own block. sure to notice my puffy n on my head, and I c smuggle the milk-sodd her inspection. Yet I ha but home.

I eased the hat forwa and pressed my hand t stain on my chest. Louie," I gasped. "This her . . . good-bye . . . f

Staggering up the d porch, I said, "Hurt? N Only when I laugh."

Well, that was a long and I have been marri now, and I don't need more. When you kno how can you feel insec

Besides, women are i tical—they have to guardians of the fami never quite comfortab I haven't really misse been too busy learnin liar rules of married lif never even dream of: t able, for instance, and eight o'clock means n fifteen. Until Carol took tion, I never would ha it's just as uncivilized arrive as it is to be the

Nevertheless, as I wa in the hall for Carol to felt nervous. In a way pended on tonight's d weiler was a genius wh his own judgment. He the most brilliant advert but before presenting t he always took them ho approval. And when it promoting Charles Ma executive, his wife ha too. Carol and I knew display tonight. To the measure of a man's sort of marriage he m look us over carefully, like what she saw, I was First impressions were seemed pointless to risk

Perhaps the clock on stopped, perhaps Car hurrying. I tossed my h table, and ran upstairs door was closed. As I thought I heard her vo earth could she be tele hour?

I eased the door open in its cradle, and acros back to me, Carol stooc length mirror. Wearing brought out the highlig blond hair, she was amethyst necklace I'd g first anniversary.

I remembered telling that someday I'd replace diamonds. She had kisse "But I don't *want* diar You know me better t she was saying it again.

"No, Basil," she mur her necklace out to he

don't want diamonds.
e my mind, or yachts,
e Riviera." The neck-
gh her fingers and fell
ble. "You see, Basil,
hat right now—a man
o needs me. Tonight
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t was lying on the bed.
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reak is always best."
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but admire her. As I
oor behind us, I said,
at out of your hand.
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must never know,"

END

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ge 81

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ld's mirror come many

surprises, things already there, waiting for our call. Who would have thought that water subjected to cold would become ice? Or coal, when burned, turn to ashes? If amoebas could think, would the first one ever have been able to imagine an eye? Could a fish have imagined hands? Or dry land? The potentiality of the eye was already there, in the skin, waiting for light rays to bring it out, as they did. Somewhere in hydrogen and oxygen lies water, unsuspected. In the acorn, the tree; in the chrysalis, the butterfly with its rolled-up tongue and thousand eyes.

The space where my hand is not—is it waiting for my hand? Is my hand, in some way, already there?

In his struggle to change an amoral world into a moral one, man is a will-less instrument of God, put here to produce goodness, in the same way a tree is here to produce greenness—passing the world through his mind and heart and changing it in the process—as soil, sunlight and air are transformed into green leaves by the tree. Only a few succeed—but no one fails; everything, in this extraordinary dream, is a victory, even the apparent defeats. For a great deal of the beauty of life lives largely in man's desperate, and often unavailing, effort to carry out his purpose, just as much of the greatness and glory, the nobility and profundity that mark man's contributions to the world arise from his courage and devotion in the face of his hopeless, failing struggle. *(continued)*

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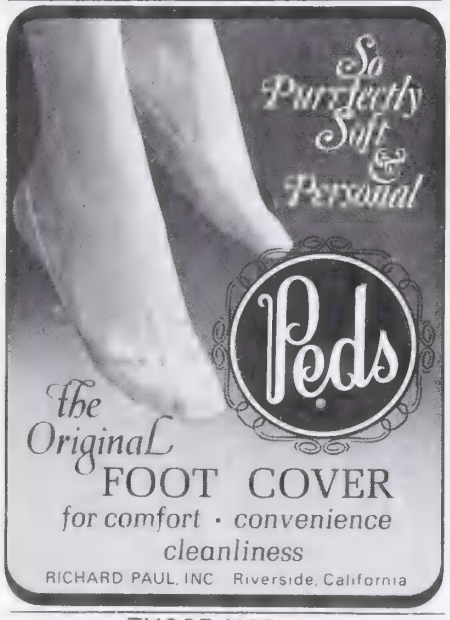


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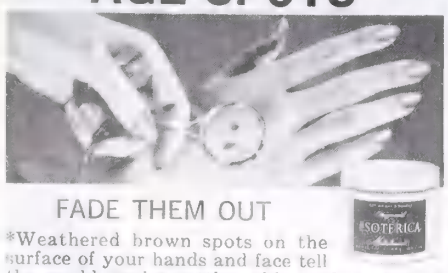
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THE DREAM *continued*

All we need do is the best we can; nothing more is expected of us. Wonderful thought!—piercing us to the heart and releasing, in an upwelling of relief and tears, all the weight of guilt, strain, uncertainty and fear. Suddenly we realize that the truth of our existence here is, after all, astoundingly simple and obvious—as the human heart keeps feeling it must be—not made up of philosophical ingenuities or theological complications. What else could fate expect of us, thrown as we are into an unpropitious universe, all too much for many of us, and faced as we are by predicaments too powerful and enigmatic to be mastered by our small resources?

In this world, each man is given a task, one all his own, an individual role he is assigned to play in mankind's general task of creating goodness. No one else can perform this particular role he is given. And in this way, some measure of justice is introduced into the world. For feelings of injustice come only when we measure our lot against the lot of others; and in this theory of the task, tasks are never compared. What you do, and what happens to you, is yours alone. Your life and lot don't have to be thought of as "more than" or "less than" anything else. Hence, no man can say he is less justly treated by existence than another man, each role is fair and just, in and for itself, without reference to other roles. If your life is tragic, it is proper and right for the part you are intended to play—therefore not unjust.

Such thoughts sound hardhearted. But unless you accept the view that there must be some reason and justice behind the allotment of lives to men, you must conclude that there is no sense or fairness in the distribution of fates; that this world is a madhouse where men are confined like sick, frightened animals, to be tortured in ways too brutal, or too exquisitely subtle and devious, to be the invention of anything but a crazed mind. But it is impossible to accept the thought that the only universe there is has turned out to be meaningless and bad. On the contrary, we must believe that the world has been created for some meritorious aim of a moral nature, which man is helping to bring about, each person's sole obligation being to live his life as best he can, under the special circumstances he has been placed in, knowing that his task is equal in importance to any other, no matter how fruitless or difficult it may seem. For if you are judged at all by the Mind that put you here, it must be on how you have fulfilled your assignment, not on what the assignment happens to be. God, we feel sure, "cares more for the adverb than for the verb."

The world may seem to defeat us, but the defeat is never total. Even while man is helping to complete the world, the world is helping to complete man. All the hardships he encounters in life may be just stones for him to whet his heart against, in the course of realizing himself—the universe, said Keats, being "a vale of Soulmaking."

In the soul, the dream creates reality, something higher and more worthy than itself. For each thing in this world joins in the universal process of excelling itself, so that all existence becomes an evolution upward. Self-transcendence, the development of higher entities by lower entities, is the whole story and essence of the universe: the transmutation of less spiritual into more spiritual forms, an act of sublimation for which each thing sacrifices itself and uses up its life. Man, too, in the course of living, immolates himself to produce transcendent entities. Arising from each of us like the smoke and fragrance from burning leaves are values of goodness, feelings of kindness, and a sense of Oneness that must make up some higher, yet still invisible, element necessary to God and the perpetuation of the world. Only in man can these sublime qualities be generated and displayed. For this reason, he himself must be perfected, brought to some kind of spiritual efflorescence. And the world, with its knotted, involuted tangle of truth and lies, pains and delights, justice and injustice, is a flawless facility for this evolution of man's soul.

To see, finally, this world as more symbolic than substantial, to grasp how it is bound together by mutual need, to aid by his special awareness in completing the lives of other creatures, to distill from life's joys and sorrows the rare values of tolerance, generosity, charity and forgiveness—are the tasks that man must accomplish in fulfilling himself. Until he does, his incompleteness will continue to bring him pain. Peace comes with fulfillment—peace and knowledge—and even a sensation, at least, of freedom. "Ripeness," said Shakespeare, "is all." **END**



"Step in here a minute, Schneider. I want to speak to you about the last dog you brought in."

IN PIOUS MEMORY

continued from page 108

Café des Abeilles drinking

How many miles mus sweated, on hired bicycles foothills surrounding Cha had no idea; all they knew three or four days they had no more than four peasant

Though neither admitt other, they were becoming pirited.

The little open-air cof iron chairs and tables (r like everything else) usu rather gay; inside, the ca Shortly after the cousin white-faced young French and ordered mineral wat the place was empty.

Suddenly the Frenchi It was a sigh designed to pathy. Toby and Lydia, spare (they were feeling too themselves), looked hard coffee cups. The young Fre and approached nonetheles he sat; uninvited, in all to glish, unfolded the patheti who, after the glories of th and a glamorous spell as Midlands, was condemned one-horse town like Chamb

"Chambéry!" sighed Frenchman. "No theater, n tsia, nothing but old Wes the peasants are driven to i legends, to amuse themselv such as that of the rich they say, who after a plan his wits and exists still so the mountain. What a laug

Under the plastic table reached for Toby's hand. "I she said huskily. "It's not *know*. Thank heaven we've

Their new-found friend prised. "You, too, have hea René Perrier, born and bre yesterday picked up the You understand the patois"

"Never mind about that, Toby. "It's more than a fal inside information."

"Forgive me if I can smiled René Perrier. "After tragedy there are rumors. C are like children; they inver this case, as I said, it is th crash one of the survivors, glishman, shocked and alm wandered away ——"

"Into the hills . . ." murm

"Exactly, *mademoiselle*. H until he dropped from exhau somone found him, and too he would have taken in a d the tale goes, there is an Eng aire working with his hands bread. It is a fantasy highly the peasant mind. . . ."

Lydia could wait no longer wonderful, to have every gu rately confirmed!

"Do you know who that is?" she asked thrillingly. " Will you help us look for hi

How different René Perrie Dumbly! He asked no questi got down to business.

"There would be a reward

"Of course there'll be a cried Lydia. "A thousand po

"I must still warn you," H formally, "that in my op fantasy only. At the same not past belief. There are sm

o remote, so difficult
ax collector does not
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ıer might live unsus-
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wn idea," said Toby.
ing for him, on bi-

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To take a day off,
uld lose a day's pay,

d make it up," said

" said René. "Only I
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ıs on the mountain."
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ed that René by him-
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den of thieves! Now
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r Lydia was sorry for
sant to idle away a
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their bicycles and
m an ancient cherry
ic of discussion was
f the telegram to be
le.
'Father found,'" said

it of a shock," said
n: 'Good news.'"
ther found'?"
over it," said Toby.
day built up to the
y met René outside
es to drink red wine
. It was a moment of
excitement, as he at
sty, dog-tired, but
ulous news . . .
such was never the
remote fastnesses he
né drew blank.
y the cousins insisted
ay themselves. René
You will at least see
promised cynically.
the road is so bad."
rtainly bad enough.
re than a track; peb-
beneath their wheels,
v encroaching under-
n the spokes. Onward
comrades pedaled,
ad bowed over his
Lydia who spotted
doing duty as a gate.
sort of farm now,"
htn't we to stop?"
every dung heap on
René, "night will

ring her promise to
mpered, Lydia sur-
ier with agile ease.
the attitude Lydia
old man looked up,
being.
f black trousers and
. All that could be
s frame was that it
w medium height. A
graying hair and a
masked his features.

For a moment, anonymous as a thistle, he stood staring; then, with shambling steps, made for a low, derelict shed.

Lydia moved first. Catching up with him on its threshold, she was just in time, as he let fall his hoe, to support him. One instant he staggered, the next was hanging upon her neck racked by a bout of asthmatical coughing—how familiar to Lydia the harrowing sound!

"Father!" she cried. "'Tis I, Lydia, your child!"

Behind her she heard Toby's gasp, René's exclamation. It was well they had followed. Though pitiably light, the burden was too much for her to support alone. "We must get him somewhere where he can lie down," panted Lydia.

The shed offered a rough pallet of sheepskins over straw. Gently, between them, they laid their unconscious burden down. Lydia, remembering how her father needed to have his head and chest propped up, heaped the straw higher at one end.

"Poor Father!" mourned Lydia. "Darling dad! . . . Toby, bike back to that post office and send the wire!"

Off raced Toby back to the gap.

In the shed Lydia crouched close beside the pallet. Even with the door open, all René could discern was a vague tableau as of King Lear watched over by Cordelia. It was a tear-jerker.

"*Mademoiselle*," said René huskily.

Lydia half-turned.

"*Mademoiselle*, please hear me," said René. "I have something on my chest. When I first strung along (*continued*)

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STATE_____ ZIP*_____
*Mailing regulations require zip code

with you, I did not for two shakes believe your dad still in the land of the living."

"But I know," said Lydia, surprised. "Didn't you warn us, that the rumor might be only a rumor?"

René shook his miserable head. "There was no rumor. It was an invention. Cooked up. My cousin, Jean, was in the outer office when you came in your distress to the consul, Mr. Dumbly. We agreed to split fifty-fifty."

There was a long pause. "I think," Lydia said finally, "that's the meanest thing I ever heard."

"Yes, *mademoiselle.* It was very mean."

"Yet, after all," meditated Lydia, "it is in a way owing to you that Father's been found . . ."

To her renewed surprise, René wrung his hands. "But he has not!" he cried desperately. "That is no more your parent than he is General de Gaulle!"

"If you imagine I can't recognize my own father ——" Lydia began hotly.

"I do not imagine, I know," said René. "Naturally you deceived yourself: overemotional, predisposed—how naturally! But the farce has gone far enough. *Mademoiselle,* that is not your dad, he cannot be your dad, for the reason that he is my Uncle Marius, a little weak in the head, whom I have known since I was four years old."

At this moment Toby panted back out of breath but triumphant. "The telegram's off!" he reported gladly.

To his surprise, his cousin turned on him a look of blankest dismay. "I'm terribly sorry," said Lydia, "but we'd better wire again."

"Saying what?" demanded Toby.

"'All a terrible mistake,'" said Lydia.

Not uncommonly two cables dispatched from France to England within an hour of each other arrive at the same time. In this instance, however, Toby's first message had the field to itself, whereas the second was much delayed. And so, at about two o'clock, Mrs. Prelude was gladdened by Toby's first.

Like Lydia, she was predisposed to belief. Joyfully, she reassembled the inhaling apparatus, plumped and aired the anti-asthma pillow, and reread her telegram till it wore in two.

"The good, clever children!" murmured Mrs. Prelude. "How wrong I was, not to go back to look myself! Dear Arthur, how I've missed you!"

She believed it without the slightest effort. Old friends and shellfish and Chablis are all very well, but still nothing, to any truly womanly woman, compares with being a wife rather than a widow.

"Darling!" exclaimed Alice, jumping out of the Jeep and kissing her prospective mother-in-law with enthusiasm. "How happy and excited you look!"

Kissing Alice back, Mrs. Prelude was tempted to break the glad news there and then. Only it wouldn't be fair, she recollected, before William and Elizabeth knew.

"And no wonder!" added Alice.

"'No wonder'?"

"Well, isn't Mr. van Hoyt coming?"

Mrs. Prelude had forgotten Mr. van Hoyt. When she should have been baking a cherry cake, she was reassembling Arthur's inhaling apparatus. When she thought of what might have happened if the telegram hadn't arrived before Mr. van Hoyt, she turned pale.

"Thank goodness you reminded me!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, pulling herself together. "Oh, dear! I suppose it's too late to put him off?"

"Darling, don't be ridiculous," said Alice kindly. "We all know how much you like him."

"Of course I do," said Mrs. Prelude, in growing agitation. "I just hope he won't stay very long."

Alice was a girl who always liked to get things straight, especially where millionaires in the family were concerned. "You mean," she asked, incredulously, "if he asks you to marry him you won't?"

"I can't think what all you children have been imagining!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude. "There's no question of my marrying anyone!"

At this news, Alice pounced back into the Jeep and censoriously drove away again; and some ten or fifteen minutes later a hired, chauffeur-driven Rolls deposited Mr. van Hoyt. Which was when the damage was done.

Not that Mrs. Prelude told about Arthur's having been found alive; it was part of her trouble. Since she felt that if Mr. van Hoyt really did propose the only possible ground for refusal was that she wasn't a widow after all, her every effort had to be directed at preventing a declaration.

Thus it was a very different woman indeed from the amiable hostess of his recollections who offhandedly greeted Mr. van Hoyt with the frank admission that she'd forgotten all about him. "I meant to bake you a cake," said Mrs. Prelude, "only I forgot."

She didn't so much as toss him off a hot scone. All there was to eat were a few meat-paste sandwiches. Not that Mr. van Hoyt had much appetite, faced by her absolute lack of interest.

"Do excuse me while I telephone," she said, almost at once. She hadn't yet ordered a supply of yogurt. She did so now, at some length, and returned carrying a parish magazine which she kept on her lap. "We've a very active church membership in my own little community," offered Mr. van Hoyt—hoping thus to lead the conversation, if deviously, to his swimming pool and woodland walks. "Outside Boston," he reminded.

"I thought you lived in New York," said cruel Mrs. Prelude. "Would you excuse me if I telephoned again?"

Like most women unused to playing a part, when she did she rather hammed it. But at least Mr. van Hoyt was discouraged. "I guess I'm in your way," he stated.

For a moment Mrs. Prelude felt so sorry for him, and so fond of him, the glad news almost burst from her lips.

"I'd hoped," said Mr. van Hoyt simply—for all his millions, his was a humble heart—"after my recent troubles, I'd caught a glimpse of blue sky. But I guess I was mistaken."

"I'm afraid you were."

"Now the clouds roll over again."

"They'll soon part," promised Mrs Prelude—in need of comfort herself.

"Not for me," stated Mr. van Hoyt. "God bless you all the same." He kissed her hand and went out into the night.

Only, of course, it wasn't night. It was about half past five on a summer afternoon. Also frustrating to any heroic departure was the fact that he'd liberated the chauffeur of the hired Rolls to go and get his own tea. For some moments Mr. van Hoyt stood at a loss, wondering what on earth to do with himself until that chauffeur reappeared. He was still standing uneasily when up the short drive pattered Alice, who hadn't driven her Jeep very far.

Mr. van Hoyt had no idea that he beheld one who might have been his daughter-in-law by marriage. He had never heard of Alice. All Mr. van Hoyt beheld was a creature as young and pretty and bewitching as Corinna when he first fell in love with her.

Some men never learn. He'd known how to prize a Mrs. Prelude, but now, as the memory of Corinna's charm flooded back, so did the memory of her inadequacies vanish.

"Who are you? I'm Alice," said Alice shyly.

"James van Hoyt," yearned Mr. van Hoyt.

"Mr. van Hoyt? Then I know *all* about you. I'm a *great friend of the family* myself," said Alice, with childlike solemnity. "Have you been to see darling Mrs. Prelude now?"

Mr. van Hoyt nodded dejectedly.



"Neighbors phoned to ask when your guest appearance on their TV set will be over."

"So have I," said Alice didn't seem to want to see

"I guess my own call wa too," said Mr. van Hoyt. "To with a wry gesture he in empty car—"I stayed less anticipated. Where would y a chauffeur gets his tea, in thi

"The nearest café's about off; if he's gone on his legs, back for ages. What a sh Alice. "Would you like me t while you *do* have to wai lovely woodland walk?"

Hoist with his own petar Hoyt followed. The path, spinney, was far less wild th England woodland walk, but time less well maintained—trails and suckers impeding Alice stumbled almost imme

"I've such silly ankles!"

"Like a fairy's," said Mr "You'd better take my arm

"You're so nice, I've go choked Alice. "*I picked you u* awful?"

A more experienced millio have thought it only natur van Hoyt just pressed Alice

"Only what I hope may think me not *quite* so awful, Alice, "is *why.* I don't live h I'm just visiting. I live with at Oxford. And I'm going ba ning. And the person who drive me is someone I partic want to be driven by . . ."

"I guess it wasn't so mu picked up, young lady," a van Hoyt, "as my car."

"Well, yes," Alice admit "As soon as I knew who yo when I saw your car, I su this crazy idea you might stead! Oh, dear! Now I feel

"Confession is good for agreed Mr. van Hoyt. "I reason why *I* shouldn't tak ride."

To terminate at five min a visit expected to last s days, Alice simply left Mr outside and informed her h having been worried abo cough and having met a was driving to Oxford anyw she ought to run off. "F something's gone wrong wit added Alice.

The Rolls was well on Oxford before Mrs. Prelu Toby's second cable: ALL MISTAKE.

Again, she believed. Mrs. lieved, and through streami mantled the inhaling appara a voice choked by sobs cou the yogurt. After some hour ful activity she was suffic posed to telephone Clarid quire whether Mr. van H usual staying there. For, of had to apologize. She had b she had been inhospitable, s downright rude. Learning th was booked for a week, she her desk feeling better al Prelude wrote:

Dear friend,

If I was horrid this afternoo I was, it was because I had some very unexpected famil much on my mind. But now it's out ——

Here she paused. Did she *smoothed out?* The words see written themselves. Howeve in black and white they

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had such a look of inevitability, she let them stand.

So please do if you can come and see me again before you leave Europe. Next Thursday for lunch would be perfect, for then you could meet the children, as I want you to very much.

Believe me, most sincerely,
MARY PRELUDE

Have the clouds rolled away just a little?

Elizabeth and Henry, who had driven from the airport, and William, who had driven from Bond Street, encountered each other practically on Mrs. Prelude's threshold.

"Henry," said Elizabeth, "Henry Alcott. This is my antique-dealing brother William, darling."

"Nice to meet you," said William. "I trust the Grecian shores didn't disappoint?"

"Marvelous," said Elizabeth. "We're flying back tonight."

"What a very van-Hoytish proceeding," said William. "Shall we all, do you suppose, be taking to airplanes just like buses? I look forward to meeting Mr. van Hoyt. . . . What about you, Aycock?"

"Alcott," said Henry.

"A rose by any name," apologized William. "But we mustn't keep family lunch waiting while we idly chit-chat . . ."

"Mother, I've brought Henry Alcott," said Elizabeth as Mrs. Prelude greeted them. "We've been fellow travelers in Greece."

"Where's Alice?" demanded William.

"Coming, darling," said Mrs. Prelude. "How nice to meet one of my daughter's friends!" she added traditionally. "William, give Mr. Alcott a sherry. Uncle Wilfred's drinking whiskey."

Henry, confronting his lover's mother, brother, uncle, presumably aunt, expectant of a sister and cousin as well, would actually have preferred brandy, but didn't see any.

"Where are the children?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfred. "Don't say they're to be late! Bad Toby never sent a postcard! Has anyone heard from them?"

Mrs. Prelude answered with her usual placid smile, "*I* have, dear. Three times."

"I suppose from Lydia?" said Mrs. Wilfred. "Girls are always more conscientious! What did she say?"

"Oh, just how much they were enjoying themselves on their bicycles."

The cousins had been right to trust her. It was sheer bad luck that Elizabeth, glancing through the window, spotted them walking up the drive.

Lacking Alice and Mr. van Hoyt, but with Henry Alcott and Uncle Wilfred unexpected substitutes, all eight places laid by Mrs. Prelude were filled.

"Now let's tell each other everything that's been happening!" said Mrs. Wilfred brightly. "Toby and Lydia?"

Each glanced swiftly toward Mrs. Prelude. Her hug of welcome had reassured them; now a tender smile and nod affirmed that she hadn't, never would, split.

"I suppose the most exciting thing," said Toby, "was when my bike fell apart."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Wilfred. "Those brakes were a mother's nightmare. How did you manage?"

"I hired another, Mamma."

"Lydia's was *new*," observed Elizabeth.

"Actually I gave it away," said Lydia, "to a youth hostel where they were short on bikes."

Elizabeth's look of disbelief was so explicit that Mrs. Wilfred, who reciprocally disliked her niece, not quite tactfully intervened. "At least they didn't get their *money* stolen! Have you brought back a penny, darling?"

"Eighteen-and-six," said Toby.

"Toby kept the purse," explained Lydia. "We saw some wonderful churches."

"Mother, are you certain you asked Alice for lunch?" demanded William.

"Alice? Of course I did," said Mrs. Prelude. "Just a few days ago. The day Mr. van Hoyt came. I was so sorry she wouldn't stay to meet him!"

The name van Hoyt at last pronounced, Elizabeth asked the question uppermost in several minds. "Didn't you say he'd be here, Mother?"

"Oh, I still expect him," said Mrs. Prelude cheerfully. "He's such a very old acquaintance, he'll probably just walk in. Why not telephone Alice at her friends', darling? Say it's a cold lunch."

William pushed back his chair and left the table.

"What churches?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well, the one at Villeneuve-le-Duc was the best," said Lydia. "It had a *beau jubé*. I—I lit a candle . . ."

Toby, who saw Lydia was
of tears, decided to take the
enemy camp. "Now let's
Elizabeth's and Mr. Alc
ences," he said courteously.
"Only of sun and sea," sai
"Sun very hot and sea very
"You met bathing?" aske
ude of Henry.
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"At the embassy. We wer
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was too ups
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vill had to d
Don't mind
have cheese.

He closed
hind him w
ated care.
ude gazed
passionately
"Poor boy!" she sighed. "
to him, do you think? O
Alice myself?"
"No, Mother," said Eliz
won't realize it yet, but
had a lucky escape."
"I agree," said Lydia. "
often wondered whether the
thing we could do about it."
"Of course she was immens
reflected Mrs. Wilfred, "bu
such an *old-fashioned* girl. . .
Mr. Alcott, about Greece."
The door opened again.
said William. "Van Hoyt's
"What!" exclaimed Mrs.

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Alice's daddy's
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and everyone,

tell me," said
"I'm just sure
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gain, however;
a felt an anx-

o any damage,

e telephone,"
de. "Answer it
, dear? I don't
rather tired."

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She was too tired even to finish clearing the table. While Lydia was out of the room she simply sat, hands loosely clasped in her lap, remembering, and musing, and blaming herself. "I deserve nothing better," Mrs. Prelude told herself obscurely. "Poor Lydia, poor Toby!" Only at the sound of her daughter's returning step did she summon the energy to pick up a plate and tip from it a rind of cheese. . . .

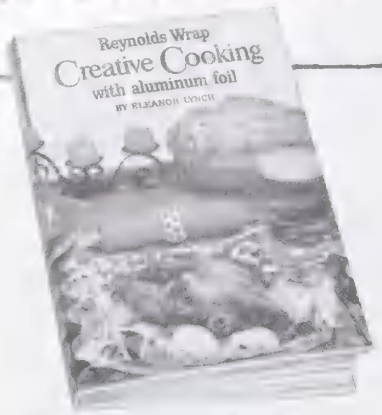
"It was Professor Harvill calling," reported Lydia as she helped to clear the table. "But he didn't say any more about Alice. He just asked," she said with some indignation, "whether it would be acceptable etiquette-wise if he came to tea. Of course I told him you were much too tired, Mother, to see *anyone*."

During thirty years of married life Mrs. Prelude's sole manifestation of independence had been, when flying, to sit in the tail. Her brief widowhood had been dominated by William and Elizabeth and Miss Champney and Miss Hume.

Lydia's and Toby's chivalrous excursion had but strengthened, so to speak, every loyal bond. It was quite surprising, in the circumstances, how swiftly Mrs. Prelude was at the telephone herself, ringing back Oxford. **END**

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"What's Happening"

continued from page 156

("I don't want people to know where I live"), young, unfinished, discarding cigarettes after one mouth of smoke. She wore her mod-est skirt, the influence of the London from which she had recently returned. There she made *Charlie Bubbles* with **Albert Finney.** "I guess he picked me because I've got enthusiasm. Miss Glamour Girl I ain't. . . . Movies and Broadway are nothing alike. When I work, I'm used to perspiring. Movies are like not working. You mostly, well, wait around."

The second things you notice about **Lainie Kazan** are her eyes. Dark, deep, smoldering. When she sings, walls buckle, hearts jiggle. Her figure is so generous a disc jockey apologized, "We haven't played your record yet, we're still playing the cover." She was Barbra Streisand's understudy in *Funny Girl,* went on once. "Only twenty-five people asked for their money back." No one will ask for a refund when Miss Kazan appears in the Plaza from April 5 to May 2. If you're in Manhattan, see her.

Richard Attenborough, the British actor, has a principal role in **Robert Wise**'s *The Sand Pebbles.* The movie took two years to make, and requires almost that long to watch. If that's an exaggeration, how come they wouldn't let me into the theater without luggage? Some scenes are so tough Attenborough won't let his own children see the movie. "It's too brutal for them," he told us. "My daughters are not automatically allowed to see my films. I'm angered by the contemporary view of denegating everything. There *is* reason in the world, there are heights which man can attain." One height Mr. Attenborough still aspires to is the height of a symphony conductor's podium. He's an armchair maestro. "I have stereo throughout the house and a *ba*-ton in every room. Whenever there's music, I'm at it," he exuded, flailing his arms about.

KICKY GIRLS are the height of fashion, but how high can they go? Some barely skirt nudity. It's difficult to tell if they're wearing belts or chokers. **Stanley** après-hyphen of Dall Marcus, predicts girl wear any skirts at all. ply wear longer blou

And fashion mode $100 an hour isn't un a few attain world cele they over-achieve so It's hard to figure. She's only 17, but signers and photogra knots about her face ful body. (Twiggy, bec too little of her to be

THE SMALL-SCREEN teen years of NBC's have disappeared, an host is **Hugh Downs,** a person as he is on the an intricate watch th cisely five hours fast. at Greenwich Mean Ti the other morning (a morning on *my* wat care what time it is I care what time it is said with his up-to-2

A pride of promis is coming up. Good b

April 2. *Death of a S* of the great performa ican television. You m this. (CBS-TV, 9–11 P

April 5. *The Pursui* **Stuart Schulberg,** pro rector, says: "For mill icans, pleasure has total goal of life. You pecially are looking f it is no longer a que youth." The program answer this question rator **Sander Vanocu** the limits of permiss can be tolerated in (NBC-TV, 10–11 P. M.

April 5. *Sid Caesar* old king reunited wit retinue: **Imogene Coca Howard Morris.** (CBS- P. M. EST.)

April 24. *Herb Al Tijuana Brass.* Shot in Angeles, New Orlean far-flung outposts of TV, 9–10 P. M. EST.)

April 26. *Soldier in* **Bloom, Basil Rathbo Simmons** appear in Hall of Fame dram 7–9 P. M. EST.)



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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"



By Gene Shalit

SIGNED, SEALED AND EVENTUALLY DELIVERED: At a Washington, D.C., Circus Saints and Sinners luncheon ribbing Postmaster General **Lawrence O'Brien,** a song writer sighed that zip codes are ruining romance. Imagine *Moon Over 33101 . . . Way Down Yonder in 70113 . . .* and *I Left My Heart in 94101 . . .* Good letter writers are vanishing. Considering the service, it's faster to walk. But when a batch of good letters is uncovered, what fun to look over the writer's shoulder. My favorite collection is *The Letters of Alexander Woollcott,* first published by Viking in 1944, and still worth steaming open. The newest parcel to win my stamp of approval is *The Groucho Letters* (Simon & Schuster), by my favorite Marxist. When he aims, the effect is epistle to the head.

SELECTED SHORTS: Joe Layton, who shaped the **Barbra Streisand** TV specials, will direct **Richard Rodgers'** TV musical version of Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion.* Shouldn't there be an important role for Rip Thorn? . . . **Lynn Redgrave** gets pounds of publicity for her performance in *Georgy Girl,* but how about a hand for **Alan Bates,** who's uproarious as the boy? . . . Is MGM's new movie, *Sol Madrid,* about an Iberian delicatessen owner? **Michael Caine,** who hasn't been in a new movie for almost an hour, is filming **Len Deighton's** *Billion-Dollar Brain.* It was Deighton's *The Ipcress File* that first raised Caine to stardom. . . . Now be prepared for a totally rewarding Caine when you see *Hurry Sundown.* It's **Otto Preminger**'s first outstanding picture since *Laura,* and what a long time ago that was. Preminger deserves to be hugely proud of himself. In this one, the British Caine portrays a Southern American, and it's a tribute to his ear that his accent is believable. Preminger has directed brilliantly and the cast is first rate: **Robert Hooks, Madeleine Sherwood, Burgess Meredith, Diahann Carroll** and **Rex Ingram.** Even **Jane Fonda** *acts.* There isn't a soft spot in the cast.

When film stars are enveloped by the Academy Awards this month, the M.C. will be **Bob Hope** for the 13th time. He first appeared in 1939, before many of the boys he's entertained in Vietnam were born. . . . Señorita **Estela Bringuer,** an Argentine composer, conducts the American Symphony Orchestra (founded by **Leopold Stokowski**) in a concert of her own works in New York's Philharmonic Hall on April 25. I note this fact because I'm fascinated that a wealthy philanthropist (that's the most effective kind), **W. Clement Stone** of Chicago, has bought every seat in the house. But you can buy a ticket; he needs only one seat. Proceeds go to his charities.

Sidney Lumet is one of our most important directors: *The Pawnbroker, Fail-Safe, The Group* (you can't win 'em all), *Twelve Angry Men.* His newest film, *The Deadly Affair* (**James Mason, Maximilian Schell, Simone Signoret**), is a knockout. At a luncheon encounter not long ago, the passionate director was imploding with excitement, avid to talk at the drop of a napkin:

"James Mason is just one of the best actors in the world, I mean I'm not just using superlatives. You put together his performances over the years, and you've got a film festival. *The Seventh Veil, Desert Fox, Lolita*—I don't think *Lolita* would have *existed* as a film without him. And *Georgy Girl,* did you see him in *Georgy Girl*? It's so subtle, so fine. He's done junk, too; always needs money. Would you please pass the bread?"

Lumet is also mad about Barbra Streisand, who doesn't need money. "She's marvelous, extraordinary; she has the instinct of a great actor. She's hit something in people all over the world, not just America. I was scared to pick her up at her London theater, the mob outside was so wild. You could explain her popularity a million ways—she's the ugly girl who made good—but I don't think so. I think it's *talent.*"

When Lumet spoke, he had just finished four months of "sheer physical work," planning his movie version of the Broadway musical, *Funny Girl,* for Miss Streisand, a project he has since abandoned. But even then he didn't think much of the Broadway show and was striving to change it: *"Funny Girl* is really a *very* bad show. It needs a completely new story line, the love story doesn't work, and there are only a few songs worth saving, like *People.*"

Lumet frequently uses unknowns in his films. One, **Joanna Pettet,** got her break in *The Group.* Her newest is *The Night of the Generals* (**Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay**); if you like big, old-fashioned movies, you'll find it stylish entertainment. The director, **Anatole Litvak** *(Mayerling),* is so old-fashioned that he shocks the audience by revealing his lovers (Pettet and Courtenay) in bed with *their clothes on.* "We all argued about that," Miss Pettet said when I cornered her in her New York apartment, "but Litvak insisted it was believable." Showing an actress covered is daring in this day of directors who serve us buff fey movies, but it wasn't worth the squabble: the romantic episodes have the effect of a two-ton anchor on a canoe.

Failure has been the
Miss Pettet's career. She
part in *The Group* after Lu
her in a Broadway sho
Richard) and thought she
ful. So he hired her. (Go
directors.) Her screen
Generals was a failure,
got the part. She was so
Casino Royale . . . but let
it: "I'm convinced that w
try to persuade someon
wrong for a part, they'r
trigued they insist on
to you. I was such a flo
Casino Royale screen test t
I got the part the directo

THREE GIRLS. Movie mak
mission pop songs to
their films, and once in
the songs are so good th
it on their own. Examples
New, Pussycat? . . . Georgy
and *Alfie.* The 20-year-old
sings *Alfie* is **Cher,** of Son
So when I heard she was
the corner, I mussed up
and streaked to her chi
She greeted me in stripe
slacks (she doesn't remen
last time she wore a dres
wine shirt. Her feet wer
and so were her midriff a
fingers. The tenth was hi
a pear-shaped five-carat di
"Good Times is our first
but I don't know anythin
it because I haven't seen
said, examining her nails
is the best recording I've
My voice is growing. Sonn
our songs, and he neve
anything that's not good.
he's influenced by Wagne
rose and excused herse
got to wash my bangs," she
"My bangs I wash every
hair every other day."

Another 20-year-old mal
movie debut is **Liza Minel**
Garland's daughter. She
the 40th floor of a Manha
tel a few blocks from he
ment *(continued on pa*

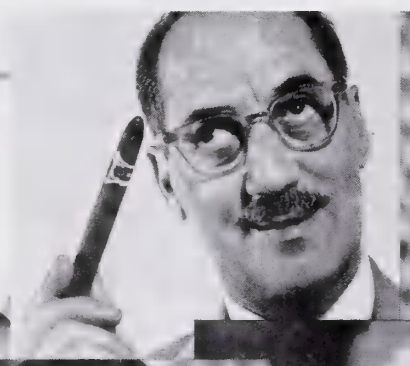
Richard Attenborough



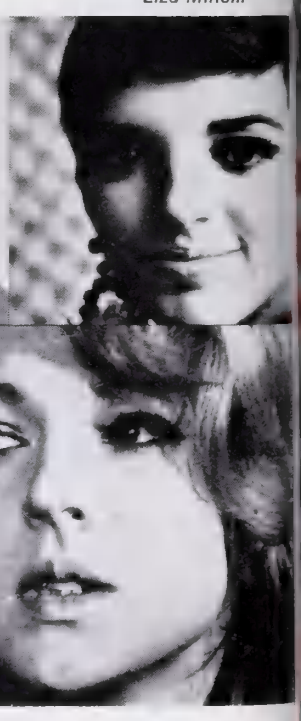
Sonny and Cher



Groucho Marx



Liza Minelli



Lainie Kazan

Hugh Downs



Bob Hope



Joanna Pettet

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

MAY 1967

OURNAL

50¢

Didn't
ress:
VITH ADAM
lam Clayton Powell

ERY EVER JUSTIFIED?
ke's Startling New
an Old Dilemma

AY'S
ECRET"
ES

MIA FARROW'S
SWINGING
LIFE

'S QUINTS AT 3—
A RIOT
per-Mother" Does It

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in makeup happening now!

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Blushing Powder • All in soft, soft, softest demi-shades.

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Necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels

A woman's mustache

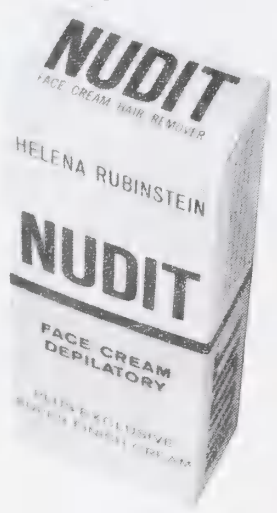
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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Cover Photograph of Editha Dussler by Francesco Scavullo. Other photographs and illustrations not credited on page: 55 Arnold Arlow; 72–D

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Advertising and Sales: John F. Dunn, Vice Pres., Advertising Director; Fred C. Danneman, Advertising Manager; Arnie Green, Marketing Manager; Gardner L. Cl Manager; Raymond B. Patten, Eastern Regional Manager; Don Q. Davidson, Chicago Sales Manager; Charles C. Baldi, Atlanta Sales Manager; Frank C. Eaton, Bos Jack M. Brigham, Cleveland-Detroit Sales Manager; John P. Sandford, Los Angeles Sales Manager; Richard D. Conly, Philadelphia Sales Manager; DeWayne G. Hu Sales Manager; Patricia Tregellas, Editorial Promotion Manager; Stephen M. Salonites, Sales Development Manager.

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Aren't you too young to feel so tired? You notice it day in, day out. You get up tired and go to bed tired. And you *look* as tired as you feel. Of course, there's no single reason for it... but if you're one of the 40 million women who have a regular period, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. It is this loss of blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.



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Even a five-foot woman needs twice the iron of a six-foot man.

OUR READERS WRITE US

Where Did We Go Wrong?

Dear Editor: "Where Did We Go Wrong?" (March *Journal*) asks Helen Tucker in a heart-breaking search for explanations of her daughter's infection with moral dry rot. Certainly this is a question many parents are asking themselves today as America's moral fibers seem to be weakening tragically. We must try to provide our children with moral antibodies to fight the demoralizing influences and enable them to put them into the proper perspective.

MRS. LOUISE Z. SCHEELE
La Grange, Ill.

Dear Editors: If one maintains that all responsibility for everything "bad" in our children is society's, then the question is forced—just who makes up society? To blame it for its inherent wrongs is, in part, to blame ourselves. We shut the world out and ignore it—until one day something tragic happens. Have we not rejected the very problems our children must face in order to "protect" them from their influence? It is our responsibility to be strong enough to become involved and involve our children in the problems confronting the world today. For it is our children, not us, who will live in the world tomorrow.

LLOYD J. THOMAS
Los Angeles, Calif

Dear Editors: Mrs. Tucker was not mourning her real, living daughter, but an image of what the perfect daughter should be. The American middle-class parent seems to live in a world of traditional forms and symbols, and the child who grows up in this world sees life as a series of meaningless rituals. The adolescent struggles blindly toward real, meaningful experience, sometimes hurting himself in the process, but often learning how to live more authentically than his parents.

MRS. ELLEN DENBERG
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Editors: Six years ago our family was in the same situation as the Tuckers. We finally took our daughter to a psychiatrist. After a battery of tests, he recommended we board her in Seattle with a family he knew—which we did. Several years went by before we could communicate, happily, again.

Parents in this situation should take their children to a good psychiatrist who can help them. It costs money, but what is money compared to the health of your children? If you can't "buy" them back they are lost to you, and they are certainly of no value to themselves.

ANOTHER MOTHER
State of Washington

Dear Editors: When I was 17, I "went wrong" in my parents' eyes. They felt that my actions had been totally wrong, and their big problem seemed to be how much I had hurt them. I feel now that it was not an entirely negative ti
I did learn from it.

I hope that when it is time fo
little children to make their d
sions that I will be concerned
not me, and that I will let the
for themselves what they will

YOUNG
Pittsb

Dear Editors: A breath of fre
blowing away hypocrisies that
dured for hundreds of years, a
fortunate to be alive now at the
of ferment to help create a ne
The old slipshod ways of sa
thing and doing another must
Perhaps it is our beliefs and n
that need casting away, and pe
children may be the instrumen
salvation. MRS. TORRE
Studio C

Dear Editors: I question the
decision to insulate their daugh
themselves from the sordid in s
though the sordid would cease t
ignored. A child must learn to
own code of behavior. But, in
do this, he must be "programm
sufficient and complete data.
wise *not* to talk about any aspe
or violence with our children.

MRS. RICHELLE
Glen

Comments on Kennedys

Dear Editors: Ethel Kennedy
freshing example of wife and
(HOW AMERICA LIVES: WHAT I
TO BE A KENNEDY, February
The "bored housewife" you wr
in November would benefit by
this delightful lesson in living.

MRS. JILL LEVI
Milwau

Dear Editors: Please, please no
ticles on the Kennedys (F
March *Journal*). Give them,
readers, a needed rest.

MRS. BET
Chattanoo

Doctors' Diet

Dear Editors: After a careful re
the Doctors' Diet (February
I conclude that doctors feast
on Leg of Nothing with No
small-size portions, of course.

MRS. RACHEL B.
E

A Correction

Because of an inadvertent erro
ticle "You Can Stop Smoking
Slim" in the April *Journal* cont
statement that some anti-smok
ics have used injections of lobe
phate to help patients stop sm
fact, lobeline sulphate was not
injections. The drug that was
injected was lobeline hydro
Lobeline sulfate was adminis
some clinics, but only in small
contained in pills or lozeng
Journal greatly regrets this erro
same time, Dr. Borje Ejurp, di
The Anti-Smoking Clinic at N
Hospital-Cornell University
Center advises us that the re
tained at his clinic are better
article indicated. Some 70 perce
patients stop smoking entirely
98 percent showed good results
down on their smoking by 75 p
more. A follow-up revealed t
50 percent of the patients st
tained "good results" after o

The girl: Redhead.
The mood: Dangerously still.
The new look for her lips: Clear! Bright! Lively!

It's a Spring Quake!
the no mouth is nowhere.
So Clairol sets
two new lipcolors
motion just for redheads.
There's a vital pink
with a pulse you can feel.
nd a freshly halved orange
(still warm from the sun).



Clairol sets off a Spring Quake! of lipcolor.

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The girl: Blonde.
The mood: Controlled excitement.
The new look for her lips: Clear! Bright! Lively!

It's a Spring Quake!
And the no mouth is no more.
So Clairol sets
two new lipcolors
in motion just for blondes.
There's a dew-dazzly peach.
And a lilac bursting
with sunlight.



Clairol sets off a Spring Quake! of lipcolor.

© Cla

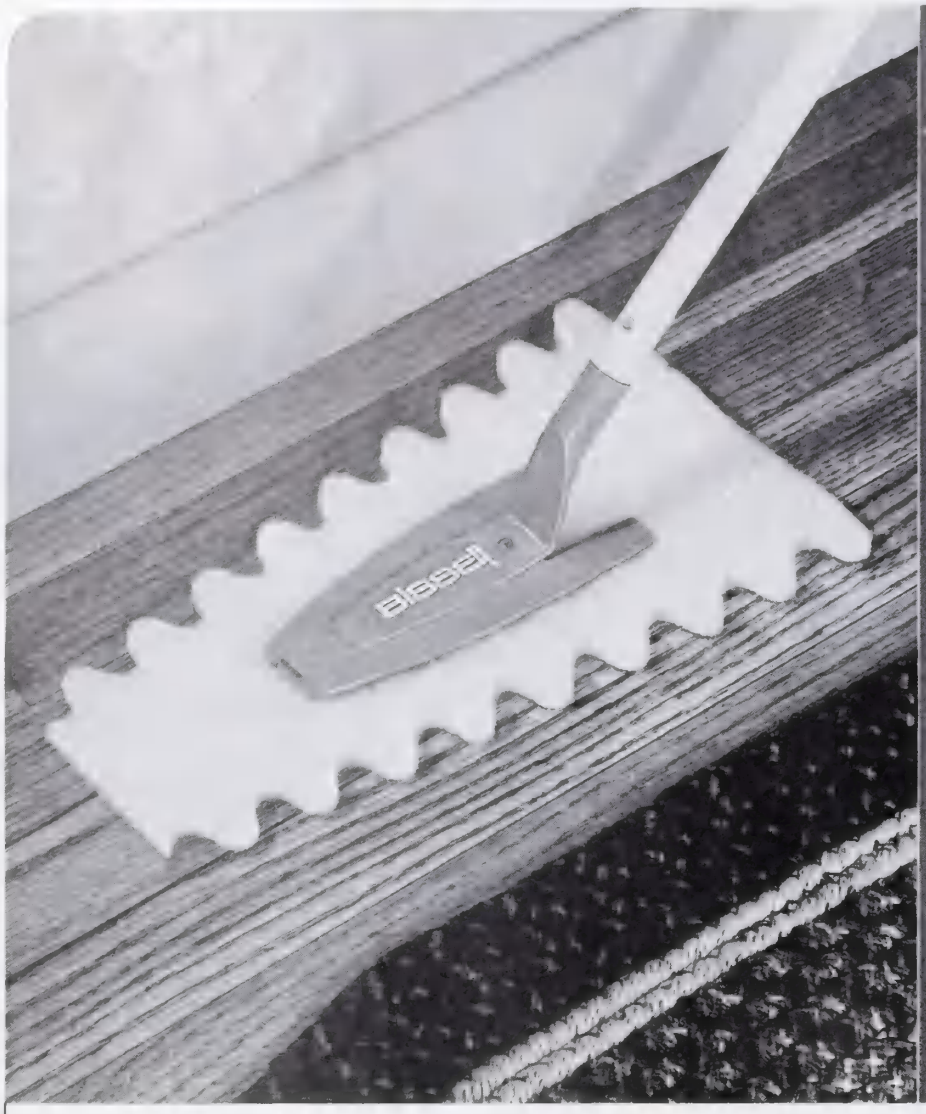
The girl: Brunette.
The mood: Quietly explosive.
The new look for her lips: Clear! Bright! Lively!

It's a Spring Quake!
the no mouth is not for you.
So Clairol sets
two new lipcolors
n motion just for brunettes.
here's a red so ripe it's bitten,
and a honey that's been
stung with a sunbeam.



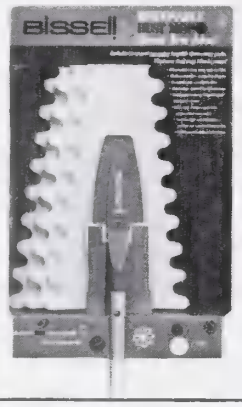
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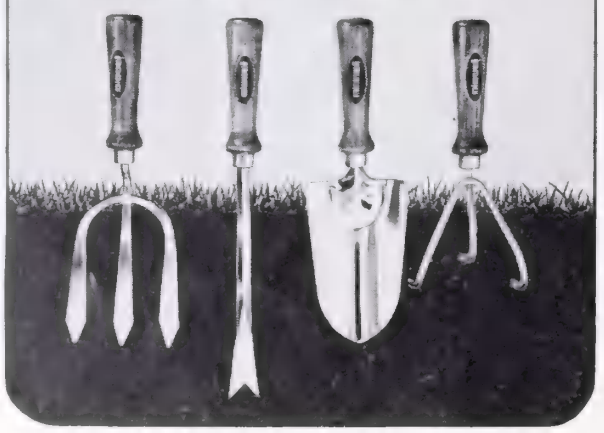


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and to accept as your introduction a fabulous

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for only $1.00

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Your introductory Beauty Kit is just the start of many delightful surprises that can be yours from the Club. As a member, you'll be entitled to receive — on approval and entirely without risk — a new and different Beauty Kit of famous-name beauty aids every three months.

For example, last summer's assortment was packed in a pretty, waterproof "Beach Beauty Bag," containing sun tan lotion, nail hardener, bubble bath, shampoo, deodorant, cologne ice, mascara, night cream, bath soap, and cleansing pads. The late Fall-Winter Beauty Kit was a lovely jewelry box containing moisture cream, eye shadow, cleansing lotion, make-up base, a powder compact, facial soap, hand cream, nail polish and body lotion.

Famous-name cosmetics in every Kit

Each Beauty Kit is keyed to the season and filled with some of the world's finest beauty aids — a selection of the best products from the most respected companies — packed in a handsome Jewelry Box, Curler Bag, or with some attractive accessory for your dressing table.

If you were to go out and try to purchase the complete contents of any of these Beauty Kits yourself, you would probably end up paying at least $10. But, as a member, each Beauty Kit will be billed to you at only $4.98, plus postage and handling (and sales tax, where applicable). *Moreover, we guarantee your satisfaction! There is absolutely no obligation to keep any Beauty Kit unless you decide — after carefully examining it — that it's a value you simply can't resist.*

Explore a new world of beauty

The Club makes it easy and inexpensive to try exciting new beauty aids — facial creams, moisturizers or other cosmetics. Each Beauty Kit is a treasure chest of well-known beauty aids and selected *new* cosmetics from leading companies. And with each Kit you receive expert guidance on how to make the most of these aids, to make the most of YOU!



The first Beauty Kit is yours for only $1. When it arrives, examine it to your heart's content. You must be delighted or you may cancel your trial membership and that ends the matter. Otherwise, you receive a new Kit on approval every three months — but, of course, you retain the right to cancel your membership at any time. There's no risk at all, so just fill out and mail the coupon today.

ring out the complexion.

See your eyes sparkle with new products, colors, techniques.

Find new fragrances to create your own personal aura of loveliness.

*Based on manufacturers' suggested retail prices.

FREE Beauty Guide

32-page illustrated Beauty Guide — sent with each Beauty Kit. Step-by-step guidance in beauty basics. All the latest trends and how to adapt them for the beauty that is individually yours.

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P.O. Box 47-A, Mount Vernon, New York 10556

Here's my $1. Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the current Beauty Kit for which I might expect to pay $10 or even more, plus your Beauty Guide. I understand that I will be entitled to receive a new Beauty Kit on approval every 3 months — and to keep it for the special member's price of only $4.98, plus postage and handling (and sales tax, where applicable), but that I may cancel at any time with no obligation. (Note: Offer good in continental USA only.)

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My Age Group ☐ Teen ☐ 20-25 ☐ 26-39 ☐ 40 or over
My Hair Color ☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette ☐ Redhead ☐ Silver
My Skin Tone ☐ Fair (light) ☐ Medium ☐ Deep (dark)
My Skin Type ☐ Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐ Combination

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24 hours a day.



Those little lines aren't the end of the world. Just a warning to take the fastest action possible—Skin Dew by Helena Rubinstein.

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Now go ahead and fib about your age—no one would believe the truth!

Helena Rubinstein®

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HOROSCOPES FOR MOTHERS

By Sybil Leek

ARIES March 21-April 19. Aries women are interested in is new. You therefore find it easier than other mother to understand your children when they reach their teen-ag Although you feel compelled to be an organizer of family ac you sympathize with adolescents' problems of rebellion, wh probably went through yourself. Undoubtedly you will always h lar with your teen-agers' friends. You will find yourself more d your sons than daughters and may find yourself becoming je your son's girlfriends. However, your main difficulty will be outbursts of temper, which all your children may not underst

TAURUS April 20-May 20. The Taurean mother h depths of sympathy and kindness that she is general by all children. Your love of children is so great that you may adopting them, even if you have a family of your own. You ar practical, down-to-earth type of mother, with a tremendous for the basic needs of your children. You may find it difficult, h to deal with a highly sensitive child with inner turmoils. You assured that your children will benefit greatly from your influe because of your own dislike of change, your main difficulty wi linquishing your control over them as they grow older.

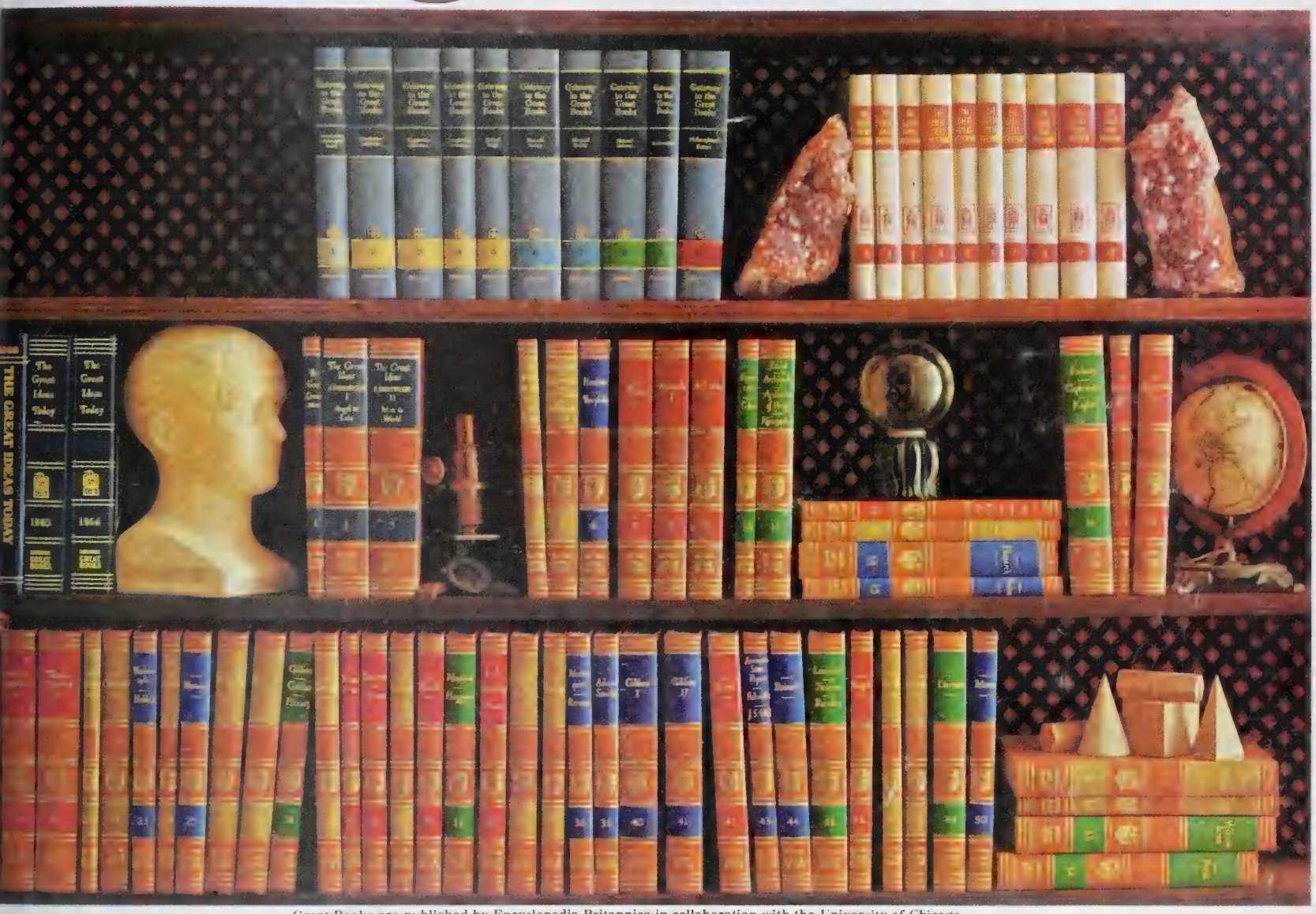
GEMINI May 21-June 21. A Gemini mother needs evidence of her children's love, and her success as a depends on how much affection they are capable of giving her. A you are not the easiest mother to have because of the dema make on your children, you can be an industrious homemak tremendous energy. Your best qualities show themselves wh children are in trouble. You will put aside all other concerns a sider no obstacle too great if you have to fight for their rights. A children will be proud to show you off in front of their friends, are a woman who will work at retaining her looks and figure.

CANCER June 22-July 22. A love for children is na the Cancer woman. You do have a complex personalit ever, so your children have difficulty understanding you. Althou have the instinct to be ultra-feminine and a good homemake many-faceted personality may involve you in business activit interfere with your domestic instincts. In fact, you establish yo identity in so many areas it is often difficult for you to realize th children have a need to retain theirs. Despite this, if you are con assured that you're the pivot around which the household re you will be a very happy and successful mother.

LEO July 23-August 22. No sign of the zodiac produce women with a deep-rooted and passionate devotion children than Leo. But you have a problem in restraining you ency to be domineering. You may also have trouble learning tha is a time to allow your children their freedom, and you are incl be the type of woman about whom mother-in-law jokes are mac although you give the appearance of being tough and firm, you easily hurt. Therefore you need constant reassurance of love and standing from your children. Given this, you are a warmhear trovert who will defend your family no matter what the dif

VIRGO August 23-September 22. The natural devotion Virgo mother to her children is often hidden by a fa coldness. You are seldom moved purely by emotion. Althou often regard homemaking as an unpleasant duty, you like to well-run house and may make your children feel that they're efforts you didn't enjoy making in the first place. You will be best when your children are sick, since you can be a devoted nur your conservative nature can lead to difficulties with indep teen-agers. Your children will always be proud of your appe since you will retain your looks and figure even when you're a mother, a role many Virgos enjoy more than they do being m

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having brains.



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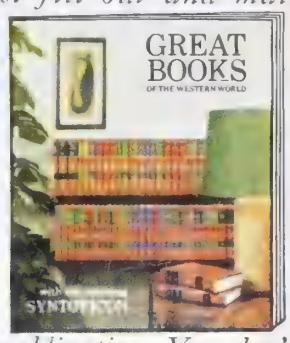
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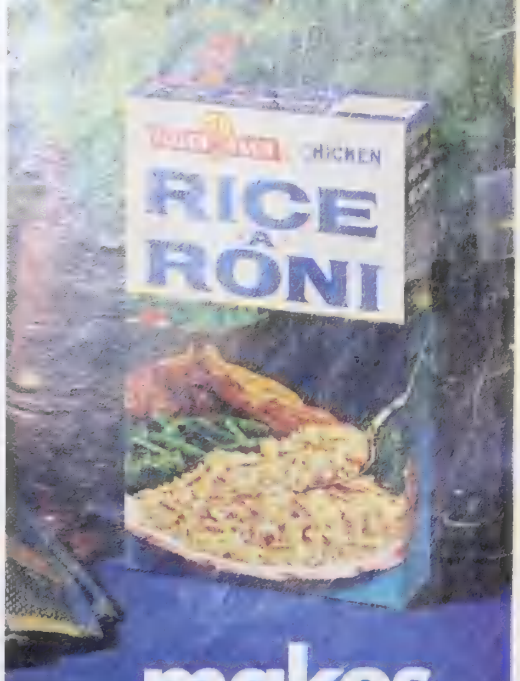
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...or this great new recipe

ARROZ CON POLLO

Brown one cut-up frying chicken in 4 tbsp. butter. Set aside. Brown 1 pkg. Chicken Rice-A-Roni in 2 tbsp. butter; remove to 3 qt. casserole. Stir in 2 cups hot water, contents of Chicken Flavor Packet, 1 can (16 oz.) stewed tomatoes and ½ tsp. salt. Arrange browned chicken on top. Cover and bake in 375° oven for 35 to 40 minutes; uncover last 10 minutes. Makes 6 delicious servings.





Like noodles? Try Noodle Roni!

Four complete dinners: Parmesano, Romanoff, Casserole, and Chick 'N' Almonds.





LIBRA September 23–October 23. The Libra mother is not fond of routine, particularly if it's strenuous, so she may find the years of rearing very young children a great burden unless she has help. You are concerned about the well-being of your children and want to be a good mother, but you don't have great confidence in your abilities. When faced with situations that other women would take in stride, you often flounder. This can cause you to show a negative, frustrated and peevish attitude which can be difficult for children to understand. A Libra woman, left to her own devices, will often be an overindulgent mother and spoil her children. You therefore need a strong husband who understands you and can teach you that discipline as well as love is necessary in raising children.



SCORPIO October 24–November 21. Scorpio women are capable of being either completely devoted mothers or very self-centered ones. Your own outward success as a homemaker or career woman is sometimes more important to you than your children's problems. Although you realize the importance of harmony in your family, your inborn sense of drama thrives on scenes with your children who may be exposed frequently to your fiery temper. You are critical and expect your children to live up to high standards of obedience and manners. Although this can be difficult for them, a well-adjusted Scorpio mother can be a delight. Your driving force and dynamic personality can take your children along many adventurous paths, and you can be sure that you will not be a dull, mediocre parent.



SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. A Sagittarian mother will be conscious of every need in her family, helpful through childhood ailments and capable of understanding teen-age problems, if her children realize at an early age that they must be completely truthful with her. You can be a real confidante and a most discreet receiver of secrets, but you have the tendency to become unduly concerned about small problems. Although you are often burdened with family responsibilities, you rarely let any of your personal unhappiness affect the lives of your children. Unfortunately, you will probably continue to share the burdens of your children long after they have left home to get married and you have graduated from being an excellent mother to an excellent grandmother and mother-in-law.



CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. Capricorns are naturally very reserved mothers, almost to the point of coldness. Young, sensitive children, who are unable to understand this type of behavior, may find it hard to communicate with them. You usually show your love by devotion rather than by the physical expression of your feelings, and you are fastidious and set standards for your children that they're unable to meet. These personality traits may cause them to revolt against you, leaving you hurt, and even colder than usual. Although you're not the easiest mother to have, especially for teenagers who may have emotional problems you don't understand, you have tremendous strength and will never shirk your maternal duties.



AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. The Aquarian mother gets a great deal of satisfaction from activities outside her home. But no matter how busy she may be with social activities and the needs of society, she is devoted to her children and realizes how much they, too, need her. If you try to restrict yourself to purely domestic problems, you may become arrogant and resentful of your children; so remember that you're an air sign and need a great deal of personal freedom in order to function successfully as a mother. You consider imparting your very definite humanitarian philosophy to be one of your most important maternal functions. But you also enjoy the entire responsibility of raising children and are capable of doing it successfully even without the help of a partner.



PISCES February 19–March 20. The Pisces mother needs love from her children more than any other sign of the zodiac, but will return it in a dozen different ways. While you are a faithful, devoted mother, you are inclined to be overanxious about your children, probably because you can foresee signs of emotional strain in them better than most mothers. You are very sensitive and can be easily hurt by the family you love so much. This often causes you to retreat into brooding silences. Although you're not completely efficient in household management, you are able to provide effective spiritual guidance and inspiration to your children and are careful about not setting up impossibly difficult standards for them to meet.

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Streak-free results!



White duck comes in white. But you can be the only one with ducks in Rit Purple. Purple the turtle top in your washer to match.



Even the finest lingerie turns yellow or dingy gray. From slips to gowns to pretty chemises— wake them up, shake them up with Rit. How about Rit Tangerine!

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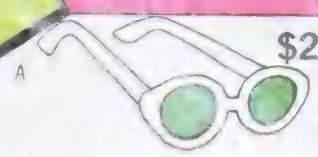


Jeepers Peepers! Your sneakers and peepers match! Give sneakers a Rit Aqua whirl in your washer. Dip sunglasses in a warm basin of Rit color. (Leave as long as necessary for the shade you want.)

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$2.98 FOSTER GRANT SUNGLASSES
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It's fun to color these fashionable white plastic frames with Rit in any of 35 colors. Just dip in warm Rit. It's easy! Mail one Rit label and $1.50 per pair to RIT SUNGLASSES, P.O. BOX 401, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206.

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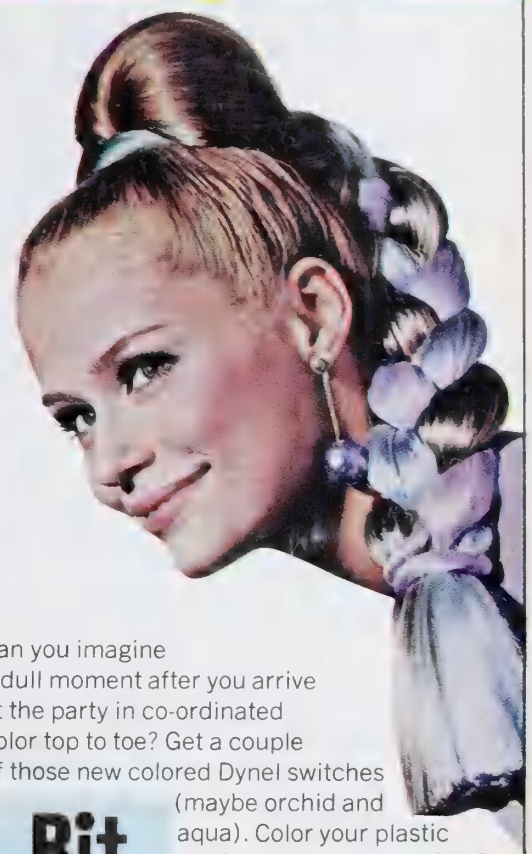
Baubles, bangles and Rit! Dunk your jewelry into delightful new color fashion. It's easy... Rit...a bowl...dip! Choose Aqua, Kelly Green, Tangerine, Fuchsia. Give last year's faded favorites—and your summer whites—the sizzling new color personality of tomorrow. Rit colors unfinished wood, fake pearls, straw, even plastic!

Rit



Turn your washable pajamas into palazzo pajamas in all their wild Italian glory. Let yourself glow in new Rit Golden Yellow! Fortissimo! Bellissimo!

Rit



Can you imagine a dull moment after you arrive at the party in co-ordinated color top to toe? Get a couple of those new colored Dynel switches (maybe orchid and aqua). Color your plastic earrings, skimmer and fabric shoes in Rit Orchid to match!

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Rit colors in depth

Only with extra-strength Rit can you dye so many different materials and dye them so many (35!) beautiful colors. And only Rit gives you such a complete line of fabric care products: remarkable Rit Nylon Whitener, safe, effective Rit Color Remover and All-Purpose Rit Dye, now in two forms—powder and convenient new *liquid* Rit (the first home dye you just uncap and pour). Dependable! Easy! Economical! Every featured item on these two pages was dyed with Rit.



Important Arthritis Information

"If there is any possibility that you have a rheumatic disease [including arthritis], *see your physician. Don't delay.* Early treatment can prevent crippling."

Your doctor will probably recommend aspirin in his treatment, because:

"Aspirin is the most reliable and least toxic of all arthritic drugs. It is the one that is most likely to provide sustained control of symptoms."

—The quotations are from the folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," recently published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The makers of Bayer Aspirin urge you to remember this: *Bayer is pure aspirin.* Many of the other products that advertise arthritis benefits are *part* aspirin, but Bayer is *pure* aspirin, and aspirin is the drug doctors recommend for hours of continuous relief from arthritis pain, swelling and stiffness, so you can work, play and sleep in greater comfort.

If you suffer from arthritis, see your doctor at once.

When he recommends aspirin, take Bayer.



Pure aspirin, not just *part* aspirin.

HOW TO GET COMPLETE FOLDER

You owe it to yourself to read the complete folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402—Price 5 cents each or $3 per 100 copies.





Medicine Today

"Mod" clothing styles—in particular, very tight pants—just might affect male fertility. Even simple insulating clothing and athletic-type undershorts can raise the temperature of the testes, and hinder sperm production, says Drs. Derek Robinson and John Rock of the noted Rock Reproductive Clinic in Brookline, Mass. They recently studied the process in men who wore special tight insulating garments for six to 11 weeks. About six weeks after they began wearing them, the men's sperm production dropped to a mere 14 percent of normal. Even after they stopped wearing the special garments, four or five weeks passed before their sperm counts were normal. After that they rebounded, temporarily, to more than twice normal.

Only a few years ago, visiting hours for parents of children in the hospital were limited to an hour or so. But recently, hospital administrators have found that children get well faster when they are not deprived of their parents, and, of course, it also makes the children happier to have mothers and fathers around more. Today, with encouragement from pediatricians and child psychiatrists, some hospitals are welcoming parents as part of the hospital "team."

The Hunterdon Medical Center in Flemington, N.J., is one that encourages mothers of small children to remain with them in the hospital. The mothers feed, change and bathe the young patients, and give medications with the guidance of the nurses. They may stay overnight at no extra charge, sleeping on a cot that is rolled under the child's bed during the day.

Recently at Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago a group of mothers was allowed to remain with their small children while they were given anesthesia for tonsillectomies. The hospital found that children whose mothers stayed with them were less upset, and there was no instance where a mother's presence caused problems. The mothers were enthusiastic about being allowe with their children, and e who were somewhat an not appear to upset their

If you're in the midst of a spring viruses, take he day may come when pe be able to toss off all "bugs" with the help of rious substance called in

It was discovered 10 y by Drs. Alick Isaacs a Lindemann of London's Institute for Research, mittedly, it may be an years before it helps yo flu and all those viral i that keep "going around. because it is so hard to

Interferon is a natura produced by the body in to infective agents. It ap stimulates the body cell duce another substance, X," that keeps the vir multiplying. Hence, interf been called the "antivi Revere."

So far the best sources feron have been huma blood cells and the huma otic membrane (the m that surrounds the fetus these tissues it is possible duce minute amounts of stance. It is not practica interferon from animal tis fortunately, since each liv cies makes its own and the different. Rat interferon tually useless in protect bits against viral disease ample, and monkey in functions only weakly for

Since interferon is beli be a relatively simple prot ecule, a number of inves are hoping they can disco to make it synthetically test tube. Then they wou larger quantities to work

The idea of fighting viru a substance based on the own natural disease-fightin anisms is exciting. Accor Dr. Monto Ho of the G School of Public Health, University of Pittsburgh, the most suitable uses fo feron would be against for which no vaccine see sible—such as the comm

Reports of occasional case toward reactions to birth pills keep trickling in. T *England Journal of Medicin* a sensible comment, warni tors against refilling presc by mail or by a telephone the pharmacy. At least onc all patients taking contra pills should have a c check-up.

A man with a heart at rushed to the hospital and ently saved. Later, still in pital he dies. Yet before th ond attack *(continued on p*

By Phyllis Wright, M.D., with Victor Cohn

Where's the party?
No party.
What's happening?
Nothing's happening.
Why coconut cupcakes?
Why not.



Why not indeed?

Just because Baker's® Coconut is so festive is no reason to hoard it for special occasions. Use it more often. Like on top of cupcakes.

Something great happens any day you use Baker's Coconut.

Easy Why-Not Cupcakes

1 package Swans Down Yellow Cake Mix
1 egg white
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup boiling water
1⅓ cups (about) Baker's Angel Flake® Coconut
1 to 2 tablespoons Jell-O® Gelatin, any fruit flavor*

*Or use a few drops food coloring diluted in ½ teaspoon water.

Follow cake mix package directions for cupcakes.

For frosting, place egg white, sugar, cream of tartar, and vanilla in small deep bowl; mix well. Add boiling water. Beat at high speed of electric mixer or with rotary beater until stiff peaks form; spread on cooled cupcakes.

For tinted coconut, combine coconut and gelatin in a quart jar. Cover; shake vigorously until coconut is evenly tinted. Sprinkle over cupcakes. Makes about 3 dozen.

To use remaining gelatin from a three-ounce package, follow package directions, reducing the amount of cold water to ¾ cup.

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We understand your feelings.

We don't agree. But we understand.

A long time ago, someone gave you a table lighter. The trouble was, it looked too much like a table lighter. But didn't work at all like a cigarette lighter. Not after a carton or two of cigarettes, anyway.

Well, that was a long time ago.

And we don't think you should carry a grudge. Especially now that you can have table lighters that do work.

And don't look like table lighters. (That's right. Those delightful little table ornaments in the photograph are Ronson table lighters.)

You see, sometime after you had your bad experience, Ronson perfected the butane lighter.

We did it by designing an ingenious system of patented valves: an inlet valve and a burner valve that together, make our lighters leak-free and evaporation proof.

It's an intricate bit of engineering which you needn't concern yourself about except to know that if you buy a Ronson butane lighter today, you won't have to refill it until about November.

1970.

And then, you'll need only be concerned for about the ten seconds it will take you to refuel it with a clean Ronson Multi-Fill® injector. (You buy that anywhere.)

So now everything you hated about table lighters is just the opposite, isn't it?

In fact, there isn't a thing to stop you from getting one. And loving it.

RONSON®

The people who keep improving flame.

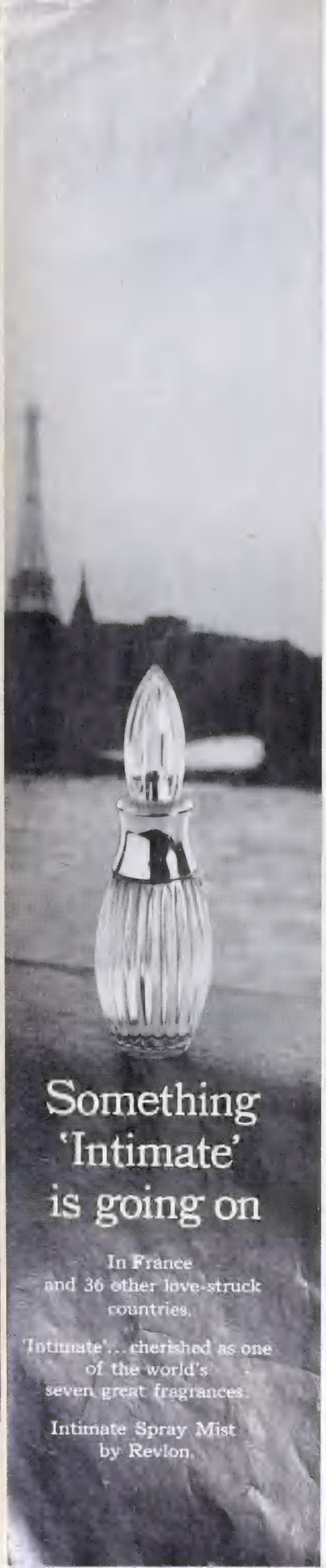
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the world
on a string
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maidenform
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his heart gives a plain warning of fatal stoppage that could have been prevented. That is the thesis of four Harvard University doctors, who see new hope for cutting the heart-disease toll if hospitals begin "preventive care" for heart-disease patients.

Drs. Bernard Lown, Ali Fakhro, William Hood Jr. and George Thorn explain that the heart's electrical system becomes disturbed just before cardiac arrest. If patients are in special coronary-care units and continuously hooked up to an EKG machine, the staff can recognize these early signs and use drugs or electricity to restore normal heart rhythm. Thirty to 40 percent of all heart-attack patients die in the hospital. Four out of 10 of these deaths are caused by cardiac arrhythmias or rhythm disorders. Of 130 cases treated at a Harvard-staffed center in a year's time, not one died of an arrhythmia, and only 15 died of other causes, far fewer than the 30 to 40 percent otherwise expected.

Don't overdo the talcum after the baby's bath. I have seen a baby practically disappear in a cloud of dusting powder after his mother gave him a full container to play with. Inhaling a great deal of talc dust can cause dangerous inflammation of the respiratory tract and severe respiratory distress. Better to dust your baby sparingly.

With the arrival of spring comes a surprising but important warning from Dr. Elliott Middleton of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. He explains that bee venom is as dangerous, drop for drop, as rattlesnake venom! And more people are killed every year by bee stings than by snake bites.

Bee venom has a direct toxic effect on tissues similar to that of snake venom. Beyond that, some persons develop sensitivity to it. Each time a sensitized person is stung he gets a more severe reaction. Says Dr. Middleton, "The very sensitive persons with bee-sting allergy present life-threatening emergencies."

Sensitized people should try to avoid attracting bees. That means wearing no perfume, wearing long-sleeved white, green or tan clothing—colors that neither lure nor antagonize bees. These people should avoid eating out of doors. And they should ask their doctors for a supply of antihistamine drugs or adrenalin for immediate use if they are stung.

If you observe a pattern of progressively intense reaction to bee stings, you might want to find out about desensitizing shots. These are minute injections of diluted bee venom given over a period of time, like any other allergy shots.

The hospital isolation room of the future may be a portable plastic enclosure that can be set up in any room in the hospital. The new germ-free nursing unit developed at the Shriner's Burn Research Unit of the Massachusetts General Hospital makes better care possible for a variety of patients. Consider the problem of the man with coronary thrombosis who develops a strep throat, or the postoperative patient with an infection. At present, to prevent cross-infection to other patients, they must each be put in a separate isolation room, even though they might get better attention in the intensive-care unit. Other types of patients who stand to benefit from the germ-free nursing unit are those who have low resistance for instance, badly burne

The unit consists of "walls" erected between of plastic that have been filling them with high-pre gas. Each unit is a "room" for the individu series of pass-through p ports enables the nurse o ing gloves, to care for the out entering the bacteria- an emergency, hospital enter the "room" throug Filtered air is pumped in

The germ-free nursing sive, but there is a saving elaborate sterilization and tion procedures.

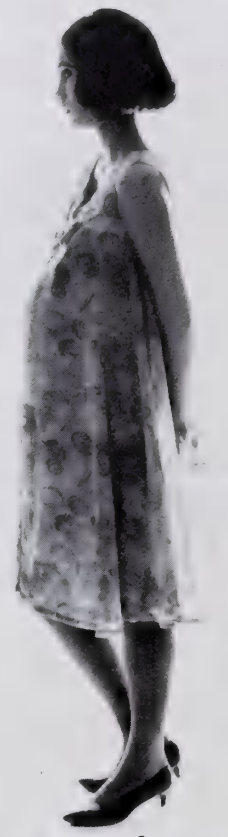
There is still another these new units. The ord ward is barred to visitors germ-free nursing unit ma in the center of hospital patient can see people and

Infertile husbands and w much want a baby are tu ingly to AID, artificial from an unrelated donor tors nor patients like to because of the AID bab status in the eyes of the strong beliefs against artifi tion held by many peopl and more people are seeki Dr. Richard Moss of Mou pital, New York. "In the l years, interest has increa ably," adds Dr. Edward R Angeles' Tyler Clinic. Ab babies a year are born to a rate that has doubled i years. Dr. Alan F. Guttma Parenthood president, gu guess is possible—that U now up to around 10,000

Why the increase? In p doctors, this reflects a m tude on all matters of sex individual choice. Mostly the growing realization t band, not the wife, is the ner in nearly half the chil Where the wife and not t infertile, adoption of a ba possible solution. But whe learns that she is fertile, t have a choice, and they ma to have a child who is at le theirs. They may also lik giving their child a share o of a donor of demonstrate rather than the poorly kn of an unwed father, as is in adoption.

The choice is always th fact, many doctors, like Tyler Clinic, never sugge wait for a couple to reques is any suggestion that the to try to keep their marri we immediately rule it out says. "If we feel they have marriage, and they have th cussed this and are in tho ment, we go ahead."

AID is still rare in man some large ones. It is comm seven: New York, Los Ange Philadelphia, Boston, St. L Orleans. The need for new many kinds to help the ch derlined by a new report well Roland, director of th Fertility Institute. About 10 American couples is un having children, he states.



Expecting?

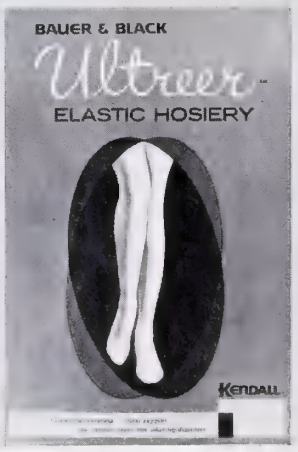
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Handling Children Who Have Bad Manne

First Mother: How can you talk to a child about his bad manners? The little girl next door is three, and my boy doesn't like her. He's five and his own sister's three, but he doesn't like the neighbor girl. He won't let her in the yard. Well, one day *he* was excluded from play.

Dr. Bettelheim: From your neighbor's yard?

First Mother: Yes. So should I ask him, "How did *you* like it?"

Dr. B.: Yes, you can. Many parents do. But, again, in teaching manners I would apply the principle I've tried to suggest here before. That is, first take care of their feelings and then use reason. Sometimes parents behave as if this was the happy occasion they'd been waiting for. They pounce on the child, instead of thinking, "At this moment he's excluded, which is terrible." If you're rational, and show him he got what he deserved, he'll resent it even more. Maybe next time he'll exclude her viciously. I'm trying to suggest that when a child's excluded, he feels terrible, so comfort him. Because if you don't say that in your opinion a terrible thing was done to him, you will never get him to agree that it was a terrible thing that he did.

After you have established that this is a terrible thing to do, and only unpleasant people do that, then I might scratch my head and say, "Come to think of it, maybe you were such an unpleasant person the other day, when you excluded Mary." And if your son is a healthy, red-blooded American boy he will say, "That was different." And then I would say, "Well, I'm not so sure. You think about it." And I wouldn't rub it in. Because this realization has to grow on *his* garden patch.

Second Mother: Isn't all this related to the social conscience that a child has to develop?

Dr. B.: Yes. But you see, manners divide themselves into silly conventions that have no meaning, and consideration for the other person's feelings, which has the same meaning anywhere. So when you talk about manners, we really have to separate them from the conventions, like which fork is the right one for salads.

First Mother: My five-year-old boy shows great curiosity. It's very difficult to teach him that he can't pick up things that don't belong to him. I say, "Look at it," but unless he can pick it up and touch it, h can't see it." This habit c when we go to somebody e

Dr. B.: Well, this involves ing and teaching manner age, handling things that curiosity comes natural. must also consider the the owners of these thin dilemma is: Do you wan squelching a child's curio you want him to be mo haved when you go visit you should really be ask what degree do you want to fit into your view of o and to what degree do yo areas of freedom? I thi what bugs some of our stu demonstrate—we want t snugly into the culture, b want them to think in an in fashion. Only you can't ha ways.

First Mother: Just how far go in imposing your will

Second Mother: Strike medium.

Dr. B.: What is a happy n

Third Mother: That you things, that it's not really but that with certain t have to be more careful.

Dr. B.: Yes, but this child well break things. The peo visiting would have a fit.

First Mother: That's right. wonder what people mus me and how I'm raising m

Dr. B.: In teaching manner to separate very clearly think is really right for and what we interfere wi because it reflects on us. either say, "It reflects w that I don't squelch my bo can feel that it reflects bac that your son doesn't have b ners. I've known mothers very proud that their chil ahead and did whatever the But they really weren't so in what was best for the proving something to then

Fourth Mother: I find my stricter with my children t people are. I was dealt firmly by my parents. Bu was older and it was time speak up and say things, I shy. Yet I see myself doing thing to my children. I do but it's something that c urally.

00 A MONTH FOR LIFE

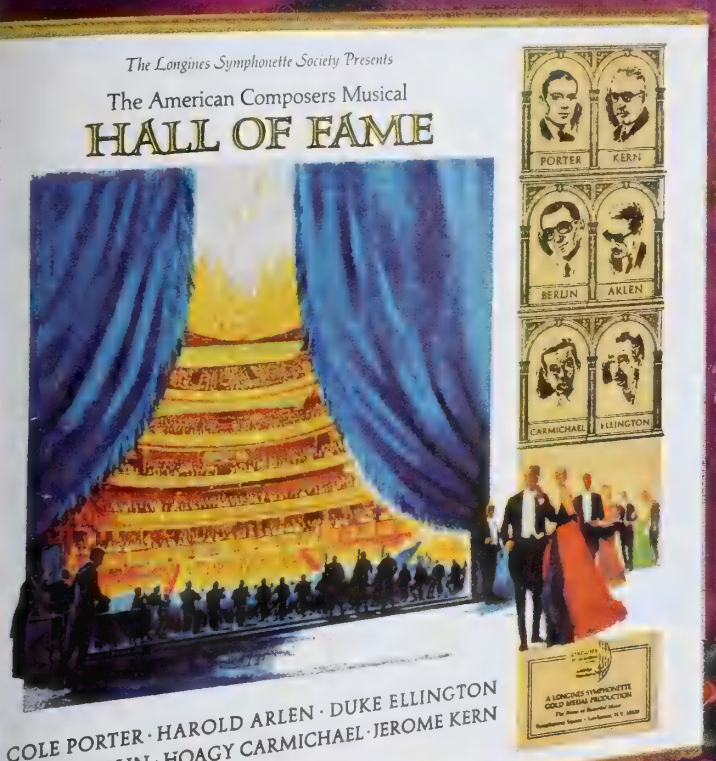
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tinued

you mean to say is, red into you. And be- e bred into you, you your children. That's alling it natural. It's hat you realize this. So e intelligently about it. Well, maybe it isn't think that parents are children should be Children aren't really yet.

zzles me is why parents t things that all people later. I'm afraid what ng with is the competi- er or earlier, whether it ot. You see, if you raise *ve* freedom—not in ab- that's chaos—but in you may never have nd gentlemen. But if m right, they will know ell enough. When they nts, they'll be pretty but everyone else will onderful children they y'll have learned that an be free, and since me, they can afford to es elsewhere.

t the wear and tear on ather!

Yes, but I'd rather have have him take it all

back to this lady whose ches everything. How im not to? He's been g. But now you'll have while he can do these other people just don't t so much. Eventually, rdo it, he'll catch on. ight tell you, "I don't Irs. So-and-so."

does! He knows where nd comfortable, and If he feels that people m for what he is, he go.

child, in the long run, roys less. Because the scared he gets clumsy. scared when something , so he drops it.

How can a child under- kes sense to have two hat's right at home and elsewhere?

n't understand, at age sn't make sense even a while they accept it. earn a lot that doesn't m at first.

Isn't it showing con- ther people and other

ren don't learn that till ably older. This is not child can understand. is that you don't try h all at once, and that the right order. When what the people you're hink of your child, or er, you're nervous and too much all at once. time for the one thing nk in before teaching a child has learned, me, that basically it's rious, to handle things en comes the time to are some things it's dle, like knives. That's why I'm in favor of keeping them out of reach for a while, till he's had his fill of exploring. And then I would keep them in a separate drawer and tell him he's not to touch.

There also comes a time when we have to teach them that not all people live by the same standards, that while it's all right to handle most things at home, some people don't like us to touch their things without permission. By that time the child should have reached the age when he's had some experiences of his own, such as not liking it when a friend manhandles his favorite toys. That'll help him understand.

Moreover, children observe others; they want to have friends and be accepted by them. The criticism of their friends is very painful to them. You know, "Hey, why do you do a naughty thing like that?" If the child hasn't too much aggression built up in him, he will stop. But if he's been sat on too much, if there's too much aggression built up, he will continue, he will have no friends, and you have a problem.

Ninth Mother: How can I find out why my 26-month-old son pulls his hair?

Dr. B.: When did it start?

Ninth Mother: He was trying to pull my hair. I slapped his hand, told him it hurt. So then he pulled his own hair. He said "Hurt?" and I said, "Yes." But he kept on pulling his hair.

Dr. B.: Is he very active?

Ninth Mother: Yes, he's into very many things. When we go to the department store, he tries to take things out of the drawers. If he's really messing them up with his hands dirty, I scold him.

Dr. B.: What's wrong with touching with dirty hands?

Ninth Mother: Then other people have to clean it up.

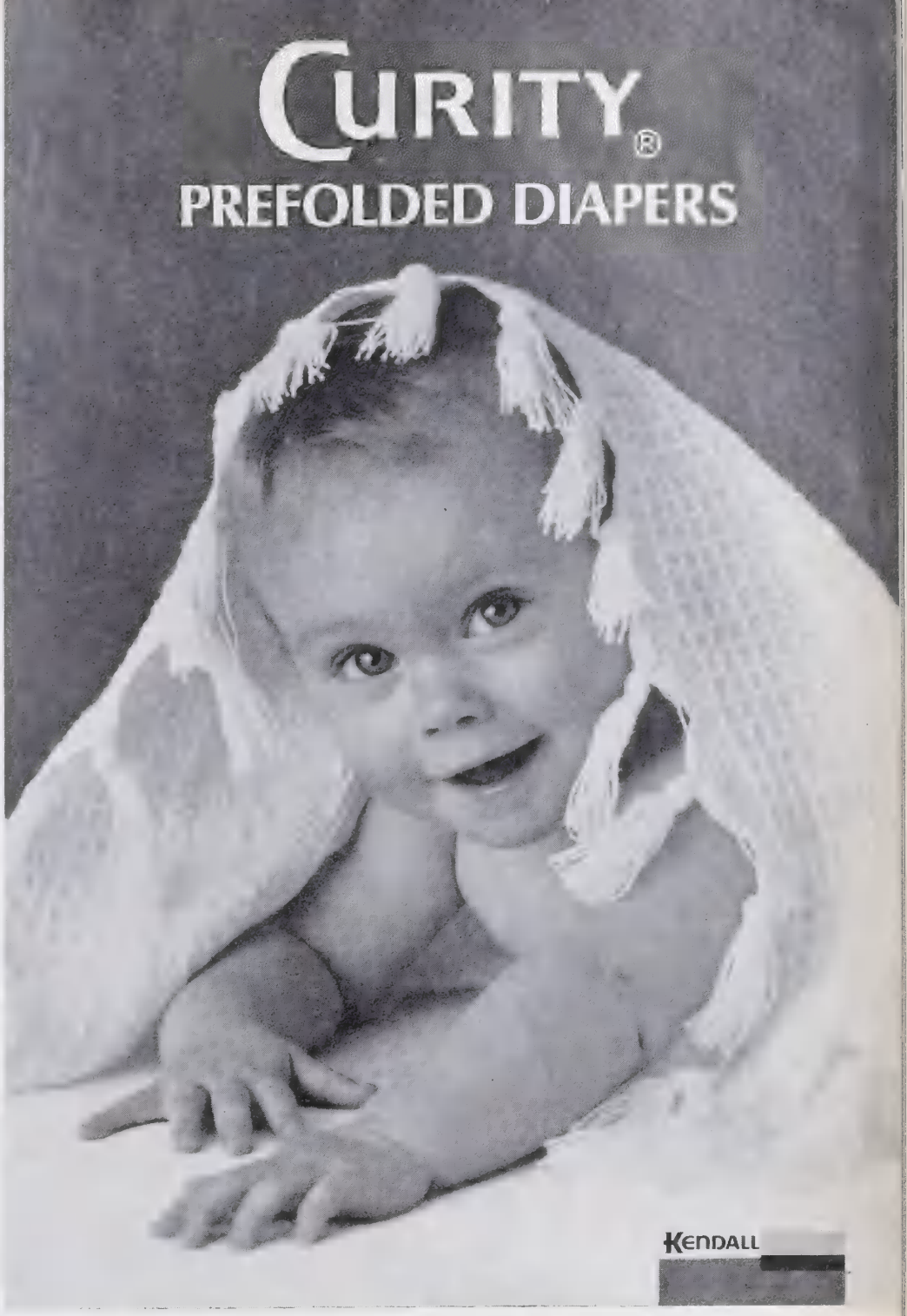
Dr. B.: Well, that's their problem, isn't it? Wait till they object. Why do you have to anticipate it? My point is that you inhibit what is perfectly natural for a 26-month-old. You build up aggression, and he pulls your hair. And when you stop that, he takes it out on himself. He can't take it out in another way. Also, it doesn't make sense to an infant to wash his hands before he touches anything.

Really, it's not so much a matter of teaching him manners. Just don't frustrate the child too much. And give him access to the stimulations that come naturally. The more you let him have those things that are of primary interest to him, the more readily he will compromise with you on secondary things. The more he can explore and is encouraged to explore at home, the more ready he'll be to behave while visiting. Tell him, "You can do that later, when we get home."

On the other hand, we don't want wild little animals, either. One lady spoke about a happy medium. Well, maybe there is no happy medium. It's so much easier to use the rod or spoil the child. Just to love your children, or make them conform, is easy. But the right education takes a lot of continuous thinking and planning. The medium is never easy. It's always uneasy. But it may be the only way to help us, and our children, live more successfully. **END**

If there is a child-raising problem you would like Dr. Bettelheim to discuss, please let us know. Direct all *suggestions to Dialogue With Mothers, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

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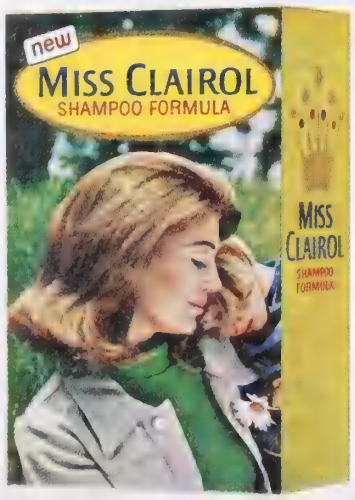
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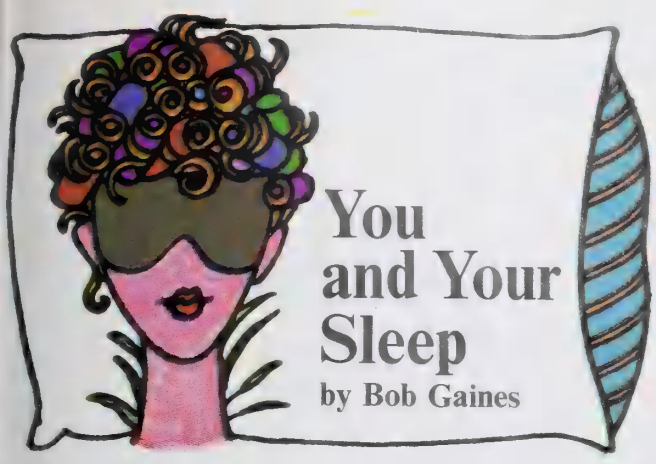
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by Bob Gaines

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y?
ked this question of Dr.
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country's best-known der-
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essential ingredients—im-
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By cutting down on sleep,
pair the circulation of these
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ep will restore the sagging
it if you go without rest
ough, this skin condition
come irreversible."
ubowe added that sleeping
ace is also potentially bad
ties—the pressure on tis-
muscle reduces the skin's
y. "This may seem insig-
but a woman's skin ages
than a man's and she has
uch more careful with it."

Tremens. The pink ele-
scurrying mice and other
hallucinations that are
an alcoholic's delirium
may be due to his inability
n. Dr. Roy Whitman, an
e professor of psychiatry
University of Cincinnati,
reported that alcohol,
s a depressant, seems to
s dreaming and that this
ly causes or at least con-
to the alcoholic's D.T.'s.
tists now know that dream-
vital part of sleep, says
n. The human mind in-
on its dreams and will hal-
when deprived of dream
nd the problem goes be-
coholism. The trouble with
most drugs that induce sleep, Dr. Whitman says, is that they suppress dreaming and then undermine our mental well-being. He would like to see drug companies develop a sedative that does not inhibit our dream life.

Alternate-Side Parking. New mothers are often frightened by old-wives' tales about how a baby's legs and head can become misshapen by sleeping in the wrong position. These tales sometimes lead to what Dr. Marvin Gersh, a New York pediatrician, calls "alternate-side parking"—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, baby is placed on his right side; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday on the left. Dr. Gersh has just published a witty book on this problem (and others) titled *How to Raise Children at Home in Your Spare Time.*

"A lot of the business of sleep position is cultural," he told me. "In England, practically all babies sleep on their backs. Here most kids sleep on their stomachs. It doesn't really matter. I've seen thousands of babies, and if any suffered any kind of bone malalignments because of sleeping, the condition corrected itself as the baby grew older. The only precaution I suggest is that if the baby sleeps on his abdomen, make sure he can lift his head, and that the mattress is firm."

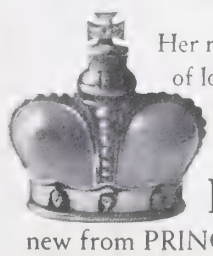
Sleepy Sybil. The music, raucous, pounding, crushes you as you enter the main room of Arthur, one of Manhattan's best-known discothèques. Dancers twist, contort in the smoky dark. In a corner sits Sybil Burton Christopher, silver-haired housemother of Arthur and the discothèque set. The music briefly stops, and I ask Sybil how she manages to shut down her jangling eardrums and nervous system at night and fall asleep.

"It's the dancing," she says, her soft Welsh accent slurring the words. "I dance myself to a standstill, I perspire, my muscles ache. But I feel marvelous, tremendously exhilarated when it's over, and ready to rest."

The music stops at 3:00 A.M. Sybil and her husband, Jordan Christopher, go home and unwind by reading detective stories till 7 A.M. Even so, they both often dream, they admit, of dancers frugging and bugalooing.



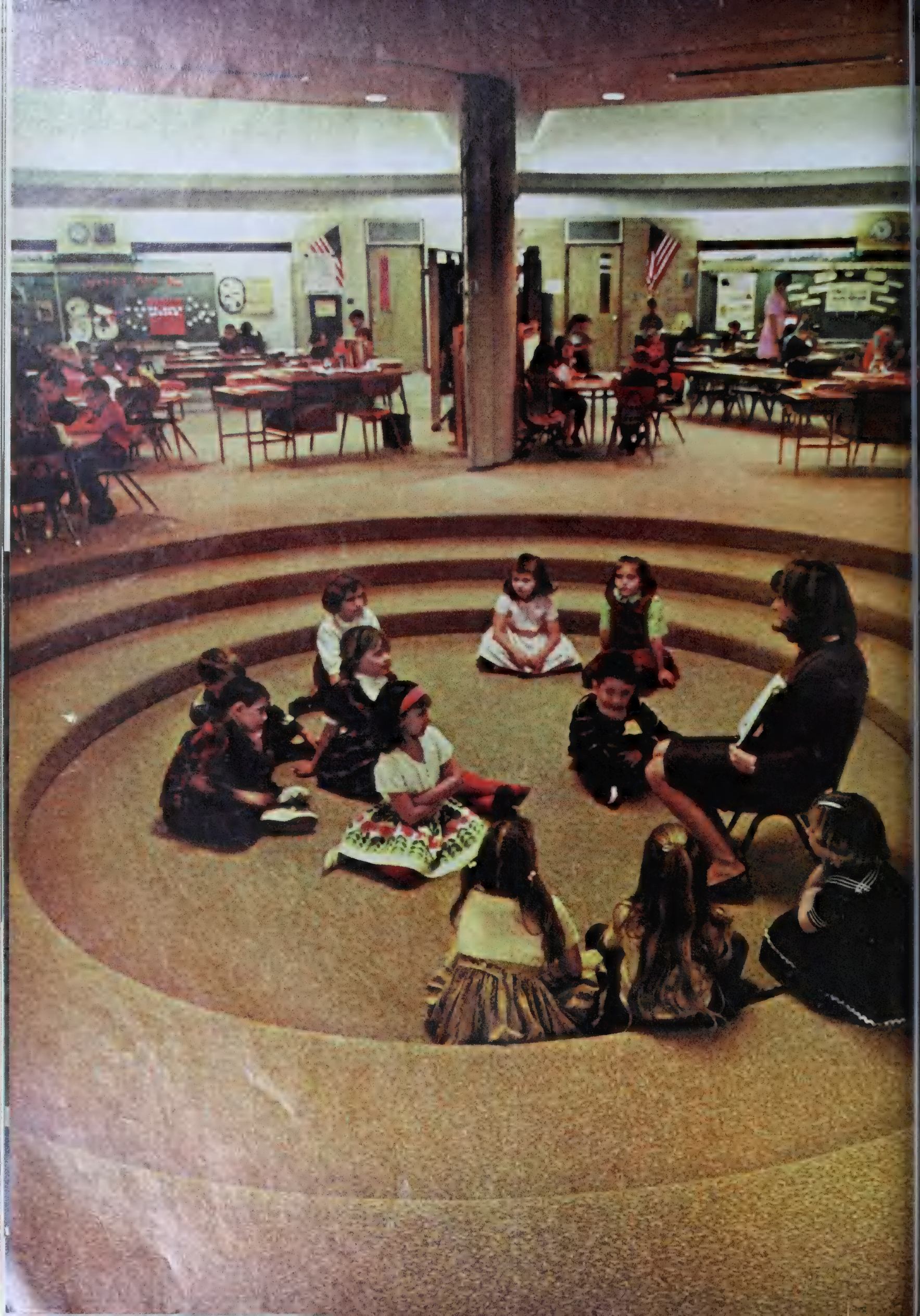
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A Monthly Report from, by & for the Younger Journal Set. By Margaret Kadison.

JOURNAL MI

BIGGEST, MOST EXCITING HAPPENING OF THE SUMMER: EXPO 67—*the* place to visit, if you can possibly manage it between now and October 27. Expo (or, the Universal and International Exhibition of 1967) is being held in Montreal, just 40 miles north of the U.S.-Canadian border. There's something special at Expo for everyone—but a *very* special something for young people: it's the first World Exhibition with a Youth Pavilion (or, *Pavillon de la Jeunesse*, since French is spoken almost as often as English in Montreal).



Marie Francine Nobert, left, and Marie Bernier, an Expo hostess, with a model of the Youth Pavilion. Below, Marie Francine, on a visit to New York, tells a passerby about the Exposition.

MARIE FRANCINE NOBERT, above left, is just one of the m Canadians staffing the Youth Pavilion. Her job is a particular ing one: she's the assistant to the producer of the Variety "cell"—the Pavilion is divided up into twelve of these "ce with a different purpose or theme). All during the run of the Marie will be organizing happenings and fashion shows young entertainers—pop and folk singers, jazz musicians, all over the world; looking after a million details at the dis

"We try to have something exciting happening every min Youth Pavilion," she says. ("For example, some of the are set up for informal debate. A French boy might want world peace with teenagers from other countries. He can



'Youth an cell, get up form and will try to ha tors on har others ca stand, and perhaps dis him. We ho be one mai of the Pav young peop over the wo able to get each other b So come if

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Here's the first shampoo-in toner that won't shampoo *out* before its time. Thank goodness. After all, you don't turn blonde for nothing. You turn blonde to feel prettier than ever before. And once you feel that feeling, you want it to last.

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Take us up? Then pick up a can of Comstock Blueberry Pie-Filling. Peel off the label and put it aside. Open the can. See those fat berries? Sweet and complete. Pour into your favorite pie shell. And homebake the juiciest blueberry pie you ever sank a tooth into. Now, as to that label. Mail it to us, with one more from any other Comstock Pie-Filling. And we'll mail you 25¢. Whether you agree or not. A topping idea: Comstock Blueberries over a dish of ice cream.

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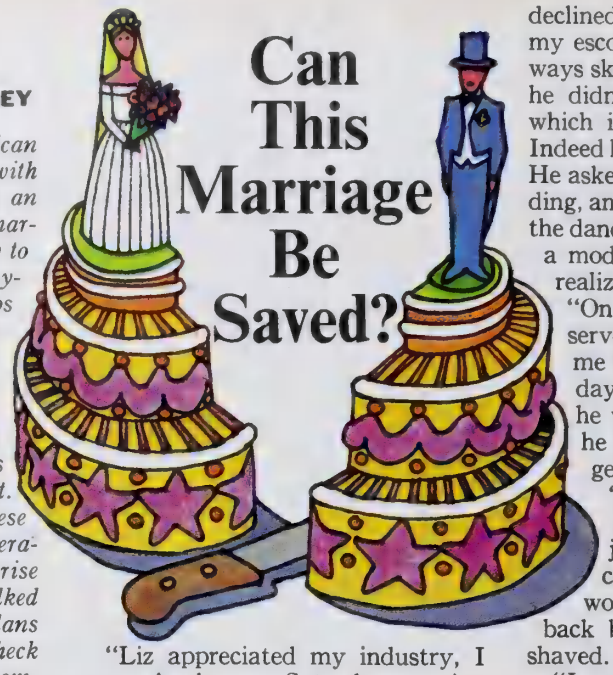
Renee Married A Tight-Fisted Man

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

More than 15 million American homes now live on two paychecks, with husband and wife each working at an outside job, so the success of the marriage often depends on their ability to handle wisely not merely the paychecks but the demands of the jobs themselves. If either partner puts the job ahead of the home, there will naturally be trouble; but, beyond this, each should be mature and wise enough to see the other's need for security and affection as well as for self-expression and advancement. Intelligent teamwork in attaining these goals without mutual neglect is imperative. Indeed, the problems that can arise from two paychecks ought to be talked out fully before marriage, and plans made to avoid them. The two-paycheck home, which will probably become commoner each year, is a real test of adult personality. The counselor in this case was Nicholas Merlo.

PAUL POPENOE, SC. D.
Founder and president,
The American Institute of Family Relations

Can This Marriage Be Saved?



"A beautiful sable stole that I bought last Saturday at a terrific bargain has just about wrecked my marriage to Joe," said Renee, a calm-eyed, poised young woman six feet tall. At 27, Renee was executive secretary of a spectacular dress designer, stable owner, art collector and philanthropist internationally known as Liz. Renee continued in an agreeable but firm voice: "I'm neither a clothes horse nor a swinger, and I'm not especially interested in fashion except in a business way, as Joe should know by now. We have been married three years.

"The stole was designed in our shop as a sample to entice Eastern buyers, and I certainly didn't crave to own anything so luxurious. Nor did it cross my mind that I would receive the opportunity.

"My employer is fantastically thoughtful and generous as well as a fantastic activist; Liz has a finger in dozens of different pies. Two secretaries and a clerk-typist work along with me in her Los Angeles offices, and she maintains branch offices and shops in New York and Paris. Raising money for good causes occupies Liz and her staff here and overseas as much as making money from the business. Handicapped children are particularly close to her heart. Every year she sponsors a West Coast charity ball for the benefit of hospitalized youngsters.

"The annual ball is a huge affair, and this year most of the responsibility for putting on the show fell to me. For almost two months I slaved 10 and 12 hours a day tracking down the fanciest ballroom, leasing hospitality suites, hiring musicians, ordering champagne fountains, checking out the invitations, and so on. Joe complained, and I didn't blame him. But I had to handle millions of details. Preparing for a party with 1,500 guests is quite a chore.

"Liz appreciated my industry, I guess. Anyhow, on Saturday morning she told me I could buy the sample stole, easily worth $1,200 at retail, for $300. Obviously the offer was intended as a reward—indeed Liz suggested I wear the sables to the ball that night—and obviously, too, I was in no position to reject her generosity.

"For a moment, as I swanked around the office preening in those glorious furs while my boss and the other girls laughed at my vanity, I felt like Elizabeth Taylor. But then, with a sinking heart, I remembered my spouse. Joe is violently opposed to my spending an extra nickel on myself and my appearance, no matter what. As an acoustical engineer, Joe is highly skilled and very bright—he heads the grievance committee of his local union—but he is thick as a brick about the demands of *my* job.

"If Joe had his way, I would select my entire wardrobe in the bargain basement and wash and set my own hair. Since I was 18 I've had a regular weekly appointment with the same beauty operator, but for three years now Joe has nagged me to save the money. His objections to my personal expenses are so unreasonable that at times I've been forced to buy quite a few things, mostly modestly priced suits and shoes for office wear, without telling him.

"I knew darn well I could never in this world convince Joe I *needed* to invest $300 in a sable stole. If I tried to explain the whys and wherefores, he wouldn't listen. He would just fly into a rage, and his shouting, red-faced rages scare me silly. When Joe gets angry I want to die. Well, I made a bad mistake.

"I paid Liz the $300 with a check drawn on my personal account, which I opened two years ago by depositing my Christmas bonus. A few hours later, when I got home from my beauty appointment, Joe noticed and inquired about the sable stole. I told a whopping lie. I said the fur piece was on loan from the shop, that I'd borrowed it for Liz's big party. Joe was so nice about the 'loan' that my conscience hurt terribly and I darn near broke out with the truth. Only cowardice kept me quiet.

"The ball went off better than I expected or deserved. As usual Joe declined to enjoy himself[illegible] my escort at Liz's wing[illegible] ways skulks in corners—[illegible] he didn't interfere with[illegible] which is to socialize an[illegible] Indeed he was sweet and [illegible] He asked Liz to dance wi[illegible] ding, and the two were a [illegible] the dance floor—althoug[illegible] a modest character tha[illegible] realize it.

"On Sunday morni[illegible] served breakfast—Jo[illegible] me to cook his brea[illegible] day like his mother u[illegible] he was still in fine f[illegible] he suddenly suggest[illegible] get dressed and we[illegible] 'borrowed' stole [illegible] and then go [illegible] jumped so hard I [illegible] coffee. But I quic[illegible] would do the return[illegible] back by the time he [illegible] shaved.

"I snatched up the sab[illegible] keys and ran out to my c[illegible] drive to the shop, of co[illegible] while I drove around at ra[illegible] ing miserable with guilt. [illegible] I drove to my parents' ho[illegible] the stole. Their linen clo[illegible] served for me to park all [illegible] I'd bought without Joe's [illegible] My parents hated the sn[illegible] my smuggling clothes in [illegible] their house—they disapp[illegible] crets between man and [illegible] once upon a time were ve[illegible] Joe—and I hated it, too [illegible] dreaded discovery.

"That morning the inev[illegible] pened. Just as I hung the [illegible] in the linen closet the doc[illegible] In walked Joe and caugh[illegible] handed. For a moment I [illegible] lieved to be done with li[illegible] ception, I was almost glac[illegible] my parents were.

"There was a terrific row[illegible] vain to explain and apologiz[illegible] for forgiveness. Joe brush[illegible] He shouted and yelled, [illegible] turned a terrifying beet r[illegible] haved like a maniac. He ir[illegible] mother, took a poke at my [illegible] got into a fist fight with [illegible] brother. Tom shoved him [illegible] house, locked the door, a[illegible] Joe went away.

"That was four days ag[illegible] staying with my parents. [illegible] me to come back, but I c[illegible] Not now. Although I still l[illegible] many ways, in my opinion [illegible] riage is all washed up unle[illegible] straighten out some things

"I'm awfully ashamed [illegible] my husband—I went ag[illegible] principles my parents tau[illegible] but Joe's selfishness was [illegible] Yesterday he phoned the s[illegible] a big pitch for a reconcili[illegible] once again demonstrated [illegible] disregard for me. He bega[illegible] ing with the announcemer[illegible] had a crashing headache. [illegible] sound of his voice I knew it[illegible] and I could guess the sou[illegible] misery. Joe always gets a [illegible] whenever his mother lanc[illegible] with endless complaints th[illegible] Joe nor any other human c[illegible] I felt so sorry for Joe that I [illegible] try again with him, (c

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educat[illegible] seling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the worl[illegible] stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other m[illegible] have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.









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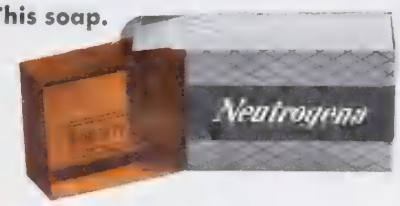
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provided he would agree to a few conditions. In the first place, I said, I wanted us to move out of the rackety apartment we've occupied ever since we married and buy a decent house. Next, I wanted his approval to quit my job—I have always yearned to be a stay-at-home wife. And, most important of all, I wanted us to start a baby right away.

"Joe wouldn't promise me a single thing. He just mumbled good-bye. I broke down and bawled, foolish as I knew my tears to be.

"From the beginning of our marriage, I've realized Joe had no desire to act like a real husband and assume the support of a wife and family. Much as he dislikes my job with Liz—not long ago he had the crust to complain to her that she exploits me—he always valued my salary check. Joe's mixed-up, grubby attitude toward my job and toward money has darn near broken my heart. Apparently he gets a boot from stinting me and splurging on himself, but often he also curbs himself in a daffy sort of way.

"He doesn't spend enough for his clothes or for haircuts. He is mortally afraid of debt. The rent on our overpriced, pool-side apartment is $250 a month. Joe pays it cheerfully. Yet he pales at the thought of parting with anything like that amount to build up an equity in an honest-to-goodness home we could be proud of.

"One recent evening when I was dead tired, Joe insisted on taking me to an expensive restaurant. The food, the wine, the service were perfect, but, to my acute embarrassment, he tipped exactly 10 percent. If people can't tip a waiter the expected 15 percent, I think they should eat at home. Joe and I had a stupid fight and all the money we were supposedly spending for pleasure was wasted.

"There is no excuse for his stinginess. I now pull down $190 a week, and that doesn't count my Christmas bonus. Joe is ridiculously close-mouthed about his and *our* finances; however, I know he probably averages $200 a week when he gets overtime, less when he doesn't. Lately the construction business has been slow, and his earnings have undoubtedly dropped. Nevertheless, I'm sure we have ample savings, although you would never dream it from the way Joe worries. He won't allow me to share his worries. Nor will he tell me the amount of our savings.

"As a bride I was so naïve and in love that I jumped into the dumbest financial arrangement you've ever heard of. When Joe and I returned from our honeymoon, which was super, I meekly handed him my salary check to bank or invest, and he handed me a meager allowance—a practice we've more or less followed ever since. He has always paid all our living expenses and our bills with his weekly check, regardless of whether his check was large or small. When he earned less, we ate less, went out less, bought less, stuck grimly to our iron-clad budget and his iron-clad monetary notions. We have never dipped into our savings.

"If the two of us sacrificed and scrimped for a while—so Joe originally explained his proposition to me—we could soon accumulate sufficient capital to make a large cash down payment on a house, pay cash for furniture, and then be fixed so I could quit my job and we could start our family.

"The theory sounded fine; the reality has been something else. By now I would guess we have $5,000 in the savings bank and twice as much in stocks and bonds, but Joe still isn't ready for us to take the plunge on home ownership and a baby. I'm sick and tired of waiting.

"I am well aware that my husband grew up poor. So did I. Before I reached the teens my father was partially invalided by a stroke and my mother had to go to work. She and Dad were hard-pressed to provide food for us, and my baby-sitting wages went in the family kitty. I was proud I could help out financially, and stay on the school honor roll as well.

"When I graduated from high school at 16, I was the tallest girl in my class and shy about my height. I'd never had a date. A city-wide stenographic competition, in which I placed first, won me a typing job with Liz. The job was supposed to be glamorous, but the paycheck that enabled me to help establish a college fund for my brothers interested me far more.

"Even as a teen-ager I didn't envy my employer her wealth and international reputation, her gushing, fair-weather friends, her cheating husbands, or even her children. Liz has been married five times. Her oldest son committed suicide. Her youngest daughter was killed in Italy in a sports-car race. Her other daughter sends back her letters unopened, and she has never seen her grandchildren. Through the years quite a few of Liz's admirers have asked me for dates, but it was always easy for me to say no. Nearly all of them were alcoholics, chasers, creeps, screwballs. I decided early I wanted a husband who wasn't glory-hungry, eaten up with greed and envy, crazed by ambition. I wanted somebody kind and gentle, somebody I could trust, a man like my father, and a man my father liked.

"Joe is the first and only man I ever met with those qualifications. Everybody in my family, including my three brothers, fell for him. During our brief courtship—just six weeks—Joe seemed generous and understanding, sympathetic with my dream of a home and babies.

"Three weeks after our wedding, we had our first bitter quarrel. Joe tried to stop me from buying a birthday gift for my mother; next came Dad's birthday, my brother Tom's birthday. Joe doesn't give his own mother a present even at Christmas. If he was more generous with her, maybe the poor woman would quit bugging him so much. But maybe not; it's hard to know.

"I do know I can't live with a husband who puts a greater emphasis on indulging himself in bachelor fun while clamoring for excessive financial security, than he puts on my happiness, our love for each other and our marriage."

"This last week has been a nightmare," said 32-year-old Joe, a muscular man of 6 feet 2 with a deep tan, dark-blue eyes and thick, black hair. "I've not only lost my wife. I almost feel I've lost my parents, too.

"Renee's father and mother used to treat me as though I was one of their own sons. I thought they appreciated the way I was looking after Renee and providing for her future, although I did notice they were inclined to defend her carelessness with money. Not long ago we ate supper at their house on a Saturday. Just that afternoon, after blowing $12 at the beauty parlor, Renee had
clearance sale and had lugge
pairs of shoes. At breakfast th
I had told her we ought to ec
a while. I had made her angry
reason whenever Renee gets
she usually rushes out and bu
stuff she doesn't need—l
shoes—and then I get mad.

"Anyway, I fussed at her at
table—which turned out to be
Ordinarily her mother is a
character, quite different
mother and most women. Th
mother-in-law turned on me a
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"That cut me. I wasn't act
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I work and save for?

"I was too smart to tangl
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right there. Renee's father k
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which I am, and telling her
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should, I was making a sure f
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who married into their family

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last three years Renee has rece
separate raises in pay I had
about.

"Even if business was boo
both of us, there would be no
Renee wasting $300 to dress
millionaire's wife so she could
at a stupid party and impress a
rich people who care nothing
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"When Renee and I got ma
talked over our financial hope
mit I did most of the talking
agreed I ought to manage our m
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dumb enough to believe her. I
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"Within a month, as I lea
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Renee works with, have (co



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ay sure wasn't my lucky
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went in, Renee got up from a table. I watched her walk across the room, nearly as tall as I am, calm, stupendous. I thought to myself, 'There's the wife I want.'

"Six weeks later we were married. Surprisingly enough, Mom was enthusiastic about Renee, and she has remained that way, not that her opinion matters to me. Frankly, I thought Mom was impressed by Renee's earning ability. I was impressed by Renee's intelligence, her quiet way, her kindness. She liked most of the guys I worked with and most of their wives, and most of them liked her. She has never pushed at me to get ahead like some of the other guys' wives.

"Last summer Liz asked Renee if she would like to cover a week of fashion shows in Paris, and Renee turned down the trip. It's my hunch she aimed to make me think she wasn't interested in Paris. Well, I'm quite sure she would have much preferred Paris to staying home with a dull character like me. Renee is a girl, isn't she?

One night about a month ago, when I saw she was unusually tired, I took her to a fine restaurant. Renee hardly touched the meal, she was so nervous about how much I would tip.

"During the soup course I made a head count and cased the intake of our waiter; he was serving three other tables in addition to ours, which meant he was raking in tips on eight separate high-priced meals, and two of the tables ordered wine. This joker was averaging twice as much per hour as I do on tips alone, and I've had years of experience and high-rise construction is hazardous. Well, I tipped 10 percent. Ten percent of our bill was $4.15, which was plenty for juggling crockery.

"Renee didn't speak to me for two days. More than once in a restaurant I've caught her slipping extra money under her saucer to increase the size of my tip. How do you think that makes me look? Last Christmas she slipped $20 to the pool boy at our apartment house, although she very seldom uses the pool.

"In fact, she doesn't like our apartment, which I would think should suit her perfectly since it is extremely easy to keep. Although Renee detests cleaning and cooking and even emptying a wastebasket, she is always talking house, house, house. Maybe because I spent so many years locked up with Mom I enjoy the freedom of apartment living. I would just as soon postpone taking on additional responsibilities a while longer. I want a home and a family just as much as Renee does—I would like three children, two boys, one girl—but as the main breadwinner I want to be damn sure I can swing the deal without falling on my face. I've seen too many guys in my line of work count on good times all the time, and come to no good. Two of the guys in my crew, both nice fellows, had to take bankruptcy this year.

"I'm not afraid of putting Renee through bankruptcy, I don't mean that. Thanks to our two incomes, we have a good-sized nest egg in the bank, plus stocks and bonds that have increased quite a bit in value. Renee can quit any time, and I'd be glad to have her quit. If it weren't for her expensive tastes, I'd be glad to forget my own preference and, perhaps, my financial timidity, and buy a house for her.

"But Renee wouldn't be satisfied for us to start with a modest-priced place similar to her parents' house, which, incidentally, she helped *(continued)*

New Dishwasher all with built-in spot removers



strips away the invisible film that causes water to spot.

What causes water spots? An invisible film. It clings to glasses, silver, dishes. Water drops stick to it and dry into spots. New Dishwasher ***all*** with its built-in spot removers penetrates this invisible film, strips it away. Everything in your washer comes out sparkling clean.

These special SEGO "very" flavors are so rich and so deep that you might not like them.

Some people really do prefer a milder taste... but we just had to go for broke on these special flavors, especially for all the flavor buffs in the world.

Imagine. A balanced diet meal with a much richer taste. 225 calories that are sweeter. A SEGO® that can help make you slender, and satisfy you with a big deep flavor at the same time.

How could we resist?

A special name was needed. A very special name. So... Very Chocolate, Very Vanilla, Very Strawberry, Very Chocolate Marshmallow.

As we said, some people really do prefer a milder taste... and the regular flavors of SEGO Diet Food are just perfect for them. There are lots of great regular flavors (20) and they will be right there in the store in their own familiar cans.

Oh, about the special can for the "verys." We think it sets them apart from the regular flavors... and the new can certainly makes a strong hint about the big taste inside... and, well, we wanted to inspire you to try them.

You might end up one of the "very" people.

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them to pay for. She and I have gone house-hunting many times. Her eye invariably lights on houses way out of our range. In my opinion, Renee secretly wants the kind of home that would impress Liz, even though she won't admit it.

"House-hunting used to be our favorite Sunday-afternoon recreation, but then Renee took on the thankless task of handling the arrangements for Liz's charity ball. For six weeks she devoted 14 to 15 hours a day to that one party, Saturdays and Sundays not excluded, and she didn't receive a cent of overtime pay. I called the omission to Liz's attention. She laughed, but she was annoyed and didn't produce the overtime. Renee was outraged. My punishment was severe—a week of almost total silence.

"It's tough for me to tell what Renee really does want. Often if I stop arguing with her and ask that question, she doesn't answer me. If I raise my voice even slightly in an argument, she either runs out or she cries. The very sight of tears makes me angry, and that makes matters worse.

"But if Renee will come back to me, I promise I will do my best to control my temper. She loves me, I know. And she ought to know I love her."

"Both Renee and Joe were unusually intelligent and highly aggressive people," the counselor said. "Their very different upbringing and experiences in childhood, the different type of jobs they held as adults, accounted for the surface dissimilarities that brought on their bitter quarrels.

"Self-willed, stubborn Joe was determined that his stubborn, self-willed wife, whom he mistook for a gentle dove, should not rule him as his mother had done. Consequently he raged and bellowed at Renee exactly as he bellowed at Mom.

"In her own family Renee was the acknowledged queen bee; her parents and brothers had never shouted at her. Simultaneously bewildered and alarmed by Joe's angers, she did not yield to him. She responded to his rage with sulks, long spells of chilly silence and tears.

"Neither Renee nor Joe was aware of the destructive pattern they had consistently followed in their marriage, until I called them in for a session of joint counseling. The main topic was finances. In the course of the discussion, Joe suddenly turned red with rage and began to yell at Renee. She turned pale, jumped to her feet, burst into tears and ran from the room. At that point, for the first time, both Renee and Joe saw and comprehended exactly how they were acting upon and damaging each other. With such behavior, they were accomplishing nothing.

"Once this dawned, we were able to accomplish a great deal. No true marriage can be built on a foundation of deception, as Renee admitted. Joe's attempts to spell out all their rules and regulations and force long-independent Renee to toe the line financially were obviously based on his subconscious fear and anxiety about the future. He was afraid to buy a house and assume the support of children, a fact neither he nor Renee had realized.

"When his fears were aired, they gradually lost their power over his thinking. In one sense Joe's effort to dominate Renee financially by concealing the amount of their assets mig
sidered a form of deception.
the effort had been strikingly
ful, as he admitted.

"Joe came clean with Ren
her a rundown on their savi
vestments. Renee then came
him, and confessed to the
still another small bank ac
two consulted a banker—I
financial expert—and agreed
realistic budget. They liste
banker's advice about the
home they could afford and
house-hunting.

"Most of the financial
which loomed so large in th
and were so divisive, were
quite simply. Renee did
clothes and more expensive
office wear and parties than
necessary.

"However, the spending
frequently succumbed to
another category. If Joe
angry, she punished him by
a clearance sale. Renee aban
sprees after she recognized
origin of her childish, impul

"Trade-union practices di
practices common to high
though Renee wasn't paid o
received a Christmas bonus,
out to union-oriented Joe, w
slapped down for trying to s
interests with Liz. I also re
that Renee didn't interfere
ness, and it was unwise an
him to meddle in hers. I co
the possibility that Liz, of
pect he was a little jealous,
of a snob than was he hims
socially uneasy and suspicio
snobs, on the lookout for snu
find what we seek.

"On the question of ti
formed Joe that the 10-perc
acceptable everywhere, has
20 percent in most smart
Unless he went along with
should eat at home. This b
the subject of the breakfast
that Joe had hated at Mom
yet wanted from his wife.
Renee held a taxing job anc
many evenings, she could
pected to get up and serve h
at 6 A.M.

"Renee and Joe loved eac
well suited sexually and ir
ways. Long before we co
counseling two years ago
back together under mu
auspices.

"They are now living in
quite so fine as Renee once
finer than super-cautious
lieved they could afford. M
of all, they are now the pro
a charming 18-month-old
ter. Renee still holds h
stimulating job.

"Together she and Joe d
wasn't practical for someor
less, ambitious temperam
working. Approximately h
ary check goes to pay a nu
goes in a college-educati
marked for little Jane, and
the balance as she chooses
Joe is doing well enough t
major part of their expens

"Oh yes, the problem
has become much less on
days the lady announces
advance. She has no ke
house."



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from Carnation

Pet News



By Joyce Kuh

Most canine experts agree that the best time to get a puppy is when he is between four and 12 weeks old. He should remain with his litter-mates during the first four weeks, because this is the time when he learns that he is a dog—not a person; he will learn how to socialize and identify with other dogs. Then he begins to develop the behavior patterns that will stay with him for the rest of his life.

What happens if you get your dog when he is older and hasn't been around people? "He may never be completely trusting or he may be less confident," says Dr. John L. Fuller of the Jackson Laboratory in Bar Harbor, Maine, "but you can teach him to play, and he does have the ability to become a pretty good pup." Dr. Fuller, a geneticist and animal behaviorist, has worked closely with more than 700 dogs, studying what happens to "culturally deprived" canines that are kept away from people during the crucial period of socialization. One purpose of this research is to use the "culturally deprived" puppy as a study model for the culturally deprived child. Dr. Fuller's general conclusion is that both the dog and the child can be restituted.

Dog owners or would-be dog owners who live in city apartments, work all day, and see little of their pups, shouldn't worry about the dog being lonesome. Dr. Fuller has found that if you spend only 15 minutes a day playing with your dog, you can still have a happy hound, and you shouldn't worry about what the pup does when he is alone (unless, of course, he is chewing up the living-room carpet). Dr. Fuller does think that the livelier breeds such as terriers are more adaptable to being alone; quieter breeds might become overly inhibited.

Another of Dr. Fuller's observations is that punishment will not cause a dog to dislike a person. But you shouldn't punish a dog before he is 10 to 12 weeks old, when he is old enough to discriminate and begin to learn why he is being punished.

The star of a recent Hollywood success story was a cat. Universal Studios held open auditions to fill the role of a pet cat in the new suspense film, *Games*. More than 100 aspiring felines tried out for the part. The winner was a black cat named Moss Hart, owned by Jack Webster of Studio City, Calif. After the winner had been announced, it was learned that, although he had never appeared before the cameras, Moss Hart had ha posure to the film world: longed to actor George Har

The new star's qualificati ning the audition were that and he was good-looking. scene, Moss Hart has to sit on a bookcase while Simo talks on the telephone. Acco director, he played that scer

Although there were two a scouts watching the feline Moss Hart has no plans for ture at this time.

A lot of dog and cat owners time brushing loose hair from and guests than cleaning th house. Mr. R. C. Connell ha lem with Nora, the family Siamese. Then Mr. Connel pens to be a vice president cleaner company, got the might be easier to vacuum had a vacuum cleaner attac Groom-A-Pet ($2.95) design doesn't shed hair anymore. much as she did. The atta through Eureka dealers, ca to most other cleaners.

Nora happens to love be by vacuum cleaner; she ge at the same time. All cats happy about it, some are the noise, but most dogs s the process breezily.

Buster Lloyd-Jones once su Winston Churchill stop fe lates to his poodle, Rufus. that the Prime Minister too but thousands of other ar have taken his advice, and Dr. Lloyd-Jones's book, *Came In One by One* (John is all about. The doctor p erinary medicine in Englan tirement in 1962. His pati dogs and cats—even incl phant and a pet bat. The his versatile practice are fas he treated a porcupine's n getting stabbed, wired broken jaw, and housed a managed to feed 200 dog other kind of pet during the World War II. Obviously, flinching love of animals things, and Dr. Lloyd-Jone a charming book about his

PET PHOTO OF THE



Old friends, Samson (the ca (the mouse), frolic togeth pets of Robert Houston, W

(Do you have a favorite We would like to see it. S News Editor, Ladies' H 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y.,

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They have even more solid nourishment than all-meat dog food.



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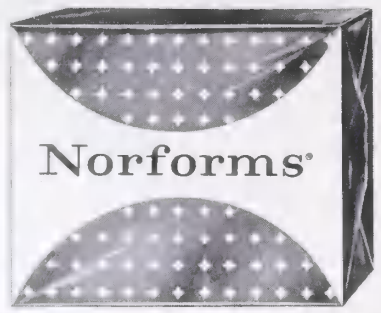
Most fastidious women use a deodorant every day for underarm odor. But internal feminine odor, caused by internal germs, can be an even more serious daily problem. For this, women need *the second deodorant.*™

What to use? Douching is a nuisance, and doctors may say you shouldn't douche daily. Now, thank goodness, there's something easier—and you can use it every day—Norforms.®

Norforms is a tiny, germicidal suppository, thoroughly tested by doctors. It's as easy to use as your underarm deodorant . . . and just as important.

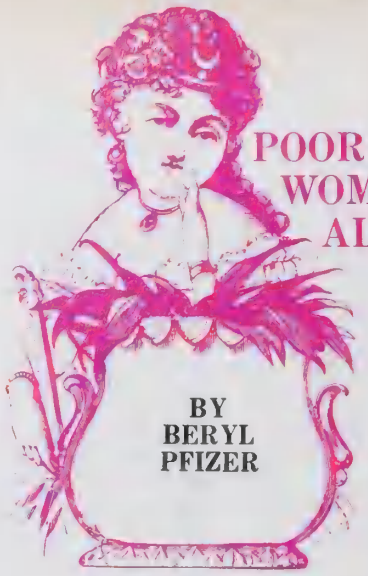
After insertion, Norforms spreads a powerful germicidal film that stops odor internally. Odor is no longer a problem—you can't offend.

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THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY



Wouldn't you know they'd come up with Go- just when I'm about Gone-Gone?

The trouble with living today is, it's not for am

When you eat out, and dessert "comes with" th it's hard to decide whether to lose the money or gain th

Half-a-loaf is better than none, except in my kitc it's usually stale.

They ought to outlaw Second marriages until who *wants* one has had a First.

Pretty" has gone out of style.

No matter how equal the sexes are, there are tw doesn't look right for a woman to do in her home—carve and open the wine.

There's no business like whatever business you'

It seemed fashion designers were being wastefu with those cut-out, peek-a-boo dresses they made, but th us. Aren't they making this year's fashions out of the left-ov

The only way to live within your means is to fin means.

Isn't it funny what men think is a natural look in

The best way to get your teen-ager's attention at home is to go downtown and call him up.

Tomatoes should only be eaten in months with a

It's hard for a woman waiting in a restaurant n as if she's afraid she's been stood up.

The difference between office work and house w can't jam what you didn't get done around the house int drawer of a desk at five o'clock.

It's easier to change the guest list than the men

The less like home a "Home Style" restaurant i ter I like it.

One of the best things about TV news broadcast don't have time to watch, they don't pile up on the coffe

Brevity is the soul of a reasonable phone bill.

If ¾ of the earth's surface is water, how co what's in the water pipes is air?

A color scheme is the clever plan you lost som the way to furnishing the living room.

An ounce of prevention is worth plenty—espe means going to the doctor for a series of shots.

It takes two to make an argument, but it beats yourself.

You live and learn, but it's hard to believe you' when you're living—or living when you're learning.

A perfectionist is a woman who dusts the guest when she doesn't have company coming.

She who laughs last probably heard her husba joke before.


New from Drackett™
behold
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WITH lemon oil
Now spray wax th lemon oil for real n oil protection every time you dust.
A spray wax h lemon oil? You bet. Now you can do more than just clean d shine your furniture. can actually protect it every time you dust. y it. New BEHOLD™ with Lemon Oil.
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To be entered in the "Tabby Treat-Stakes" fill in below before redeeming coupon

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You Save 5¢ on the purchase of Tabby and are automatically entered in the "Tabby Treat-Stakes" when you fill in and redeem this coupon.

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$1,000 Spending Spree on New York's Fashionable Fifth Avenue

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NINTH PRIZE
500 $10 Food Certificates redeemable where Tabby is sold

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1. You may enter the "Tabby Treat-Stakes" in any of three ways (remember, no purchase or coupon redemption required to enter):
   (a) use the coupon entry blank in this ad
   (b) use the official entry blank obtainable where Tabby is sold
   (c) use a plain piece of paper

2. If you use the coupon above, print your name and address along with the name and address of your favorite Tabby dealer in the spaces provided, and present the coupon to your dealer. You will receive 5¢ off on the purchase of two cans of Tabby Cat Food. Your dealer will enter the coupon for you in the "Tabby Treat-Stakes."

If you do not care to redeem the coupon, complete the required information and mail coupon to the Treat-Stakes box number listed here. Or, if you enter the Treat-Stakes via an official entry blank (found where Tabby products are sold), follow instructions on the entry. In either case, no purchase is required to enter, but each entry must be accompanied by 2 labels from any Tabby product, or a piece of paper with the word "Tabby" written on it in plain block letters entries to: Tabby Treat-Stakes, Box 301
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3. Winners will be selected in a drawing h Reiter-Ross Premium and Contest Div., In independent judging organization, whose de is final. Only one prize per family. Coupon be redeemed up to July 29, 1967, but only coupons redeemed before June 17, 196 automatically be entered in the Treat-Stak other entries must be postmarked no late July 29, 1967.

4. The Treat-Stakes is open to all residents U.S.A. except employees of P. Lorillard C subsidiaries, Reiter-Ross, their adver agencies, and their families. Void where p ited by law. Residents of Missouri may s entry blanks without labels.

5. No substitution will be made for any pr fered. Tax liability on prizes will be the res bility of prize winners. Winners will be n by mail approximately 60 days after contest All entries become the property of Usen Pr Company, Woburn, Mass.

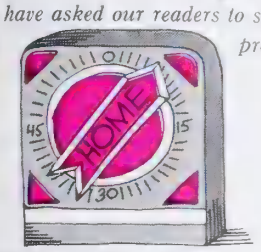


TABBY.. a cho with a choic

IT WERE MY CHILD. . .

A Column for Mothers Only

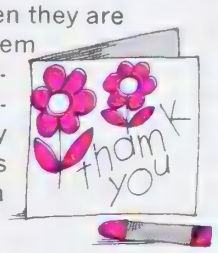
hild-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone know ys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural rience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their best e everyday problems of living with children.



SCHEDULED SEND-OFF: When neighbor children come to play, the first thing I do is ask them what time they are supposed to be home. I keep track of the time (sometimes I set my timer) and send them home on schedule.—Mrs. C. Harrington, Cheyenne, Wyo.

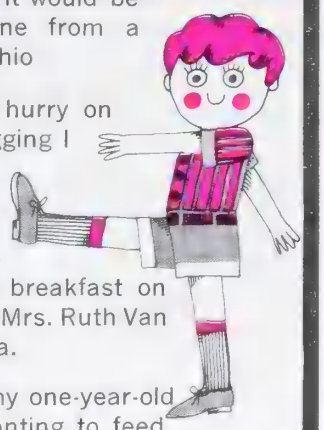
"OUCH" AREA: When my toddler has a scrape or injection (or whatever), I pin a red felt "ouch" sign to his clothing over the sensitive area. This reminds him and his playmates to be careful of the injury.—Mrs. Jan Edwards, Olympia, Wash.

ANK-YOU'S: To occupy my children when they are ve to be inside, and to teach them ance of "thank-you" notes for birthtmas, etc., I give them all kinds of writent and paper and let them do fancy tterings and paste-ups. This keeps and interested, and when an occasion nk-you, they look forward to getting rt" masterpieces and sending them right off.—Mrs. B. L. Wetzel, Fallbrook, Calif.





DAY BY DAY: To help entertain my friend's child who had to be hospitalized for several weeks, I sent him one episode of a long, captivatingly outlandish story each day. The patient was enthusiastic and even the nurses looked forward to reading the new day's installment. I made up my story, but it would be easy to copy one from a . Mollie Schwartz, Cincinnati, Ohio

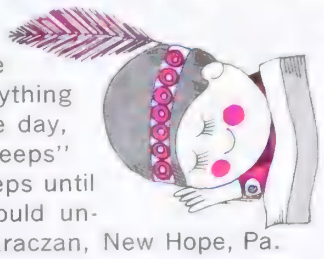


MARCH: To get my sons to hurry on -slow mornings, instead of nagging I playing a record of military oes the trick. The dynamic the marches make my sons snap to and hustle—they even appear for breakfast on time, without scowls.—Mrs. Ruth Van Wezel, Gulf Breeze, Fla.



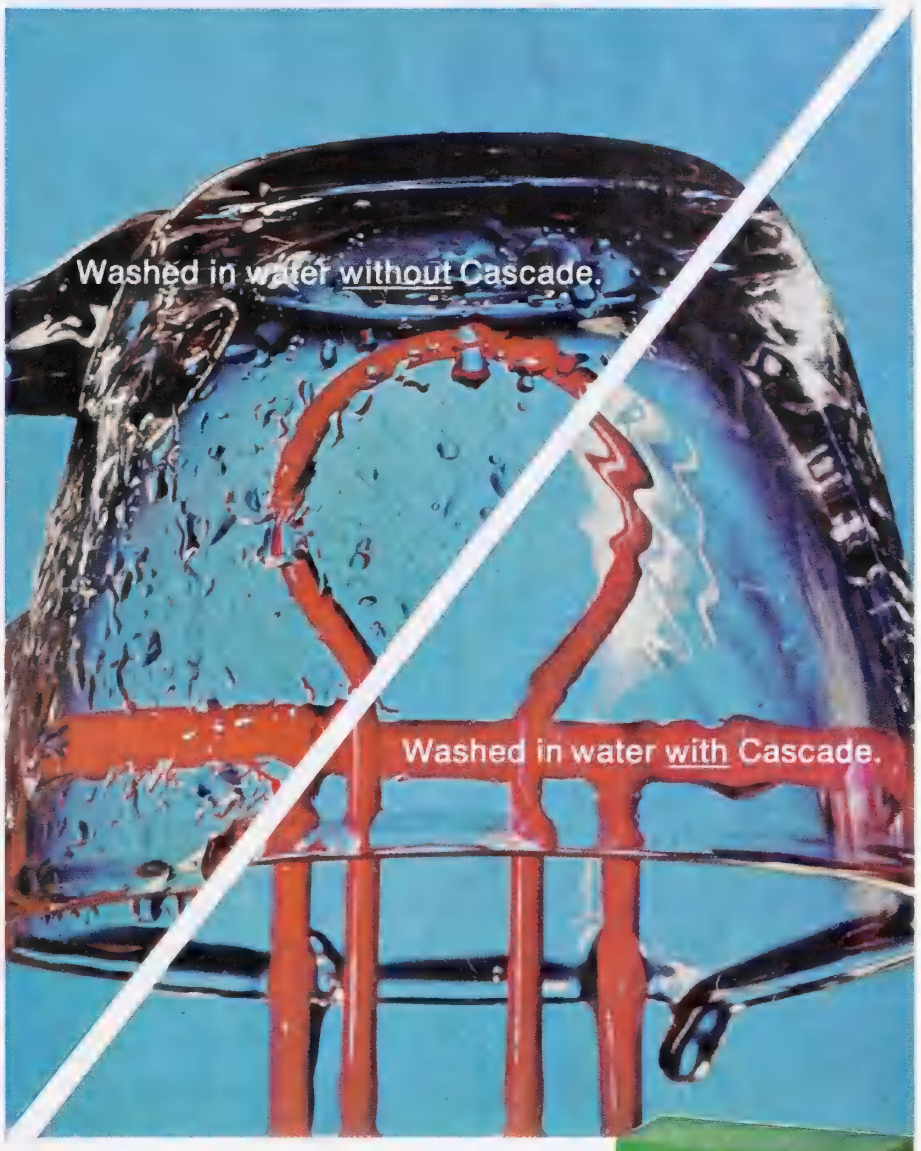
MISS THE MESS: As my one-year-old reached the age of wanting to feed herself without quite being able to, I dreaded the mess that was sure to come. To avoid it, I gave her dry cereal and a spoon and let her "practice" feeding herself for several weeks. She learned to control her spoon, and now eats foods without spilling.—Mrs. Jolene Klinger, Pacific, Mo.

D TIME: To enable my childerstand the concept of time were too young to realize anything lex than the rhythm of one day, l intervals in terms of "sleeps" rom the Indians). "Two sleeps until ay" was an answer they could und accept.—Mrs. Walter Karaczan, New Hope, Pa.



olve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $25 ntributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and baby- as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. adies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. include snapshots, toys, etc., for submissions cannot be returned.

SEE HOW CASCADE ELIMINATES DISHWASHER DROPS THAT SPOT!



Only Cascade has Chlorosheen for spotless dishes!

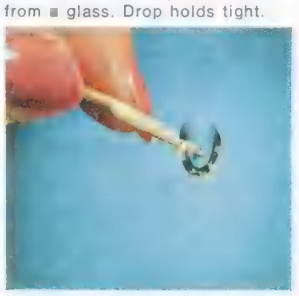
You discover how amazingly spotfree your dishes can be when you discover amazing Cascade with Chlorosheen! Instead of ugly spots, you get sparkle. Instead of towel touch-ups, you take your dishes straight from dishwasher to table.

Cascade's exclusive spotfighting ingredient, Chlorosheen, makes the difference. It makes water rinse off in clear sheets, so drops that spot don't form.



Try this toothpick test yourself to see how Cascade with Chlorosheen works:

A toothpick can't pry a water drop from a glass. Drop holds tight.



Toothpick is dipped into Cascade solution. Then, touched to drop.



Poof! Cascade with Chlorosheen makes the drop lose its grip!





On the Go...

Relieved of Menstrual Distress

A woman's day is never done. So much to do and see. You're always on the go. Have a tight schedule and meet it. No time to slow down . . . and you don't have to. Not even during your menstrual period. How? With MIDOL!

Because MIDOL contains:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPING . . .
- Medically-approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACKACHE and JUMPY NERVES . . .
- Plus a special mood-brightener that gives you a real lift . . . gets you through the trying pre-menstrual period feeling calm and comfortable.

Be on the go. Any day. With MIDOL!

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
FREE! [illegible] 32-page book explains [illegible] Send 10¢ to cover cost of mailing and handling to Midol, Box 146, New York, N.Y. 10016 [illegible]

Midol

AMY VANDERBILT

WEDDING ETIQUETTE

Bonds as Gifts

Q: We are giving our grandchildren Government bonds for graduation. We also want to give a bond to a granddaughter who is getting married. How should we have that bond made out? We don't want to hurt the feelings of her future husband, but we would rather have the bond in her name only. Also, how do we present such a gift?

A: Have the bond made out to your granddaughter in her maiden name and give it to her before the wedding. This creates no problem, since gifts sent before the wedding are always sent in the name of the bride. If any question arises about it, say to the groom, "We wanted Betty to have her own little nest egg. I think every married woman should." And I do, too.

Wedding Announcements

Q: I am planning to be married in a small ceremony with only immediate family present. We would like to send out announcements with at-home cards included. Would it be permissible to add the name of the church and its location, since we have many friends in other states who would be interested?

A: It is optional to mention the church in the announcements.

Duties of the Groom's Parents

Q: I was puzzled at your comments in a recent column. You said that the groom's parents (from out of town) should have been included in all parties, but no mention was made of *their* duties. All the etiquette books I have read say that the groom's parents should give the rehearsal dinner. You did not state this. According to you, then, were they under no obligation to do any entertaining?

My daughter married an out-of-town boy, and his parents came to stay the evening before the wedding. They invited us to have dinner with them in a restaurant. Since they had given no party for the bridal attendants, I assumed this was their way of entertaining, so we let them pay the bill. Were we wrong?

A: The giving of the rehearsal dinner by the groom's parents is a custom that is not nationwide. It came from the Midwest, and is being adopted in the East and perhaps in other parts of the country. (I'd like to hear from my readers about this.) It is a custom that I think should be encouraged, for the parents of the bride are under great expense and might well welcome having the rehearsal dinner taken over by the groom's parents. As to your second question, it was quite correct to let them entertain you.

Signing Letters

Q: I am about to be married and am not sure how to sign future correspondence to my own family and in-laws. Is it proper to sign my name first (Mary and John) or should I put my husband's name first when writing to his family?

A: Don't sign the letters jointly. If you are writing the letter, sign your own name and refer to John in the body of the letter. If he is writing, he should sign his own name, referring to you if he wishes in the body of the letter. Joint signatures are awkward and meaningless. How can two people be writing one letter?

Legal Separation

Q: My parents separated bitterly three years ago and now have a legal separation. My father has moved to the opposite side of the country and did not reply to my letter asking him to give me away at my wedding. I understand that there are legal implications that prohibit his return. Who issues my invitations and announcements: my mother and father jointly or my mother alone? If the latter, as Mrs. Mary Doe or as Mrs. John Doe? I live with my mother.

A: Your mother issues the invitations and announcements alone as Mrs. John Doe. Although legally separated, she is still the wife of your father. In the announcements to the newspapers, be careful to say that you are also the daughter of Mr. John Doe of—(the city where he now lives).

Wedding Breakfast

Q: I am getting married informally at a 10 A.M. church wedding. What type of reception should follow?

A: A wedding breakfast. This is what the reception is traditionally called, even when a wedding takes place at noon, or at any time immediately thereafter.

Big Family

Q: My husband-to-be is from a very large family (17 children). My mother feels that, because she and my father are paying the expenses of my wedding, we have the right to invite more guests. This seems wrong to me. Since his family is larger than ours, should we divide the number of guests before counting essential family m

A: After.

Stepmother's Proble

Q: My stepson will be m June. I married his fath years ago, but I have neve mother, who has not rem will attend the wedding husband, sitting in the s third pew on the right of th At the reception I will att guest only. Should my stand in the receiving line ex-wife? We have two adopted children who wou attend the ceremony. Whe they sit?

A: Divorced people do n together in a wedding rece except perhaps if neither married. Your husband, father of the bride, circulat the guests. Your adopted sit with you at the churc the reception are, of cours

Prizewinners

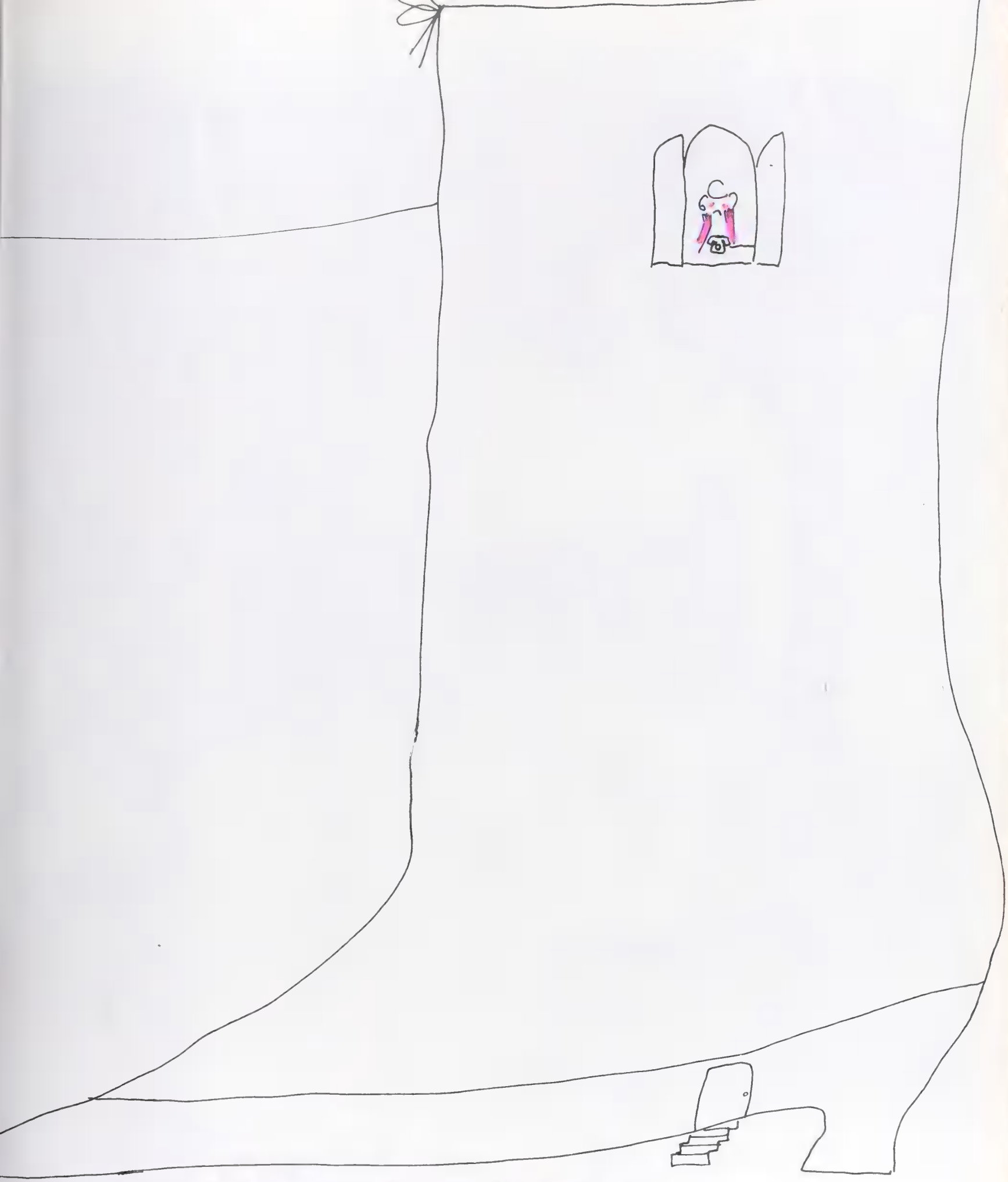
Q: At several showers I tended, games have beer and the winners of the pr given the prizes to the bride-to-be. At other sho guests opened and kept th Which procedure is corre this a custom that varies ent localities?

A: It does seem to be a cu differs in different localitie York the prizes are kept who win them. I wish rea various parts of the coun from yours, Nebraska) w me which custom is followe Will you send me postcard at the address below?



Miss Vanderbilt welcom tions from readers, to be a in this column as space

The following booklets by M derbilt are now available to readers: "Teen Manners," ment and Wedding Etiquet Manners" and "Office E Send 25 cents in coin for ea ordered to Miss Amy Vand 1155, Weston, Conn.



Nobody ever forgets Mother's Day.

ssage is for mothers only.
er's Day comes and goes, and you
t Long Distance call you're waiting
ld be the reason:
Day is the second busiest day of
Long Distance calling. As on Christmas, our circuits are just plain overloaded. Even so, twice as many interstate Long Distance calls go through as on any ordinary Sunday.

We put in extra circuits to help carry calls to Mother. Our operators, across the country (many of them also mothers), are at work carrying as much of the giant Mother's Day load as possible.

But sometimes the call you expect doesn't get through to you. And maybe it's dialed again, and still doesn't get through.

And if it's your call, we apologize. Some of *our* mothers know just how you feel.

THE BELL SYSTEM
AT&T
and Associated Companies



Fashions from the Four Winds. The Majorca sheet and towel, refreshing as a view of the sea from your upstairs window. There is a look of proud simplicity in these pastels with deep, appliqued borders, delicately edged with old-country lace. The towel is sheared terry, thick and cozy. Pink, fern green, blue and bronze. Towel, about $3. Twin sheet, about $5.50. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 10020

CANNON *Royal Family of Home Fashions*

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The Majorca embroidery will stay lastingly free from puckering. CANNON® sheets in Combspun® all-cotton percale. Exclusive Flex-O-Matic® fitted sheets.

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Please send me my copy of Marie Graber's Window Decorating Book. My 50 cents is enclosed.

Name

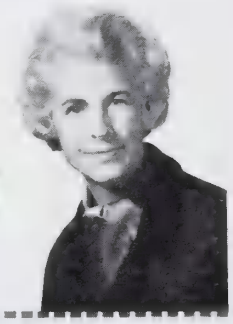
Address

City State Zip

GRABER DRAPERY FIXTURES DEPT. D-7 — MIDDLETON, WISCONSIN 53562

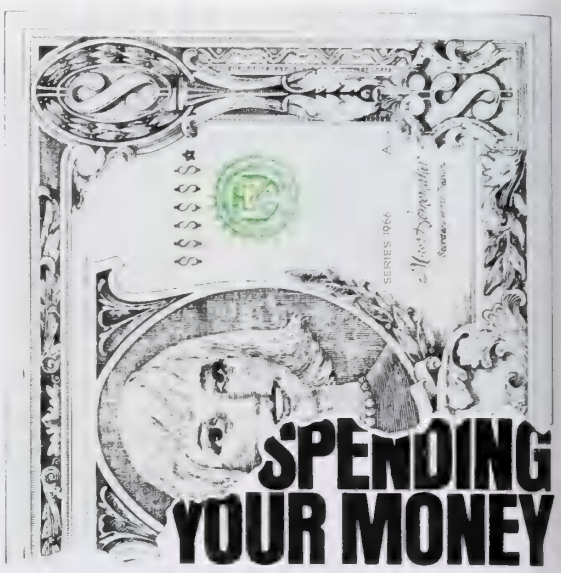
Best thing about fashion window treatments is they are so easy to do, even on a budget. Your Graber dealer has the curtain and drapery rods and accessories you need for elegant windows, imaginative treatments and practical solutions for problem windows. Plus, Marie Graber's famous Window Decorating Book to show you how . . . it's "flairly" full of elegant window fashions.

GRABER DRAPERY FIXTURES MAKE WINDOW DECORATING EASY



. . . MARIE GRABER





Q: Can a husband ever legally order his wife not to withdraw any money from a joint husband-wife savings account without his signature on the withdrawal slip?

A: Only if your original depositors' contract stipulated this when you first set up the account—in which case both husband and wife would have been required to sign withdrawal slips all along.

But if yours is the usual kind of two-party account, either one of you may withdraw from it without the other person's signature.

Q: My family is perfectly willing to subsidize an expensive wedding for me and my husband-to-be this summer, but neither of us particularly wants a big ceremony. We would prefer to use the money for a trip to Mexico—a far more romantic way to spend it, in our opinion. Are we the only ones who feel this way about the high cost of getting hitched?

A: No. An estimated one in five women and one in two men feel just the way you do today about weddings. And presumably most of these also ask their families to invest any "wedding funds" in other forms of celebration.

Q: Our car is only three years old, but with all the headlines about auto safety, we think we should invest in a complete checkup to make sure there's nothing wrong with it. However, we suspect that a regular service station might turn up nonexistent ailments in the car and perform unnecessary treatment. How can we get an objective assessment of our car's condition without paying a huge amount of money?

A: Find out if one of the major auto companies, gas companies, tire companies or chain stores has opened a "used-car clinic" in your area. If they have, you probably can get a complete checkup for around $10. Then take your car to a reputable service station for any repairs the "clinic" may recommend.

Q: How can a man wh
graduated from college aff
hundreds of dollars for
ring worthy of his bride-
even has a job?

A: A bride is a bigger ba
you think. By one count,
of 10 married couples ir
today paid less than $10
ding rings and about on
paid less than $25.

P.S.: President Johnson
for Lady Bird's wedding r

Q: When my husband a
buying our house we wer
loaded with bills that al
ments were late and our cr
went way down. But th
gone more smoothly for th
years (we've paid everythi
on time) and we want to
to get back our good ratir

A: Usually a credit ratin
itself in as little as one
years—if you make all
ments on time. But son
takes as long as five years
return to a position perm
to borrow any large a
money. There is, though,
you can do immediately t
help speed the recovery
rating: Ask your bank w
credit bureau maintains y
rating and explain your si
the bureau manager. This
at least emphasize that
been trying—and succe
more than a year to ma
financial affairs better tha
before.

Q: We have a collection of
ernment E bonds that we ha
at various times back to 1
wanted to cash in some
would it be wiser to cash in
ones or the more recent on

A: Hold the older bonds a
the newer ones—for two
First, your oldest bonds—
presently scheduled to m
1973—have by now accun
considerable sum of (

By Sylvia Porter



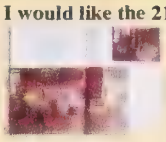
We gladly sold this Duxbury Deacon's Bench to Mrs. Henry Davis. Why don't we want Mrs. Connors to buy it?

Deacon's Bench adds just the right note to
oom Mrs. Davis has planned.
But, it's *not* quite right for the mood Mrs.
ors wants to create. We know. We're help-
oth women decorate their homes.
So we gave an enthusiastic "yes" to Mrs.
. And a thoughtful "let's just see if our
ieg Squire's Bench wouldn't fit in a little
" to Mrs. Connors.
Unusual? Not at Ethan Allen galleries.
e downright stubborn about seeing to it that
American Traditional design you choose
e right for you...today, tomorrow, always.
ll part of our complete, *free* Ethan Allen
rating Service.
We help take the mystery out of decorating
alking with you through beautifully coor-
dinated rooms, where you see excitingly different ways to use color. Or discover how to use accessories to highlight a classic style. Or how to combine large and small pieces to achieve the total harmony you're after.

Want to make a room brighter, lighter? We know how. Want a lot of living space in a tiny room? We can help you work that magic, too. You can choose from over 2,000 *different* designs of American Traditional. All open stock. All "in style" forever.

See us soon. Mail the coupon for the name of your nearest Ethan Allen store and the 216-page Ethan Allen Treasury—a complete decorating course in itself. It shows you all 2,000 designs, room settings in color, decorating ideas, color schemes. Yours, from the people who know more about American Traditional... *sell* more American Traditional... than anyone else!

I would like the 216-page Ethan Allen Treasury.



☐ I enclose $1 for Standard Edition.

☐ I enclose $2 for the Deluxe, cloth-bound Library Edition.

Send *now* to: Dept. LHE-57, P.O. Box 28
Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

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Ethan Allen **We care about your home... almost as much as you do.**

AMERICAN TRADITIONAL

If your shampoo doesn't match the color of your hair...

You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why not try Coiffure Italienne Color Highlight Shampoo? The one that comes in six specially blended shades. (There's one just right for you.) And without changing the color, Coiffure Italienne adds glowing highlights to your hair. Now don't you feel silly using ordinary shampoos?



Coiffure Italienne
Color Highlight Shampoo
by Max Factor

interest that would have to be declared as taxable income if you cashed them in. For example, a $100 E bond bought in May, 1943, for $75 could be cashed in this May for $159.08—and thus $84.08 would be taxable.

Second, your older bonds are paying you the maximum interest rate available on E bonds. In contrast, if you now cash in an E bond you bought a year ago, the amount you receive would be the equivalent of only 3.02 percent interest. Your bond does not bring back the full 4.15 percent interest until its maturity in seven years.

Q: In applying for a summer job, who are the best kinds of people to list as references?

A: People who know your qualifications *and* who will impress your potential employers with their objectivity. Choose former employers (if you have any) and teachers as references rather than ministers, friends or business associates of your father whose comments are likely to be sugar-coated and suspect.

Q: Our daughter wants to borrow her way through college, since she doesn't qualify for a scholarship. But under our local bank's college-tuition loan plan, the simple interest rate amounts to more than 11 percent a year. This seems pretty steep to us, and we're wondering where we can get a lower rate.

A: You and your daughter may have to hunt for it, but her biggest single source of low-cost college loans today is the new program of federally guaranteed loans authorized under the Higher Education Act of 1965. These loans are available to *students* in good academic standing attending an accredited institution of higher learning—through banks and other financial institutions the country over that are participating in the program.

The loans—up to a total of $5,000 for undergraduate study—carry simple interest rates of only 6 percent. If your adjusted family income is less than $15,000 a year, this interest is paid by the Federal Government while a student is in college. After that, the Government pays half of the interest charges until the loan is paid off; your daughter, to whom the loan is made, pays the rest. She has up to 10 years after she graduates from college in which to repay the amount borrowed.

If your own bank is not participating in this loan program, ask the financial-aid officer at the college your daughter plans to attend for guidance on which financial institutions are participating.

Q: I'm baffled by the crossfire of confusing advice I've been getting on how to return to work as a secretary after raising three children. Where can I get straight answers on whether or not I need ... tion and training, wh... volunteer work would ... me, where the best job ... to be?

A: Ask the nearest c... versity if it has a cour... available to adult wome... it offers courses in ad... and training. If these se... available, find out fro... Committee on the Sta... which agency near you... them. Most state gover... pointed these committ...

There are many, ma... to mature women to... better jobs are very like... some further educatio... refresher courses in y... advice is to try for th... which you might qua... start now to get the ex... and/or training it may ...

Q: We owe a balance ... our mortgage—almost ... amount of our savings ... wisest to pay off the mo... or keep the money in ... account?

A: It depends to a vi... when you took out y... and thus what rate of ... are paying on it—and ... rate of interest your ... earning. But it is prob... your case, you are pa... slightly higher rate o... your mortgage than ... earning on your saving... whether you are or not ... keep at least a comfo... day fund in your savin... protect you should you ... a temporary emergency ... emergency arose, and ... ings were tied up in yo... might have to sell the ho... out another mortgage a ... rate than what you are ... Also, should you need t... jor amount of cash in a ... future when your mor... down, it might be less e... you to add to an existi... than to take out a branc...



even for thousands who perspire heavily

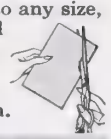
A new-type formula has been found to keep underarms absolutely dry – even for thousands who perspire heavily. After decades of common "deodorants," it took a chemical invention to make this truly effective protection possible – with the same safety to clothing – the same skin mildness as popular "deodorants." Called Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, it is the product of a trustworthy 52-year-old laboratory. By the thousands, women with problem perspiration are finding the protection they need – and never could find before. And fully effective as a deodorant, too, of course. If you perspire more than average—even heavily—get the positive protection of Mitchum Anti-Perspirant. Liquid or cream. Ea. $3.00. Available in Canada.

Mitchum ANTI-PERSPIRANT
Liquid or Cream

Shoes pinch, rub, cause sore spots?
Get soft, cushioning relief with Dr. Scholl's Kurotex!



Kurotex is thicker, softer, provides more cushioning relief than ordinary moleskin. This self-adhering pad can be cut to any size, shape desired. Flesh colored — will not show through stockings. Gives you comforting relief from pain of corns, callouses, bunions, blisters, whenever shoes rub, chafe or pinch.



Dr Scholl's KUROTEX®
A Superior Moleskin

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder that you sprinkle on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Helps keep dentures from rocking, slipping, sliding. FASTEETH is alkaline. Doesn't sour. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Checks "plate odor." Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH now at all drug counters.

Chamberlain's HAND LOTION
25% GLYCERIN!
NOTHING RICHER SOLD FOR
Rough, Dry, Chapped Skin.
33¢, 59¢, $1.19 at stores everywhere.
CHAMBERLAIN DISTRS., DES MOINES, IOWA



Miss Porter welcomes qu... readers. Those of general... be answered in this colu... permits.

A cold, hard nursery floor is no place for a soft, warm baby.

Every parent knows that sometimes it seems so convenient to put the baby on the floor.

Like just after his bath when you haven't made up his crib.

Or at the end of his nap when the bathinette has a pile of things on it that you forgot to put away.

Except you'd never put your baby on the floor because it's so hard and cold.

Unless you had a nice, soft Mohawk carpet like Aragon. Then your baby could dig his toes into the pile. Or play with all those colorful little tufts.

And you wouldn't have to worry if he drooled on the carpet. Or if you dropped a bottle of formula. You could just keep a sponge handy to wipe up little accidents. After all, Mohawk's Aragon is made of Polycrest,® U.S. Rubber's remarkable olefin fiber. And Polycrest doesn't absorb liquids.

Your baby might even curl up and go to sleep on Aragon. Mohawk carpeting has a way of quieting babies down.

Mohawk has lots of carpets that can be put in the nursery. In the most exciting range of colors. Which means that you have a tremendous number of decorating possibilities.

And because it's made of Polycrest, Mohawk's Aragon isn't nearly as expensive as it looks. Carpeting a 12′ x 10′ nursery costs about $140.00. (Plus the modest cost of padding and installation.)

But your neighbors will never know. They'll think your Mohawk carpet is almost as special as your baby.

This is only one of many ways Mohawk Carpet can beautify your home. With practical carpets for the family room. Wildly luxurious carpets for the living room. An ingenious idea for the kitchen. The ultimate solution for your dining room. Bathroom carpets. Bedroom carpets. Carpets that no one else but Mohawk has.

We've gathered many of these ideas and put them in an exciting little booklet. It's yours for the asking. Just write to: Mohawk Carpet, 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10016.



You are not a computer.

You are not a machine.

You are a woman.

And it is not yet time for your next baby.

We understand.



That's why we developed DELFEN* Vaginal Foam. A pure white foam with its own unobtrusive applicator. No other form of vaginal birth control is more effective than DELFEN, all by itself. It is available without a prescription. And it is lady-like.

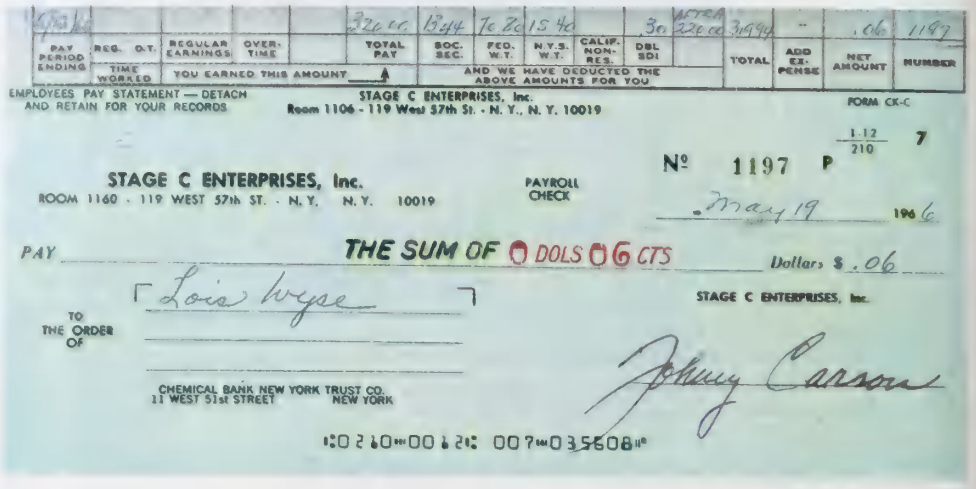
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WORLD'S LARGEST LABORATORIES DEVOTED TO FAMILY PLANNING RESEARCH FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

*TRADEMARK

HOW TO GET RICH IN SHOW BUSINESS



Or, Johnny Carson, Who Was That Author I Didn't See You With Last Night?

By Lois Wyse I have laughed with Johnny Carson. I have polished my nails with Johnny Carson. I have put up my hair with Johnny Carson.

I have written letters, read books and fallen asleep with Johnny Carson—all by the light of the television set.

I have done everything except appear with Johnny Carson.

And then I got The Call.

The telephone rang, there was a male voice on the other end of the phone, and it said, "Baby, how would you like to be on the *Tonight* show tonight?"

Why me? Well, certainly not because I am a Cleveland housewife, mother of two, and an advertising executive. I was invited to appear because I wrote a book titled *What Kind of Girl Are You, Anyway?* The book is a collection of lighthearted essays about women, and Johnny Carson seemed to think the book slightly provocative.

I happen to think Johnny Carson slightly sensational, so when The Call came, I said what any red-blooded girl who watches Johnny Carson every night would say.

I said yes. And so began my nonadventure of the year.

The man on the phone had told me to be at the *Tonight* production offices in the NBC Building at Rockefeller Center at 2 P.M. that afternoon. I was there at 1:55. An assistant producer met me and talked about my book. He told me the essays he thought Johnny Carson would cover, and he explained that since you never knew just what would happen when Johnny started with a piece of material, it was better to have more prepared than might actually be used.

So he mentioned several more essays that might lend themselves to subject material. He told me to be myself, not to try to be overcute, or overbearing. I tried to remember.

Then he said they would talk about other areas: They would mention the fact that I had written the advertising line "With a name like Smucker's it has to be good," and they would also have ready to read several of the love poems I wrote that the *Ladies' Home Journal* published earlier in the year.

Then the production man looked at me critically and said, "What are you going to wear on the show?"

I had dear little shifts with me and red bed sox I wear when I write at night. I thought neither appropriate. "I don't know," I said, "but it won't be a long dress. I think it is pretentious for authoresses to come on the show trying to look like movie stars."

He nodded in agreement. "So what are you going to wear?" he asked again.

Well, if Saks Fifth Avenue does a fantastic volume in its dress departments, I know why. Undoubtedly each day a producer in the environs of Saks turns to an authoress and says, "Tell me, what are you going to wear on the show?"

I rushed over to Saks Fifth Avenue, which is just half a block from NBC. I raced to the dress department (one of 47) and found a dear lady named, appropriately, Miss Paradise. I told Miss Paradise I was going to be on the Johnny Carson show that night and needed a dress. She asked me what kind of dress. I told her one that would cover my knees, my arms and my chest.

To her credit (and my charge account) she found one: a black-lace cage that made me feel like anything but the Shaker Heights housewife I am.

She packed the dress. I ran and bought shoes and a strapless bra and rushed back to the hotel.

The *Tonight* show is taped at 6:30 P.M. each day and shown at 11:30 that same night. I was due at NBC for makeup at 6:15. At 5:30 I returned to the hotel, arms loaded with packages. I showered, dressed and waited.

At six o'clock my husband arrived. He walked in the room, took one look at me and said, "What's that?"

I told him. I explained that it was a black-lace St. Laurent cage dress. I explained that it was total chic.

He did not believe a word I said. Instead he said, "It looks like a black-lace nightgown."

At times like this women cannot explain to men they have nothing else. Besides, there are times when a married woman has to act unmarried. This was one of those times. I wore the dress.

We arrived at NBC, and I was assigned a dressing room. It did not have a star on the door. It had a number. And it had a key. I put my coat in the room, took my key, and went to makeup. There I was given the best face of my life. It had planes and curves and shadows, and I kept saying, "Who is she? Who is she?" It was very exciting. I was now ready for my network debut.

Was I rushed to the stage, introduced with a little vamp music by Skitch, and placed on that plastic throne next to Johnny? I was not.

I was sent to a windowl room, where I found a colo set, Jerry Vale (the singer o that night), Kaye Ballard (star on the show that ni Kamen (the male comedian c that night), me (what do you and assorted advisers for all I was scheduled to appear during the last 20 minutes o

One by one the stars left t less, airless room to perform. happy about going on? No, not. In the windowless, ai each agreed that it was a v airless audience. Somehow o audience was not reacting t *night* audiences usually react warmth, laughter and applau

Two minutes before I was to go on, one of the assistant came to see me. "We are goin a big favor," he said. "This so tough we are going to brin next week."

I thanked him.

At the close of the show Joh said that because time ran o appear "tomorrow or the nig knew I would not appear to the night after; it would b week.

The next week I was not

The week after that Jerry the show, so he booked his o

Meanwhile, people I knew ing, "How come you were *Tonight* show?" After 763 c began to wonder myself. the check came.

For years I have heard guests kid the *Tonight* show $320 (minimum scale) perf paid for appearances. Well, le get that $320, too. Because I

About 10 days after The F ceived The Check, which whole thing worthwhile.

The check, as I have said, i Out of that check came ded course:

Federal withholding tax . . .
New York State withholding
Social Security . . . . . .
Disability Insurance . . . .
AFTRA dues . . . . . .
Total deductions . . . . .
Net amount . . . . . .

A $320 check gross nett cents. Six cents.

I got a six-cent check in a with 10 cents (*continued o*



© 1967 Colgate-Palmolive Co.

hen I saw your Cold Power commercial on TV, considered it 100% hogwash." Writes Mrs. S. J. Santoro, North Royalton, Ohio

st admit I do not believe in TV com-
. And when I saw a Cold Power com-
I considered it 100% hogwash.

stopped shrinking.
since my sons' knit underwear and T-
re getting smaller and smaller (I blamed
, stopped using it in fact, but that didn't
ed Cold Power. And it did do all those
gs your TV commercial said it would.
ngs stopped shrinking. And most of all
e a sparkling wash.

"Mother-in-Law didn't believe her.

"To date Cold Power has removed spaghetti (set for 2 days) from a white dress, chocolate ice cream and grape pop (set for 1 week, I forgot to soak it). My mother-in-law could not believe me. She was present when the kids spotted their clothes. She gave me all kinds of advice, but I tried Cold Power. Without soaking anything, and it worked.

"Anyway, your product is what you claim it is. Congratulations for honesty in a commercial and many thanks for an exceptional product."

Mrs. S. J. Santoro



Power®–gets out the worst kind of dirt in cold water

desert flower

For centuries women have been helping themselves to the gel that keeps the aloe vera plant healthy and blooming, even in the desert. This basic skin care helped women soothe, smooth, soften, protect their skin. Actually it helped their skin take care of itself. It was the most they could do for their skin.

skin care by Mother Nature.



Desert Flower

Now help yourself to the same amazing aloe vera gel in night cream, moisturizer, hand and body lotion, cleanser, and toner. This, too, is basic care for all kinds of skin. Only we add special ingredients. So we actually improve on nature's way to help skin take care of itself. It's the least you can do for your skin.

skin care by Shulton.



postage, which proves that in every case the Government did better than I.

I am not going to cash that check. Not ever. I am going to frame it and show it to my children if at any time they think they want to go into show business.

I am going to say, "Show business? How can you? Can you support a family on six cents net?"

There is a sequel to this story.

I was invited back to the show. Three weeks after my non-debut, I was called and scheduled for a Friday-night appearance. I arrived in New York on Wednesday. On Thursday morning the publisher's public-relations counsel called me at my hotel and said, "Because of space explorations and NBC news specials, everybody thinks you should not be scheduled for Friday night. So will you be on *Tonight* tonight?"

"*Tonight* tonight?" I said, with the vague memory of having said those words before.

"Yes, yes," he said.

"Yes, yes," I said.

That afternoon I went to NBC and re-reviewed the material Johnny and I would discuss. Then I went back to the hotel and had my hair combed. At 6:30 I arrived at NBC. I was wearing my black-lace St. Laurent cage.

I reported to the makeup room. This time the makeup was even more fabulous than the last time. This time I had false eyelashes.

This time the windowless, airless room held Jack Cassidy, Shirley Jones, Tony Randall, a comedy team, a guitar player and me. It did seem like a lot of people for one show, but before the show started Johnny came over to me and said, "Well, we'll get you on tonight."

"Ha, ha, we'll try," I said. I thought I was kidding.

I wasn't.

First Ed McMahon and Skitch Henderson and John talked and talked. Then Jack Cassidy an talked and sang.

Then Tony Randall r ance. The audience laug The show had quite a t

Then the comedy Johnny called them the he had seen in a long ti

Then the guitar player At this point one of t production staff told m behind the curtain, sh Johnny after he introd hands with the peopl (Jack, Shirley, Tony whom I had already me start talking. He also k cheek, which is a very

For all Johnny Cars standing there still. B thing he said before th the air that night was, have Lois Wyse on ag cause there wasn't tim she understands."

I was not sure I cou and I was positive tha people my husband ha the show would not und

An NBC stagehand s me said, "I think you c mystery woman of the y

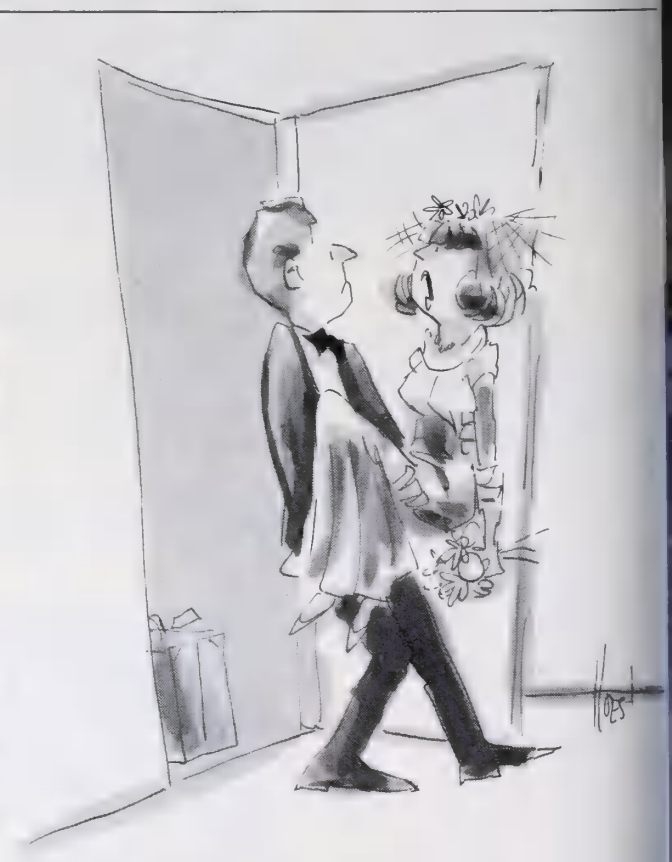
That stagehand may all the Literary Televisi the only author I know been on the *Tonight* sho

And I have an unca six cents, a black-lace S dress, and one million C stayed up twice till 1 A.

Of course, there are s think I was on the show my name appeared on t beginning of both shows.

Among those believer Mailman who stopped m day after I didn't appear time. "Gee, Mr. Wyse," was wonderful about you the *Tonight* show last know when she addresse

Not on your life, Harr



"Did you wipe your feet?"



The first
truly feminine anti-perspirant
proved effective in 105° heat!



Super Biodorant by Helena Rubinstein ...the fragrant, flow-on anti-perspirant for women who have worrisome perspiration problems.

No ordinary deodorant or anti-perspirant can even begin to match Super Biodorant. It stops perspiration anxieties cold even in humid, summer heat. Offers you the driest underarms ever. (Even in most tense moments.)

Super Biodorant is good news for your beautiful clothes too.

Use it faithfully and feel really secure.

Super Biodorant®
Helena Rubinstein®

atch box

ike a match in a lighthearted
nanner with Lady Scott.
w facial tissue dispenser boxes
ed their outside wraps to show off
beautifully anywhere in the house.
Match up with 2-ply bathroom
tissue, too. In Bluebell Blue,
Pink, Antique Gold,
en.

dy Scott®



Flowers for the sleep-late, breakfast-in-bed set.





No alarm clocks, no tight schedules, no plain little life for you. And, no plain little bedroom. Now that you have your dream home, it's time to put away plain ideas, and create the bedroom you've always wanted. The kind of bedroom you love to linger in...long after everyone has gone off with the morning rush. The kind of warm private world that begins with lovely floral pattern combed percale sheets and pillowcases from Springmaid.

inen closet for the sleep-late bedroom.

, you should plan on three sets of pillowcases for each bed. If you change once a week, you will always have one laundry, and one spare shelf.

et's say your chosen pat- ingmaid's "Rosepoint" in e. The ideal plan for late bedroom would be your closet with one pat-, and two solid pastel sets a blue, and a yellow) to com- our "Rosepoint" sheets. Now you nd match your three sets of sheets new color coordinated look with change.

ight want to pick pink or blue o complement your sheets. Or introduce a note of contrast ightly colored blanket of old.

with your favorite ern.

out the theme of your tern throughout the y using more Spring- ets. Think of these yards and yards of ic...fabric that t you much more y the yard. Now, a million easy

things you can do.

For example, you can create a beautiful dust ruffle for your bed by cutting lengths of your patterned hem, and sewing them together into a pin pleated ruffle. Create a skirt for your vanity table in the same way. Or continue your floral theme with lovely cafe curtains. You can tailor a bottom sheet of scattered flowers for valances over your windows, or even cover a 4-panel screen. Try lining your bookcases with floral patterns. Or find a beautiful antique frame and hang your Springmaid print right on the wall. Let your imagination go. Springmaid will go with you.

The flowers that started it all.

Springmaid's new sleep-late flower patterns just lend themselves naturally to a room full of decorative ideas.

On the bed is Springmaid's "Rosepoint" pattern. In blue, pink or yellow floral border, with a delicate eyelet trim. And the fitted bottom sheet reveals a scattering of wild roses as you slip from bed.

On this page, left, Springmaid gives you a "Morning Garden" of flowers gathered on the eyelet-trim sheet hem, and sprinkled on your fitted bottom sheet. In pastel shades of pink, blue or yellow.

To the right, a gay little print for sunny personalities. "Daisy Canes" is a field of daisies on your fitted bottom sheet. On the top sheet the daisy pattern dances to a candy cane theme. Imagine the delightful bedroom decor you can create with this lively print.

You can pick your Springmaid sleep-late florals in a whole range of sizes, including King and Queen sizes. Pick a look for each bedroom in your home. And make sure you take home as many extra sheets as you'll need to create your very own sleep-late bedroom. Now, get your ideas together and celebrate with breakfast in bed.

Wake up to Springmaid

Available at fine stores everywhere with other Springmaid fashion sheets from $2.99 to $10.99.
Springs Mills, Inc., 104 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 10018

HOW TO STAY YOUNG



"I've often been asked about my cosmetics. In truth I use very little on my skin—a good cleansing cream, astringent and a moisturizer."



"I try to ride my bike every day. I just leave it in one gear—the one that lets me do the work. If I get tired, I sit on the curb and rest."

BY DORIS DAY ☐ Diet, exercise, cosmetics all are part of looking and feeling well. But each woman finds a different combination to suit her own particular needs. I don't consider myself an expert on these matters, but I know one element that I've found constant; unvariable in the pursuit of really sparkling health and well-being. And it's the simplest of all—right thinking.

There's nothing complicated about it. Good thoughts make for a good and happy life, and for good-looking women. Thinking will make it so.

My feeling about exercise, for instance, cannot be called a regimen. I don't have a strict schedule that I cling to. Whatever I happen to enjoy doing is what I dó. If it's good for me or beneficial to my health, so much the better. I was fortunate to be born with good muscles, or maybe I developed them when I was a dancer years ago.

I've found all kinds of little tricks that help keep me feeling well. When I'm working in a movie and there's a delay or I'm involved in an interview or such, I sway from side to side, shifting my weight from left leg and foot to right leg and foot. It's a thing I picked up from extras who have to stand around a lot. And I guess they got the idea from watching elephants in zoos!

You can see that if I'm doing elephant exercises I'm not really trying to lose weight. My exercising and my diet have nothing to do with weight-watching. I'm a little taller than five feet six, and I weigh about 124. Some people may think that's a lot of weight, but it isn't for me. The way I eat and exercise, I can eat more than I should and don't have to worry about gaining.

I often dream about pastries and the like, which I could indulge in daily, but it's just not sensible. Every once in a *(continued)*

"Exercise can be a normal part of your life. I love to walk. I can walk eight or ten miles with a couple of friends, or alone, just thinking."

FORNIA



PANTALOONS BY JOAN ARKIN

The way you feel is free

Today and every day, you feel free, confident, unhampered. Tampax tampons, worn internally, make this possible. Keep you feeling cool and comfortably confident, in or out of the water. They let you wear what you wish, do what you want, any day. They're the better, easier protection. Aren't you glad you discovered them?

for total freedom, total comfort...

TAMPAX®
tampons

TAMPAX TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

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Nails Broken?

Mend them instantly with StrongHold*

StrongHold* Nail Mending Liquid repairs nail breaks by coating your nails with thousands of tough invisible fibers. Now your broken nails can grow long and beautiful.



StrongHold* is easy to use—just brush it on like nail polish. StrongHold* works as an instant patch on the outside of your nail.



Solve your broken nail problems with...

StrongHold* by Max Factor

*(There's even a patent pending)

while I could go off on a binge. But it's safer just to dream.

The one thing I try to stick to is the 10 or 15 minutes of easy exercises every morning right after I get out of bed (even if I have a six-o'clock call at the studio) plus those that I do after my bath in the evening just before I go to bed. These are pretty much standard, old-fashioned exercises—you know, anything you enjoy doing. My favorite is to sit on the floor and clasp my arms around my drawn-up knees, then rock back and forth like a cradle. It is good for your arms, legs, shoulders and abdomen. It's a real worker-upper and actually enjoyable—*for me*. I also have a slant board, and often, when I'm finished working, I spend 10 to 20 minutes on it, lying with my feet elevated. It's great for the circulation, and after a long, hard day at the studios it's also a lovely time to meditate.

I don't say everything I do is right for other people. But it's right for me. I enjoy exercise (if you want to call it that) because I like feeling supple and limber. It's a good feeling for any woman at any age. If you don't enjoy getting exercise at home alone, but feel you must lose weight or get into better shape, perhaps you should join a club or a group where there is someone in charge. If you pay for it, and know you put out your good money, then you're going to stick to it.

But formal exercise alone isn't the answer. What if you're working and can't exercise—then what happens? Exercise can be a normal part of your life. I climb stairs rather than take an elevator. I walk whenever I can walk, ride my bike whenever I can ride. I drive a car only when I have to.

I don't have the problem some people have about food because I prefer to eat natural foods and organically grown fruits and vegetables. If I didn't like them, I probably wouldn't eat them. I simply find they taste much better than other foods.

Even in the past, singing with bands on one-night stands, I always ate nutritiously. I've always liked fresh vegetables and fruits. I still do. Take today's lunch, for instance. I had a big bowl of natural brown rice with raw brown sugar and some prunes with whole milk. It was perfect.

Another thing I do is get good rest, usually seven or eight hours a night when I'm working. I enjoy having a full day, getting up early and going to bed early. I love doing things in the daytime. When I'm not working I get up around eight in the morning. When I'm in a picture I may get up at 5:30 or six. Also, when I'm working I always sleep on my lunch hours. I order lunch before the break—usually a steak and some vegetables—and then I lie down and go right off to sleep. It's delightful and refreshing, if only for 20 minutes.

But beauty and physical well-being, as I've said, cannot be traced to exercise, diet and rest. Not at all. Your thoughts are what make the difference. Health experts say you are what you eat, and that may be so. But I really don't believe it. I believe you are what you *think*. This is the most important and cogent part of looking and feeling well. I can't tell you how much I'm absolutely convinced of that.

All women are concerned about how they look. Most of them want to be beautiful or just pretty. Many women aren't pretty, but it doesn't matter. When I first came to Hollywood I used to say, if I can be in films anybody can. But I don't think that's important. I feel that it's what's inside that counts. And what *is* inside is what you think.

A woman can have facials, massages, uplifts and everything else, and if she thinks wrong thoughts, she looks it! Right? All the expensive face creams and 14 hours of rest a night might relax the muscles of the face, but if a woman gets up and has a hateful or negative thought—Boom! The lines come right back in. If you think an ugly thought, you're going to look ugly. (And it brings to mind my favorite quotation from Shakespeare, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.")

That's why children are all beautiful. Their skin is translucent and their eyes are clear, even if they have tons of freckles, some teeth out and a cowlick. It's love for their parents and friends, pets and teachers. I'm not self-righteous about this, but as adults we should become lovelier as we grow older through thinking better thoughts.

Keeping busy helps, too. Let me describe my working day in detail so you can get some idea of how I use my time.

As I mentioned previously, I'm usually up by six. I have to be on the set by nine. Right after I get out of bed I limber up and then maybe I swim for 10 or 15 minutes. Even in cool weather I spend as much time as I can at a morning swim.

After my swim, I bathe, dress and have breakfast. My breakfast varies, and it's my favorite meal. Usually, it includes a different fresh, natural cereal—steamed—with fruit and tea. If I'm a little late, I'll have breakfast at the studio. I rarely drink coffee. Marty (my husband) and I both love tea, and we buy herb teas. We drink them with a little milk and honey, and they're delicious. Camomile is my favorite. Peppermint is his.

To repeat, the exercises I do in the morning are fun. In addition to the standard ones, I sometimes dance around and do high kicks to music. Try it sometime, ladies, but in the privacy of your bedroom, or somebody may think you're slightly nuts.

After breakfast my driver picks me up, and I race my dogs to the car. They usually go along with me. Then I work all morning, have a quick bite, take my nap and work all afternoon. I manage to get exercise even in my pictures. For instance, *Caprice* required me to run miles up and down hallways—something a lot of women do all day if they have small children in large houses. And in *The Epic of Josie* I ride horseback in some of the scenes of this western.

Before I leave the studio I always take off all my makeup, and then on the way home I sit in the car letting the fresh air blow against my skin. I've often discussed beauty treatments and cosmetics, and people seem to think I have some kind of secret formulas. I don't. In truth, I use very little on my skin; just three things, a good cleansing cream, then astringent and a moisturizer. Actually my skin is neither fair nor fragile. It has a lot of olive pigment in it along with a few freckles. I get very tan. But I don't believe in baking in the sun for a long time either. I never sunbathe for more than 20 minutes or a half hour at a time.

The minute I get home fr
get right into the tub. I alw
bath in the morning and at ni
I get into my pajamas, have
eat, do my exercises and get
Once in bed I read, do need
study my script, and then I g

When I'm not working, ev
different. But here's a typica

I'm up by eight, do my
swim, bathe and eat breakf
that I get into Bermuda sh
length stockings, a turtlene
and a windbreaker, and get o
Oh yes, I wear a hat, too, o
scarf. I try to ride my bike
It's the highlight of my da
and I ride miles. It's a hap
ence. My bike has all sorts of
I just leave it in one gear—th
let's *me* do the work!

I pedal around Beverly Hi
down to the shopping center
markets and shops. If I buy s
I carry it in the basket on t
bars. I usually stop for tea at
and indulge myself with an
sweet. Then I pedal back hom
If I get tired, I sit on the curb
Sometimes friends pass by an
a kick out of seeing me there.

After lunch I may drive
beach for a walk and then
Beverly Hills for dinner with

If I don't go to the beach I
a girl friend and stop for lu
Farmers' Market, or some oth
place—very informally, of c
know I'm going to be out al
I throw a couple of extra pairs
the car. Sometimes I have a
a half dozen pairs of shoes alo
ent styles, different heel heigh
nothing more refreshing than
to change your shoes when
to tire. You try it once, and
convinced. It changes yo
outlook.

Candidly speaking, I ima
women would find my life p
But I enjoy it fully. I love a
ciate nature, especially trees a
When I'm riding my bike, I
tree in every garden along the
please my eye, and I take tim
what the trees and plants ar
pure joy for me. One day I w
by a little old English lady
me peeking in her garden. S
me over, but couldn't quite
Just as well. I told her how n
mired her flowers, thanked he

What is important to me i
out in the fresh air as much a
It's so marvelous. I can wal
ten miles with a couple of f
alone, just thinking, and m
thoughts about life are direct
religious beliefs.

Another thing I think is
for staying physically fit is m
your femininity. It may s
fetched, but it's true. It's im
me to enjoy the feeling of
woman. If I feel like a woma
to be an attractive, healthy
When I finish a movie, I want
to go home to being a wif
attend meetings or discuss bu
tails. Working women sho
make their jobs more impor
their homes and families.

Most important of all, to ke
physical shape, I think, is
believe, what your real values
is important to you and wha
doing with your life.


Soft isn't everything.
Chiffon is.
Chiffon® Margarine has much more going for it. Chiffon is the soft margarine made with light, delicate safflower oil, so there's no "fatty" margarine taste, ever. It really does taste like the "expensive spread." And Chiffon's safflower oil softness makes it lowest in saturated fat, highest in polyunsaturates of all margarines, stick or soft. And that includes the corn oil ones. Soft isn't everything. Chiffon is.
new!
Chiffon
contains pure liquid safflower oil
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CLAYTON & CO.

Easy livin' or easy givin'.

The best kind of gift to give?
The kind of gift you'd like to receive. Like the Hoover Blender. Seven speeds plus the exclusive Insta-matic Button. Whips up everything from a frothy dessert to light 'n airy potato pancakes. Or the Hoover Electric Knife. Easy to hold, easy to use. Blades that stay sharp almost forever. Or the Hoover Automatic Electric Can Opener. Opens lids fast, shuts off automatically. Or the new Hoover Electric Fry Pan with the built-in Warming Tray. Keeps the bacon warm while you're frying the eggs. Finding the right gift to give is easy when you visit your Hoover dealer. But remember to buy two of everything you buy.
One to give, one to keep. Hoover. Appliances that are easy to live with.



con Baking and Other Tricks

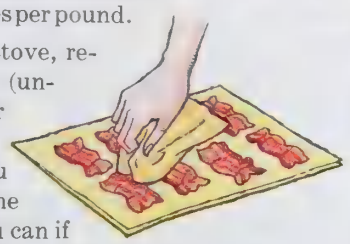
ings Your Mother Never Taught You



Once upon a time, many years ago, a Wellesley girl married a Dartmouth boy and they began their lives together under practically ideal conditions. Except that . . . on the first morning in their new home, the young man came into the kitchen and discovered the love-of-his-life stew-

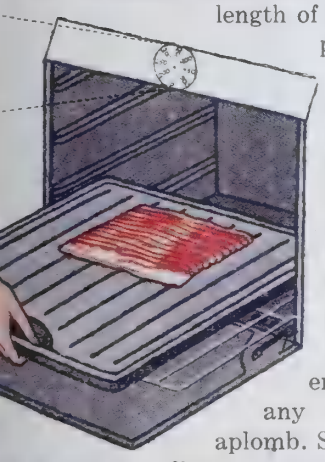
on in a skillet half full of melted butter. From that day on, had a perfect marriage. *He* does all the cooking. This is a and it points up our thesis that, often, bacon is a young ation into the rites of the kitchen.

bacon comes prettily striped—burgundy-red lean meat -white fat. Generally it is sliced very thin—18 to 22 slices Thick-cut, otherwise known as "country- n, provides about a dozen slices per pound.

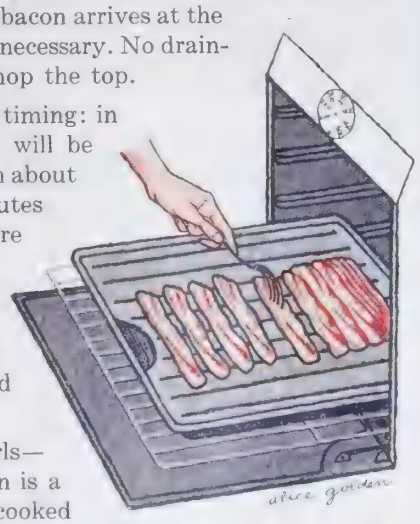


on, prepared on top of the stove, re- ing more than a heavy, dry (un- skillet. Start cold. Set over eat. Slices need not be sep- rehand. They may tear if you not necessary to snip the p bacon from curling, but you can if mall pieces are easier to handle and look attractive. So cut wise with scissors. Cook slowly, about 6 to 8 minutes, dis- ices with a fork as they cook.

acon from skillet just before it looks completely done. double layer of paper towels. Blot gently with another paper towel. To keep bacon warm for any length of time, set on fresh, ungreasy paper toweling in a turned-off oven (about 180°). Naturally you won't pour bacon grease down the drain. Or pretty soon the drain won't drain! Keep drippings, covered, in a can or crock, in the refrigerator. Wonderful flavor-lender for vegetables.



Baking bacon is the greatest invention since the knife. It enables you to provide for any size crowd with ease and aplomb. Simply lay the bacon—with- ng to separate slices—on a rack, over a shallow pan. art, oven may be cold or pre-heated. Practically any tem- es. The method is always the same. Only the timing is dif- t till bacon looks transparent and slices are easily sepa- a fork. Keep baking till bacon arrives at the e the best. No turning necessary. No drain- you wish, you could mop the top.



approximate idea of timing: in d oven at 350° bacon will be , ready to push apart, in about . Bake 8 to 10 minutes 375°, only 5 or 6 more baking required. At is reduced to 4 or 5 the oven starts cold, t 10 more minutes for ecome transparent and parate.

wise bacon-making girls— uch, for left-over bacon is a rumbled or crushed, cooked savor and body to creamed soups, bean, pea or vegetable glorifies almost any salad—except maybe fruit. A great potatoes, mashed or baked; delight on spinach, broccoli, grilled tomatoes.

Don't



forget

the French's!



America's favorite mustard spreads pleasure wherever it goes. It's got the taste everybody loves. Aren't you glad that French's now comes in the thrifty family size, too?

The taste America loves best!

ðhæ still wœnt teech ðhe

They still won't teach the

æ-bee-sees ðhe modern w

A B C's the modern w

Shouldn't your child benefit from the new alphabet that makes a quick learner out of every youngster?

Speeding up the process by which children learn to read and write—and teaching them to do it better—is not as simple as ABC. One of the most fascinating of the recently developed systems is the Initial Teaching Alphabet, first covered by the Journal *in 1964. Since then many American schools have adopted I.T.A. But I.T.A. has provoked controversy. Dr. Roma Gans of Columbia University's Teachers College—one of America's best-known educators—believes that I.T.A. has yet to prove itself fully. "Only after I.T.A. readers get into fifth and sixth grades, two or three years from now," she insists, "will we be able to discover what effect it has had on their spelling. Studies indicate that the initial teaching of I.T.A., if sound, prevents confusion; if mixed, increases it."*

Dr. Gans agrees, however, that too much money is still wasted on old-fashioned basic reading systems. "Strict reliance on trite reading systems denies actual growth," she points out, "especially of the abler youngsters." Against this background, the Journal *presents a progress report on the I.T.A. experiment.*

The cities of Allentown and Bethlehem stand as close to each other in Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley as A stands to B in the alphabet—Allentown's alphabet, not Bethlehem's.

In 1963, Bethlehem became the U.S. showroom for a radical educational experiment using a comparatively new learning tool called the Initial Teaching Alphabet. I.T.A. achieved such convincing success in helping children to read and write that Bethlehem later converted all 45 of its first-grade classes to the new alphabet. School principals and supervisors from as far as Hawaii and Alaska traveled to Bethlehem to see how I.T.A. works.

At the start of the 1966 school year, 125,000 first-graders in every state but South Dakota were using I.T.A.

Yet Allentown, which shares city-limit signposts with Bethlehem, is one of many cities that thus far have turned their backs on an educational revolution. Not one Allentown classroom has tried I.T.A. Why not? Is there something wrong with I.T.A. that Allentown knows and Bethlehem doesn't?

To the contrary, tests from Florida to Oregon, from California to Maine, confirm Bethlehem's findings. Why, then, isn't I.T.A. used in more schools?

One answer is that the adoption of I.T.A. would upset the reading Establishment that now controls primary-school teaching—an Establishment that prefers to feed children the educational gruel of Dick and Jane, Jimmy and Sue, and their dog Spot.

These Dick-and-Jane baby-talk readers are controlled-vocabulary textbooks; that is, they regulate the number of new words your child is allowed to learn in class.

There is substantial evidence that such controlled-vocabulary books do nowhere near enough to encourage the reading and writing development of our schoolchildren. Some authors, publishers and school reading experts are heavily involved in the baby-word business, and so some four million disabled readers are dragging through American elementary schools—readers who might have done far better if they had begun with I.T.A.

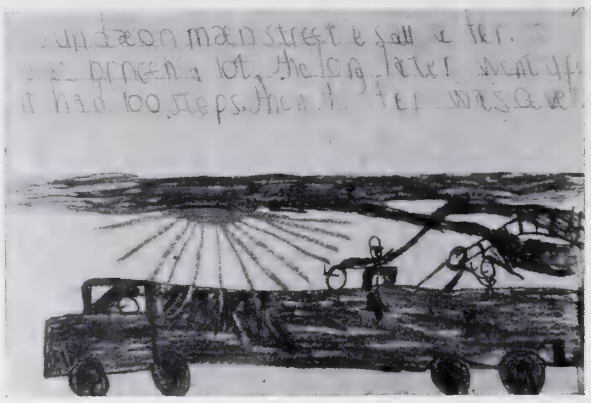
Allentown—like Bethlehem—has about 50 first-grade classes. Most use the Betts Basic Readers, which supply this kind of dialogue:

"Here is a blue toy," said Jimmy.
"Here is a big blue toy for you."
Sue said, "A big toy!
I do not want a big toy.
I want a little toy. . . ."

A year after Bethlehem started using I.T.A. in 1964, Allentown also began experimenting with a "linguistics approach" now used in about 20 first-grade classes. It offers lessons such as:

A Rat
Nat! A rat!
Nat, look at the rat.
The rat is on the mat.
Bat the rat, Nat.

Both Jimmy and Sue and Bat-the-rat-Nat teach pupils hard words by supplying them in



I.T.A. spelling looks odd, but could your child write a story as complex as this first-grader's?

small doses. The central strategy of both books is the controlled vocabulary. And this is where Allentown and Bethlehem differ. Bethlehem has I.T.A., the "freedom alphabet." The I.T.A. child isn't swaddled in baby words or forced into a controlled-language playpen. Neither is he fed a diet of "bat-the-rat" jingles.

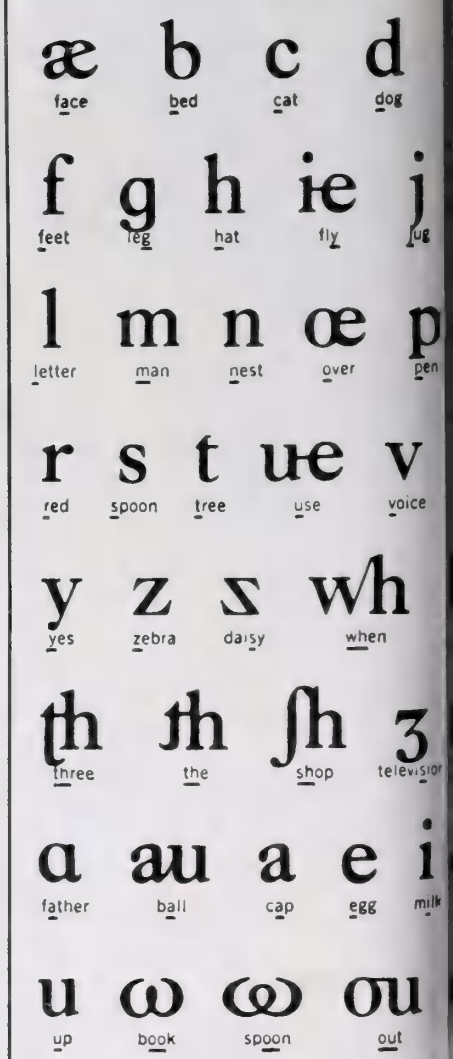
Today, while Allentown's first-, second- and third-graders are yawning through dull stories about Jimmy and Sue, children who use I.T.A. are reading about Flanagan and Finnegan, Christopher Robin, Mrs. Doodlepunk and the Five Chinese Brothers, Magellan and Vespucci, John Glenn and Dinosaur Ben, the Beatrix Potter books, Winnie-the-P When We Were Very Young. Wh town's children are copying, "See the ball is red," Bethlehem's first-gr writing book reports.

What does I.T.A. (with 44 symbol the standard ABC's can't?

The trouble with learning to read English is that our language neither it sounds nor sounds like it looks speech has 40 to 50 basic sounds, but served by only 26 symbols. Suppose hem father wants to help his son rea plains that *e* is the sound in st*ee*l. But does he explain the sound of *e* in Bet Allentown? Or Lehigh Valley? Pe st*ee*l, but what about p*ea*l? There funny *e*'s in p*eo*ple—what about th what if the child is Puerto Rican? Si doesn't have to explain am*oe*ba or deb

There are at least 20 different ways the long *e* sound, and more

Initial Teaching Alphabet: each symb one sound. Pupils later switch to



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than 300 spellings for our five vowels! Good grief!

Jimmy and Sue and Nat and his rat mean well. Rather than plunge children headfirst into our seemingly contradictory spellings, Jimmy and Sue have packaged little box lunches of words, a box for each grade, from kindergarten to high school. "Steel" belongs in the fourth-grade box, "valley" and "lucky" in third box, "peal" in the sixth, "grief" in the seventh, and "debris" in the eighth. "Amoeba" is a college word. Jimmy and Sue pack about 250 to 300 words to a box. The words progress from short to long, regular to irregular, simple to complex, ordinary to exceptional. Jimmy and Sue regiment sounds, too: long vowels are issued in the first year, short vowels in the second, and diphthongs in the third. Short, simple sentences come in the lower grades, complex compound sentences in the upper grades.

There's nothing wrong with little words. They're clear and vigorous. The child already knows most of them. He'll use them all his life. What's wrong is that the lists dole out words in an unnatural fashion. Indeed, controlled-word lists enslave elementary education. First, they determine the child's reading level. His reading level determines his grade level. His grade level determines what books he's given. His books determine the concepts he's taught. His concepts affect his personal development.

Allentown and Bethlehem both recognize that the mysteries of English reading and writing are secured by a badly warped lock. Allentown bends its keys to fit it. Bethlehem temporarily changes the lock by using I.T.A., which is a disposable alphabet, as the word "Initial" in its name is intended to suggest. It is a temporary training alphabet to help beginners write and read English before irregular spellings can confuse them.

In I.T.A. each of the 44 symbols in the alphabet has only one job: to serve its sound and no other. I.T.A. is visually consistent, too. Bethlehem children learn one shape for each symbol-sound. They make capital letters by making the symbol larger. Allentown children must learn to recognize several shapes for each letter. They have to memorize between 75 to 90 configurations for the 26 ABC's. *E*, for instance, has four shapes: E, e, *ɛ*, *Ɛ*.

The I.T.A. child doesn't have to wait three years to learn the sounds of his speech. He can read and write greef, bethlehem steel, leehie vallee and luckee in the first grade. He probably won't know what ameeba and debree mean, but he can sound them out and ask you.

Since reading takes place out of sight, in the reader's mind, an alphabet's power to freeze or release meanings is better examined in a child's *writing* than in his reading. Before the can get bogged down in and punctuation rules, rules, *silent a* rules, *i before* *to double the consonant and* he gets the feel of commun the I.T.A. child has taste reading and expressing hi gins to transfer over to ABC's he'll use the rest makes the switch easily, time, a character at a time dren begin to make this Christmas of their first sch learners transfer by secon

Teachers of I.T.A. class experience miracles of co Mrs. Josephine Huber, a te lehem's Rosemont School, a graders to write a paper t turkey feels the day befor ing." If your children atte and-Sue school, such an totally unthinkable in firs probably in second grade, t and "Thanksgiving" are grade reading words—and spelling words. The papers in to Mrs. Huber were wr dren in school for only 10

the turkey feels sad. I will fe and when I am dun feeding th shoot him.

the turkey is afraid that he wi he really worries because he d be eaten. if he did get eaten ded. so he will be killed.

I am a turkey. I am going t the plate. He was ■ mad tur just say one word. This is w "gobble, gobble, gobble." th thing he knows. His hed goes neck goes gobble. He is goin plate. I am going to eat him o

Paradoxically, I.T.A. i word to many who teach re has been called "the time bet," "the Trojan horse fo form," the "thalidomide o experiments," and even " plot." Dr. Arther Trace the Open Court Reader I.T.A. will ruin a child's good. Prof. George D. Sp clinic director at the U Florida, objects to it becau quires the learner to mem phabets. The Council for tion in Washington, D. I.T.A. because it looks Warren Cutts, reading ex in the U.S. Office of Educa will have to wait until an gets to college before he ca the alphabet works or not.

"The present situation not justify the widespread reading materials which u Teaching Alphabet," write Gillooly, assistant professo at Johns

continued

NEW FOLKS IN TOWN By Edith Bayer

No one hurls a rock across our lawn
(That is not how matters stand at all),
No one, in the mild and misty dawn,
Scrawls a scurrilous thing on our wall.

No one points a finger. Nothing's said.
When I greet you, you return my smile,
Glancing at me briefly, then ahead—
(Eyes remaining distant all the while).

No one lifts a hand against my child

On her lonely walk home aft
(Where the sun at noon sta
mild
And small shadows skip alo

No one flings a name, nor s
When she knocks: Could Ja
play. . . ?
No, you merely tell her (as
"Jane's gone out—perhaps
day."

Okay—so he did use the baby carriage wheels for his soap box racer. Show him you love him anyway with Lipton . . . the one soup that tastes like Mother just cooked it.

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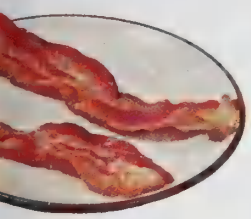
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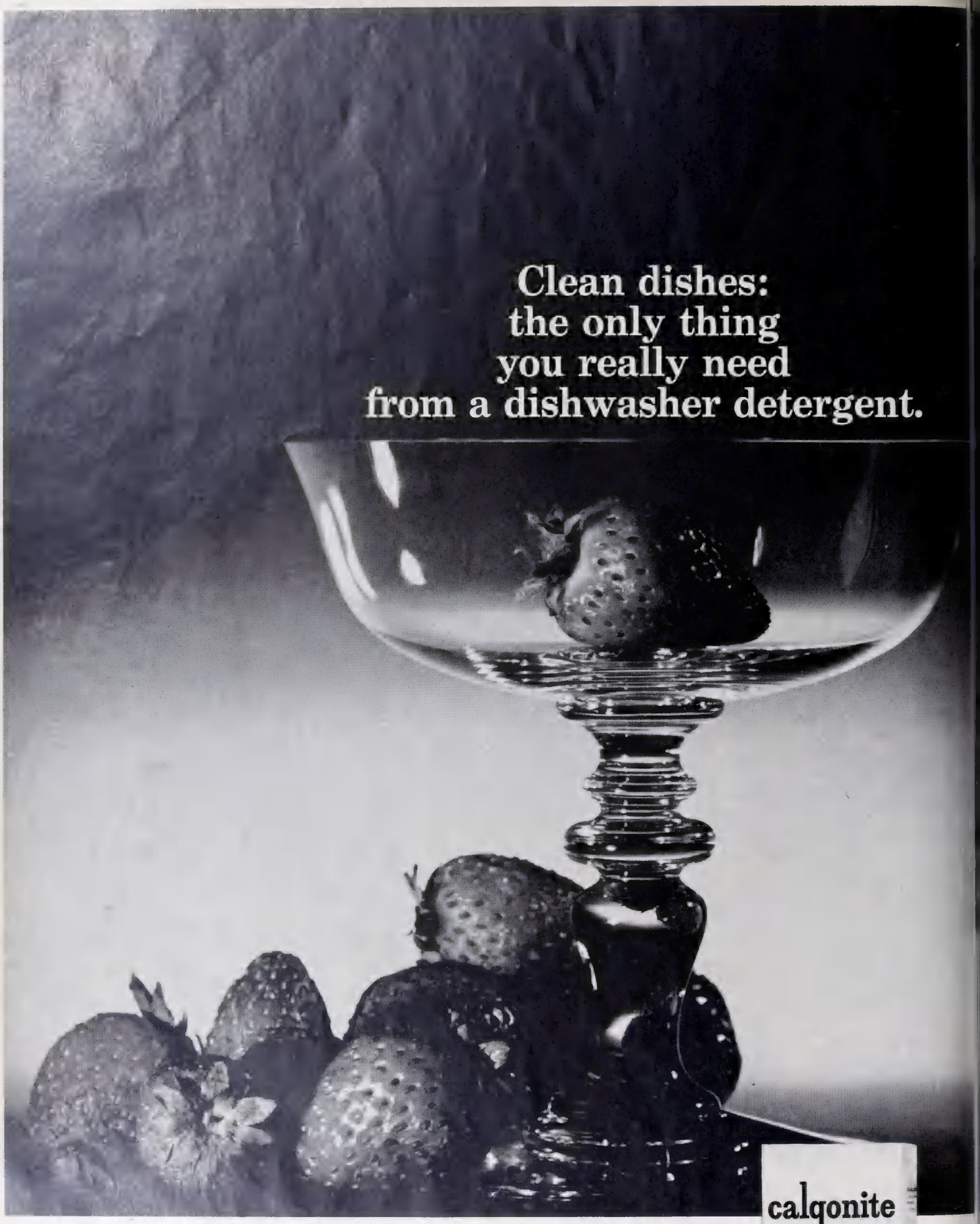


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Mia Farrow's Swinging Life with Frank Sinatra

By Vernon Scott

As Hollywood reporter for United Press International, I've seen some pretty strange casting. But suppose you had told me two years ago that little Mia Farrow would become The Big Leader's personal Leading Lady; and that she would change Frank Sinatra, The Man Himself, so that his friends can hardly believe their eyes. . .well, who're you kidding? Yet that's what happened. Let me take you to the scene. We're {continued}

Photographed by Ben Ornitz, Globe

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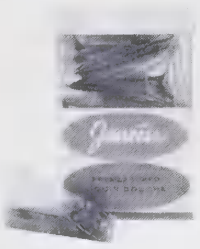
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at The Daisy Club, a private Los Angeles discothèque that rocks and rolls with young people doing the wild new dances. On the dance floor, gyrating exuberantly, is 22-year-old Mia Farrow—with a partner close to her own age: writer Leonard Gersh (on other evenings it might be actors Jack Haley Jr., Roddy McDowall or Jim Stacy). At a ringside table, quietly nursing a drink, "with it" yet not a part of it, sits her 51-year-old husband, Frank Sinatra, who normally holds center stage wherever he goes, simply because he is who he is.

"When the mood comes on her," explains young Haley, "Frank allows Mia to visit The Daisy. He's very patient. He'll sit there looking bored or talking to friends, but he knows she's having fun dancing and being around people her age. It's unusual, because Frank couldn't care less about The Daisy, and he doesn't do all those rock dances Mia loves so much. Mia can dance with anyone she likes, as long as she knows it's someone Frank approves of. These young people can never really be friends of his, but he knows them. I think he's checked them out pretty carefully."

Another observer who has watched the Sinatras make The Daisy scene sums it up this way: "It's like an indulgent father taking a child to the zoo. He really doesn't enjoy it, but he knows she does."

Ryan O'Neal, Mia's leading man in *Peyton Place*, also knows what it's like to go out with the Sinatras. "The table is usually divided into two groups," he says, "with Frank surrounded by older friends and Mia with the young set. One night Frank saw Mia shiver; she was sitting under an air-conditioner. He was very concerned and asked her to change places. She declined, and I'm glad she did. What would we have talked to Frank Sinatra about?"

The scene shifts. Now we're outside the magnificent house in Bel Air where Sinatra indulges his young bride in another, more substantive way. When it came time for them to buy a home in Los Angeles, Sinatra, with his wide experience and business sense, could easily have done it himself. Instead he let Mia go out looking for a house that would satisfy her every wish. After several weeks, she located a large, two-story English Tudor home on two acres of prime real estate. The exterior is white stucco, with dark wood beams and a shingled roof, surrounded by gardens and large trees. There is a network of lovely footpaths and a free-form swimming pool. An electrically operated gate guards the driveway.

When Mia called Sinatra to tell him she had found the house she wanted, he appeared on the scene within half an hour. After a cursory inspection, he nodded his head. The house was Mia's—at a cost of more than $300,000.

Friends who really know Sinatra agree that his marriage to Mia has changed him in many ways; it certainly has had a more pronounced effect on him than it has on her. "I've seen a softening in Frank's attitude, a gentleness that he rarely displayed before," says his friend Brad Dexter.

Mia remains Mia—an introverted, angular, seemingly fragile but deceptively strong young woman with cropped hair, frightened gray eyes, and a disconcerting, elusive, almost mystical quality that she herself does not fully understand. Marriage has not suddenly matured Mia. She has no fund of small talk, nor is she particularly worldly. Yet she somehow seems born to have become the wife of a famous, rich and controversial man—without sacrificing her own identity.

"I relate to people in such a strong way," she says, "that it's too exhausting to do it all the time." It is this curious ability to transmit intimacy that has perhaps earned Mia a reputation for wisdom and maturity beyond her years. Clearly, it is a quality that Sinatra—and many other men—find irresistible.

Now we're at a party in the Hollywood home of movie producer William Goetz and his wife Edie—a couple who represent Sinatra's generation. Across a big room full of important people laughing and chatting, Frank catches Mia's eye. Wordlessly, he holds out his arms. Wordlessly, she threads her way through the crush until she reaches him. She slips into his outstretched arms for a moment, and he kisses her cheek lightly. It is simply time for the Sinatras to show affection, a ritual that takes place almost at scheduled intervals, usually several times during a day or evening.

For years Sinatra has suffered from insomnia. "I'm for anything that gets you through the night," he has said, "be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniels.'" But now, Brad Dexter says, Sinatra no longer finds it necessary to call friends in the middle of the night, to remain in a nightclub until the last song has been sung and the last glass lifted. Mia, says Dexter, has freed him from this. "Frank always was a lonely guy, but I've seen a change come over him since he met Mia. He doesn't seem to have the old problems. He certainly doesn't drink as much as he used to."

It is also significant that, coincidental or not, Sinatra sees far less of his brassy, ring-a-ding-dinging Clan cronies than he did before he married Mia. "Frank has cooled it," says one friend. "He doesn't need those cats anymore. He never really did."

Mia has few friends her own age—mainly her secretary, Barbara Daitch, and actress Liza Minnelli (Judy Garland's daughter)—but this has not created serious problems, Mia seems perfectly at ease with Edie Goetz, Rosalind Russell and other women old enough to be her mother, a paradox that does not surprise her real mother, actress Maureen O'Sullivan. "Many of Mia's present friends are the same ones she has known much of her life," Miss O'Sullivan points out. "The people she sees now with Frank were guests in our home when she was a little girl. In a sense, I feel younger than Mia. She's more mature now that Frank has taught her to be at ease with people, and how to run a house."

Despite some published reports, Mia's mother did not oppose her marriage to Sinatra; she was all in favor of it, she says But she does recognize certain pitfalls. "Marrying Frank Sinatra, the greatest living entertainer, has put Mia in a rather difficult position. She's afraid of saying the wrong thing, as I am, and she avoids personal references—even with me. I think that endears her to Frank. I've found him very considerate of her when I visit California and stay with them. I try to keep out of their private lives and not be a mother

On a recent visit to Sinatr Springs home, Miss O'Sullivan her daughter leave the room a bed without a word.

"Why didn't Mia say good she asked Sinatra. "She shou you know."

"Nope," he replied, "she sh she doesn't feel like it."

On another occasion, Miss O brought some of her other child to see Mia and Frank. "I was c that we might be imposing o Miss O'Sullivan says, "but Fr delighted. He loves family lif him, 'Frank, you're awfully goo on all of us.' And he said to me what life's all about.'"

For three months last spring Sinatra stopped seeing each o reasons still not clear to their Some speculate that Sinatra have liked it when Mia cho most of her long, silky blond night of his 50th birthday party her with a harsh, plucked-chic "My little boy," Sinatra called

During the pause in her rel with Sinatra, Mia began dati men—Eddie Fisher, Michael C her old friend, writer Leonar Sinatra did not seem to mind of competition. Then direct Nichols entered Mia's life. N literate, witty and urbane, a m times permitted to escort Mrs. line Kennedy to public functio ols was definitely not on Sinatr safe little playmates for Mia. displeasure increased when Mi up in Rome with Nichols, wh went out with Elizabeth Ta Richard Burton.

One night Sinatra telephe friend Edie Goetz and asked movie are you showing tonigh Goetzes frequently screen maj wood pictures for their party g

As tactfully as possible, Mr explained that Mia and Mike were coming to dinner that with other guests, but that Sin welcome to come after dinner t movie. Sinatra bristled. "What doing," he asked angrily, "thro out of your house?"

Despite his annoyance, Sin rived after dinner. It was an en ing situation. Mia and Nic mained with one group at th while Frank had a few drinks w of the older crowd. "That's OK, Edie Goetz, "they have their gr we have ours; let's keep it tha

Later in the evening, when stopped to greet Sinatra, Frank Shortly thereafter, he started Mia out again. And friends se had won the test of wills. Frank's dime that went into t telephone call, not Mia's," s acquaintance.

Mia's affinity for a man like S whom she calls "Charlie Brown" character in the cartoon strip *P* was predictable. Even before him, she made no secret of wha tended doing with her future. a big career," she told the lat wood columnist Hedda Hoppe man and a big life. You have big—that's the only way to ge about the same time, she told interviewer: "I'm like a kalei I see a different person every tim in a mirror . . . *(continued on p*

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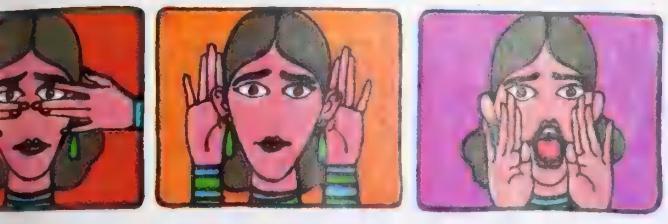
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w Old Is "Mature"?

ith Crist, Critic-at-Large

are absolutely filthy," the her informed me. "You 't trust any of them. I sent r-old daughter to see *The ls*—it got such good re- know, and the ads didn't s for mature audiences— ame home shocked, just She said, 'Mommy, there d lady in that movie!' "

ow that you mention it— But I, who had found the -dandy he-man adventure he movie-movie variety, y 10-year-old son to see it ualms. "Son," I asked in guilt, "what did you think d lady in *The Profession-*aked lady?" "Yes, you ere they're in the rebel mp and they climb up to s room to rescue the lady arts to undress." An apol- e tinged the 10-year-old sh, who had time to no- Woody Strode was getting oot with his long bow?"

h for entries from two the raging debate about ovie fare and the "ma- the audiences to be al- onsume it. Trying to face contemporary life—along competition from foreign have long taken notice of at not only married but rried couples may share a wood films had convinced in beds were *de rigueur*) not even be dressed at all so (Hollywood films had hat men were completely nd women swathed right e hair ribbon before even was entered upon)—the cture Producers Associa- erica last year offered us a ovie morality code, along ggestion that film distrib- xhibitors might want to certain movies were "sug- mature audiences." Not a ; at very least it would ary parent not to take a along expecting Disney- ainment.

came the fatal specifics. get its seal of approval, *id of Virginia Woolf?* had e and announce that "No 18 will be admitted unless d by his parent." And e cynic remarked, was a y stroke for a lot of par- need their 15-year-olds explain the movie to them. enough, the same proviso nced for *The Game Is Over*, moral little tale which er much exposure of Jane e nude, that adultery can y to go crazy. And how do you sell a really dreadful double feature—one consisting of *10:30 P.M. Summer*, involving a *ménage à trois*, and *Mademoiselle*, which concentrates on arson and orgies as the ideal sexual outlets? Harken to the ad: "These motion pictures are for the emotionally mature—the adult. No one under 16 will be admitted."

But a 16-year-old boy, protesting the infringement of his civil rights in being barred by age from *Dutchman*, notes that he has heard cruder language in his school locker room, read of more horrific and unnatural activities in the best-selling *Valley of the Dolls* and heard better "curse words" in *Von Ryan's Express*, *Hotel*, *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*

The fatal specifics of age limit can lead us into endless debates about drinking age, draft age, driving age and voting age, but this latest attempt to specify an intellectual or aesthetic age verges on the infantile. There are no suggestions of "maturity" as a requirement for anyone to sit through the endless sex and sadism and sex of the Bond movies, the leering crudities of the Dean Martin-Matt Helm series. The kiddies are free to watch a sexual psychopath having his fling in *The Night of the Generals*, watch Raquel Welch having her prehistoric bikini binge in *One Million Years B.C.*, or observe Ursula Andress undress for the boys after they've done their flying in *The Blue Max*. And we get the final drumbeat with the new slogan for *Doctor Zhivago*, which in its basics is the tale of a doctor-poet who loves wife and mistress with equal fervor throughout the days of the Russian Revolution. This, we are told, is "the movie and the music for young America."

How young is young America? Is it 10-year-olds caught up in derring-do, unable to see the nude for the action, or 13-year-olds in their self-conscious prudery, or all those 40-year-olds with the 12-year-old mentalities that most "mature" movies seem to titillate?

Each of us, I suggest, must provide his own answer—pretesting and pretasting and making the decisions for the immature as we know them at firsthand.

We might make the startling discovery that there are an awful lot of 12-year-olds around who are en route to acquiring 40-year-old mentalities ahead of time.



END

For women who go to work



and also do their own cooking and cleaning:

You need more than sympathy. You need help. Especially with the tough chores like cleaning a miserably dirty oven. Try Jifoam. It makes the job almost easy. Jifoam sprays on, uses the oven's own heat to dissolve burned-on dirt and grease. Five minutes later, wipe with a damp cloth or paper toweling and the oven will come clean. It works where other cleaners won't. Takes a lot less out of you. Lets you save your energy for other things. That may not seem like much, but it helps.

Would you like a 15¢ coupon toward your next purchase of Jifoam and a booklet on how to use aerosol products correctly? Just send your name and address to Shelco, Dept. J, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181.



Jifoam Spray Oven Cleaner

© SHELCO, INC., 1967

Look! A dishwashing liquid that can whip!

It's the creamiest-feeling, mildest Ivory Liquid ever.





You don't have to whip it to believe it! Just pour some Ivo detergent in your dishpan. See how creamy it looks. It's th mildest Ivory Liquid ever—with that famous mildness you c from a product named Ivory. Let this creamy white Ivory L help *your* hands to the creamy complexion of youth.



Creamy white Ivory Liqu can help your hands to th creamy complexion of yo

Ladies' Home Journal • May, 1967

Nobody knows Adam Clayton Powell better than his wife. Here, for the first time, she tells the intimate story of what he's like as a man, a husband, a father.

Y LIFE WITH ADAM MRS. ADAM CLAYTON OWELL



Photographs by Jack Ward

husband had asked me to help for his wallet. I found it on the g-room table of our house in o Rico. Perhaps our young son been playing with it and had left ere. At any rate, there it lay, side up. From it stared a color ograph of a Negro girl in an eve- dress, holding a cocktail glass. husband was still searching gh his suit pockets in our bed- . Handing him the wallet, I what any wife would have : "Who's your friend?"

looked at the photograph in lief. His voice was full of out- innocence. "How did that get ?" he demanded. "Who is she?" hat's what I was wondering." sincerely as if he were swearing e Bible in his church, he de- d, "I never saw this picture be- I never knew it was in my t."

ould have pointed out the ob- . The photograph had been in a living room in the United s that I had once called my Behind the girl was a lamp that usband and I had bought on a o Egypt. At her right hand, on d table, was a metal ashtray had often polished. Beneath ippers was a floor I knew well hours of waxing. This was the



Yvette Powell and son Adamcito, 5: "I love you very much," Adam said, "but you don't fit into the picture right now. I just don't have time to be bothered with a wife and a baby."

Adam expected his to "keep the faith, baby." But slowly she found ce that he was breaking it— suspicious photo in his a trip with another woman, a "missing" wedding band.

had shared in Washington with Clayton Powell, the controversial ssman from New York, as hus- nd wife . . . I could have said all t I was silent.

tte," he said, "there's a con- Somebody put this in my wallet trouble between us. Believe me, out who it was and make him this."

aid it so convincingly that I al- elieved him. I nearly forgot that visiting me for the first time in onths—and that the newspapers n full of stories of his travels with g secretary in his office named Huff, the first Negro girl ever amed Miss Ohio. For a moment, by his shocked expression and erity of his voice, I nearly offered him find that mysterious and mythical enemy who put the f a stranger in his wallet.

n Clayton Powell is surely one most persuasive men on earth. day, despite all our troubles, e that if I were looking at wall and he assured me it l, I would look again and be half convinced that it was indeed red.

His charm is irresistible. As casual friend, then sweetheart and finally husband, he was romantic, ardent, devoted, thoughtful and attentive. He charmed not only me but also my relatives in Puerto Rico, including those who originally objected to my marrying a Negro. Then, suddenly, the charm turned elsewhere—and I was left contemplating a pack of outrageous lies that had been told with the solemn voice and expression of a saint.

I do not really know to this day whether Adam Powell is a playboy, as the newspapers insist, or a quiet and hard-working homebody, as for many months I found him to be. I do not know whether he is a cynic, as his critics say, or a devoted public servant, as he sounded in his serious and emotional moments. I do not know whether he is a man of God, as his title of pastor of his Harlem church would indicate, or a lost soul, as his salty language would sometimes seem to say. Perhaps he is all these things. Certainly he is unique, one of a kind. I never before met anyone like him, and I never expect to know anyone like him again.

Let me start at the beginning.

In my lifetime I have had two blind dates. I will never forget either of them.

The first, when I was 20, was a complete disaster. I am very tall for a woman by Puerto Rican standards—5 feet 7 without shoes—and my date was very short. We tried dancing, but it was impossible. Then we tried conversation. He owned a garage and told me at length about the problems of repainting a rusted automobile. He and another couple had picked me up at 8:30. I was back home at 11, after pretending to have a splitting headache, and I swore never to go on a blind date again.

It was four years later when, early one evening, I had a call from the publicity director at the Governor's Palace, whom I knew through my own job at the Puerto Rican tourist bureau. He and his wife, and Governor Muñoz-Marin and the Governor's wife, were taking a Congressman Powell to dinner. Would I please go along?

Besides my resolution about blind dates, there was also the fact that I had been swimming all afternoon; I was tired and my hair was plastered down with salt water. I said no, thanks.

A half hour later my publicity friend called again. Congressman Powell was a very important, influential man. It was essential that we Puerto Ricans make a good impression. Would I please change my mind?

In the background I heard my grandmother grumbling, "If he's going to keep calling all evening, why don't you say yes and get it over with?" Over the phone, my friend was being very flattering about my qualifications as a representative of Puerto Rico. At last I said, "All right. I'll do it for my country."

The Congressman arrived at our home about 9 P.M. He was tall, nearly 6 feet 4. He was handsome. He was beautifully dressed. He said, "I was told I was going to *(continued on page 169)*

Mother's Day, U.S.A.



Perfect day. Granny loves azaleas. She baked her great chocolate cake. Dad, as usual, took a million pictures. All of us wore new shirtdresses.

From left: Pink pleated shirtdress of Dacron/cotton seersucker, Youthguild, 3-13, $35. Pale blue and belted, of Arnel/nylon bouclé, R&K Originals, 10-18, $20. Orange and kick-pleated, of Dacron/cotton seersucker, Youthguild, 3-15, $30. Girls' shoes, Capezio; mother's, I. Miller. Granny's flower-print dress by Amy Adams.

Just in time for that red-letter day on the calendar, here's our Mother's Day present to you: an album of family snapshots showing some of the prettiest, freshest-looking summer dresses we could find, at prices most mothers (and fathers) would approve of. Making this a tribute to American women of all ages, we've included fashions for daughters and grandmothers, too. By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor.



Melissa, me and Reverend Howard, just after services. Ralph tried out his new camera. Glad I wore my apricot dress. Love the new look of a belt after all these years.

Of acetate/rayon crepe, with soft kidskin belt, by Ole Borden for Rembrandt, 6-14, $70. Adolfo II hat, I. Miller shoes. Little girl's dress of cotton seersucker with braid bands at hem and yoke. By Sunny Lee, 3-6X, $7. American Girl roller hat.



Mike's such a ham. Almost spoiled the picture. Man who took this thought Linda and I were sisters. Ha! Could be our dresses. Bought them in the same department.

Mother's, a blazer coat that can be worn as a dress. Of cotton/Fortrel gabardine, teamed with an A-line dress of Kodel/Avril twill, $55. Daughter's tent dress in same blazer fabric as mother's coat, $35. Both, Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort. 3-15.



My first trip to Knotts Berry Farm. It was fun. Daddy took this picture of Mommy and me with a REAL Indian. His name is Chief White Eagle.

Mother's pantsdress of cotton sateen, by Junior Sophisticates, 3-13, $60. Little girl's pleated sailor dress of cotton pique by Joan Bellew for Kate Greenaway, 3-6X, $8.



Mother's Day reunion at Grandfather's. Fran loved my pinafore shift. I was mad about her flower-y pantsdress. Our girls had such a good time together.

Left, of acetate/rayon linen weave, by Kelly Arden, 3-13, $16. Right, of Arnel jersey, by Joan Sparks for Alamor, 3-13, $26. Little girl's romper dress, left, of cotton oxford by Joseph Love, 2-4T, $7. Smock dress with bows, right, of cotton broadcloth by Betsy Daniels for Shutterbug, 3-6X, $10.



How great! Danny got home for Mother's Day! I've surprised him at the station. Tommy's first look at Santa Fe's El Capitan. Mother and I wore our "shirts."

Left, pin-stripe knit of linen and Arnel by Amy Adams, 12½-22½, $40. (Comes with a belt.) Koret handbag. Right, a tent dress with mother-of-pearl buttons down the front, of cotton voile, by Junior Sophisticates, 3-15, $60. Sheffield watch, Charles Jourdan shoes.

Shopping information, page 142 Photographs by Dick Richards

HE HAD BECOME A STRANGER, WASTING THE UNIVERSITY EDUCATION SHE HAD PAID FOR, RUNNING OFF TO PARIS, MARRYING A PEASANT GIRL. ☐ BY LYNNE REID BANKS

ONLY SON

The vast, sooty concavity of Victoria Station was gloomier than usual. Above the false sky of the gray glass, the real sky was a deep, sad gray. Even the bright spots within—the bookstall, the flower-and-fruit shop—were dimmed: the faces behind the counters, electrically lit at midday, looked grim, unhealthy, as if they lived entirely out of sight of the sun.

Mrs. Jo Hadden sat on one of the green benches, smoking her tenth cigarette of the day without awareness, but with a certain elegance.

Anyone looking at her—and several people did, during the two hours she sat there—would have found her an attractive sight. She was in her late fifties and no longer slim; but her hatless hair was still bright and glossy, her makeup unmatronly and her clothes well made. She did not believe in dark colors, even in winter; her tweed coats and woolen frocks were all in the yellows and blues and turquoise-greens that she loved. Her cleaning bills reflected this small self-indulgence, but she had long ago come to terms with the few extravagances needed to keep up her morale, and did not feel guilty about them.

She was a widow and had been now for eight years. Her husband had been a doctor, and he had, quite simply, worked himself to death. His death had been so sudden (coronary thrombosis—the doctor's disease) that she had taken longer to recover from it than if there had been some warning of illness. One moment he was there, his warm lips and small, neatly trimmed moustache pressed to her cheek, the familiar weight of his arm across her shoulders as she sat at her desk; the next moment, he went out of the room and—she heard him fall. No cry, no pain. The perfect way to go! How many times had well-meaning people said those words to comfort her? Didn't she know it? But oh, the shock, the unbelievable sudden emptiness! Eight years later, incredulity at his absence could still strike her heart and take away her breath like a dizzying blow.

She had one son. Why only one? She often pondered this question. Life had been so good, so full, when she and Jo were young and newly married. For four years they simply hadn't bothered to have a baby because they felt that any factor more or less would detract from the perfect sum of their happiness. At last, when she was twenty-seven, Ajax had cropped up more or less incidentally.

Of course they hadn't christened him Ajax. That was the nonsense name his father had had for him before his arrival; but it had stuck. Having been uncertain whether they really wanted him, whether he might not interfere with the life that they rather (*continued on page 142*)

Her daughter-in-law's face, smiling and alig[ht] trace of worldliness.

She stood on the train platform, searching the moving windows for the half-forgotten face.

Illustration by Mark English





Everyone visiting the Fischer home in Aberdeen, S. Dak., is sure of one thing: There simply must be a "secret" in bringing up eleven children, including five–count 'em, five–three-year-olds. How does Mary Ann Fischer really do it? And does she have a secret?

HOW TO RAISE QUINTS WITHOUT GOING CRAZY

By Gail Cameron. Momentarily, it was peaceful. Outdoors, the wind was wild on the South Dakota plains. But inside the modern 17-room farmhouse that Andy and Mary Fischer built near Aberdeen after the birth of the quintuplets 3½ years ago, the afternoon sun was streaming into the kitchen, casting warm, mellow light on the polished wood cabinets, gleaming wall oven and huge, brown refrigerator.

Mary Ann Fischer, 33, a tall, vigorous-looking redhead in black stretch slacks and a blue and white checked cotton shirt, was idly sifting through some pictures when, without warning, the kitchen door flew open, and the three-year-old quintuplets—Maggie, Margie, Mary Ann, Cathy and Jimmy—and their two-year-old sister, Cindy, e onto the scene in living col

In a whirling flash of pl blond heads, it was sudden sible to understand what tho ian peasant women must fe they glance up from their ga to spot the side of a mountai ing directly for their villag were everywhere at once, lik cous army claiming the s victory; they flung open doors, hurled pots, pans and to the floor, a giant bag of e dles into the air and a to way emergency pickup t each other. It was a mini-ri

Mary Ann moved into t with the swiftness and dext a Red Cross emergency te voice modulating abruptly f

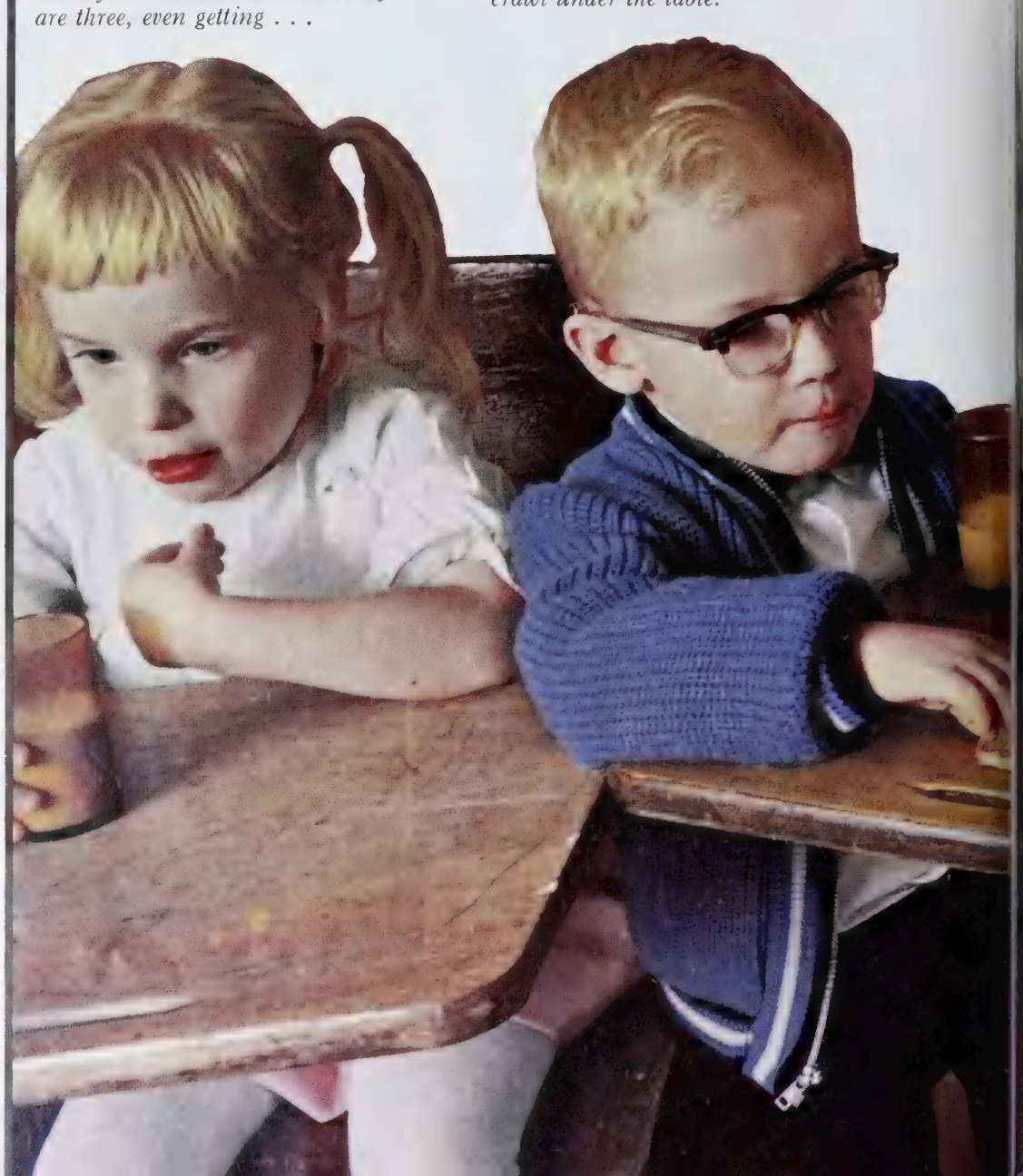
Photographs by Peter Levy

1. *Mary Catherine (Maggie)* **2.** *Jimmy and Annie*
3. *Mary Ann (Annie)* **4.** *Grandma Brady, Cathy*
5. *Mrs. Fischer and Annie* **6.** *Fischers, washing*



The babies are fed in a row of high chairs lined up against one wall of the dinette. Now that they are three, even getting . . .

them seated in their high chairs is a workout. As Mary Ann lifts one in, two others climb out and crawl under the table.



leasant tones of a Midwest-
ousewife to the strident bark
Iarine drill instructor. A few
commands (*"Now don't
that door again, and I mean*
a brisk slap here and there
package of fruit drops dra-
ally reduced the noise level.
quints busied themselves
, popping sticky, wet can-
and out of their mouths as
Ann dealt with the debris.
st of the egg noodles had al-
lisappeared when a weak cry
om!" drifted down from the
floor. "Oh, that's Danny,"
Ann announced. "I have
and Danny home with the
s today. Could you watch
abies for a minute? I'll be
ack." Mary Ann reappeared
within minutes, casually sauntered back to the dining area as unruffled as if there had been no interruption at all.

"You can see how shook up I am," she said nonchalantly. *"Cathy! I said no climbing on the table! Now get off there! Jimmy! If you touch that lamp once more, you're gonna get spanked! I don't know what's the matter with you today."*

Visitors to the Fischer household are inevitably unnerved to some degree by the experience. "Why, I've had people here who practically have a breakdown after fifteen minutes," reports Mary Ann. Eventually, everyone winds up saying how amazing she is.

"People are always asking, 'How do you do it?'" she says. "And sometimes I feel like turning around and saying, 'Well, what do you *expect* I'm going to do?' I put up with it, that's what I do. What choice do I have? Am I supposed to just announce, 'I can't stand it,' and walk out? I made up my mind when the babies were born that they were going to grow up in a normal family atmosphere, and to do that means a lot of work." She added, "It's a lot of work, but it's a lot of enjoyment, too."

Yet outsiders cannot help but be awed by the everyday reality of Mary Ann Fischer's life. She is not, to be sure, the only woman across the land in the throes of raising a large family. She is, however, the only (*continued on page 165*)

Sometimes she gets to the fifth chair only to turn around and find the others empty again, and the babies chasing each other in . . . every direction. Here (from left) Maggie, Jimmy, Annie, Cathy and Margie fuel up for the day's fun and games. "Every time I turn around . . . someone is missing," says their mother. She has learned to run about as fast as the "average college track star."



1

IS ADULTERY EVER JUSTIFIED? IN THIS EXCERPT FROM A FORTHCOMING BOOK, A CONTROVERSIAL RELIGIOUS FIGURE SAYS SOME SURPRISING NEW THINGS ABOUT AN ANCIENT PROBLEM

"WE'RE ALL HAPPIER NOW." John, a married man, and Mary, a single career woman, have been seeing each other regularly for a couple of years and have been expressing their love for each other in intimate relationships for about 18 months. They have felt that this is "all right," John for an external reason and Mary for an internal one. For years, John's wife Joan has been an alcoholic, and during the last four or five years her chronic alcoholism has been so compulsive and severe that all measures have failed and she has increasingly become a "vegetable," uninterested in anything, including her husband—either in general sharing or in sex relations. A psychiatrist has found that she suffers from permanent brain damage. Mary, on the other hand, has found her practice of the law sufficiently engrossing that she does not want to get married; thus she has not felt that her abiding relationship with John is blocking her from what with others would be the fulfillment of hope for marriage. John and Mary do not feel that his wife Joan is being robbed of anything. In fact, since he has been intimate with Mary, he has been noticeably more patient with Joan's unresponsiveness and more attentive to her needs—real or supposed. Instances of tension between John and Mary are infrequent and short-lived.

2



"WE'RE NOT HURTING ANYONE." Bill and Alice are happily married in a kind of taken-for-granted way. He began to be thrown together a good deal with Dorothy, a married girl at the office, whose marriage was solvent enough but who actually shared more of Bill's interests than those of her husband Jack. One night when she planned to stay over in the city because she had been asked to work quite late with Bill on a rush project, they concluded their work with a few nightcaps. Bill decided to stay in town also. From that night on they renewed their intimate relations as often as opportunity was afforded. Each assured the other that there was no intention of breaking up either marriage; in fact, each affirmed—and meant it—love of spouse. But both agreed that their relationship was very meaningful and added to the fullness of life. Yet there was no question that, while sexual relations continued at home, intercourse was more exciting and more eagerly anticipated in the case of their own liaison.

3

ONE-NIGHT STAND. Murray and Mildred, both single, got acquainted during a long weekend in a town some distance from their own homes where they had gone as members of a wedding party. They rather naturally "took to" each other, though neither very seriously. On returning to their hotel the last night they decided that it would be more pleasant to sleep in room than in two. The next morni they took their leave and returned home, each expressing the hope th their paths would cross again.

4

SERVICES RENDERED. Joe, a married man, was sent by his firm to Tokyo for a month. Having time on his hands evenings, several times he engaged in relations with prostitutes, treating them kindly and expressing his appreciation with a tip each time.

FOUR CASES IN THE NEW MORALITY

BY BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE

ocus here on examples from the field of sex behavior for three

s is what is expected. Most people who have heard the phrase "The rality" automatically associate it with the topic of sex. And under- y enough: our culture has long tended to associate "morality" with example, if we hear that a clergyman has been unfrocked for ty we just assume that he was caught in some sort of hetero- or ual activity. Our imaginations would be unlikely to conjure up an his stealing from the alms basin or breaking the seal of confession ning silent in the face of grave social evil, such as racial discrimina- ough, on reflection, many would readily agree that these forms of are also immoral.

in connection with sex that there is the greatest degree of nervous- ut The New Morality. Since the old morality has been conceived stion of conventional sexual behavior, it is assumed that the adjec- " connotes a general endorsement of everything up to free love. fact of the presentation of four quite different illustrations with omplexities to be weighed should suggest, however, that this will ut to be a piece of propaganda for an ance.

llustrations from the field of sex were there would lurk in some readers' her the suspicion that the subject was lged through an exaggerated sense of , or the fear that their agreement with ther fields might logically lead them, to liberal conclusions in cases about

ld be premature, however, to seek to ese four illustrations right now. First d consider bases for deciding what f ethics is the most acceptable one, e of reference should consistently be aking particular ethical decisions. In ere are only three such schemes: Code unded on immutable laws derived nfallible source or sources; antino- (literally, against-law-ism); and situ- ics, in which the individual makes responsibly but with the understand- each decision must be made in the f the given situation, and that no de answer book is possible.

ew most generally accepted, at least nscious level, is that of Code ethics. Some people support the Code cause that is what they have been taught. The principal founda- ode ethics are the Ten Commandments and other Biblical injunc- teachings of the church, and natural law. Under Code morality, l questions implied in our four cases are easy. In all four cases, the simply No.

rly, under the tenets of the antinomianism, the cases are simple. uch an outlook a recreational view of sex prevails, the answer in nstances is Yes.

situation ethics, decision-making is not so easy. In fact, no text- ver can be given at all. No description of one situation can disclose es of any other situation. And there are no "pre-fab" answers n the particular facts of the case. There are no pre-fab answers in f the particular situation in its particular context.

Nevertheless, such facts as are given in the four cases suggest variants in the respective situations, variants that might make the difference between Yes and No. Among the factors that could be taken into account are these:

1. How valuable for the joy and fulfillment of the persons directly involved is the actual or proposed sexual intimacy?

2. How likely is the possibility of inequality? Is there inequality in the degree of caring, with one party becoming much more emotionally involved than the other—with one not being ready (or perhaps able) to match the growing emotional involvement of the other?

3. How will their "going ahead" be likely to affect other obligations? How will current commitments and the willingness and capacity to fulfill these commitments be affected?

Ask these questions about the situation in Case 1—*We're all happier now*—and the prognosis for the relationships would seem favorable. A fuller and more happy life, from all appearances, has come to John and Mary. There seems to be sound and stable parity in their emotional involvement. Joan, the only other person in the picture, is apparently being denied nothing. In fact, there are even signs that there has been a gain where she is concerned.

Would this be true if she *knew?* Maybe not, but she doesn't know. Once a primary ethical decision has been made, more often than not secondary ethical responsibilities are involved. Here it may be that *discretion* would be among the second-level responsibilities, especially since no positive value for those involved could derive from a more "open" situation.

But if reasonable caution is the pattern, and high odds of success are apparent, the mere threat of a disrupting disclosure or some other harmful result does not mean the liaison should not be conducted. If such mere threat of random danger were disabling, one wouldn't drive a car or take a plane!

When the same three questions are asked about Case 2—*We're not hurting anyone*—it is easy to see that each of the answers would be somewhat more complex.

As to personal fulfillment, in Case 1, the difference between No and Yes is a difference between nothing and one plus factor. In Case 2, it is at most a difference between one plus and two pluses.

In fact, had Bill and Dorothy not been thrown together—more or less by chance, it would seem—there might not have been the sudden contrast to the marital relationship each had back home. Perhaps conscious attention paid to the lost luster of the respective marriages could be enough to revitalize each, could shift each into a higher plane.

Should either Bill or Dorothy be capable of self-criticism and of taking a detached view, and if either or both were willing to act on such insight, it is quite possible that either of their marriages could be represented by a one plus large enough to equal or surpass the present two pluses. In fact, the very existence of a Bill-Dorothy relationship can dull sensitivities to the need or possibilities of the renewal of the two marriages. It can even be a positive barrier to seeking or desiring such renewal.

There is also a strong possibility here of imparity—of inequality of involvement. Should Dorothy become more (*continued on page 162*)

y Philippe Halsman

ev. James A. Pike is one of America's most controversial clergymen. After resigning last year f the Episcopal diocese of California, he faced heresy charges brought by 28 fellow bishops and was formally rebuked by the Episcopal House s for his unorthodox views of such church dogma as the Trinity and the Virgin Birth.
ke is now a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, Calif.

coming book, "You and the New Morality," by James A. Pike, published by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc. Copyright © 1967 by James A. Pike.

EXCITING NEW MAN ON THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE, ACTOR GEORGE SEGAL GETS THE NEWEST MESSAGE ON EVERY SMART GIRL'S



gloss-ary

fined here: the latest words on
tty mouths this spring.

y

e way your lips should always
—because a shiny mouth looks
nder, fuller, prettier. Give
rself a shiny mouth by wear-
a gloss, or frost, alone or over
r lipstick. Or, use a lipstick
h shine built right in (there
several available now).

Color

Definitely brighter, sharper—from bittersweet orange, to coral, to deep pink (see telltale traces on George Segal's face).

Gloss

Whether you wear lipstick or not, always wear lip gloss. It protects your lips from sun, windburn, keeps them smooth. Gloss comes in stick or cake form, has an oil base, adds a transparent shine. (Some of the new glosses also add a hint of bright, transparent color.)

Frost

Adds a pearlized or iridescent shine when worn over your lipstick. Colored frosts will also modify, soften and lighten a sharp lipstick color—a good way to adapt your favorite lipstick to whatever you're wearing. Many lipsticks are now available in a frosted formula.

By Susan Harney, Beauty Editor



Photograph by Francesco Scavullo Haircuts by Fredrick Gla[illegible]r

Sure Thing This Summer: The Shirt



By NORA O'LEARY,
Patterns Editor

Keep your shirt on. Keep it on all summer. Nothing looks newer than the newest looks in shirts: from the classic shirt to tuck into a sl to the shirt that's part culottes or the one that grov into a dress. So, if you haven't got one, get one. Th easiest way: Make your own. The shirts we show on these pages—all in summer's newe color combination, brown and white—are so much fun probably end up with a closetful of shirts.

This is the newest shirt of al the shirt that ends in culott Of Tiger's giraffe-printed col set off by crisp white linen c and cuffs and a big brown sa Butterick 4496. Safari hat, A Tights, Hudson. Shoes, Adil

This is the classic tuck-in shirt (Vogue 5213), here in white bonded rayon crepe by H. Bates. With it, dark-brown Moygashel linen culottes (Vogue 7151). Tortoise link belt, Colony. Cuff links, Hattie Carnegie. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Golo shoes.



This simple sleeveless shirt grew up to be an A-shaped dress. Of J. P. Stevens brown-and-white cotton tattersall check; tab and collar, reverse checked on the bias. Vogue 6965. Adolfo hat. Round the Clock stockings. Charles Elkaim jewelry.

Photographs by William Helburn



Left: This simple shirtwaist ta
a ruffled skirt and a brown sat
sash, ends up as a pretty party
Vogue 7041. Shirt top of Amity
dark-brown linen-weave rayon
Skirt of Samuel Ehrman's ruff
white cotton eyelet.

Right: This little shirt gets a
soft new look with touches
of brown velvet ribbon and whi
Irish lace—both by Janice Lace
William Lind brown-and-white
cotton dotted swiss. Butterick

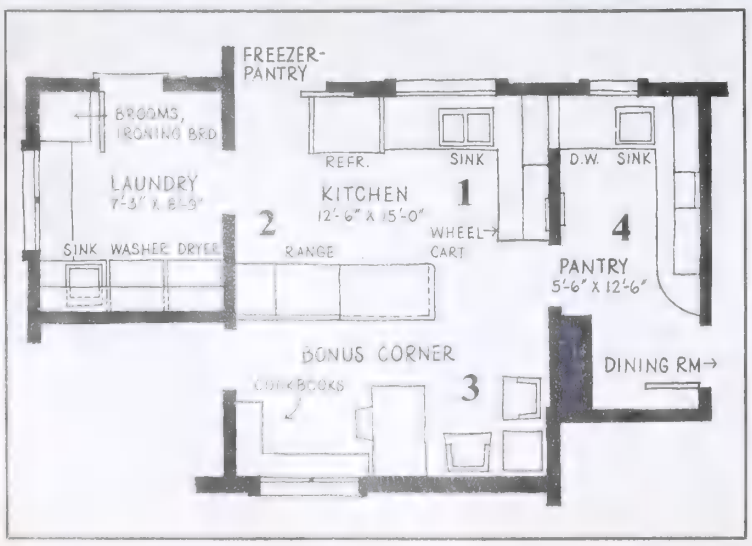
collarless shirt goes sportive
avy white Irish linen
ied and buttoned in dark
n. Vogue 7149. Brown straw
Sally Victor. Scarf and
ngs, Yves Saint Laurent for
ny. Charles Elkaim bracelet.
s on page 144



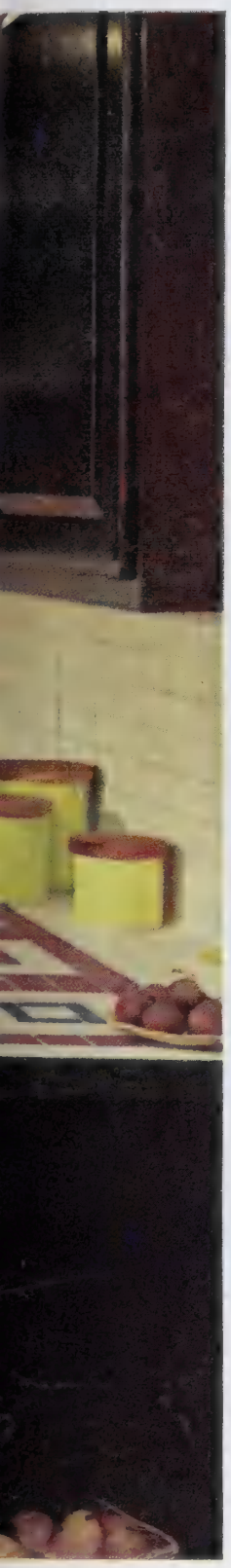
1 Before remodeling (see "before" picture, opposite page), this section of the kitchen held only a sink and old cabinet. Now, every inch of space has been utilized and carefully planned. Under the window, as before, a sink. Next to it, a frostless refrigerator with three sections: top, a new moist-cold compartment where foods stay fresh uncovered; center, a fast-chilling section; bottom, a freezer with roll-out baskets. The tile counter around the sink continues at a right angle to complete a step-saving center. Dark oak cabinets, by Whitehall, have distinctive paneled fronts. A matching wheeled table is under the counter.



Photographs by Ernest Silva; drawing, Natalie
Color design by Howard Perry Ro



Basic floor plan of the kitchen, left, shows the arrangement after remodeling. Section at far left was once a servants' dining room, is now a fully equipped laundry. (More about it on page 176.) The laundry is conveniently located next to the main kitchen area (numbered 1, 2 and 3 on the plan). In old kitchen, icebox, range and work areas were lined up along the walls. In the new arrangement, a range-divider-peninsula separates work area 1 from recreation area 3. The pantry, 4, adjoins the kitchen.



2 *The original kitchen area was divided by this work peninsula, a few feet from sink. It consists of an electric range between two storage cabinets—one with wood chopping-block top. Range is 30 inches wide, has four surface cooking units, two ovens (one at eye level has glass-front door that slides up and out of the way). Entire kitchen ceiling was covered with acoustical tiles; center light is surface-mounted.*



3 *When range and cabinets were set up to create the new work peninsula near the sink, an area was opened up for other use behind the peninsula and turned into a charming little corner wallpapered to match the window shades. There are shelves holding cookbooks and magazines, a glass-topped table and antique chair, two modern sling chairs. Ceramic-tile floor and countertops are by American Olean.*



Great Comeback for an Old Kitchen



rgaret Davidson, Home Management Editor

ndsome, efficient-looking kitchen here, with its bold, contemporary colors, to-the-minute appliances, is 50 years old—a recently remodeled kitchen in house in Dayton, Ohio. It was built in the days when a household staff was onplace and was huge and inefficient by today's standards. In remodeling, ings were taken into consideration: First, the probable absence of servants e consequent necessity of planning work areas so that one person could do ber of jobs simultaneously. Second, since the kitchen has become more than place where food is prepared—it's a family center in most houses these -making it as attractive as any room in the house. Just as important: install- w appliances (everything here by Frigidaire) and creating new storage.



4 *The remodeled serving pantry not only continues to function as a pantry, it's also the new headquarters of the teen-agers in the house, equipped with a sink and second dishwasher and several small, plug-in electric appliances for making snacks and milkshakes. Cabinets and cupboards in the pantry are used to store extra dishes, table accessories, glassware and foods that need no refrigeration.*

Continued on page 176.

Shopping information on page 142.

We found these elegant, fresh-as-a-day-in-May table settings on display at Tiffany's in New York, wanted you to see them, too. Because they're too pretty to miss. And because they embody so much that we believe in: colorful tablecloths, simple centerpieces, an imaginative mix of the old, the new, the formal, the informal—table settings that break away from tradition to achieve a new kind of elegance.

Contributing most to the new look of the three tables here boldly patterned cotton-print cloths—just as right as the conventional

Breakfast,

Lunch

Photographs by Tosh Matsumoto



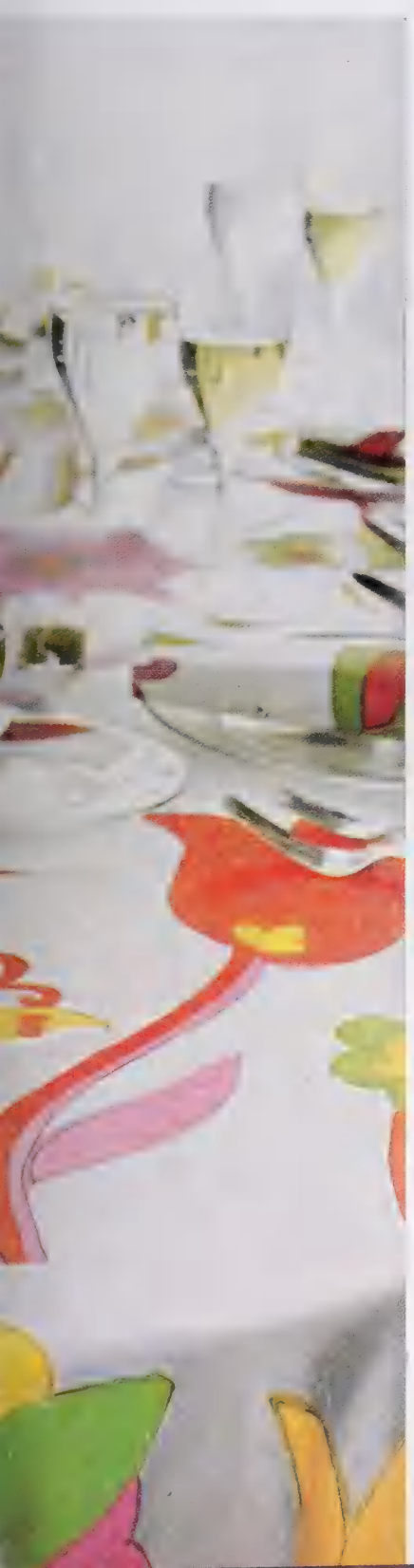
h, and a lot more imaginative. Each of the tables has a citrus-fruit center-
picks up some of the citrus-y colors in the cloths—an example of how
sting, inexpensive centerpiece can be created in seconds, using some-
rful that's readily at hand. A touch of the unexpected: wicker chairs
at the relatively formal dinner table, a fresh and unusual contrast to the vermeil flatware, candlesticks and centerpiece bowl. All of the tablecloths and napkins were made from Woodson cotton prints. All accessories, china, silver and glass are from Tiffany's.

BY MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor

Shopping information on page 142.

nd

Dinner at Tiffany's







FLOATING ISLAND was a favorite dessert of Thomas Jefferson. This quick version is simplicity itself: packaged no-bake custard, topped with meringues and caramel made from corn syrup.

PEACHES FRANGIPANE, a coo and festive summer treat . . . halves sandwiched together wi an almond-scented Frangipan of custard and crushed macar

Custard & its Regal Cousins

Plain custard is the basis of many lavish, classic French desserts like these. But custard used to mean anxious stirring in a double boiler or slow baking in a pan of water in the oven . . . worrying about cracking, scorching, burning. No more! Now, thanks to new, no-bake, packaged custard mixes, all these kingly desserts can be made in a pinch. Or, for purists who like to make custard from scratch, we have several amazing new ideas to banish all worry. You mix cold (not scalded) milk; you "bake" your custard in an electric skillet filled with water, or in a well regulated oven without the water bath. Begin to master the new custard cookery with Floating Island (above). Open the packaged custard, add milk and an egg yolk, if you like. Heat, pour, chill. Top with "islands" of meringue and caramel ribbons made from corn syrup. Eureka! Already you're an accomplished custard chef. Now follow the numbers on the desserts above—ea is slightly more elaborate than the last. All can be conjured from either the new packaged or made-from-scratch custard.

We have all the directions, cooking tips, and a bevy of recipes including classic Pots de Crème. Without really trying, you'll soon be famous for cool, lush dessert creations like those shown here. Don't breathe a word of how easy it is. Just turn to page 136 and begin. By POPPY CANNON, Food Editor

5 *BAVARIAN À L'ORANGE, most elaborate of these desserts, starts with an orange-gelatin-lined mold (easier than you think with our tricky new way). Garnished with mandarin oranges.*

4 *CHOCOLATE RUSSE WITH PRALINE TOPPING. A mold is lined with sponge fingers, filled with a chocolate-flavored custard. A topping of crushed almond or peanut brittle.*



3 *CRÈME CARAMEL RENVERSÉE means "Turned-Out Custard" or "Flan" in Latin countries. Here custard is baked in a caramel-lined mold, filled and garnished with kumquats.*

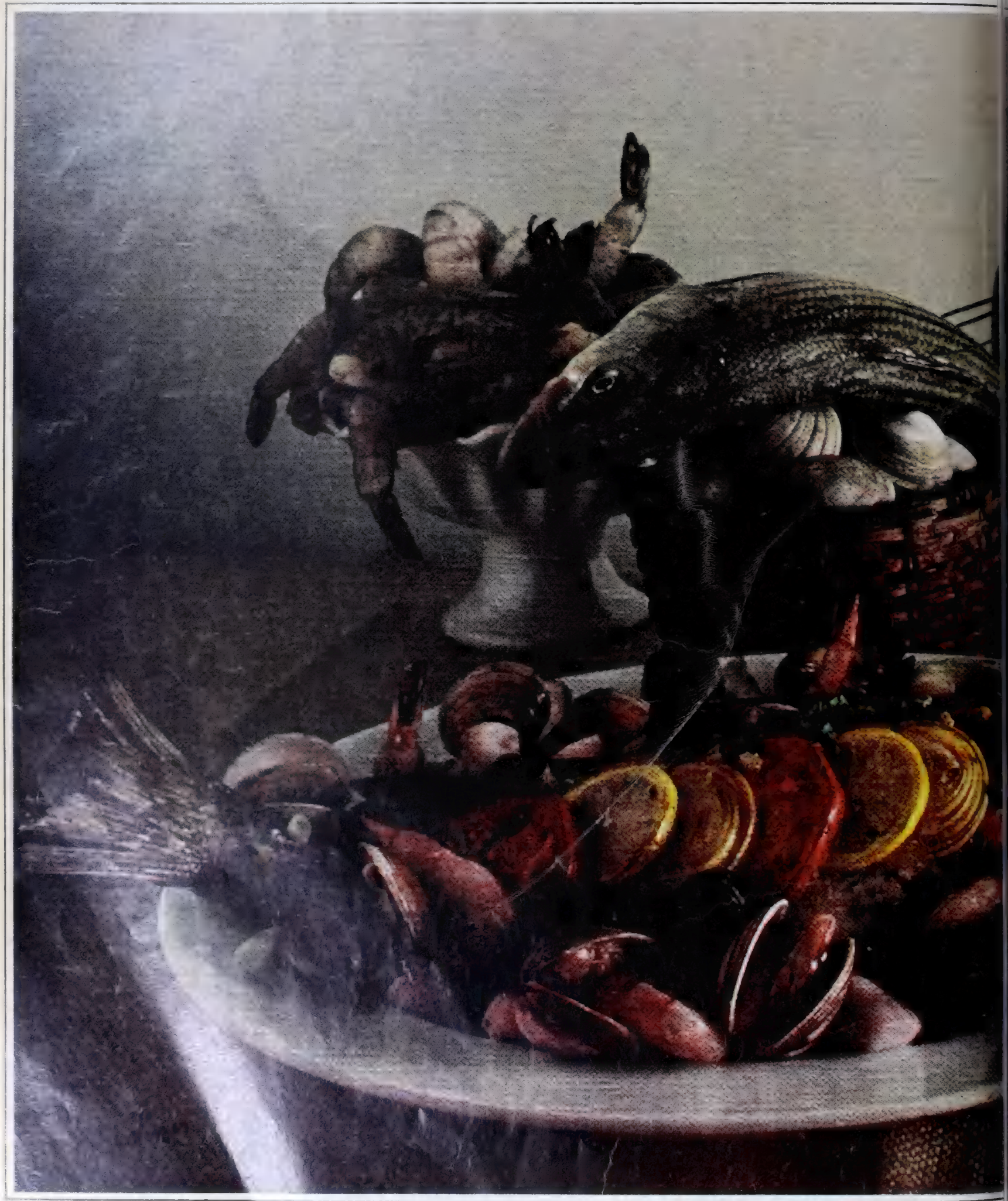


Photograph by Arthur Beck

PAULA PECK'S ART OF GOOD COOKING

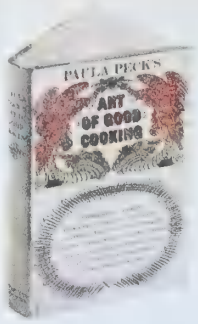
Journal Cookbook of the Month: Number 19 of a Series

SHOWN BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT: LIAN'S STRIPED BASS PLAKI, RACK OF LAMB, ITALIAN ANTIPASTO PICKLES



Copyright © 1961, 1966 by Paula Peck. From "Paula Peck's Art of Good Cooking," published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Paula Peck has been hailed as "one of the most inventive, imaginative and dedicated cooks of our time." [illegible]l is proud to present her new "Art of Good Cooking," an extraordinary book, simple and straightforward enough for a beginner, sophisticated enough to please any expert.



Because she refuses to take conventional ways of cooking for granted, Paula Peck has an amazing number of quick, timesaving techniques. Her new book includes over 300 recipes, from appetizers to desserts, and, for unexpected guests, an excellent chapter on "Homemade Foods in Reserve." Selected recipes begin on page 134.

CHICKEN CLASSICS THE LAZY WAY

The drowsy lady in this scene, which might have been painted by t
Dutch master Vermeer—could she be dreaming of dishes, stylish a
grand, to set before her lord and master, and her guests? Chicken,
doubt! For chicken was then, as it is now, the *dressy* choice. But
this new day, chicken is easy, quick to fix and almost always the b



ıe week at the supermarket. Don't be thrown by the lavish looks Continental names of the chicken classics on this page. We have lady ways of dealing with chicken in all its guises—simplified ıods to sauté, oven- or Southern-fry, broil, roast, stew or fricassee. can even tell you how to cope when it's close to dinner and your bird is solid frozen. In less than 40 minutes even a novice can achieve such impressive creations as (back row, left to right): Cornish Game Hens with Artichoke Hearts, Coq au Vin; (front row, left to right) Chicken Côtelettes Kiev . . . the ultimate in chic, and Norwegian Chicken in Dill Sauce with Cucumbers. For recipes, turn to page 139.

Photograph by Henry Sandbank



Canadian Eggs Bened

Mushroom Pratie

Work Wonders with Mushrooms

Mushroom Slaw

"The relish of the gods," Roman Emperor Nero called mushrooms—an epicurean treat since the beginning of history. Mushrooms are a dieter's delight, too (see "Weight Watchers Cookbook," page 128), with only 66 calories in a whole pound! Now a raft of economical mushroom products makes it possible to add luxury to all sorts of dishes. A quick survey at the supermarket turns up fresh mushrooms, canned (crowns, sliced, chopped and whole), dried mushrooms, mushroom powder, packaged mushroom-gravy mix, steak sauce with mushrooms and, of course, mushroom soup—both canned and packaged. Frozen and freeze-dried mushrooms are also available in many shops.

Mushrooms are magic—the way they appear, sudden as morning in the meadows. Just as magically, they lend interest and savor to all kinds of dishes. We have lots of elegant ways, including short tips and easy recipes. Shown above: Mushroom Pratie is a fine change on the traditional Irish potato pancake; Mushroom Slaw, a colorful, crisp cabbage salad, uses dried mushrooms, and Canadian Eggs Benedict flaunt a mushroom sauce and Canadian bacon—elegant and easy for brunch, lunch or supper.

MUSHROOM PRATIE

Prepare 1 (4-serving) pkg. instant mashed potatoes according to directions, but use only 1 cup water. Stir in 1 (2-oz.) pkg. mushroom-gravy mix, 1/4 cup sour cream, 1/4 cup chives. Cool. Shape into 6 patties. Coat both sides in 1/4 cup flour. Sauté in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, over medium heat, 4 or 5 minutes or till golden brown on each side.

MUSHROOM SLAW

Soak 1 (1/2-oz.) container dried mushrooms in 1/2 cup cold water, 15 minutes. Drain, saving 2 tablespoons of the liquid. Pat dry. Cut in julienne strips. Combine mushroom strip 2 cups shredded red cabbage, 2 cups shr green cabbage, 1/2 cup mayonnaise (th with 2 tablespoons mushroom liquid), spoon celery seed, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/8 tea pepper. Chill at least 1 hour. Makes 4

CANADIAN EGGS BENEDICT

Sauté 1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms (about 2 sliced, and 1/4 cup finely chopped onion cup butter or margarine for 5 minutes. Sp with 1/3 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/ spoon pepper. Mix well. Gradually sti cups light cream and cook, stirring const till thickened. Add 2 tablespoons sweet s or Madeira wine. Makes 2 1/2 cups. Kee

Toast 3 split English muffins (6 halves butter lightly. Top with 6 slices Can bacon, sautéed. Place 1 poached egg on each. Spoon on Mushroom Sauce. Serv Makes 6 servings. (*continued on pag*

Photograph by Lynn

ay-after dinners

oup gives a new lift to leftovers



ET LUAU (made with leftover ham or chicken)

all green pepper, cut in strips
e clove garlic, minced
curry powder
. butter or margarine
Campbell's Cream of
ken Soup
⅓ to ½ cup water
1½ cups cubed cooked ham or chicken
½ cup pineapple tidbits
Cooked rice
Toasted slivered almonds

ucepan, cook green pepper, garlic, and curry powder in butntil green pepper is tender. Stir in soup, water, ham, and pple. Heat; stir now and then. Serve with rice; garnish with ed slivered almonds. Makes 4 fabulous servings.



PINWHEEL CASSEROLE (made with leftover lamb, pork or veal)

1½ cups cubed cooked lamb, pork or veal
¼ tsp. oregano, crushed
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup
¼ cup water
½ cup chopped canned tomatoes
1 cup cooked cut green beans
1 cup biscuit mix
⅓ cup milk
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese

In saucepan, brown meat, oregano in butter. Add next 4 ingredients. Pour into 1½-quart casserole. Bake at 450°F. 10 minutes. Meanwhile, combine biscuit mix, milk as package directs. Roll into 8" square; top with cheese. Roll up jelly-roll fashion; cut into 8 slices. Place around casserole edge. Bake 15 minutes. 4 servings.



TYLE MEAT & POTATOES (made with leftover beef)

ps cooked beef cut into strips
thinly sliced onion
butter or margarine
Campbell's Cream of Celery
⅓ cup milk
1 cup (4 ounces) shredded Cheddar cheese
Generous dash pepper
3 cups sliced cooked potatoes

cepan, brown beef and cook onion in butter until onion is . Blend in soup, milk, ¾ cup cheese, and pepper. In 1½-casserole, arrange alternate layers of potatoes, meat, onion, auce. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and paprika. Bake at F. for 30 minutes uncovered. 4 servings.

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May basket of Strawberries and Kiss-Me-Quicks, made from a package of frosting mix.

Photograph by Ben Swedow

MAY

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1 May Day. As in France, give lilies of the valley. Get a kiss—a Kiss-Me-Quick! Whip up fluffy frosting mix with *only* ⅓ *cup water.* Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased, sugared cookie sheet. Bake at 300°, 20 minutes.

2 Celebrate California Strawberry Festival. Bring on the ruby beauties in a leaf-lined basket. Dip in mounds of powdered sugar.

3 Hail to the King Crab in Kodiak, Alaska. We know a man who sets the great royal red beastie—6 feet across—on the buffet table. Cooked? Yes! We are more modest: add a cup of cooked crab meat (fresh, canned or frozen) to a sour-cream dip. Inspired dunk for vegetables, all chips.

4 Orchards dance in foamy pink tutus in Shenandoah and Wenatchee. Apple and Spice Cake wears a garland of real or pink marshmallow blossoms.

5 Carp-shaped kites honor little boys in Japan, *chimaki* rice cakes make them brave. Our brave cakes blend together 2 cups puffed-rice cereal, 1 (6-oz.) pkg. butterscotch chips, melted. Drop by globs onto waxed paper. Let dry 20 minutes.

6 Kentucky Derby Day collation: bourbon bastes baked ham and is spooned lovingly over orange sherbet. Spangle of black walnuts.

7 Invite Mother-in-Law to dinner on her special day. Spray a tray of canapés from new squirt-type spreads—Cheddar, Pimiento, and American Cheese.

8 Will his Bess stir up a batch of her famous brownies for President Truman's birthday? We'll settle for frozen. They look like the most exotic confections when they're cut in slender strips, snowed under sugar.

9 Plenty of crust in a new 16-oz. pkg. mix. Generous enough for a 9-inch 2-crust pie, a lavish 10-inch latticed crust or a dozen tart shells.

10 Pieplant—that's rhubarb to city folk. Makes the world's best chutney. Combine 1 lb. (2 cups) fresh or frozen rhubarb with ½ cup dark corn syrup, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. ground cloves. Cook 20 minutes till smooth and thick.

11 Tulip Festival in Pella, Iowa—where we learned about Tulip Salads, *i.e.,* potato, egg, or what-you-will, served in cups or on "petals" of canned whole pimientos.

12 Bach reigns tonight at a festival in Bethlehem (Pa.), Pennsylvania Dutch land of mushroom caves where even a bowl of slaw holds dark mushroom magic.

13 The Green Pepper and Bean Jamboree at Pompano Beach, Florida, inspired a Jamboree Salad of dilled canned beans, green-pepper strips, thinly sliced cooked potatoes, raw onion circles, slivers of ham or sardines, hard-cooked eggs, tossed with garlicky dressing.

14 "LOVE AND XXXX'S MOTHER DEAR," says the Mother's Day cake, made from a mix, frosted from a can. Sugar-coated alphabet cereal spells the message.

15 El Al, Israeli Airlines, will serve prizewinners in Israel's National Cooking Competition. Last year it was Sharon Turkey Slices: cooked turkey sprinkled with salt and pepper, lemon juice, then lightly floured, dipped in butter, deep-fried till golden puffy.

16 Finer than larks' tongues or pheasant under glass are tiny crimson globes of baby radishes pulled from warm spring earth. So good with curls of sweet butter and crusty bread.

17 Flags fly, bands play—it's Norway's birthday. Chicken Norwegian—with cucumbers, sour cream!

18 Mayor Lindsay riled the world last year by ignoring International Pickle Week. Now Manhattan mends its manners and even the baby peas will be decorated with gherkin fans.

19 To honor St. Ives, whose kettles were by miracle always full . . . a modern St. Ives Soup—1 can each spaghetti circles with sliced franks, condensed pea soup, water; splash of lemon juice, throb of hot pepper.

20 Cockney Bubble and Squeak for supper on Eliza Doolittle Day. Let strips of canned luncheon meat squeak and tan in a skillet with chopped onion. Add 3 cups cooked cabbage. Bring to a bubble, season to taste.

21 What club served the first club sandwich? Nobody knows. But everybody's mad about the idea of using canned minced chicken spread and deviled ham instead of sliced meats.

22 Canadians celebrate Queen Victoria's Birthday (the 24th) on the nearest Monday. Must have a Victoria Cake of sponge layers, filled with raspberry jam, dusted with confectioners' sugar.

23 Gypsies make annual pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, feasting *en route* on a stew of Provence, tastily similar to Paula Peck's Beef Fillet Nicoise (page 135).

24 The latest little wonder among pie and filling mixes—pineapple cream. *Très chic,* molded or frozen in a ring and then served with Melba Sauce.

25 The Russians have a way with bunch of scallions: Cut white a green parts into half-inch bits. M with ½ cup vinegar, 2 Tb. water, 1 T sugar, salt and pepper to taste.

26 Coffee hot or coffee iced becom Viennese *Kaffee mit Schlag* now th there's a new non-dairy froz whipped topping that comes ready spoon. Low in calories, stores in frid 2 weeks, can be refrozen.

27 Yams, crashing the summer scen canned, dehydrated and froze Slice lengthwise 1 (17-oz.) can yam 3 bananas; roll pieces in flour. Gi in butter or margarine. Warm ¼ cu rum, ignite, pour on flaming.

28 To go with beer at the Kilkenn Festival in Ireland, or anywhere . . new defatted peanuts with half th oil and calories. Lighter in weigh brighter, irresistible as always.

29 Bedevil a hard-cooked egg in th nicest, swiftest way—add for eac yolk 1 or 2 tsp. bottled Thousand I lands or Green Goddess salad dres ing. Mix and refill whites.

30 Last word in Memorial Day *pique niques* . . . new lightweight vacuu containers make it possible to roar with chilled or hot soups, salads entrees, buttered buns.

31 Wild, wonderful creations served i flight on Braniff Airlines. Like Ric Colonial: half-inch strips of beef ten derloin and fish fillets (1 lb. each) ar sautéed in butter. So are a larg tomato, banana, red apple, cut i wedges. Arrange on mound of chicken flavored rice (from a package), gar nish with green pepper, coconut, al monds. Serve with curry sauce.



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MAY

Thirty-one days in May and here's happy eating for each and every one, 31 fine meals—all swift, practical, enticing, seasonal. For dishes marked with a star*, see Recipe Index, page 178. Daggers † point to foods new on the national scene. Find their brand names and makers listed in Shopping Center, page 142.

MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 SPRING ONION	**1.** MAY DAY DINNER *Bouillon des Champignons *Rack of Lamb Rissole Potatoes (frozen) Fresh Asparagus *Cream St. Honoré ½ †*Kiss-Me-Quicks	**2.** STRAWBERRY TIME Avocado Halves and Lime Slices Charcoal Broiled Salmon Steaks Baked Potatoes Cucumber and Chicory Salad Strawberries as in Paris	**3.** KING CRAB AT SUPPER Cracked Crab Legs *Cornish Hens with Artichokes Buttered Baby Carrots Endive and Watercress Salad Quick-Thaw mixed Fruit	**4.** APPLE BLOSSOM TIME Braised Veal Chops Macaroni Salad with Black Olives and Capers Lima Beans with Lemon Butter Pink Applesauce †Appleblossom Cupcakes	**5.** DAY OF KITES Consommé Madrilene Beef on Skewers Fried Egg Noodles (canned) Bean Sprout and Pimiento Salad *†Japanese Rice Cakes Bananas and Grapes	**6.** KENTU DERBY D Sparkling Melo in Champa or Ginger *Bourbon-B Ham Baked Bea Spring Greens *Orange She with Bourb and Black Wa
7. MOTHER-IN-LAW MEAL †Assorted Spray-Cheese Canapés *Mushroom Soufflé Cold Cuts Buttered Broccoli Lettuce Hearts with Roquefort Dressing *Frangipane Fruits	**8.** TRUMAN FAVORITES Meat Loaf with Spicy Tomato Sauce Buttered Peas Scalloped Potatoes Mixed Vegetable Salad *Brownie Fingers	**9.** SWIFT ELEGANCE *Seafood in Dill Pesto *Chicken Marengo Spinach with Pine Nuts Raw Sliced Cauliflower and Anchovy Salad †Fresh Berry Tarts	**10.** PIEPLANT SEASON Shrimp or Lamb Curry *Homemade Rhubarb Chutney Fluffy Rice Chick Peas and Tossed Greens †Date-Nut Bars à la Mode	**11.** TULIPS IN IOWA *Tulip Salad Minute Steaks Buttered Baby Beets French Fried Onion Rings (canned) Popovers (from a mix) †Cheesecake	**12.** BACH IN BETHLEHEM, PA. Pepperpot Soup Frankfurters or Knockwurst Scalloped Tomatoes *Mushroom Slaw Hot Biscuits Warm Blueberry Turnovers (refrigerated package)	**13.** JAMBO SALAD FOR S †Shrimp Bisqu *Jamboree S Cornbread Sc Lime Sher Dark Choc Fudge Ca (from a m
14. FOR MOTHER'S DAY London Broil Hash Browned Potato Patties (frozen) Brussels Sprouts with Green Grapes Tomato and Cucumber Salad †*Mother's Day Cake with Alphabet Cereal	**15.** ISRAELI SUPPER Gefüllte Fish (from a jar) Grated Horseradish with Beet (bottled) *Sharon Turkey Slices Potato Knishes (frozen) Wax Beans Apple Strudel (frozen)	**16.** AT DUSK IN SPRING Radishes Sweet Butter Crusty Bread Broiled Swordfish Steaks Eggplant Parmigiana Buttered Leaf Spinach Fresh Fruit Platter Poundcake	**17.** NORWAY DAY Smoked Salmon Canapés *Norwegian Chicken with Cucumbers and Sour Cream Chive-Buttered Potatoes Sweet and Sour Red Cabbage (from a jar) Gingerbread with Lingonberries	**18.** STARRING PICKLES Sautéed Chicken Livers with Smothered Onions Home-Fried Potatoes Peas and Pickles Romaine Salad with Italian Dressing Boston Cream Pie (from a mix)	**19.** ST. IVES SOUP *†St. Ives Soup of Spaghetti Circles Heated Hard Rolls Apple, Orange and Onion Salad †Strawberry Punch-flavored Gelatin †Sour Cream Coffee Cake	**20.** FOR EL DOOLITTL *Bubble and S Fluffy Mash Potatoes Summer Squ *Floating Isl
21. NEW-STYLE CLUB SANDWICHES *Italian Pickles for Antipasto New-Style Club Sandwiches Potato Salad Tomato Aspic (canned) †Vanilla and Chocolate Two-Toned Angel Cake	**22.** QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY †Oxtail Soup with Port *Canadian Eggs Benedict with Mushrooms †Dilled Green Beans Greengage Plums *Victoria Cake	**23.** TASTE OF PROVENCE Artichoke Hearts Vinaigrette *Beef Fillet Niçoise †Shoepeg Corn in Butter Buttered Zucchini Circles †Brioches Sliced Peaches in White Wine	**24.** SWIFT AND HEARTY Breaded Lamb Chops Shoestring Potatoes Buttered Carrots with Mint Grapefruit and Avocado Salad †Pineapple Cream Pudding with Melba Sauce	**25.** DINING A LA RUSSE *Tarama (of red caviar) *Chicken Kiev Currant Jelly †Buckwheat Groats *Mushroom Casserole, Russian Style *Russian Scallions †Nesselrode Pie	**26.** VIENNA MOOD Wiener Schnitzel (veal cutlet) †Glazed Beets in Orange Sauce Mashed Potatoes (instant) *Bavarian a l'orange †Viennese Coffee with Whipped Topping	**27.** HAM AND Black Bean S with Chopped Ham Steak *Yams an Bananas Flar Fresh Spina Salad with Cre Italian Dress Pecan Pie
28. KILKENNY SUNDAY SUPPER †De-Fatted Peanuts and Beer †Cream of Leek Soup Country Sausage Patties *Mushroom Praties Sliced Tomato and Cucumber Salad Fig-Filled Cookies	**29.** DEVILISH GOOD Thousand Island Eggs on Romaine Braised Chuck Steak Potato Puffs (frozen) Broccoli Spears in Hollandaise Sauce (frozen) †Apricot Whip with Madeira	**30.** MEMORIAL DAY †Chilled Gazpacho Cherry Tomatoes and Hearts of Celery Lobster Salad Pre-Buttered Poppy Seed and Onion Rolls Assorted Turnovers Individual Ice Cream Cups	**31.** FEAST ON HIGH Sautéed Scallops in Lemon Butter †*Rice Colonial Curry Sauce Creamed Spinach on Artichoke Bottoms Tossed Green Salad Chocolate Fudge Pudding Topped with Coffee Ice Cream	 RADISHES	 RHUBARB	 PINEAPPLE

*See Recipe Index, page 178.

†See Shopping Center page 142.

Illustration by Ron

ook what's baking
n your refrigerator now!

New Royal no-bakes: Devil's Cream Pie Lemon Confetti Pie

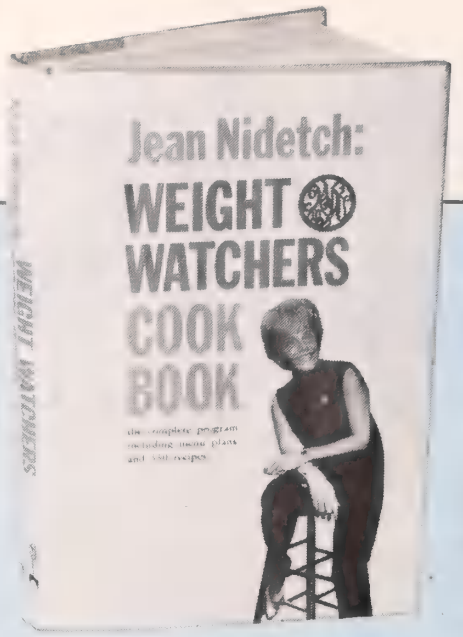
Complete with filling and cookie crumbs for crust. Just beat the filling with milk, pour into crust, then "bake" one hour in your refrigerator! Devil's Cream Pie—a light creamy layer *and* a dark chocolaty layer, in a chocolate cookie crust. New lemon pie has coconut "confetti" and a lemon cookie crust. Try them soon—and Royal Cheese Cake, Dutch Chocolate Pie, Nesselrode Pie.

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Weight Watchers Cook Book, Part II



This is the second installment from Jean Nidetch's *Weight Watchers Cook Book*. These sample menus and recipes, like those published last month, show how delicious a diet can really be. They should be used in conjunction with the ground rules and the basic menu plans from the book, presented in last month's *Journal*.

MENU I

SPINACH SOUP
CALVES' LIVER ALLA VENEZIANA
(includes limited vegetable)
RED CABBAGE RELISH
PINEAPPLE AND RHUBARB COMPOTE

SPINACH SOUP (Unlimited)

10-ounce package fresh (or frozen) spinach
2 cups water
1½ teaspoon instant minced onion
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash of freshly grated nutmeg
2 envelopes instant chicken broth mix
Lemon juice (optional)

Using a blender. If spinach is fresh, clean and wash it and remove tough stems. Feed ⅓ of the spinach into blender with ¼ cup water. Cover, turn on blender and run until spinach is smooth. Pour into saucepan. Repeat until all of the spinach is blended. Add onion, salt, nutmeg, chicken mix and remaining water. Cook over moderate heat for 5 minutes. Pour into quart jar and refrigerate until ready to use. Cover jar loosely (do not cover until soup has cooled). Use as is, or dilute with equal parts of chicken stock.

Lacking a blender. Clean and wash spinach. Remove tough stems. Cook for 6 minutes in saucepan with no added water. Put through strainer or food mill or chop fine. Add remaining ingredients and cook over moderate heat for 5 minutes. Store as directed.

If you like, add lemon juice to taste.

CALVES' LIVER ALLA VENEZIANA FOR ONE

1 medium onion, sliced
½ cup chicken broth
8 ounces calves' liver
½ sliced green pepper
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dehydrated red and green pepper flakes
¼ teaspoon crushed red pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Simmer onion in chicken broth until liquid is evaporated. Using a pair of scissors, cut liver into julienne strips, about ¾ inch wide. Add liver to onions with sliced peppers and seasoning (except parsley). Cook over moderately high heat, tossing occasionally until liver is cooked on all sides but still pink inside (about 4 to 5 minutes). Stir in parsley and serve.

RED CABBAGE RELISH

Finely shred 1 head of red cabbage into a large bowl. Cover with salt and let stand 30 minutes. Squeeze the cabbage dry (between your hands), put the leaves into a bowl, add a teaspoon of sugar substitute and mix well. Slowly stir in ¼ to ⅓ cup wine vinegar, a bit at a time, mixing well. Serve as relish.

PINEAPPLE AND RHUBARB COMPOTE

Wash and peel rhubarb and cut into 1-inch cubes. Add an equal amount of fresh pineapple, cut into cubes. Cover with non-caloric orange drink and add a few drops of liquid sugar substitute. Cook in oven, or slowly on top of stove, until pineapple and rhubarb are tender. Serve one cup as one serving of fruit.

MENU II

TURKISH EGGPLANT CAVIAR (½ CUP)
BROILED LAMB CHOPS *or* ROAST LEG OF LAMB
BROILED PINEAPPLE SLICES
MINT SAUCE
SALAD BOWL OF UNLIMITED VEGETABLES
THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

TURKISH EGGPLANT CAVIAR

Bake whole eggplant in 375°F. oven until soft or put on rack over gas flame and let cook slowly until done, turning to bake all sides. As soon as cool enough to handle, remove skin and let drain well. Chop cooled eggplant with 1 small diced onion and ¼ cup diced celery. Season to taste with salt and freshly ground pepper. Fresh minced herbs—parsley, basil or dill—are a nice addition. (The eggplant, onion and celery may also be put into blender.) Count ½ cup as 1 limited vegetable.

BROILED LAMB CHOP or ROAST LEG OF LAMB

Lamb is a tender meat that roasts well. You may rub the leg of lamb with cut garlic or lemon, and insert slivers of garlic or herbs under the skin, using a pointed knife. Roast 30–35 minutes to the pound in slow oven (300°F.). Weigh portion after carving. Good with Mint Sauce.

BROILED PINEAPPLE SLICES

Use ¼ of a fresh pineapple or 3 canned dietetic pineapple slices per person. Broil on both sides.

MINT SAUCE

¼ cup chopped mint leaves, ½ cup mild vinegar and ½ teaspoon sugar substitute make a nice sauce. Let stand for half an hour. Can also be puréed in blender. Nice with lamb.

A DELICIOUS SALAD

Take any kind of green, washed and dried thoroughly in a towel, and refrigerated. Add white mushrooms (mushrooms that are not white can be peeled), sliced thin. Now a few young spinach leaves, ribs removed, washed and dried. Some crisply cooked young string beans, Tomato French Dressing or Thousand Island Dressing (see below). Put them all together and they spell—m-m-m-m! And unlimited, too—you can eat all you want.

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup tomato juice
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper (the frozen variety is fine)
½-1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 clove garlic or garlic salt
¼ teaspoon liquid sugar substitute

Combine all ingredients in blender and purée. Good with salad or cold meats. This is a basic sauce and should be in your refrigerator at all times. It thickens and improves as it stands. Everything is unlimited (tomato juice is "unlimited" to the extent of 12 ounces daily).

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

After removing Tomato French Dressing from the blender, add ¼ cup finely diced green pepper, 3 tablespoons finely diced dill pickles or pickle relish, 3 tablespoons finely diced pimiento and 2 teaspoons finely minced parsley. Store in refrigerator and use as needed. Excellent over hearts of lettuce.

MENU III

BLACK MUSHROOM SOUP
WEIGHT WATCHERS' PAELLA
HERBED ZUCCHINI
RAW VEGETABLE SALAD
TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING
FRESH BERRIES

BLACK MUSHROOM SOUP

8 Chinese black mushrooms
4 cups beef consommé
Cut-up chives

Cook the mushrooms for 10 minutes until soft. (Save cooking liquid to use as base for sauce, etc.) Slice the cooked mushrooms and heat with the beef consommé. Serve with cut-up chives as garnish. Makes 4 servings.

WEIGHT WATCHERS' PAELLA

2 pounds breast of chicken, cut in serving-size pieces
1 large onion, chopped (1 cup)
1 clove garlic, minced
6 small slices salami (about 2 ounces), diced and browned to drain off fat
2 teaspoons salt
Dash sugar substitute
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon crushed saffron
1 can (about 1 pound) tomatoes
1½ cups water
1 envelope instant chicken broth or 1 chicken bouillon cube
1 pound fresh shrimp, shelled and deveined (becomes 8 oz. cooked) or 1 package frozen deveined shelled raw shrimp
1 can (4 ounces) pimientos, drained and cut in large pieces

Broil chicken: Broil chicken 4 inches from heat until golden brown, turning once. This should take about 10 minutes on each side. (Do not use fat that drains off.)

Make sauce: In a large kettle, combine salami, onion, garlic, salt, sugar substitute, pepper, saffron, tomatoes, water and instant chicken broth mix. Bring to boil.

Prepare casserole: Arrange shrimps in 3-quart casserole, top with boiling sauce, add broiled chicken pieces and pimiento and cook at 350°F. for 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Garnish with parsley and chopped scallions. Makes 4 dinner servings, which include limited vegetable.

NOTE: If you are wondering whether to count this delicious casserole as fowl or fish—it is fowl beyond a doubt.

HERBED ZUCCHINI

6 medium-size zucchini (about 1½ pounds)
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoo salad h
½ cup wa

Trim zucchini; halve each c Make 4 or 5 cuts in each half, at wide end and cutting almos Combine with salt, herbs an in a medium-size frying pan Cook 10 minutes, or until cris der; drain. Place on heated plates; spread cuts to form Makes 6 servings. (Salad herb chopped parsley, chives, bas mary, etc.)

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD

Combine equal amounts of th ing washed vegetables, all raw: (hard rib removed), 2 varietie tuce (cut up), cauliflower (cut chopped), sliced cucumbers, a mushrooms. Marinate for half in Tomato French Dressing (see above) and serve chilled. company salad. Unlimited.

FRESH BERRIES: One-h equals one fruit.

MENU IV

SWORDFISH DIABLO
CHINESE VEGETABLE
MUSHROOMS
LEMON GELATIN

SWORDFISH DIABLO

2 swordfish steaks, 8 ounces each
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoo powder
½ teaspoo powder
¼ cup pre mustard

Ask a nice man at the fish divide the steaks into 8-oun ings. If he's the man we thin he'll know you're on that Watchers Program.

Wash fish steaks and pat dry kle generously with salt, peppe powder and onion powder. B flaky but not dry on hottes close to fire, 6 to 16 minutes de on thickness of steak. Just removing from fire, spread th of mustard over entire surface Broil. Serve at once. For man's increase weight of fish by two

CHINESE VEGETABLE

You may eat all you want of:
Chinese cabbage
Mung Bean Sprouts
Or any of the unlimited veg listed last month.

MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms are a mainstay Weight Watchers Program. T unlimited, and you can have t a variety of ways—perhaps fresh with the Chinese vegetables.

LEMON GELATIN

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1¾ cups cold water
Dash of salt
2 teaspoon sugar sub
⅓ cup lemo lime juic

Sprinkle gelatin over cold w saucepan. Heat over low flam ring constantly. Add a dash liquid sugar substitute, lemon juice. Mix by stirring. Pour i dividual wet molds and chill firm. Serves 4–6. Unlimited.

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inutes ago,
zen solid.

Now firm,
delicious and
ready to serve.

The secret? Our special pouch. We call it "Flash-Thaw" because that's what it does. Thaws these lush berries so fast, they aren't mushy when you spoon 'em. They're firm and fresh tasting. And Sélecte Strawberries is only one of Birds Eye's four new Fruits Continental desserts. Try 'em all.

New Sélecte
Strawberries
from Birds Eye.



New "Flash-Thaw" pouch: just drop it in warm water; the Sélecte Strawberries thaw in 8 minutes. Thaw so fast—they're firm and fresh as never before. Easy to open, neat to use, too.

Try all four new Fruits Continental desserts from Birds Eye, sealed in the new "Flash-Thaw" pouch so they're ready to serve in less than 15 minutes.



Sélecte Strawberries: the ripest, reddest berries from the Pacific Northwest where the world's best strawberries are grown.



Mixed Fruit Suprême: two kinds of cherries, peaches, red raspberries, boysenberries and white seedless grapes.



Cherries Suprême—dark ones, sweet and plump, in a light, delicate syrup. Delectable right out of the package, marvelous for Cherries Jubilee.



Peach Combinâge: new idea: red strawberry halves, golden slices of Rio Osa peaches. Thawed and ready to serve in less than 15 minutes.

GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



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BE ORIGINAL with GROUND BEEF

and Lea & Perrins . . . the original Worcestershire



It's fun to be original when you cook and Lea & Perrins makes it easy for you. Try this original Ground Beef recipe.

MOCK STEAK (Serves 8):
Mix 2 lbs. ground round, ½ lb. lean pork, 1 env. dry onion soup mix, 2 Tbs. Lea & Perrins, 2 cups stuffing mix, 1½ cups tomato juice. Form into steak shape 1 inch thick. Wrap 2 strips thick bacon at outer edge to resemble fat. During broiling brush with mixture of ½ cup melted butter, 2 Tbs. Lea & Perrins, 3 Tbs. catsup. Broil 10 min. each side. Use carrot strip to make bone.



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Look . . .
for the special
Ladies' Home Journal order card
bound between pages 112 and 113 in this issue.

MUSHROOMS

continued from page 122

MUSHROOM BURGERS are delicious! Just add ¼ cup chopped fresh mushroom stems to hamburgers before cooking. Top with a sauce made by preparing 1 (1-oz.) pkg. mushroom gravy mix according to label directions, adding another ¼ cup chopped mushroom stems. Even quicker . . . heat 1 (7-oz.) can steak sauce with mushrooms, and pour over burgers.

BOUILLON DES CHAMPIGNONS A clear, elegant mushroom broth, perfect for the start of a dinner party. A dash of dry sherry will glamorize it even more.

In a medium saucepan combine 1 (1-oz.) pkg. mushroom gravy mix, 2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed chicken broth and 1 (10½-oz.) soup can water. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Serve at once; top each dish with a thin slice of lime. Makes 1 quart or 6 servings.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS AND ARTICHOKES

This stylish relish keeps practically forever in the refrigerator. A delightful hors d'oeuvre.

- 2 (6-oz.) cans mushroom caps
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
- ¾ cup olive oil
- ⅓ cup lemon juice (or lemon-lime juice combined)
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. freshly ground black pepper

Drain 2 (6-oz.) cans mushroom caps very well. Cook a (10-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts according to label directions. Drain and cool. Pack mushroom caps and artichoke hearts in 2 (12-oz.) sterilized jars. Cover with marinade made by combining ¾ cup olive oil, ⅓ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper. Seal tightly. Store 2 days before using. Serve as a relish in salads or with cocktails.

SAVE ANY LIQUID from canned mushrooms, or in which dried mushrooms have been soaked. Use in soups, sauces, stews.

MUSHROOM CASSEROLE RUSSIAN STYLE

A hearty, unusual vegetable casserole with the flavors of the Ukraine.

- 4 cups shredded green cabbage
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce
- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 (6-oz.) can sliced mushrooms (drain but save liquid)
- ½ cup dill pickle, cut into julienne strips
- 1 cup fresh bread crumbs
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted

In a saucepan, cover 4 cups shredded green cabbage with cold water. Place over heat and bring to boil; cook 2 minutes. Drain well. Stir in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper. Add 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce, 1 cup sour cream, ½ cup chopped onion and the liquid drained from a (6-oz.) can sliced mushrooms.

Place half cabbage mixture in a well-greased 1½ quart casserole. Top with 1 (6-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, drained, and ½ cup dill pickles, cut into julienne strips. Add remaining cabbage. Top with 1 cup fresh bread crumbs tossed with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Bake in preheated 375° oven 25 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

MUSHROOM BUTTER is s
on canapés or as a topping
Just beat 1 (1½-oz.) pkg.
mushroom soup mix into 1 c
ter or margarine.

FLAMING MUSHROOMS
drama! Stuff 1 pound (3
mushroom caps with chop
room stems mixed with 1 cl
lic, crushed. Place in a ca
cover with ¼ cup heavy cre
sherry and ¼ cup butter or
melted. Bake uncovered un
about 25 to 30 minutes. R
stir. Slightly warm ¼ cup
tiny cup or ramekin. Set
pour over mushrooms. Ser
ately—to four lucky people.

HAM AND MUSHROOM PÂTÉ

Nothing is more "in" these
making your own *pâté maiso*
is a beautiful conversation
party.

- 2 (5-oz.) pkg. frozen mushrooms, thawed and coarsely chopped
- 1½ lbs. cooked ham, ground (about 3 cups)
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ¼ cup chopped onions
- 1 tsp. sa
- ¼ tsp. t
- ¼ tsp. g peppe
- ⅛ tsp n
- 2 eggs,
- ¼ cup b marga melte
- Parsley

Combine 2 (5-oz.) pkg. fr
rooms, thawed and coarsel
1½ lbs. cooked ham, grou
chopped parsley, ¼ cup on
chopped, 1 teaspoon salt, ½
thyme, ¼ teaspoon ground
teaspoon nutmeg. Mix well
eggs, beaten. Pack firmly i
greased 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pa
proof casserole. Cover top of
thicknesses of foil or waxed
loaf in a larger pan contain
hot water. Bake in 350° oven
Remove and uncover. Cool.

Cover with melted butter
rine to a depth of ⅛ inch. Sp
chopped fresh parsley, chive
ture of fine herbs. Set in refr
chill. Serve in scoops or w
toast as an appetizer. A
served with a salad is *très ch*

MUSHROOM MAYONNAISE

tinental treat. To 1 cup of n
add 1 (2-oz.) can of mushroo
and finely chopped; 1 tabl
pers, drained and chopped; a
spoons prepared mustard. C
with salads, and on canapés.

MUSHROOM SOUFFLÉ

A towering, savory vegetable
as economical as it is elegar
you use canned mushroom s

- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 (10½-oz.) can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 Tb. tapioca
- 1 Tb. grated onion
- ¾ tsp. dr
- ¾ t.p. W shire s
- ⅛ tsp. cr tartar

Combine 4 egg yolks, 1 (10
cream of mushroom soup, 2 t
tapioca, 1 tablespoon grated
teaspoon dry mustard, ¾
Worcestershire sauce. Let sta
utes, then simmer 5 minutes
ring constantly. Cool.

Meanwhile beat 4 egg whit
teaspoon cream of tartar. Ca
into cooled mushroom soup
Pour into 1-quart greased s
around which has been tied
high greased oil or paper colla
pan filled with 1 inch water.
45 minutes in 400° oven. Se
moments. Six servings.





Women are funny.
They rarely agree on anything.
Even on how to put up
a jar of pickles.
But on salt, for 55 years,
2 out of 3 women have agreed
it pays to shake the best—
Morton.

When it rains it pours.

PAULA PECK'S ART OF GOOD COOKING

Continued from page 119

ITALIAN ANTIPASTO PICKLES

(shown in photograph, pages 118–119)

Take a good variety of vegetables: green peppers, cauliflower, tiny onions, hearts of artichokes, string beans, celery, carrots, zucchini. Cut into bite-size pieces, using a serrated vegetable cutter if you have one. Combine all except artichoke hearts in a large saucepan. Cover with water and bring just to a rolling boil. Drain well. Cook the hearts of artichoke separately until they are just tender. Drain and add to the vegetables. Add some marinated capers, a good quantity of oil-kept olives (see Ed. Note below), several whole cloves of garlic, some whole peppercorns, and 2 or 3 bay leaves. Mix well. Pack tightly into jars. Pour boiling wine vinegar over all, being sure the vinegar completely covers the vegetables. Cover the jars tightly and store in refrigerator at least 5 days before using. Keeps for several months.

Ed. Note: Use 1 (2-oz.) bottle capers in vinegar. Check when you buy olives that they are *oil-packed.* They will not need refrigeration once opened.

TARAMA

This is a rich, delicious concoction of Middle Eastern origin. It can be served as is on a platter of greens with crusty bread or Syrian bread (a flat, sesame-coated bread)—if you can get it. Tarama also makes a delicious stuffing for marinated mushrooms. It holds its shape so well that it can be pressed through a pastry tube into mushrooms. A bit of pitted black olive is a perfect garnish.

½ cup tarama (salted roe), or ⅔ cup red caviar
1 slice onion
Juice of 2 lemons
3 slices white bread, crusts removed, soaked in water till soft, then squeezed dry
1 to 1½ cups olive oil
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Place tarama or red caviar in blender. Add onion, lemon juice and bread. Add a quarter of the olive oil and turn on blender. Add more olive oil, very slowly, while the blender is working. Use enough olive oil to make a mixture like a thick mayonnaise. Stir in chopped parsley. Serves 6.

SEAFOOD IN DILL PESTO

½ cup white wine
½ cup water
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
6 peppercorns
1 bay leaf
1 small onion
1 teaspoon salt
1 pound shelled, cleaned shrimp
1 pound bay scallops
½ cup olive oil
4 cloves garlic
1½ cups fresh dill weed, or 3 tablespoons dried dill and 1 cup fresh parsley

In a saucepan, combine first 7 ingredients. Bring to a boil, and simmer for 5 minutes. Add shrimp and scallops. Simmer only till shrimp turn pink and scallops lose their translucency—no more than 4 or 5 minutes. Remove seafood from liquid and set aside. Turn heat up high and reduce liquid in saucepan till there is no more than ⅓ cup.

While liquid is reducing, pour olive oil into blender. Add garlic and dill (or garlic, dried dill and some fresh parsley). Whirl in blender. Add as much dill (or fresh parsley) as the oil will absorb. When it will not absorb any more, add the reduced liquid. Blend. Pour over reserved seafood and mix. Chill before serving. Serves 6.

PARSLIED CHICKEN LOAF

3 cups double-strength chicken stock
1 cup Madeira
5 whole chicken breasts, boned, skinned and cut in half
¼ pound tongue, cut into tiny cubes
1 cup finely chopped parsley
2 teaspoons fresh tarragon (or ½ teaspoon dry)
2 envelopes gelatin

Bring stock and ¾ cup Madeira to a boil. Lower heat so that liquid is just simmering. Poach chicken breasts in simmering liquid for about 6 minutes, or till they are just cooked. Cool and cut into ¾-inch dice. Mix with tongue cubes. Add chopped parsley and tarragon and toss gently. Pack chicken mixture into a 5x7-inch loaf pan.

Sprinkle gelatin into remaining Madeira in a small metal pan. Stir. Place over low heat until gelatin is completely dissolved. Stir gelatin into chicken stock. Pour stock over chicken in pan.

Chill till firm. Loosen loaf by sliding a knife around edges of pan and allow air to enter. Unmold on a bed of crisp salad greens, and serve cold. Serves 6 to 8.

LIAN'S STRIPED BASS PLAKI

(shown in photograph, pages 118–119)

This is one of the best fish dishes I know. Adults love it, and so do children. It is also delicious cold since the sauce forms a wonderful aspic.

1 (3- to 4-pound) striped bass
2 lemons
Salt and pepper
Monosodium glutamate
1 cup chopped parsley
1 cup chopped green onions
1 large onion, sliced
1 large tomato, sliced
¾ cup olive oil
½ bottle white wine (2 cups)
2 bay leaves, crushed
½ teaspoon oregano
4 cloves garlic, minced
1 teaspoon basil
3 tablespoons chopped celery leaves
24 scrubbed neck clams
24 well-scrubbed mussels
24 raw, cleaned shelled shrimp
24 bay scallops

Have fish cleaned, but left whole. Make 3 or 4 diagonal gashes through skin. Rub the fish, inside and out, with ½ lemon. Season the stomach cavity with salt, pepper and a little monosodium glutamate.

Combine parsley, green onions, bay leaves, oregano, garlic, basil and chopped celery leaves. Put two thirds of this mixture into the stomach cavity of fish. Sprinkle remaining mixture on top of fish.

Place the stuffed fish in a large shallow baking dish. On top of the fish arrange alternate slices of onion and tomato. Season top of fish with salt, pepper and a little monosodium glutamate.

Pour olive oil over fish.

Pour wine around fish. Place fish on high rack in a 375° oven. Bake for 30 minutes, or until wine is simmering around fish. Scatter scrubbed clams and mussels around fish. Continue baking in oven about 10 to 15 minutes, until clams and mussels are just beginning to open.

Add shrimp and scallops. Raise heat to 400°, and bake 10 to 15 minutes longer. By this time, the shrimp should have turned pink and the scallops and the bass should be cooked. Remove from oven and serve with crusty bread to mop up the sauce. Serves 6.

Ed. Note: You will need the largest platter you have for this fish. Should any shellfish not fit around, serve along with an extra platter with some of the sauce.

Hiding great pies? Let them out of the box.



With these recipes, you can get some pr
surprising pies out of those boxes of Jel
trapped inside your cupboard.

They're all satisfying, yet never fillin
each one starts with Jell-O, the light de

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with your name, address and ZIP co
and six fruit illustrations from the fro
of Jell-O boxes to: Recipe Book, Box 14
Kankakee, Illinois 60901.

MB
otograph, pages 118–119)
k (ribs,
amb
ine,
d
ade in
ic,

cher to french the bones—
off meat and fat from lower
move bits of meat between
leaving 2½ inches of plain
nowing—remove the back-
w through the beginning of
im off completely the outer
rom the rack so that you
e eye of the meat remaining
s.
bread crumbs, garlic, pars-
l, salt, pepper and mono-
amate. Using half of this
each rack, make an even
of the meat, pressing the
re down firmly.
ven to 550°. Place racks in
sides down, in the preheated
for 10 minutes. Reduce heat
l roast 10 more minutes.
t and allow racks to stand
5 minutes before carving.
rather rare lamb. If more
eat is preferred, roast for a
Serves 4 generously.

Many ovens will not heat to
up as high as it will go. At
ature the time will go a little
rrounded the lamb with the
nal vegetables—new potatoes
es, baby carrots and tender
ts.

NIÇOISE

oil
s,
½ cup chopped parsley
½ cup olive oil
Salt and pepper
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
6 cloves garlic, minced
2 fresh tomatoes, skinned and cut into eighths
⅔ cup pitted black olives
2 tablespoons capers
½ cup tomato purée
¼ cup beef gravy (canned)
1 teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon sugar
2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup chopped parsley
2 pounds fillet of beef cut into ¾-inch cubes

Heat ¼ cup olive oil in a skillet. When it is hot but not smoking, add onions and garlic, and sauté over low heat till tender. Add fresh tomatoes, olives and capers. Raise heat slightly and, as mixture begins to bubble, stir in tomato purée, beef gravy, basil, oregano, sugar, monosodium glutamate, salt, pepper and half of chopped parsley. Cook this sauce down a bit, until it is slightly thickened. Set aside until needed.

Heat remaining olive oil in a separate skillet. When it is hot, add beef cubes. Sauté, stirring over high heat, only a minute or 2, coloring the meat on all sides. Be careful not to overcook the beef cubes. They should be rare when served.

Combine beef cubes and sauce. Mix lightly together. Taste for seasoning and correct if necessary. Sprinkle with remaining chopped parsley and serve. Serves 4 to 5.

FRENCH BOILED BEEF

Prepared and served properly, this is one of the most attractive and delicious dishes in the world, and an excellent party dish. Fresh horseradish as an accompaniment adds greatly to the flavor, and it is unfortunate that this is not easily obtainable. However, there is a way to zip the taste of commercial horseradish. Japanese food supply stores sell a horseradish powder called wasabi. A spoonful or 2 mixed into a paste with water, then stirred into commercial horseradish, adds bite and flavor.

4 or 5 pieces of beef bone
4 stalks of celery (with the leaves left on)
1 small bunch parsley
1 large onion
Salt
Monosodium glutamate
6 beef consommé cubes or 6 tablespoons concentrate of beef
3 pounds brisket of beef, or thick flanken
1 medium-size cabbage, cut into small, even wedges
6 to 9 small potatoes (scrub them; then cut away a strip of skin from around the center of each potato)
1 large turnip, cut into ¼" slices, then cut into fancy shapes with cookie cutter
6 celery hearts, washed, trimmed of leaves, but left whole
6 small zucchini, cut into 1" slices
6 leeks, well trimmed and cleaned of sand
1 can tiny carrots, drained
Horseradish
Coarse salt

Place beef bones into a deep, heavy pot. Cover with cold water. Add celery stalks, parsley, onion, salt, monosodium glutamate and the consommé cubes or concentrate. Cook, uncovered, over high heat until liquid has reduced slightly. Taste and add more seasoning, if necessary. Add meat to the boiling liquid. When the liquid in the pot begins to boil again, cover the pot and lower heat so that liquid is barely simmering. Simmer slowly about 2½ to 3 hours, or until the meat is just tender when pierced with a fork. Turn off the heat and allow the meat to stand in broth until serving time.

Place each group of cleaned, trimmed vegetables into separate small pots. Add a little salt and monosodium glutamate to each vegetable, then ladle about a cup of beef broth over each. Cook over medium heat until the vegetables are tender. (Of course the carrots are already cooked, but reheating them in broth for a few minutes gives them extra flavor.) Turn off heat under vegetables as they are ready, and allow them to stand in the broth until serving time.

To serve (and this is *most* important): Slice meat neatly and arrange in the center of a large, hot platter. Arrange the hot vegetables around the meat, making separate bouquets of each vegetable.

Serve with horseradish and coarse salt. The broth may be used as a first course, or served in bowls along with the meat and vegetables. Serves 6.

APRICOT WHIP WITH MADEIRA

½ pound dried apricots
¾ cup sugar
⅔ cup Madeira
2 egg whites
1 cup heavy cream, whipped until stiff
¼ cup blanched, sliced, toasted almonds

Soak apricots overnight in water to cover. In the morning, place them in a saucepan, and add half of sugar and additional water, if necessary. (The water should just about cover the fruit.) Bring to a boil and simmer until apricots are tender. Drain apricots.

Cook any remaining liquid down until it is almost a glaze in the pan. Add to cooked apricots. Cool.

Purée fruit and juice in blender, using ½ cup Madeira for additional liquid.

Beat egg whites until they are stiff. Gradually beat in the remaining sugar, a little at a time. Continue to beat egg whites until sugar is dissolved.

Fold the stiffly beaten egg whites and half of whipped cream into the apricot purée. Pour into a serving dish. Sprinkle with almonds. Chill well before serving.

Beat remaining Madeira into remaining whipped cream, and serve with the apricot whip. Serves 6. **END**

ch)
y-
berry
r
¼ cup sugar
½ cup pineapple juice
2 cups whipped cream
9-inch graham cracker crumb crust

gelatin using 1 cup boiling water and ½
ll in 8-inch square pan until firm.
ng gelatin and sugar in 1 cup boiling
le juice. Chill until slightly thickened;
eam. Cut firm gelatin into ½-inch cubes;
xture, reserving a few for garnish. Chill
ds. Pour into crumb crust; chill until firm.
and more whipped cream.

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Key Lime Pie

1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O Lime Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 to 2 teaspoons grated lime rind
½ cup lime juice
1 egg yolk, well beaten
1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoon angostura bitters (optional)
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
Few drops green food coloring
9 ladyfingers, split

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; add lime rind and juice. Pour slowly into beaten egg yolk, stirring constantly. Add condensed milk and bitters. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in beaten egg white. Add coloring. Pour into 9-inch pie pan lined with ladyfingers; chill until firm. Garnish.

Peach Cream Cheese Pie

1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
½ cup sugar
2 cups prepared Dream Whip Whipped Topping or whipped cream
1 baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled
1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O Orange or Orange-Pineapple Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 package (12 oz.) Birds Eye Sliced Peaches

Whip cheese until soft; beat in sugar. Blend in whipped topping. Spread over bottom and sides of pie shell, mounding at top edge. Chill.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add frozen peaches, stirring until separated. Chill a few minutes if not thickened. Pour into cheese-lined pie shell. Chill until firm.



CUSTARD AND REGAL COUSINS

continued from page 116

ALL ABOUT CUSTARD

Custard desserts have always been rather tricky because of the danger of scorching or curdling. The arrival of the new packaged custard mixes has done away with such worries. They end the need for a water bath and oven-baking.

TIPS FOR CUSTARD COOKING . . . either from scratch or from a mix:

1. Always beat the thickening custard mixture rapidly while cooking—preferably with a wire whisk.
2. Some people object to the "eggy" taste of custard. To mask it, add a dash of angostura bitters.
3. It is best to use only egg yolks to thicken custards, because egg whites sometimes cause a "stringiness."
4. To prevent a skin from forming, lay a sheet of plastic wrap or waxed paper over the custards immediately after cooking, and press.
5. For very rich custard, substitute light cream or evaporated milk for milk. This gives a particularly luxurious taste and texture to classic custard desserts. Evaporated milk is especially good in chocolate or coffee custards. For a low-calorie diet custard, use non-fat dry milk.

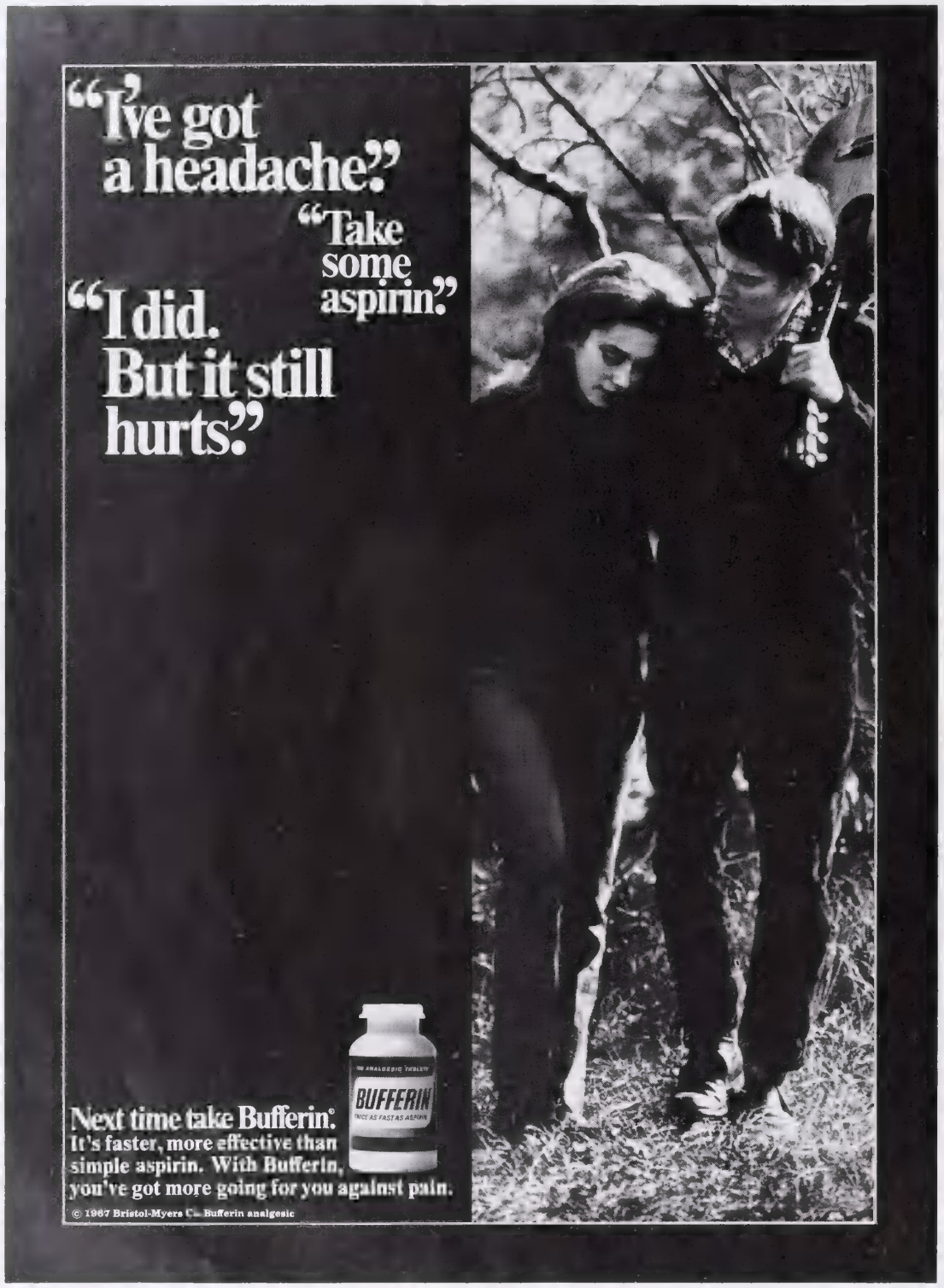
CUSTARD MIXES come in two ways . . . golden egg custard mix to serve 4 or 6, and custard-flavored dessert mix (not to be confused with vanilla pudding), which serves 4 and contains no egg or egg substitutes. This may be substituted for the small-size golden egg custard. There are a number of local flan mixes available in Spanish and Mexican areas.

TIPS FOR THE TRADITIONALIST when making custard from scratch.

1. All "made-from-scratch" egg custards must be cooked over hot (not boiling!) water or else baked in a pan of water in the oven.

OUR EASY ELECTRIC-SKILLET WAY: Set custards, covered with aluminum foil or waxed paper, in a skillet containing 2 to 3 cups water. Set the control at 200°. Cover with lid. Follow the baking times given in our recipes.

2. A custard that is being thickened over hot, not boiling, water, is ready when the custard coats the back of a wooden spoon, giving it a slight "bluish" tinge. It clings to a silver spoon and makes it look creamy.
3. Some traditionalists consider it essential to dissolve the sugar and begin to thicken the eggs by *heating* or, as they say in the books, *scalding*, milk beforehand when making custard. We have eliminated this step and find that it works just as well to start with cold milk, if you use superfine sugar, which dissolves readily. Using cold milk saves washing a pan. There's no danger of overheating the milk, eggs don't coagulate into tiny bits. Does away with the necessity of straining the mixture.
4. When making custard desserts, you can use a freezer to chill the liquid custard quickly before adding additional ingredients, but do not leave the custard to set in the freezer, because it will form a skin and toughen. Custards should be cooled before going into the refrigerator. Otherwise they may go watery.



FLOATING ISLAND

Floating Island is also called *Oeufs à la Neige* or Snow Eggs. When Thomas Jefferson's cook served it to illustrious guests at Monticello, he flavored it with orange rind, as we do here. This dish begins with the traditional Custard, Crème à l'Anglaise or English Custard, which is also the basis for the rest of our regal custard desserts. You can prepare the custard, chill it, and add the meringue all before guests arrive. In the last 5 minutes, just make the caramel glaze, spoon it on top and serve.

1 (4⅛-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix
3 cups milk
1 egg yolk
1½ tsp. grated orange rind
3 egg whites
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
⅓ cup superfine sugar
¾ cup dark corn syrup

Make up 1 (4⅛-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix according to directions, using 3 cups milk and 1 egg yolk. Stir in 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind.

Pour into serving bowl. Cool slightly. Chill till serving time. Just before serving time beat 3 egg whites together with ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar till very stiff. Gradually beat in ⅓ cup superfine sugar. Beat until egg whites are stiff and shiny. Remove covering from custard bowl. Mound beaten egg whites high, in 3 or 4 piles on top of custard.

In a small saucepan, heat ¾ cup dark corn syrup to 230° on a candy thermometer, or a rule-of-thumb says syrup is ready if it hangs from a spoon in 2-inch-long soft threads. Spoon syrup over egg-white mounds. Serve as s
sible, within 30 minutes. *Do*
ate after you've dribbled on t
Serves 6.

To make the traditional w
top of a double boiler, ove
boiling, water, beat together 2
½ cup sugar, 3 egg yolks.
custard coats the back of
spoon. Stir in 1½ teaspo
orange rind. Proceed as abo
second paragraph.

FRANGIPANE
FRUITS

Frangipane
custard crea
with macaro
gets a touch
extract and
sandwich
canned pea
For a special
a whole alm
center of each
fore sandwi
gether. You
use canned p

2 (1-lb., 14-oz
cans peach
halves, drai
(about 16 h
Frangipane:
1 (2¼-oz.) pk
custard-flav
pudding mi
1¼ cups milk
1 (3-oz.) pkg.
macaroons
ladyfingers
1½ tsp. almon
extract
½ cup heavy
cream, whip
2 Tb. coarsely
crumbled m
roons or coa
chopped wal

Drain 2 (1-l
cans peach h
well. Place i
layer on a pa
lined tray. C
refrigerate. N
make up 1
pkg. custard
pudding mix
cups milk,
to package
Crumble 1 (3
macaroons in
(or rub with
till fine). Stir
custard mix a
1½ teaspoons
extract. Cool

Just before
fold into chille
mix, ½ cu
cream, whipp
tablespoon to
together 2 pea
You will have
peaches." Plac
ing platter.
maining frang
a piping bag containing a N
tip. Pipe cream attractively
"join" seam of each peach. Sp
frangipane with a little of 2 ta
crumbled macaroons or coarsely
walnuts. Serves 8.

To make the traditional way:
double boiler over hot, not bo
ter, beat together 2 cups milk
sugar, 3 tablespoons cornstar
egg yolks. Stir and cook until
very thick. Fold in 1 (3-oz.) pk
bled ladyfingers or macaroons,
spoons almond extract and ½
vanilla. Proceed as above,
with the second paragraph.

-HONORÉ and BIÈRES

Honoré is a French pastry with egg whites. Crème the same thing with a resh fruits. Both of these delicious as a filling for ells or served with cookies arfait glasses.

2 Tb. cognac *or* (for Plombiéres Cream) 1 (1-lb., 1-oz.) can peach slices, well drained and puréed
½ tsp. almond extract

2¼-oz.) pkg. custard-fla- mix, using 1¼ cups milk. Press plastic wrap or over surface of custard. Beat smooth.

whites with ⅛ teaspoon ar until stiff peaks form. nto custard together with cognac or other liqueur. rt. Use to fill cream-puff into 6 (5-oz.) individual s and serve with cookies

ères Cream: Proceed as ead of liqueur use 1 (1 lb., ch slices, well drained and h sieve or in blender. Fold almond extract. Use like noré. Makes 1½ quarts.

way: Prepare plain boiled frangipane cream. Chill in whipped egg whites or as above.

AM or CRÈME RENVERSÉE UMQUATS

ama, flame the kumquats Omit the cognac from the nade. Instead, heat it and the table. Pour flaming e kumquats.

Spicy Kumquats:
1 (12-oz.) jar preserved kumquats
2 Tb. cognac
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. cinnamon
Lemon leaves

ters

with caramel: Place ½ cup ide of a 6-cup ring mold. flame to melt sugar (add water if weather is very constantly with a wooden d. Hold hot mold between nd rotate quickly to coat ch of sides evenly. Set in freezer if you like. Combine in a large sauce- pkg. egg-custard mix, 5 gg yolks. Cook according ons. Set aside. Blend re- milk with 2 pkg. unfla- Dissolve over boiling prepared custard along s angostura bitters. Pour mold. Cover, cool and at least 2 hours.

quats: Mix together 1 preserved kumquats, 2 gnac, ½ teaspoon nutmeg on cinnamon. Cover and

n custard from mold with r with serving platter. d plate together and re- umquats from marinade. bowl. Set in center of rnish with lemon leaves. enerously.

paration: Line ring mold ove. Make custard by vigorously beating together 6 cups milk, 12 egg yolks, 1 cup superfine sugar and 1½ teaspoons vanilla extract. Pour into ring mold.

To bake: Cover with a sheet of foil or waxed paper. Set in pan containing 1 inch of water. Bake at 350° for 1½ to 2 hours or until a silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool and chill. Unmold and serve with kumquats as above. Serves 6–8.

POTS DE CRÈME

You can also make the classic crème brûlée from this recipe. Leave out the chocolate and coffee flavorings and substitute milk for the light cream. Add the brown-sugar crust. You can still use the classic pots-de-crème containers or 6 (5-oz.) custard cups.

1 (4½-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix
¼ cup sugar
2 Tb. instant coffee
2 Tb. instant chocolate-drink powder
3 cups light cream
1 egg yolk

In a medium saucepan, blend 1 (4½-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix with ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons instant coffee and 2 tablespoons instant chocolate-drink powder. Stir in 3 cups light cream and 1 egg yolk. Cook according to label directions. Divide evenly among 6 (5-oz.) custard cups or pot-de-crème containers. Cool. Cover. Chill. Makes 6 servings.

For traditional way: Vigorously beat together 3 cups light cream, ½ cup superfine sugar, 6 egg yolks and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Add 2 tablespoons instant coffee and 2 tablespoons instant chocolate-drink powder. Divide evenly among 6 (5-oz.) custard cups. Stand in large pan of water. Bake covered at 350° or till a silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool and chill.

For Crème Brûlée: Just before serving, sprinkle each evenly with 1 tablespoon brown sugar pressed through a fine sieve. Place under broiler 6 inches from heat for 2 minutes, or until sugar is melted and bubbly and crisp. Serve hot at once. Makes 6 servings.

SPANISH FLAN

This slightly thicker, creamier, sweeter version of Caramel Cream is very popular in Spain and Latin America. Because it uses sweetened condensed milk, either make it from scratch or from a special flan mix, because in a regular custard mix the condensed milk will caramelize when boiled.

¼ cup sugar
4 eggs
1 (14-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
½ tsp. angostura bitters *or* 1 tsp. vanilla extract

In the bottom of a 1-quart metal or heat-proof mold, heat ¼ cup sugar over a medium flame till it caramelizes. Remove from heat and quickly turn mold to coat bottom and about 1 inch up sides. (Hold with pot holders.) Set aside.

Prepare custard by beating 4 eggs with 1 (14-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk and ½ teaspoon angostura bitters or 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Pour into caramel-lined mold. Cover with waxed paper or foil. Stand in pan containing 1 inch of water. Bake 1 hour at 350° until custard is set and a silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool, then chill. Unmold onto serving platter. Serves 6. In Mexico, flan is usually made in individual servings.

CHOCOLATE RUSSE BAVARIAN

We used the classic charlotte mold for our pictured Bavarians (*continued*)

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CUSTARD *continued*

(available from The Bridge Company, 406 Third Avenue, New York City). But any straight-sided, flat-bottomed, 1-quart mold will do.

1 (3-oz.) pkg. ladyfingers
1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix
½ cup instant chocolate-drink powder
2 cups milk
1 egg yolk
1 pkg. unflavored gelatin
1 cup heavy cream, beaten stiffly
1 cup crushed almond or peanut brittle
2 Tb. white rum (optional)

Line the bottom of a 1-quart charlotte russe mold with a circle of waxed paper. DO NOT GREASE. Line sides of mold with 1 (3-oz.) pkg. ladyfingers. Trim sides to fit if necessary. Set aside.

In a small saucepan, blend 1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix with ½ cup instant chocolate-drink powder. Stir in 1½ cups milk and 1 egg yolk. Cook according to label directions. Add 1 pkg. unflavored gelatin to remaining ½ cup milk. Dissolve over boiling water. Add to prepared custard mix. Press plastic wrap of waxed paper over surface of custard mix. Chill till semi-set (about ¾–1 hour).

Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, beaten stiffly. Pour into ladyfinger-lined mold. Cover and chill at least 1 hour longer or till set. Unmold onto serving platter. Top with ½ cup crushed almond or peanut brittle. Place other ½ cup around sides. If desired, brush ladyfingers with 2 tablespoons white rum. Serves 6 to 8.

To make traditional way: Make a thick custard by beating 1½ cups milk with 3 egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup instant chocolate-drink powder in boiler. Cook, stirring cons tard coats back of woode

Stir in 1 pkg. gelatin softened and dissolved i as directed in first recip and chill. Proceed to "] heavy cream, etc." above

BAVARIAN À L'ORANGE

This recipe makes 1 (1-qu (2-cup) molds like the one A 2-cup mold will serve 4 cause a little of this lush, goes a long way.

1 (3-oz.) pkg. orange-flavored gelatin
1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix
2 cups milk
1 egg yolk
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 pkg gel
1 (11- ora wel
1 cup stif
Decor
½ cu stif

Dissolve 1 (3-oz.) pkg. o gelatin in 1 cup boiling w cup ice water. Use to line as directed below. In a s blend 1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. eg with 1½ cups milk, 1 e teaspoon grated lemon r cording to package dire pkg. unflavored gelatin to cup milk. Dissolve over Add to prepared custard m tic wrap or waxed paper Chill till semi-set.

Drain well 1 (11-oz.) ca segments. Reserve 12 seg nish. Fold remaining ora into chilled, set custard fold in 1 cup heavy cream, Turn into gelatin-lined mo chill till set, about 1 to 1

Immerse bottom and si hot water. Invert onto se Shake to loosen. (Cover m wet cloth to loosen further Chill unmolded Bavarian utes. Decorate base with cream, whipped, swirling bag with a No. 1 star tip. A reserved orange segments b of cream. Serves 8–12.

To make traditional way: custard as described in Ch Bavarian above. Cover, co ceed as above, from secon

TO LINE A MOLD WITH FLA GELATIN

Chefs have a crafty and ra way of lining a mold with put the liquid gelatin in a m it round atop a bed of crush cooling gelatin thickens, it on the sides. Much easier method.

Start with 2 molds or m one the size you need for t sert, the other slightly sma fit in the big one, leaving space between the two.

Pour dissolved gelatin t ⅓ to ½ inch in base of larg frigerate till set. Place s gently on top of set gelatin. mold in place evenly with as an unopened small ca vegetables. Pour more li between the two molds to fill till set. Remove the weight used to hold down the insid center mold with very hot 20 seconds, pour out wat center mold. If small mold right away, refill with hot repeat. Fill gelatin shell wi Bavarian mixture.



rom page 121
E STORY ON COOKING

: In a plastic or paper bag, cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, paprika, ½ teaspoon pepper spoon nutmeg. Toss chicken coat. Shake off excess flour. ge skillet, heat up ½ cup margarine and 2 tablespoons to 350° or till sizzling. Brown n all sides. at and con- ing 20 to 25 till chicken is wn all over. ently. When uices should

n Fried: In a owl, combine , 1 cup milk, ten, ¼ tea- and ¼ tea- per. Stir to inkle 4 lbs. rts with 1½ salt, ½ tea- er and a lit- r lime juice, ip chicken in l place on

, heavy skil- cups cooking or till siz- n chicken all r heat and 25 more min- olden, crusty tender. This ves 6.

Fry: Preheat 0°. Place ½ or margarine baking pan in oven to n fat is hot inutes), add ces. Roll to t. Bake 40 to s, or until brown and sting occa-

nchy, Oven- n: Coat with e packaged h shortening owing pack- ns. Bake in shallow pan to 50 min- il tender. : Rub inside of approxi- -lb. broiler- n with 1 tea- ½ teaspoon ush or rub over with ed butter or margarine. In- f an onion and 1 bay leaf in e at 400° for 45 to 50 min- g occasionally. Chicken is lden brown and drumstick loosely in joint when twisted lder or foil to protect your

Rub chicken—parts, halves —all over with salt, pepper melted butter or margarine. side up on shallow pan. Put ter or margarine in cavities. st 6 inches from heat 10 to on each side, or till chicken rown and tender. Baste oc- casionally with drippings or with melted butter or margarine, mixed with a little lemon juice or vermouth or white wine and thyme or tarragon.

7. Old-Fashioned White Fricassee: Place chicken parts in a large kettle. Cover with hot water or chicken broth. Add 2 or 3 celery stalks and carrots, both cut in 1-inch pieces, 1 bay leaf, 6 peppercorns, 3 allspice berries and 12 whole small white onions. Bring to a gentle boil. Cover and cook over medium heat 25 to 30 minutes or till chicken is tender. Combine ⅓ cup flour and ⅓ cup cold water to make a paste. Put a few spoons of hot chicken broth in flour paste and mix till smooth. Slowly stir in paste mixture. Cook and stir over low heat 5 minutes more. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Correct seasoning, adding salt, pepper, and maybe a few grains of nutmeg. Garnish with chopped parsley.

IF CHICKEN IS SOLID-FROZEN

1. To Thaw Frozen Chicken Parts: Place frozen chicken parts on a well-greased roasting pan. Cover with aluminum foil. Set in preheated 400° oven for 25 minutes or till ice crystals disappear from surface. Remove from oven, separate chicken into individual pieces and proceed as always.

2. To Thaw Frozen Whole Chickens: Proceed as above, but bake 30 to 35 minutes or till ice crystals disappear from surfaces. Pull out giblets. Season and proceed. Toward the end of cooking time, brush chicken with ½ teaspoon bottled liquid browning. Roast 5 minutes more.

3. For Old-Fashioned Fricassee: Use usual methods, but allow 20 to 25 minutes extra cooking time.

CHICKEN KIEV (The Laziest Way)

A smashing creation . . . from the Imperial Court of the Czars. A spectacular dish where a little fountain of butter, rolled up inside the breast of chicken, spurts at the touch of a knife. It's no secret that many of the finest restaurants and country clubs across the nation are buying theirs quick-frozen.

This specialty item is called Breast of Rock Cornish Chicken à la Kiev, and sells for about $1.39 apiece. It is available in upper-crust markets and gourmet shops in New England, New York, Washington, D.C., the resort areas of Florida and Southern California, and is spottily distributed through the rest of the country.

For years some of the canniest hostesses have been mail-ordering chickens prepared this way direct from Idlewild Farms, Pomfret Center, Conn. Within a 500-mile radius, those obliging, quick and efficient Idlewild folks will ship them (if you order a dozen or more) in dry ice, parcel post, special delivery, charges prepaid—$16.80 per dozen. For longer distances they go airmail, shipping charges collect. Full directions for heating, serving, garniture are on the package.

CHICKEN KIEV (Your Own)

If you have a specialty butcher and want to make the true gourmet dish, the proper cut of chicken to use is the breast, pounded thin, with the first bone of the wing attached. Follow the directions below; to serve, garnish the protruding wing bone with a small frill. Traditionally, in Europe, the wing bone is held as you eat the cutlet.

6 whole chicken breasts, boned and halved
Filling:
1 (4-oz.) jar garlic spread concentrate
2 Tb. fresh chopped chives
or
2 tsp. freeze-dried chives
1 Tb. salt
1 tsp. pepper
Coating:
2 eggs
¼ cup milk
2 cups dry unseasoned bread crumbs
Fat for frying
Lemon wedges
Watercress

Pound each of 6 whole chicken breasts, boned and halved (12 pieces altogether), between 2 sheets waxed paper until very thin. Some butchers will do this. Peel off paper. Place each breast smooth side down. In center of each place about 1½ teaspoons garlic spread concentrate (from a jar). Leave it in a lump. Sprinkle over breasts 2 tablespoons fresh chives, chopped, or 2 teaspoons minced freeze-dried chives, mixed with 1 tablespoon salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Roll up each breast jelly-roll fashion, completely enclosing filling. Secure open ends with toothpicks.

Dip each rolled breast in 2 eggs beaten with ¼ cup milk. Drain, toss to coat in 2 cups unseasoned bread crumbs. Shake off excess. Let dry at least 5 minutes, then chill 30 minutes.

Heat 1½ inches cooking oil in electric skillet or large fry pan, until very hot (375°). Fry a few breasts at a time, till golden. Drain on paper towels. Garnish with lemon wedges and watercress.

To avoid deep-fat frying, (*continued*)



This is pepperoni: Italian sausage with its own special seasonings.

The spice, tang and sizzle of pepperoni pizza,

now in a mix.

Only Chef Boy-Ar-Dee®, with his special skill and know-how, could make it.

From Chef's mix you make a crispy, one-step crust. Add Chef's brand-new pizza sauce with lively slices of pepperoni, cheese topping; bake. In minutes, a sizzling pepperoni pizza. It's one of America's favorites. **Chef Boy-Ar-Dee**



bake at 400° for 15 minutes. This is not authentic, but is easier.

Recipe makes 12 servings. One *côtelette* is enough for each person, for it is very rich, but at a dinner party you'll want to offer seconds. *Côtelettes* can be frozen either before or after browning.

CHICKEN MARENGO

On the battlefield of Marengo, after Napoleon had routed his enemies, he demanded dinner. All the chef could scrounge was a chicken, and some crayfish, which he used as a garnish, with a sauce. Napoleon was delighted: "You must feed me like this after every battle," he announced and always insisted on the crayfish, to his chef's dismay. Nowadays, crabmeat has replaced crayfish, although some recipes omit crayfish and crab entirely.

12 chicken drumsticks (about 4 lbs.)
1½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup olive oil
12 fresh whole mushroom caps
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 (2-lb., 3-oz.) can Italian tomatoes with basil
1 (6-oz.) pkg. frozen crabmeat, thawed,
or
1 cup uncooked crabmeat, cut in ½-inch pieces
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup croutons, sautéed in butter or margarine

Cook 12 chicken drumsticks according to basic method for sautéeing, page 139.

Meanwhile, cut stems from 12 fresh mushrooms. Slice thinly, crosswise. Sauté stems and caps in ¼ cup butter or margarine, 3 or 4 minutes till lightly browned. Set aside. Sauté 1 cup croutons in same pan.

When drumsticks are cooked, add to same skillet 1 (2-lb., 3-oz.) can Italian tomatoes with basil, 1 (6-oz.) pkg. frozen crabmeat, thawed, *or* 1 cup uncooked crabmeat, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Then spoon into mixture just the mushroom stems, leaving caps for a garnish. Cover and cook over low heat 5 minutes.

At serving time, place drumsticks on a warm platter and top with crabmeat and vegetable mixture. Then arrange sautéed mushroom caps on top. Sprinkle with 1 cup sautéed croutons and 2 tablespoons parsley. Serves 6.

NORWEGIAN CHICKEN with CUCUMBERS

3 (1½-lb.) chickens, broiler-fryers
1½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. freshly ground pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 cups fresh mushrooms, sliced, or
2 (6-oz.) cans sliced mushrooms, drained
2 (10¾-oz.) cans beef gravy
2 Tb. tomato paste
2 small cloves garlic, crushed
2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese
1 cup sour cream
¼ cup chopped fresh dill
1 cucumber cut into spaghetti-thin strips

Split 3 (1½-lb.) broiler-fryers into 6 halves. Sprinkle with 1½ teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper. Brown chickens, 2 or 3 halves at a time, in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Set aside.

Sauté 2 cups sliced mushrooms (canned or fresh) in the same pan till lightly browned, about 4 minutes. Remove from pan with slotted spoon and set aside.

In the same pan, pour 2 (10¾-oz.) cans beef gravy, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 2 small garlic cloves, crushed, and 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Bring to a gentle boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and slowly stir in 1 cup sour cream, ¼ cup fresh dill and browned chicken halves. Cover and cook 30 to 35 minutes or until fork-tender.

Peel a cucumber and cut in half. Remove seeds from center and with a very sharp knife, slice lengthwise, making very thin strips, about 2 inches long.

When chicken is tender, stir in the sautéed mushrooms that you have set aside and the cucumber strips. Cover tightly and cook briskly for 5 more minutes. Serves 6.

CORNISH HENS with ARTICHOKES

8 (1-lb.) Cornish game hens
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 Tb. lemon juice
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
½ cup chopped onion
2 Tb. butter or margarine
2 (2-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 tsp. bottled liquid browning
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. tarragon leaves, crumbled
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
2 Tb. pimiento strips

Brush 8 (1-lb.) Cornish game hens with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine mixed with 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Sprinkle hens with 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cook according to basic method for roasting described on page 139, but reduce cooking time to 35 to 40 minutes. Meanwhile, cook 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen artichoke hearts according to directions. Drain and set aside.

Sauté ½ cup chopped onion
spoons butter or margarine 4
utes until tender but not b
aside.

When hens are done, remov
and keep warm. Mix 2 (2-oz.
white-sauce mix according to
Add ⅓ cup lemon juice, 1
liquid browning, 1 clove garli
½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoo
leaves, crumbled, and ⅛ teas
meg. Stir to blend. Add sauc
to chicken dr
pan. Place on t
over heat and
boil, stirring c
Cook 1 minu
Add the rese
choke hearts a
Heat throug
minutes longe

At serving t
sauce over Co
and garnish
blespoons
strips. Serves

COQ AU VIN

Red wine is t
but white is
proper. Some
fer it because
is more attra
the taste mor

2 (2½-3-lb.) ch broiler-fryers
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
¼ cup butter o margarine
2 Tb. cooking
2 cups fresh m rooms, slicec
or
2 (6-oz.) can mushrooms,
2 cups dry red white)
¼ cup flour
1 clove garlic,
2 (1-lb.) cans s whole white drained
4 or 5 strips ba cooked and c
or
½ cup diced browned

Tie each of 2 (
whole chicke
string to kee
Sprinkle with 1
salt and ½ teas
per. Brown in
tle or skillet, i
butter or m
mixed with 2 tal
oil. Remove. Ke

In same pan
cups mushroo
or canned).
with slotted sp

Mix togethe
dry red wine
cup flour. Slo
into chicken p
ring constantly
to a boil and c
3 minutes till thick. Add 1 clo
crushed, and then the chicken
and cook over low heat 35 to
utes until chickens are fork-ten

Meanwhile, cook and crumb
strips bacon. Or fry ½ cup salt
crisp.

About 5 minutes before end
ing time for chicken add 2 (1-
whole white onions that ha
drained.

When ready to serve Coq au
the string off the chickens, pla
on platter, spoon the onions aro
sprinkle with cooked bacon or p
Makes enough to serve 6.



Surround it with Saran Wrap.

A sliced onion can reduce you to tears *after* you put it in your refrigerator... if it's inadequately protected. That's when other foods, like butter, can start smelling onion-y, too. (Did you ever try serving onion-flavored banana cream pie?)

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*TRADEMARK



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PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH STYLE GREEN BEANS

3 strips bacon
1 small onion, sliced
2 tsps. cornstarch
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. dry mustard
1 No. 303 can (1-lb. size) Del Monte® Brand Cut Green Beans
1 Tbsp. brown sugar
1 Tbsp. vinegar
1 hard-cooked egg, sliced

Fry bacon in skillet until crisp. Remove bacon and crumble. Drain off all but 1 Tbsp. drippings. Add onion and brown lightly. Stir in cornstarch, salt and dry mustard. Drain beans, reserving ½ cup liquid. Stir reserved liquid into skillet. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils. Blend in brown sugar and vinegar. Add green beans and heat thoroughly. Turn into serving dish and garnish with egg, crumbled bacon. Makes about 4 servings.





read and write with ease and enjoyment. It's not that Allentown rejects I.T.A. out of ignorance or conservatism. Allentown's "opportunity program" for mentally superior children is a national model, and it has one of the most imaginative, realistic vocational-school systems in the country. Yet, despite what they hear from Bethlehem, some Allentown school officials remain skeptical of I.T.A. reports. Says Allentown's Assistant Superintendent of Schools, John T. Shuman: "I don't like the way I.T.A.'s being promoted. If it's so good, why isn't everybody using it?" Dr. Shuman said he had no specific reason to reject it, and that the decision had never been his to make.

I.T.A. was rejected by Dr. Ethel McCormack, formerly Director of Elementary Education in Allentown and now a professor at Lehigh University. "We were invited into I.T.A. with Bethlehem at the very beginning," Dr. McCormack recalls, "but we were already involved with one innovation, and that seemed enough for me. . . . Rebecca Stewart has her way of doing things, and I have mine." **END**

ONLY SON

continued from page 100

compliantly considered ideal, they soon began to realize that it was a miracle they had survived so long without him. He became their crowning joy, their "one ewe lamb."

They thought of having more children, but when none appeared they did not worry. Ajax was now part of their perfect sum, and they asked themselves whether a second child would not unbalance the beautiful equation.

However, as Ajax grew up and became not just an adorably cuddly adjunct to their lives, but a person, the first serious doubts and bewilderments of her life beset Mrs. Hadden. She adored the boy; he was handsome and clever, witty and popular; but neither in temperament nor in looks was he like her, or like his father. It was as if she had given birth to somebody else's son. All his reactions were alien to her, and although he loved her dearly, he could not make concessions to her in any matter of behavior or opinion that seemed important to him.

It was not merely possessiveness that made her so uneasy. She longed to be close to him, to understand and share his problems and views, while fully realizing that these must differ from her own. She was willing to let him make his own friends, form his own opinions with a wide-open mind and a desire to live empirically. But when it came to watching the fruits of her method of child-raising in the person of her rapidly developing son, she wondered whether she had made a mistake.

Should she have given him more guidance—held him in more, done more to form him in his parents' image? For by the time he was eighteen, he was like a stranger—a loving, familiar stranger, yet one whose every belief was so starkly different from theirs that almost every remark he made seemed to be an affront.

To take only one example, Ajax was a convinced Socialist. At first they didn't worry about this, taking it as the idealistic phase through which most young men pass before they learn that humanity hasn't yet reached the stage when brotherly love guarantees progress. They thought he would get over it; but he didn't. His conviction that Conservatism was basically wrong and Socialism obviously right deepened, and his three years at Cambridge only strengthened his belief that the whole ethical, moral and political basis of English middle-class life was at fault. He en the best education that m buy as a convinced left-wing ist, an inverse snob, an anti- and anti-colonialist, and a f (plus, where women were c free actor). This left the s dens with scarcely one seri they dared broach by way family conversation.

They talked about the p tween themselves by the h by night they lay in bed a hands as they always had their son in anxious whisp for Jo to try to reassure his v a bit pink myself at that ag was not to be consoled. She son; not his mere physical p his companionship and his and how could you have th son who did not share one ba with you? Despite her love f band, she was lonely to her s for the son she could not rea

It was then that she bega of the daughter she had Daughters were different. round at her friends, who girls seemed to her envious e so much with their mother forty-seven. Was it too late baby girl, or even . . . ? Bu it was. She never mentione tions to Jo, who was well ov working as he had never wor

Working for what? To cle and keep up his insurance

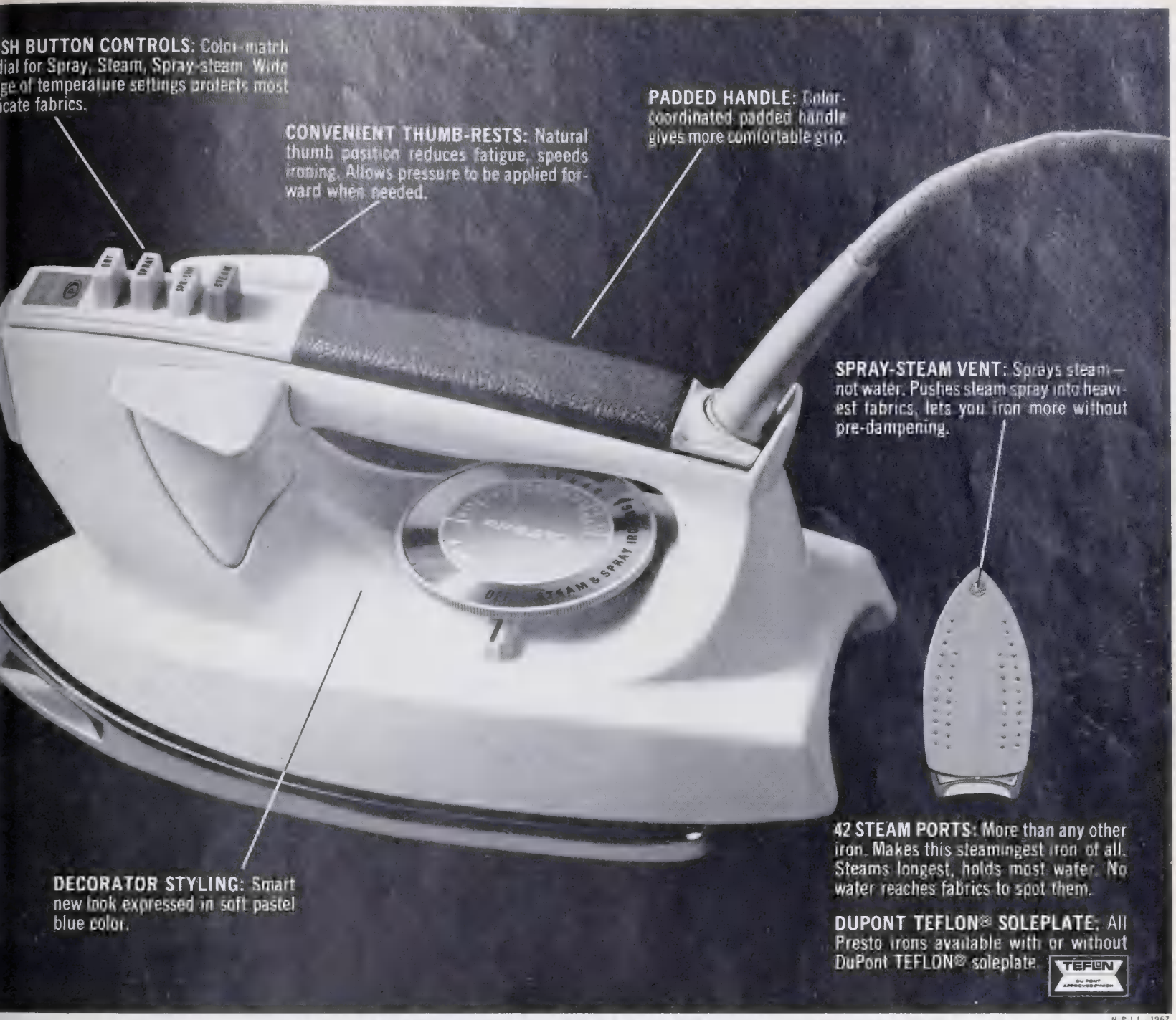


Journal Shopping Center

MOTHER'S DAY, U.S.A.—pages 94–99. YOUTHGUILD shirtdresses, both at: Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Dayton's, Minneapolis; I. Magnin, Calif. R & K dress: Best & Company, N.Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Famous Barr, St. Louis. SUNNY LEE little girl's dress: Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Sakowitz, Houston; I. Magnin, Calif. REMBRANDT dress: Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin, Calif. MR. MORT striped dress: Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Higbee's, Cleveland; I. Magnin, Calif. MR. MORT coat and dress: Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; I. Magnin, Calif. KATE GREENAWAY little girl's dress: Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin, Calif. JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES pantsdress: Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. KELLY ARDEN dress: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Capwell's, Oakland, Calif. ALAMOR smock-culotte: Dayton's, Minneapolis; The Denver, Denver; I. Magnin, Calif. JOSEPH LOVE romper dress: Filene's, Boston; Sakowitz, Houston; I. Magnin, Calif. SHUTTERBUG little girl's dress: Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; I. Magnin, Calif. AMY ADAMS dress: B. Altman's, N.Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Foley's, Houston. JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES dress: Angie, Chicago; Conley E. Morris, Knoxville, Kingsport, Oak Ridge, and Morristown, Tenn.; Goldwaters, Phoenix.
GREAT COMEBACK FOR AN OLD KITCHEN—page 112. KITCHEN AND PANTRY—Frigidaire appliances: *refrigerator* model FLP-19BAL, yellow; *range* model RCIE-639V, yellow; *dishwashers:* model BWCIUL, Two-Tone Copper. Whitehall Cabinets: Georgetown, Heritage Line in Coffee Oak; American-Olean ceramic *tile floor, countertop, backsplash.* American-Standard Fiesta *sink* No. P7150 and Party *sink* No. P7052 with R4300-1 *faucet*, Coppertone. Small appliances: Sunbeam *Mixmaster* and *Percolator;* Hoover *blender:* Knapp-Monarch Redi-*Oven* and Redi-*Toaster. Wallpaper:* Fiore TA-3 by Philip Graf Wallpapers, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.; Window *shades:* Fiore TA-3 *fabric* by Eaglesham Prints, Inc., made by Window Modes, 240 E. 56th St., N.Y.C. Ceiling *light fixtures:* Lightolier Corona Light Panels.
BONUS CORNER—Black leather *chairs* by Clem Medmore from House of Elias, 155 E. 55th St., N.Y.C. Nettle Creek *pillows;* glass-topped *desk* table by Edward M. Heyman, 304 E. 94th St., N.Y.C.; Desk *lamp, scales,* Louis XV *chair* loaned by Howard Perry Rothberg. **LAUNDRY**—Frigidaire automatic *washer,* Model WCIL and *dryer* Model DCIL in Two-Tone Copper; American-Standard Custom-Line *sink,* Model P7013-11, Manchu Yellow; Textolite *countertop,* Pineapple No. 1444-N; Sunbeam Spray, Steam or Dry *Iron; floorcovering:* Thomas Pride Mills "Sassy-grass" No. 221: green burlap *wallcovering:* Louis W. Bowen, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.
ACCESSORIES—*Paintings* by Karl Mann Associates; turn-of-the-century *glass, ceramic pieces,* brass *bucket,* loaned by Howard Perry Rothberg. Blue Boda glass *bottle:* Seabon, 54 E. 54th St., N.Y.C. *Desk accessories,* miscellaneous *dishes, bottles:* Bloomingdale's, Azuma.

BREAKFAST, LUNCH AND DIN TIFFANY'S—page 114. All table are from Tiffany & Co., New York San Francisco, Beverly Hills and Stores. All fabrics used for table napkins are from Woodson Wallpap All wicker furniture is from The Shop, 603 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Page 114—Breakfast Table. "I *printed cotton,* 50-in. wide, 25-in. repe yd. Star-shaped faience *dinner pl* and *cup with saucer,* $5; "Provence *goblet,* $6, and *sherry glass* (used $5.50. STERLING SILVER: "F pattern *flatware,* $49.50 a 5-piece place setting; footed *bowl* (hold $290; footed *ashtray* (h lding tiny $16.50; *salt shaker,* $18, and *pepper* 3-piece *coffee set,* $950. White wicker tray *table* (tray is removable), $75. back white wicker buri *chair,* $79.50 Pages 114–115—Luncheon Table. *printed cotton,* 50" wide, 40" repeat. CRYSTAL: *dinner plate,* $12.50, *plate,* $5; *bowl* (holding fruit), $12 *salt dishes,* $5 ea.; *decanter,* $17.50; pattern *goblet,* $6, and *claret* gla "English Kings" pattern sterling $53.25 a 5-piece place setting. Page 115—Dinner Table. "Candy *printed cotton,* 50" wide, 12" repeat. Plaid border china (a Tiffany Priv pattern): *dinner plate,* $25, *dess* $17.50, and *butter plate,* $12; Cora *goblets* and *wines,* $4 ea. VERMEI boo" pattern *flatware,* $70.25 a 5-p setting; Bamboo *basket* (holding fru Bamboo *candleholders,* $145 pr.; sa *per shakers,* $52 ea.; Thistle *Objets d* ea. White wicker Victorian *chair,* $1 *through decorators or the decoratin ments of local stores.

MEAL A DAY—page 126. May 1: Quicks made with Pillsbury Fluf Frosting Mix. May 4: Apple and Sp Mix by Betty Crocker. May 5: Japa Cakes made with Quaker Oats Pu Cereal. May 7: Canapés made with Snack-Mates cheeses. May 9: Fre Tarts made with Betty Crocker F Mix. May 11: Cheesecake from a Je May 13: Shrimp Bisque Soup, frozen from Campbell's. May 14: cake dec Post's Alpha-Bits cereal. May ghetti-O's with Sliced Franks is Ca Strawberry Punch Jell-O; Sour Crea Cake Mix is Pillsbury. May 21: cake late Parfait-Flavored Angel Food C from Betty Crocker. May 22: Oxt from Pepperidge Farm; Dilled Green can from S&W Foods, California. Shoepeg Corn in Butter is frozen. Jolly Green Giant: Brioches from S May 24: Pineapple Cream Pudding May 25: Buckwheat Groats are Wol selrode Pie Mix by Royal. May 2 Glazed Beets in Orange Sauce fr Eye; topping for Viennese coffee is C from General Foods. May 28: de-ta nuts are Lite Bite by Fischer Nuts cago, Ill. May 30: Gaspacho soup fro & Blackwell and Bon Vivant. May Colonial made with Chicken-Flav from French's.



N.P.I.I., 1967

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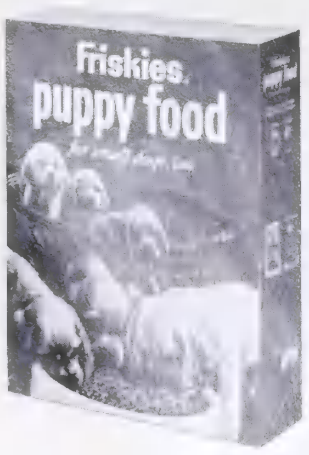
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payments and try to put aside a little for his retirement. That was all. Not, as he once had, to build up a practice to hand over to Ajax. No dream of hers could be farther from reality than this old one of his which he had long since put aside. For Ajax had no leaning whatever toward medicine. He wanted to be an artist.

He never put his costly university education to any practical use. He went to work in the first tuppenny-ha'penny job that offered itself, and stayed in it just long enough to make enough money to go to Paris. There, he said, he would live, and study art.

It was then that the real rows began. There had never been real rows in the family before, and they did terrible things to her, and to Jo and Ajax as well. Because one definition of a "real row" is that in the course of it love dies, or is held in suspended animation, and out from behind its helpless body come all sorts of hateful, deep-rooted words, which, even afterward when love has revived, can never be taken back.

To her horror, Mrs. Hadden found the whole atmosphere within her home changing—spoiling. But she could do nothing about it. Something compelled her to fight her son on his Paris decision. Before, she had tried to steer him, to persuade or dissuade him; but she had never stood in his very path, and, like some frantic bird, tried to batter him into turning back.

She used every weapon, the fair and the unfair. She told him his father had gone into debt to send him to Cambridge. She told him Jo's dream of leaving him the practice. She told him that her own heart would break if he persisted in going to Paris to lead this squalid, pointless existence. She even committed the unforgivable sin of telling him that he had no talent whatever in the field he had chosen, something which she sincerely believed, since she could make neither head nor tail out of his highly abstract paintings.

But apart from making him feel miserable and guilty she achieved nothing. By the time he actually left, their contact had broken utterly. Mother and son might have existed on different planets for all the communication they had by the time he kissed her cold cheek and carried his small haversack of belongings, and his large box of paints and tools, out of the house for the last time.

Five months later, Jo died.

Lost and drowning in a great ocean of pain, Mrs. Hadden grasped at the thought of her son like a straw. He came home for the funeral and stayed for a little while, and they tried to reach out to each other. But it was useless. Mrs. Hadden could not look at him without seeing a double image: the neatly dressed, sober, dedicated young doctor she and Jo had longed for, and Ajax as he was—blue-jeaned, bearded, with dirty fingernails and the hot, far-fixed eyes of the artist (or the madman).

When the practice was sold to a plump, swarthy little foreigner who had arrived in the country as a refugee only two years before, Mrs. Hadden's feelings for her defecting son collected a further calcifying layer of hardness. When she saw him off again to Paris, she said good-bye with a frozen heart and thought that she would not care if she never set eyes on him again.

With that stunning thought fresh in her mind, she went home; carried the two incomprehensibly streaked canvases he had brought her up to the attic, put his photograph away in her desk, and then stood for a long time looking out of the window.

"You're a widow," she said to herself at last. "Your husband is dead, and your relationship with your son has been damaged beyond repair. Now you're alone. It's a terrible situation, but you can't escape from it. You've made mistakes; but you're not a weak woman, and you're not a fool. Face facts; go on from here. Do the best you can. It's not forever, because one day you'll die, and that day could be tomorrow."

It was a very odd thing to get comfort and strength from such a thought, but she did.

Somehow, brick by effortful brick, she built her life again. The happiness she had had from her marriage made a good foundation. At first, she used books as her means of escape when the pain of loss was too great to bear. Later, when she felt stronger, she enrolled for a course of lectures on English literature. Her ability to concentrate waned, and waxed, and waned again; but she stuck to it, and at last was rewarded by the certain knowledge that she was learning, and that this was making her grow.

She made new friends—a few. She preferred their company to that of people who had known Jo and Ajax, as a man badly scarred prefers to be with people who never knew him in the days of his wholeness. With these new friends and the new interests they brought, she gradually began to enjoy life again instead of merely enduring it.

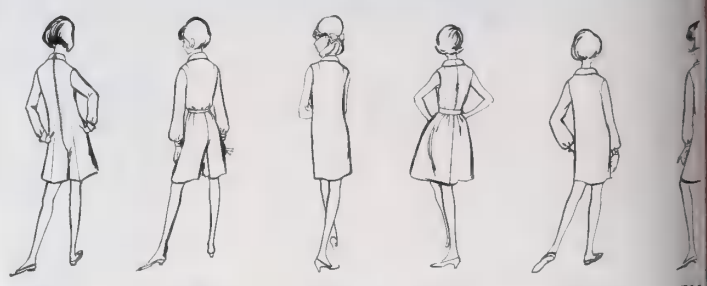
Ajax wrote to her, not often. At first, she read his letters with cold indifference as if he had no connection with her at all. But as her sorrow faded natural interest in her son r itself. After three years of stricken struggle (at which s only guess by the scarcity of le the dearth of news in them), hi career seemed to take a turn better. He began to sell an o canvas, and after that he didn Paris. He hitchhiked to all c France, painting as he went, th how managed to get a free p Cyprus. From there he went Africa, where he stayed for winter, traveling about; he wa for a time, but she didn't lea that until he was better. It f her in retrospect to wonder conditions he had lived thro illness. Afterward he moved journeying slowly through th East, back to Cyprus, to It finally settling down in some o way little hill town which he described as "having all the pa of Assisi, without St. Francis t the tourists."

To these letters she replie giving such pieces of news thought might possibly inter She never confided in him, or him with her emotions. She to she had let go of him comple she no longer felt like his mo cord was cut, they were now t distinct and separate people. S seen him for five years; she longer remember clearly what like. Her life was now self-c independent of him. Her belief was so gave her a sense of se self-respect. Then one day he say he was married.

Mrs. Hadden was aghast at that shot through her when this news. It left her (c

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 108–111



BUTTERICK 4496 Proportioned for Teens Pantdress, 8–14 Subteen, 9– Young Juniors, 10–16 Teen; 65c. Dress requires 2⅝ yds. of 45-in. fabric without nap for size 11 Young Junior. Contrast cuffs, collar and tie requ yd. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap. (If you use a 14 Teen measuremen dress requires 2½ yds. and the contrast is the same.)

VOGUE 7151 Misses culotte skirt, 24–25–26–28–30-in. waists; 75c. C requires 2⅛ yds. of 36-in. fabric with/without nap for size 26-in. waist.

VOGUE 5213 Misses blouse, "Easy to Make," 10–20; 75c. View A long-s blouse requires 1¾ yds. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE 6965 Misses one-piece dress, 10–18; $1.50. Sleeveless street-l dress requires 2⅜ yds. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14. Cor bias collar and band require ⅝ yd. of 45-in. fabric with/without nap.

VOGUE 7041 Misses one-piece dress, 10–18; $1.50. Special view B for toned dress: Skirt of dress requires 3¾ yds. of 15/16-in. cotton lace fo 14. Bodice requires 1½ yds. of 36-in. fabric with/without nap.

BUTTERICK 4421 Misses dress, 10–18; 75c. Dress requires 3⅜ yds. of fabric with/without nap for size 14. Velvet ribbon is edged with lace an plied over buttons and on fabric of the cuffs; 3 yds. washable nylon ribbo 6 yds. lace required. Add 1 yd. of ribbon for tie.

VOGUE 7149 Misses dress, 10–18; $1.50. Dress requires 3⅜ yds. of 36-in. with/without nap for size 14.

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wounded, numb. She couldn't understand why she should feel so strongly about it, and when the reaction wore off a little she began to examine her feelings closely. Was she—could she be—upset because he had married without telling her in advance? Surely not. Could she be jealous of the woman her son now belonged to? No, it was certainly not that.

Then—what? Why this bruised feeling of dismay? It took her completely by surprise, because of her conviction beforehand that she had severed her emotions from her son's life. But that instinctive pang had given the lie to that comforting belief.

She must face it: Deep down, she still loved Ajax and craved for him in some way, still regretted losing him. Her maternal nature wailed, in some secret place, for the natural course of events—the close relationship with the adult son, the day-to-day interest and affection of two lives lived adjacent and with things in common. She had been cheated of this, and also of the courting period and the wedding day.

Through the sudden, unlooked-for tears that these realizations brought, Mrs. Hadden thought, with a rueful half-chuckle: Go on, admit it; you want to be a grandmother. You want the girl-child still, even at one generation removed.

She blew her nose and read the letter through again.

He had described his bride fairly fully. She was Italian, of course—"a simple girl" (a peasant, he means, she thought grimly), daughter of the family with whom he had been lodging. She had a "beautiful body" and had modeled for him many times. She was also, he mentioned with a sheepishness that drew a tight smile from his mother, a staunch Roman Catholic—"but I'll soon talk her out of that." She was only seventeen, nine years younger than Ajax.

Mrs. Hadden felt anger rising in her unbidden. She crushed the letter. Folly. Madness. Idiocy. Everything he said about the girl proclaimed clearly that in marrying her, he had bound himself forever to this backwoods existence.

She tried to get a grip on herself. What did she care whom he married? She had long ago stopped caring what he did.

She wept some more. She couldn't seem to stop weeping. All the old wounds reopened. She had to start her fight to heal, and to be in time to the pains of love, right from the beginning.

Two years passed. Maria, Ajax's wife, had two babies, a boy and a girl.

Far away from the little hill town where her son lived and painted, and, evidently, failed to convert his wife to atheism and birth control, Mrs. Hadden fought conflicting impulses. One was to drop the impersonal tone of her letters, to write to him in scorching terms and ask what he thought he was doing, raising a family in poverty, bringing more children into an overcrowded world where, in order to be anything but a burden to themselves or society, they would need an education he could not possibly afford to give them.

The other impulse was to catch a plane and go and see her grandchildren.

But she did neither. She stayed aloof, and wrote cool, uninvolved letters, and sent such presents as she thought would not embarrass Ajax or his family.

For he had a new family no warm, noisy, many-branche one. He wrote about them with describing their weddings and attended by dozens of rela celebrated with jolly, chaoti meals, eaten at long trestles v dren scampered and screamed bled underfoot.... Mrs. Hadde they were fairly poor, and won they felt about having an artis of a worker, in the family.

But Ajax w his painting proving, and answer to a subconscious sent his moth trait of his wif

It startled style had char cally. It was no yet it was n figurative—t face appeared you stood back canvas and s little, and the mered obscur veiled or seen stained-glass p half-hidden qu cinated Mrs. drawing her b and again to le painting from angles, differ tances. A hun osity compelle try to solve tery—what di actually look spite her pleas fact that Ajax had talent aft would glad swapped the pa just one good port photograp

Sometimes looked rather dark, with la Italian eyes; times she looke Hadden subco expected a pe to look—a wooden, empty a stubborn faintly coarse Her hands we biguous, clearly defiantly outlin bottom of the square, capabl less, with she nails.

And now, frighteningly, t coming to Lon

Ajax wrote a by a mixture of hilarity, triu simple excitement. He himself hard to believe that he had been ered" by a London gallery ow on holiday in Florence, had ch see one of Ajax's paintings in of a friend. ("What incredible was one of the few I've manag to the great big world outsid Londoner made the journey to hill town, looked long and ha canvases in Ajax's small attic st offered him an exhibition in Lo

"So we're on our way, calo If you have fatted calves, pr roast them now. I'm bringing M



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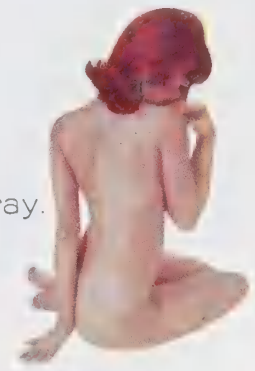
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grinned, shouted something—disappeared for a moment, then popped out again. Beside him, blurred and indistinct as it had been in the portrait, was the face of her daughter-in-law. She appeared to be neither beautiful nor plain; each interpretation of the portrait had been an extreme of the very ordinary little face in the train window. In repose it would, inevitably, have something of the heavy, peasant quality Mrs. Hadden had expected; but, smiling and alight, as now, there was no denying that it was a warm, attractive face, a natural face without a trace of worldliness or affectation, no mark of sophistication, cynicism—or sorrow.

As the train ground slowly to a stop, the two faces passed by, quite close to her own, and for a moment clearly etched. She saw their eyes fastened on her with anxiety, tension and hope. She saw their married hands clutching each other on the grimy edge of the window, their other hands reaching out toward her—the girl's too. A fluid feeling of relief flooded her. She put one hand in each of theirs and walked beside the train until it stopped. **END**

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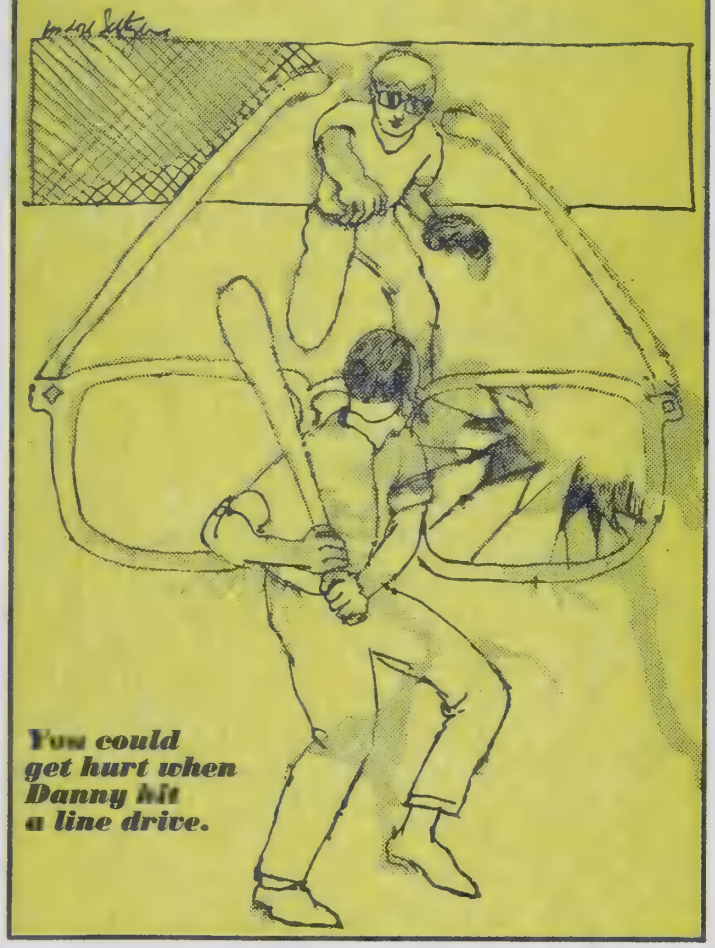


GENERAL ELECT

THE CHOSEN

By Chaim Potok

From a novel pointed toward this summer's best-seller lists, the *Journal* excerpts a tender story of fathers and sons who learn that love and trust can defeat intolerance.



You could get hurt when Danny hit a line drive.

he first fifteen years of our , Danny and I lived within blocks of each other, and ner of us knew of the other's ence.

nny's block was heavily lated by Russian Hasidic , followers of his father. drank tea from samovars, ng it through cubes of su- held between their teeth; talked loudly, occasionally ssian, most often in a Rus- Yiddish, and were fierce in loyalty to Danny's father. e or four such Hasidic sects lated the Williamsburg of Brooklyn during the ession, each with its own , its own little synagogue, wn customs.

e sidewalks of Williams- were cracked squares of nt, the streets paved with alt that softened in the g summers and broke into potholes in the bitter ers. Many of the houses brownstones, set tightly her. In these houses lived Irish, Germans, and some ish Civil War refugee fami- Most of the stores were run Gentiles, but some were d by Orthodox Jews, mem- of the Hasidic sects. They be seen behind their ers, wearing black skull- full beards and long ear- , eking out their meager noods.

ery Orthodox Jew sent his o a yeshiva, a Jewish pa- al school, where students d a double burden: He- studies in the mornings, sh studies in the after- s. The test of intellectual ence, however, had been ed by tradition to a single of study: Talmud. Virtu- in Talmud guaranteed utation for brilliance.

nny attended the small yeshiva estab- by his father. I attended a yeshiva de of the Williamsburg area, in Crown nts, where my father taught. My school d more English subjects than the re- d minimum, and it taught Jewish sub- in Hebrew rather than Yiddish. The nts were children of immigrant Jews felt themselves emancipated from the o mentality typical of other Jewish ls in Brooklyn.

nny and I might never have met had it een for America's entry into the Second d War and the desire this bred to show entile world that yeshiva students were ysically fit, despite their long hours of , as any other Americans. They went proving this by organizing the Jewish ls into sports competitions. I became a er of my school's softball team.

a Sunday afternoon in early June the n members of my team met with our instructor, Mr. Galanter, in the play of our school. Mr. Galanter was a short, y man in his early thirties. He wore a polo shirt and white pants, and a little skullcap perched on his round, balding head. He had nursed our softball team along for two years, and by a mixture of patience, luck and shrewd manipulations during some tight ball games he had molded fifteen awkward fumblers into the top team in our league.

During my two years with the team I had become a good second baseman, and a relief pitcher with a swift underhand delivery that would drop into a curve and slide just below the swinging bat for a strike. Mr. Galanter always began a ball game by putting me at second base, using me as a pitcher only in tight moments.

That afternoon we were scheduled to play the winning team of another neighborhood league, a team with a reputation for wild, offensive slugging and poor fielding. Mr. Galanter said he was counting upon our infield to act as a solid defensive front. Throughout the warm-up period, with only our team in the yard, he kept thumping his right fist into his left palm and shouting at us.

"No holes! No holes, you hear? Goldberg, close in! A battleship could get between you and Malter. That's it. Schwartz, what are you doing, looking for paratroops? This is a ball game. The enemy's on the ground. That throw was wide, Goldberg. Throw it like a sharpshooter. Keep the infield solid. No defensive holes!"

We batted and threw the ball around, and it was warm and sunny, and there was the smooth, happy feeling of the summer soon to come. We wanted very much to win, both for ourselves and for Mr. Galanter, for we liked his fist-thumping sincerity. To the rabbis who taught in the Jewish parochial schools, softball was an evil waste of time, but to most of the students an interleague softball victory had become almost as significant as a top grade in Talmud, an unquestioned mark of one's Americanism.

So Mr. Galanter stood near home plate, shouting instructions and encouragement, and we batted and tossed the ball around. I walked off the field for a moment to set up my eyeglasses for the game. Before every game I would bend the earpieces in so the glasses would not slip down my nose when I began to sweat. The tops of my ears would be sore for days after every game.

Davey Cantor, one of the second-string boys, was standing near the wire screen behind home plate. He was a short boy, with a round face, dark hair and a very Semitic nose. He watched me fix my glasses.

"You're looking good out there, Reuven," he told me.

"Thanks," I said. "It'll be a good game."

"You ever see them play, Reuven? They're murderers."

"Everyone plays to win, Davey."

"They don't only play to win. They play like it's the first of the Ten Commandments. Reb Saunders ordered them never to lose because it would shame their yeshiva or something. You'll see."

"Hey, Malter!" Mr. Galanter shouted at me. "What are you doing, sitting this one out? There's a war on!"

"Yes, sir!" I said, and ran to my position at second base.

We threw the ball around a few more minutes, and then someone said, "Here they are," and I saw the team we were going to play come into the yard. There were fifteen of them, dressed alike in white shirts, dark pants, white sweaters, and small black skullcaps. In the fashion of the very Orthodox, their hair was closely cropped, except for the area near their ears from which mushroomed the untouched hair that tumbled down into long side curls. Some of them had the beginnings of beards, straggly tufts of hair that stood in isolated clumps on their chins, jawbones and upper lips.

In contrast, the boys on our team had neither side curls nor uniforms. Every boy wore whatever he liked: dungarees, shorts, pants, polo shirts, sweat shirts, even undershirts. All we had in common with the visiting team was the black skullcap.

They came up to the wire screen behind home plate and stood there in a silent black-and-white mass, holding bats and balls and gloves. A man disentangled himself from the players and took a step forward. He wore a black suit, a black hat, and a black beard. He was obviously a rabbi, and I marveled that the yeshiva had placed a rabbi instead of an athletic coach over its team. Mr. Galanter came up and offered his hand.

"We are ready to play," the rabbi said in Yiddish.

"Fine," Mr. Galanter said in English.

The rabbi looked out at the field. "You

t © 1967 by Chaim Potok. From the forthcoming book, "The Chosen," by Chaim Potok, to be published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Illustrations by Isadore Seltzer

played already?" he asked Mr. Galanter. "You had practice?"

"Well, sure ——"

"We want to practice."

"How's that?" Mr. Galanter looked surprised.

"You practiced, now we practice."

"You didn't practice in your own yard?"

"We practiced."

"Well, then ——"

"But we have never played in your yard before. We want a few minutes."

"Well, now," Mr. Galanter said, "there isn't much time. The rules are, each team practices in its own yard."

"We want five minutes," the rabbi insisted.

Mr. Galanter was no longer smiling. He always liked to go right into a game when we played in our own yard. It kept us from cooling off, he said.

"Five minutes," the rabbi said. "Tell your people to leave the field."

"How's that?" Mr. Galanter said.

"We cannot practice with your people on the field. Tell them to leave the field."

"Well, now," Mr. Galanter said. The black-and-white mass of players behind the rabbi stood very still, waiting. "Well, all right. Five minutes. Just five minutes, now."

"Tell your people to leave the field," the rabbi said.

Mr. Galanter looked a little deflated. "Everybody off!" he shouted. "They want a five-minute warm-up. Hustle, hustle! Keep those arms going. Keep it hot. Toss some balls around behind home. Let's go!"

The black-and-white mass dissolved into fifteen individual players who came quickly onto the field. One of them, a tall boy with sand-colored hair, and long arms and legs that seemed all bones and angles, commenced hitting grounders and pop-ups. The fielders shouted encouragement to one another in Yiddish. They handled themselves awkwardly, dropping easy grounders, fumbling fly balls, throwing wild. I looked over at the young rabbi. He was sitting on the bench near the wire screen, reading a book.

Behind the wire screen was a wide area, and Mr. Galanter kept us busy there throwing balls around. Davey Cantor came past me, chasing a ball.

"Some murderers!" I grinned at him.

"You'll see," he said. "Especially the one batting. Danny Saunders."

"Pardon my ignorance, but who is Danny Saunders?"

"Reb Saunders' son," Davey Cantor said.

My father, who had no love for Hasidic communities and their rabbinic overlords, had told me about Rabbi Isaac Saunders and the zeal with which he ruled his people.

Danny Saunders was now at first base, and I noticed that he used his long arms and legs to good advantage, stretching and jumping to catch wild throws.

Mr. Galanter went over to the young rabbi who was still sitting on the bench, reading. "The five minutes are up," Mr. Galanter said.

The rabbi stared out at the field. "Enough!" he shouted in Yiddish. "It's time to play!" Then he resumed his reading.

Danny Saunders walked past me, wearing his first baseman's glove. He was a good deal taller than I, and his face seemed to have been cut from stone. His chin, jaw and cheekbones were made up of jutting hard lines, his nose straight and pointed. His eyes were deep blue, and the sparse tufts of hair on his jawbones and upper lip, the flow of side curls along his ears were the color of sand. He moved in a loose-jointed way, all arms and legs, talking in Yiddish to one of his teammates.

The umpire, a gym instructor from a nearby parochial school, called, "Play ball!" and we scampered onto the field. I took up my position at second base. Mr. Galanter stood alongside third base, shouting encouragement at us. It was warm, and I was sweating a little and feeling very good. The umpire called for the ball, tossed it to the pitcher, and shouted, "Here we go! Play ball!" We took our positions.

Mr. Galanter shouted, "Goldberg, move in!" Sidney Goldberg, our shortstop, took two steps forward. "OK, fine," Mr. Galanter said. "Keep that infield solid!"

A short, thin boy came up to the plate, holding the bat awkwardly. He swung wildly at the first pitch, and the force of the swing spun him completely around. The umpire called the strike in a loud voice. Sidney Goldberg looked over at me and grinned.

"If he studies Talmud like that, he's dead," Sidney said.

"Keep that infield solid!" Mr. Galanter shouted. "Malter, a little to your left!"

The next pitch was too high, and the boy chopped at it, lost his bat and fell forward on his hands. He let the next pitch go by, and the umpire called a third strike. The young rabbi looked up from his book.

"Two more just like that!" I shouted to the pitcher. "Two more, Schwartzie!" And I thought to myself, *Some murderers!*

Danny Saunders went over to the boy who had just struck out and talked to him. Another short, thin boy went to the plate. He swung wildly at the first two pitches, swung again at the third, and connected. Sidney Goldberg caught the ball, tossed it to me, and we threw it around. Two down.

The next batter was broad-shouldered and built like a bear. He batted the second pitch over the third baseman's head. I scrambled to second and shouted for the ball. The left fielder threw it to me, the ball was coming in a little high, and I had my glove raised when the batter smashed into me like a truck. The ball went over my head, and I fell onto the yard's asphalt paving. The batter passed me, running toward third, holding his skullcap to his head with one hand. Abe Goodstein, our first baseman, retrieved the ball and whipped it home, and the batter stood at third, a wide grin on his face. The yeshiva team exploded into wild cheers.

Sidney Goldberg helped me get to my feet. "That momzer!" he said. "You weren't standing in his way!"

"Wow!" I said, taking deep breaths. I had scraped the palm of my right hand.

Mr. Galanter came storming onto the field to complain to the umpire. "What kind of play was that?" he asked heatedly. "How are you going to rule that?"

"Safe at third," the umpire said. "Your boy was in the runner's way."

Mr. Galanter looked ready to argue, thought better of it, then stared at me. "Are you all right, Malter?"

"I'm OK," I said, taking another deep breath.

"Play ball!" the umpire shouted.

The yeshiva team quieted down. The young rabbi was looking up from his book, smiling faintly. A tall, thin player came to the plate, swung his bat a few times, tl crouched into a waiting stance. It Danny Saunders.

"Move back! Move back!" Mr. Galan was shouting to the infielders.

The first pitch was wild, and the yesh team burst into loud laughter.

"Take it easy, Schwartzie!" I shout "Two out, only one more to go!"

His second pitch was a foot over Dar Saunders' head, and the yeshiva te howled with laughter. The next pitch Schwartzie's hand in a long, slow line, before it was halfway to the plate I kr Saunders would try for it. The sound of bat against the ball was like a gunshot. Fo wild moment I lost sight of the ball. The saw Schwartzie dive to the ground, and th was the ball coming through the place wh his head had been, and I tried for it, bu was moving too fast. The center fiel caught it on a bounce, and threw to Sid Goldberg, but by that time Danny Saund was standing beside me on second ba while the runner on third had scored, and yeshiva team was screaming with joy.

Mr. Galanter called for time and wall to the pitcher's box to talk to Schwart Sidney Goldberg and I joined them.

"That ball could've killed me!" Schwart was saying. He wiped sweat from his fa "Did you see that ball?"

"I saw it," Mr. Galanter said grimly.

"That was too fast to stop, Mr. Galante I said in Schwartzie's defense.

"I heard about that Danny Saunder Sidney Goldberg said. "He always hits the pitcher."

"You could've told me," Schwartzie mented. "That ball could've killed me!"

"You want to go on pitching?" Galanter asked. A thin sheen of sweat c ered his forehead.

"Sure, Mr. Galanter," Schwartzie sa "I'm OK."

"OK, soldier," Mr. Galanter said. "J keep our side of this war fighting." nodded, and started off the field.

"No kidding," Schwartzie said. "That g aimed right for my head!"

"Oh, come on, Schwartzie," I said. "St giving it to them on a silver platter, a they won't hit it like that."

"Who's giving it to them on a silver pl ter?" Schwartzie lamented. "That was great pitch."

The umpire came over to us. "You bo planning to chat here all afternoon He was a man in his late forties, a he looked impatient.

"No, sir," I said politely, and Sidney a I ran back to our places. Danny Saund was standing on my base. His white sh was pasted to his back with sweat.

"That was a nice shot," I said. "You ways hit it like that to the pitcher?"

He smiled faintly. "You're Reuven M ter," he said. He had a low, nasal voice.

"That's right," I said, wondering wh he had heard my name.

"Your father is David Malter, the c who writes articles on the Talmud?"

"Yes."

"I told my team we're going to kill y *apikorsim* this afternoon." He said it flat without expression.

I walked away from him and took up position near the baseline. Schwartzie w going into his windup. The batter swu

ily at the first two pitches. The next one s low, and he let it go by. Then he hit a under to the first baseman, who dropped and recovered it in time to see Danny nders crossing the plate. The yeshiva yers were all trying to get to Danny nders and shake his hand. Their rabbi led broadly, looked down at his book, and med reading.

Sidney Goldberg came over to me. "What Saunders tell you?" he asked.

"He said they were going to kill us *korsim* this afternoon."

He stared at me. "Those are nice people, se yeshiva people," he said, and walked wly back to his position.

The next batter hit a long fly ball. The nt fielder caught it on the run.

"Hooray for us," Sidney said as we headed the field. "Where did they learn to hit e that?"

"Who knows?" I said.

We were standing near the wire screen, ming a tight circle around Mr. Galanter.

"Only two runs," Mr. Galanter said, ashing his right fist into his left hand. ow we give them our heavy artillery. Now barrage them!" His skullcap seemed ted to his head with sweat. "OK! Fire ay!"

Sidney Goldberg walked to the plate, rying a bat. The rabbi was still sitting on bench, reading. I started to walk around ind him to see what book it was when vey Cantor came over, his eyes gloomy.

"I told you they could hit," Davey said. ney're murderers." I watched Sidney dberg let a strike go by. Then he hit a , low grounder and raced to first. The went right through the legs of the short- and into center field.

Hold it at first!" Mr. Galanter screamed. alter, coach him at first!" I ran up the e line.

They can hit, but they can't field," Sid- said, as I came to a stop alongside him. Davey Cantor says they're murderers," id.

Old gloom-and-doom Davey," Sidney l.

Danny Saunders was standing away from base, making a point of ignoring us both. Our next batter hit a high fly to the second eman, who caught it, dropped it, re- ved it, and made a wild attempt at tag- g Sidney as he raced past.

Safe all around!" the umpire called, and team burst out with shouts of joy. Mr. anter was smiling. The rabbi continued ding.

Keep your eyes open, Sidney!" I shouted. d to the batter who had reached first: "If a grounder, run like hell."

If they keep fielding like that we'll be e till tomorrow," he said.

The next batter hit a hard grounder to the cher, who fumbled it for a moment, then ew to first. Danny Saunders had to tch for it.

Out!" the umpire called. "Safe on second third!"

As I ran up to the plate to bat, I laughed the pitcher's stupidity. He should have own to third. Now we had Sidney Gold- g on third, and a man on second. I hit a under to the shortstop. Instead of throw- it to home plate, he threw to first, wildly. ain Danny Saunders stretched, and pped the ball. But I beat the throw, and umpire called, "Safe all around! One run in!" Everyone on our team was patting Sidney Goldberg on the back. Mr. Galanter smiled broadly.

"Hello again," I said to Danny Saunders, who was standing near me, guarding his base. He looked at me without expression.

Schwartzie was standing at the plate, swinging his bat.

"Watch it!" I shouted to the runner on third. He looked too eager to head for home. "It's only one out!"

Schwartzie took two balls and a strike. On the fourth pitch he began to pivot, and the runner on third started for home. He was halfway down the base line when Schwartzie sent a line drive straight to the third baseman, who caught the ball more with his stomach than his glove, managed somehow to hold on to it, and stood there, looking astonished. Our player who had been heading home turned sharply and started a panicky race back to third.

"Step on the base!" Danny Saunders screamed in Yiddish across the field. The third baseman obeyed, and we were through.

The yeshiva team howled its happiness and raced off the field. Mr. Galanter went back up the third-base line, his face grim. The rabbi was looking up from his book and smiling.

I took up my position near second base. It was hot, and I was sweating beneath my clothes. I felt the earpieces of my glasses cutting into the skin over my ears. Schwartzie was going into a windup. I crouched down, waiting, remembering Danny Saunders' promise to his team that they would kill us *apikorsim*. Originally the word had meant a Jew educated in Judaism who denied basic tenets of his faith. To people like Reb Saunders, it also meant any educated Jew who might be reading, say, Darwin, and who was not wearing side curls. I was an *apikoros* to Danny Saunders, despite my belief in God and Torah, because I did not have side curls and was attending a parochial school where too many English subjects were offered, where Jewish subjects were taught in Hebrew instead of Yiddish. Both were unheard-of sins, the English subjects because they took time away from the study of Torah, Hebrew because it was the Holy Tongue, its use in ordinary classroom discourse a desecration of God's name. I had never really known this kind of Jew before. My father had told me he didn't mind their beliefs; what annoyed him was their fanatic sense of righteousness, their absolute certainty that every other Jew was wrong, totally wrong, a sinner, a hypocrite, an *apikoros*, and doomed to burn in hell.

Standing on the field and watching a yeshiva boy swing at a high ball, I felt suddenly angry. Somehow the yeshiva team had translated a baseball game into a conflict between what they regarded as their righteousness and our sinfulness. My anger began to focus upon Danny Saunders; I hated him.

Schwartzie let five of their men come to the plate that half inning, and one of them scored. The yeshiva catcher shouted at us in Yiddish, "Burn in hell, you *apikorsim!*" and by the third out all of us knew that this was not just another ball game.

Mr. Galanter was sweating heavily. All he said was, "We fight it careful from now on. No more mistakes."

We proceeded to play a slow, cautious game, bunting when we had to, sacrificing to move runners forward, obeying Mr. Galanter's instructions. No matter where the runners were on the bases, the yeshiva team always threw to Danny Saunders at first. He was the only infielder who could be relied upon to stop their wild throws. We scored only one run that inning, and we walked onto the field for the first half of the third inning with a sense of doom.

A boy they called "Dov" Shlomowitz came up to the plate. He stood there like a bear, the bat looking like a matchstick in his beefy hands. Schwartzie pitched, and Shlomowitz sliced one over the head of the third baseman for a single. The yeshiva team howled, and again one of them called out in Yiddish, "Burn, you *apikorsim!*"

Sidney Goldberg and I looked at each other without saying a word. I took off my glasses and rubbed the tops of my ears. For a moment I felt a sense of unreality, as if all the future years of my life would depend upon the outcome of this one ball game.

Mr. Galanter was shouting at us to move back. Danny Saunders walked up to the plate, swinging a bat. The yeshiva team was shouting at him in Yiddish to kill us *apikorsim*. Schwartzie turned around to check the field. Mr. Galanter was alongside third base, watching.

The first pitch was low, and Danny Saunders ignored it. The second one started to come in shoulder-high, and before it reached the plate, I was running to stand on second base. My glove was going up as the bat cracked, and I saw the ball whizzing past Schwartzie's head, moving fast. I saw "Dov" Shlomowitz heading toward me, and Danny Saunders racing to first, and I heard the yeshiva team shouting and Sidney Goldberg screaming, and I jumped, pushing upward with all the strength in my legs and stretching my glove hand till I thought it would pull out of my shoulder.



The ball hit the pocket of my glove with an impact that numbed my hand. I was knocked off balance, and came down hard on my left hip and elbow. "Dov" Shlomowitz whirled and started back to first. I got into a sitting position and threw the ball awkwardly to Sidney Goldberg, who whipped it to first. The umpire screamed "Out!" and Sidney ran over to help me to my feet, a look of disbelief and joy on his face. Mr. Galanter shouted, "Time!" and came racing onto the field. Schwartzie was standing in the pitcher's box with his mouth open. Danny Saunders stood on the base line near first, where he had stopped after I caught the ball, staring at me, his face frozen to stone. The yeshiva team was silent.

"That was a great catch, Reuven!" Sidney Goldberg said, thumping my back. "Sensational!"

Our team had suddenly come back to life. The infielders were throwing the ball around and talking up the game.

Mr. Galanter came over. "You all right, Malter? Let me see that elbow." I showed him the scraped elbow. The skin hadn't broken. "That was a good play," he said, beaming. "How's the hand?"

I took off my glove, and Mr. Galanter poked at the wrist and fingers. "Does that hurt?"

"No," I lied.

"OK," he said, patting my back. "We'll put you in for a Purple Heart on that one, Malter."

"I can't get over that catch," Sidney Goldberg said.

"You threw it real good to first," I told him.

Two more yeshiva players got to bat that inning. The first one hit a single, and the second one sent a high fly to short, which Sidney Goldberg caught without having to move a step. We scored two runs that inning and one run the next, and by the top half of the fifth inning we were leading, five to three. Mr. Galanter was walking back and forth, sweating, smiling, grinning, wiping his head nervously; the rabbi was no longer reading; the yeshiva team was silent as death.

Schwartzie pleaded exhaustion, and since this was the final inning—school schedules only permitted us time for five-inning games—Mr. Galanter told me to pitch. Davey Cantor took my place at second. My left hand was still sore, and the wrist hurt whenever I caught a ball, but the right hand was fine. The pitches went in fast and dropped into the curve just when I wanted them to. Dov Shlomowitz swung three times, and hit nothing but air. Then Danny Saunders came up to the plate.

The members of the yeshiva team were very quiet. The rabbi was sitting on the bench, his book closed. Mr. Galanter was shouting at everyone to move back. Danny Saunders fixed himself into position and looked out at me.

Here's a present from an *apikoros*, I thought, and let go the ball. It went in fast and straight, and I saw Danny Saunders' left foot move out and his body begin to pivot. He swung just as the ball slid into its curve, and the bat cut through empty air, twisting him around and sending him off balance. His black skullcap fell off, and he bent quickly to retrieve it. He stood there for a moment, staring at me. The rabbi had begun to chew his lip.

I lost control of the next pitch, and it was wide. On the third pitch, I went into a long, elaborate windup and sent him a slow, curving blooper, the kind a batter always tries for and misses. He ignored it, and the umpire called it a ball.

My left wrist began to throb as I caught the throw from the catcher. I was hot and sweaty, and the earpieces of my glasses were cutting into the flesh above my ears. Danny Saunders stood very still at the plate, waiting. *OK*, I thought, hating him bitterly, *here's another present.*

The ball went to the plate fast and straight, and dropped just below his swing. He checked himself, and took two or three staggering steps forward.

The catcher threw the ball back, and I winced at the pain in my wrist. I turned around for a moment to look out at the field, and let the pain subside. When I turned back, Danny Saunders was holding his bat in his left hand, his lips parted in a crazy grin. The umpire yelled, "Play ball!"

I wanted to finish it quickly, so I pitched another fast ball. I saw Danny go into a crouch, and in the next instant I realized that he had anticipated the curve and was swinging low. I was still off balance from the pitch, but I managed to bring my glove hand up in front of my face just as he hit the ball. I saw it coming at me, but there was nothing I could do. It hit the edge of my glove, smashed into the left lens of my glasses, glanced off my forehead, and knocked me down. I scrambled around wildly for the ball, but by the time I got my hand on it Danny Saunders was safe on fir

I heard Mr. Galanter call time, and eve one on the field ran over to me. My glas lay shattered on the asphalt paving. I fel sharp pain in my left eye, my wrist throbb and I could feel the bump coming up on r forehead.

Mr. Galanter put his face close to mi "Are you all right, boy?" he asked. I looked at my forehead. "Somebody wet handkerchief with cold water!" he shoute Sidney Goldberg said something, but couldn't make out his words. Mr. Galant put his arm around my shoulders, walk me off the field and sat me down on t bench next to the rabbi. Without my glass everything beyond ten feet was blurred. wondered about the pain in my left ey Mr. Galanter was putting a wet handk chief on my head.

"You feel dizzy, boy?"

I shook my head. "I'm all right," I sai and wondered why talking hurt my head.

"You sit quiet now," Mr. Galanter sai "You begin to feel dizzy, you l me know right away."

He went away. I sat on t bench and heard shouts in Yi dish. The pain in my eye was intense I could feel it in the ba of my spine. I sat on the bench long time, while we lost the gam eight to seven, long enough hear the yeshiva team shout wi joy, long enough to begin cryi at the pain in my eye.

Mr. Galanter came over at tl end of the game, took one look me, and ran out of the yard to c a cab. We rode to the Brookly Memorial Hospital, a few bloc away, and walked into the eme gency ward. I was beginning feel dizzy and nauseated. The pa in my left eye ran along the le side of my body to my groin. Th nurse at the desk asked us to s down and pressed a button to ca someone.

"How're you doing?" Mr. Ga lanter asked me.

"My eye hurts. I feel dizzy."

"You'll be OK," Mr. Galante said. "You get a Purple Heart fo today's work, trooper." But h looked frightened.

"I'm sorry to be putting you t so much trouble."

"What trouble? Don't be silly.

"I'm also sorry we lost. They'r a tough team."

"That Saunders boy," Mr. Galanter saic "the one who hit you. You know anythin about him?"

"No, sir."

"I never saw a boy hit a ball like that."

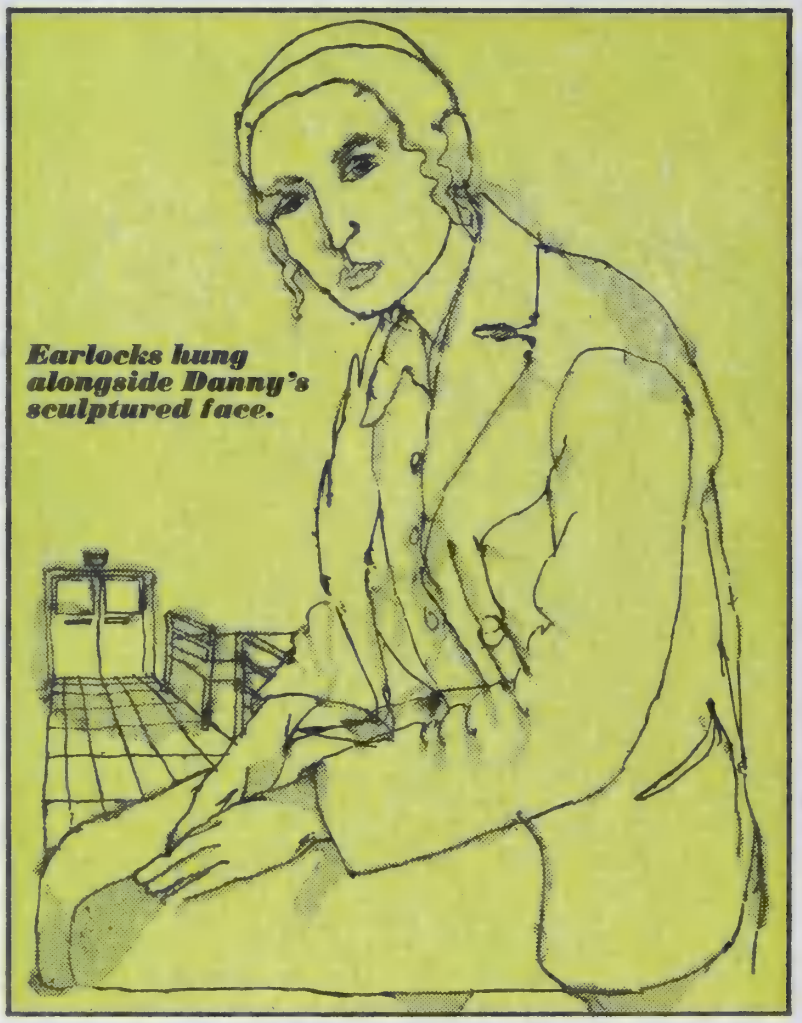
"Mr. Galanter, my eye really hurts."

"We'll be going in in a minute, boy. Hol on. Would your father be home now?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your phone number?"

A nurse came out the door and nodded t us. Mr. Galanter helped me get to my feet We followed the nurse into an examinatio room. It had white walls, and a metal tabl with a white sheet over a pad. Mr. Galante helped me onto the table. A young docto came in, wearing a white gown. "Stopped a ball with your eye, I hear," he said, smilin at me. "Let's have a look at it."



Earlocks hung alongside Danny's sculptured face.

took off the wet handkerchief, opened eft eye, and gasped with the pain. He ed at the eye through an instrument a light attached to it, and spoke to Mr. nter. "Was he wearing glasses?"
Yes."
ne doctor put the instrument over the again. "Can you see the light?" he d me.
t's a little blurred," I told him.
think I'll go call your father," Mr. nter said.
Could you ask him to bring my other of glasses?" I said.
You won't be able to wear glasses for a e, son," the doctor told me. "We'll have ut a bandage over that eye."
'll be right back," Mr. Galanter said, went out.
How does your head feel?" the doctor d me.
t hurts."
Does that hurt?" he asked, moving my from side to side.
Felt myself break out into a cold sweat. s, sir," I said.
Do you feel nauseous at all?"
A little," I said. "My left wrist hurts,
Well, you really put in a full day. Who the game?"
They did."
Too bad. Now look, you lie as quiet as can and try not to blink your eyes. I'll ght back."
was frightened. What was causing the in my eye? Some of the glass from the must have scratched it, I thought. I d myself hating Danny Saunders again all the other side-curl wearers on his iva team. My father was probably at his , writing. The phone call would frighten I couldn't keep back my tears.
ne young doctor returned, another doc- vith him. He looked at my eye with the ument. "Is Snydman around?" he d. "He'd better have a look at this."
You lie still now, son," the first doctor "A nurse will be here in a minute."
ney went out. A nurse came in, smiling. s won't hurt a bit," she said, and put drops into my left eye. "Now keep it d and put this bit of cotton over it. 's a good boy."
ree men came into the room, the two ors and a short, middle-aged man with a ing mustache.
This is Dr. Snydman, son," the first or said. "He wants to have a look at eye."
r. Snydman smiled. "I hear you had quite a ball game, young man." I liked him immediately. He took the cotton off my eye and looked through the in- ment for a long time. Then he turned r. Galanter.
Are you the boy's father?"
called his father," Mr. Galanter said. s coming over right away."
We'll need his signature," Dr. Snydman He turned to the other two doctors. "I think so," he said. "I think it's right ne edge. I'll have to have a better look upstairs." He smiled at me. The doctors out.
What's upstairs?" I asked Mr. Galanter. The eye ward, I guess. They have all the nstruments up there."
wo orderlies came into the room, wheel- a stretcher table. When they lifted me off the examination table, the pain rammed through my head and sent flashes of red and white colors into my eyes. I cried out. They put me down carefully on the stretcher table and wheeled me out of the room. Mr. Galanter followed.

The elevator took a long time going up. I lay on the stretcher table, staring up out of my right eye at the fluorescent ceiling light. It looked blurred, and I saw it change color, going from white to red to black to white. Then the light was bad all over and everyone crowded around me. Someone was wiping my forehead, and the light was suddenly gone.

I opened my right eye. A nurse in a white uniform said, "Well, now, how are we doing, young man?" and for a long moment I didn't know what was happening. Then I remembered everything—and I couldn't say a word.

"Well, now, let's see," the nurse said. "Move your head just a little, and tell me how it feels." I moved my head from side to side on the pillow.

"It feels fine," I said.

"That's good. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am. Is my father here?"

"He'll be in shortly. You lie still now and rest. They'll be bringing supper in soon." She went away.

I lay still, looking with one eye at sunlight coming in through tall windows. I moved my head to the left, carefully, so as not to disturb the thick bandage that covered my left eye. There was a man sitting up in bed, playing a game of solitaire on his blanket. He looked to be in his middle thirties, and he had broad shoulders and a lean face with a dark stubble of beard. He wore a black patch over his right eye. His nose was flat, and he had a scar beneath his lower lip.

"Hello, there," he said, smiling. "How's the old punching bag?"

I didn't understand what he meant.

"The old noggin. The head."

"Oh. It feels good."

"Lucky boy. A clop in the head is a rough business. I got clopped in the head once, and it took me a month to get off my back." He looked down at the rows of cards on the blanket. "I hit the canvas so hard I rattled my toenails. That was some clop." He drew another card and inspected it.

I looked at the black patch on his right eye. After a few minutes I realized he had forgotten about me, and I turned my head to the right. A boy of ten or eleven was lying in a bed with his hands flat under his head, his eyes open, staring at the ceiling, not noticing me looking at him. He had light-blond hair and a beautiful face. The people beyond the beds immediately to my right and left were blurs. I couldn't make out the rest of the room, except to see that it had two long rows of beds and a wide middle aisle—clearly a hospital ward.

I moved my wrist slowly. It still hurt. Danny Saunders was probably bragging about the ball game to his friends. That miserable Hasid! I hated him.

An orderly came up the aisle, pushing a metal table piled high with food trays. The man on my left scooped up his cards.

"Time for the old feed bag," he said, smiling at me. "What's the menu, Doc?"

The orderly grinned. "Be right with you, Killer." He was still three beds away.

The boy in the bed to my right blinked. The orderly stopped at the foot of his bed and took a tray from the table. "How you doing, Billy?"

The boy's eyes sought out the direction from which the voice had come. "Fine," he said softly. He began to sit up in bed. I saw he was blind.

"It's chicken, Billy," the orderly said. "Peas and carrots, potatoes, vegetable soup, and applesauce."

"Chicken!" the man to my left said. "Who can do ten rounds on chicken?"

"You all set, Billy?" the orderly asked.

"I'm fine," the boy said. He fumbled about for the silverware, found the knife and fork, and commenced eating.

A nurse came up the aisle and stopped at my bed. "Hello, young man. Are we still hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's good. Your father said to tell you this is a kosher hospital, and you are to eat everything." She went to a night table and opened a drawer. "He asked that we give you this." She was holding a small, black skullcap in her hand.

"Thank you, ma'am." I took the skullcap and put it on.

"Mrs. Carpenter," the man to my left said, "how come chicken again?"

The nurse looked at him sternly. "Mr. Savo, please behave yourself."

"Yes, *ma'am*," he said, feigning fright.

"Mr. Savo, you are a poor example to your young neighbors."

She turned quickly and went away.

"Tough as a ring post," Mr. Savo said, grinning at me. "But a great heart." The orderly put the food tray on his bed, and he began eating ravenously. He winked his good eye at me. "Good food. Not enough zip, but that's the kosher bit for you."

"Mr. Savo, sir?"

"Yeah, kid?"

"What day is today?"

He took the chicken bone out of his mouth. "It's Monday."

"Monday, June fifth?"

"That's right, kid."

"I slept a long time," I said.

"You were out like a light, boy."

I decided it would be polite to introduce myself. "My name is Reuven Malter."

"Good to meet you, Bobby boy." He dropped the chicken bone onto the tray. "You always eat with a hat on?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's that, part of your religion or something?"

"Yes, sir."

"Important thing, religion. Wouldn't mind some of it in the ring. Tony Savo's my name."

"Are you a prizefighter?"

"That's right, Bobby boy. Could've been on top if that guy hadn't clopped me the way he did."

"Are you feeling better now?" I heard the blind boy ask me. He was facing in my direction, his pale blue eyes wide open.

"I'm a lot better," I told him. "My head doesn't hurt."

"We were all very worried about you."

I didn't know what to say to that.

"My name's Billy," the blind boy said.

"How are you, Billy? I'm Robert Malter."

"Robert's a grown-up name, isn't it? How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"That's grown up."

"Why don't you call me Bobby," I told

Billy. "I'm not really all that grown up."

"Bobby is a nice name." He had a beautiful face, a gentle face. His eyes stared at me vacantly. "What kind of hair do you have, Bobby? Can you tell me what you look like?"

"Sure. I have black hair and brown eyes, and a face like a million others. I'm about five foot six, and I've got a bump on my head and a bandaged left eye."

He laughed with sudden delight. "You really are a nice person," he said. "You're nice like Mr. Savo. He promised me a three-rounder after my operation."

"That's great," I said.

"It's a new kind of operation," Billy said, turning his face in my direction. "My father explained it to me. They found out how to do it in the war. It'll be wonderful doing a three-rounder with you, Mr. Savo."

"Sure, Billy. Sure." He was sitting up in his bed, holding his deck of cards.

"It'll be wonderful to be able to see again," Billy said to me. "I had an accident in the car once. My father was driving. It was a long time ago. It wasn't my father's fault, though."

He lay back on his pillow, his eyes open. Beyond his bed I saw a man hurrying up the aisle, and when he came into focus I saw it was my father. He was carrying a package wrapped in newspapers. He had on his dark-gray double-breasted suit and his gray hat. He looked thin and worn, and his face was pale. His eyes seemed red behind his steel-rimmed spectacles, as though he hadn't slept in a long time.

"The hospital telephoned," he said. "They told me you were awake." He sat on the edge of the bed and put the package down. "You slept almost a full day," he said, trying to smile. "How are you feeling, Reuven?"

"I feel fine now," I said.

"They told me you had a slight concussion. Your head doesn't hurt?"

"No."

He seemed very tense, and I wondered why he was still worried.

"The nurse didn't say anything about my eye," I said. "Is it all right?"

He looked at me queerly. "Of course it's all right. Dr. Snydman operated on it, and he is a very big man."

"He operated on my eye?" It had never occurred to me that I had been through an operation. "What was wrong?"

My father caught the fear in my voice. "You will be all right now," he said. "There was a piece of glass in your eye, on the edge of the pupil. Dr. Snydman took it out. They said he performed a miracle." But somehow my father did not look as though a miracle had been performed.

"Is the eye all right now?" I asked him.

"Of course it is all right. Why should it not be all right?"

"It's not all right," I said. "Abba, please tell me what's the matter."

He began to cough, a deep, rasping cough that shook his frail body. "Reuven, Reuven," he said, shaking his head, "I have never been good at hiding things from you, have I? I always wanted a bright boy for a son. And you are bright. I will tell you what they told me about the eye. The eye is all right. In a few days they will remove the bandages and you will come home."

"In only a few days?"

"Yes."

"So why are you so worried?" I asked. "That's wonderful!"

"Reuven, the eye has to heal."

A man walked up the aisle and came alongside Billy's bed. He had light-blond hair, and from his face I could tell that he was Billy's father. He kissed the boy on the forehead. They talked quietly.

My father said, "The eye has a tiny cut on the edge of the pupil, and the cut has to heal."

"The scar tissue," I said slowly. "The scar tissue can grow over the pupil." And I felt myself go sick with fear.

My father's eyes were moist behind the steel-rimmed spectacles. "Dr. Snydman informed me he had a case like yours last year, and the eye healed. He is optimistic."

"But he's not sure."

"No," my father said. "He is not sure."

I looked at Billy and saw him talking with his father, quietly and seriously. The father was caressing the boy's cheek.

"Reb Saunders called me twice today," my father said.

"Reb Saunders?"

"He wanted to know how you were. His son is very sorry over what happened."

"I'll bet," I said bitterly.

My father began to speak, but his words broke into a rasping cough. He put a handkerchief to his mouth and coughed into it.

"I caught a cold," he apologized. "There was a draft in the classroom yesterday. In June yet. Only your father catches colds in June."

"You're not taking care of yourself, Abba."

"I am worried about my ballplayer." He smiled at me. "I worry all the time you will get hit by a taxi or a trolley car, and you go and get hit by a ball."

"I hate that Danny Saunders for this. He's making you sick."

"Danny Saunders is making me sick? How is he making me sick?"

"He hit me deliberately, Abba. Now you're getting sick worrying about me."

My father looked at me in amazement. "He hit you deliberately?"

"You should see how he hits. He almost killed Schwartzie. He said his team would kill us *apikorsim*."

"*Apikorsim?*"

"They turned the game into a war."

"I don't understand. On the telephone Reb Saunders said his son was sorry."

"Sorry! He's sorry he didn't kill me altogether!"

My father gazed at me intently. "I do not like you to talk that way," he said sternly. "That is a terrible thing to say."

"It seemed to be deliberate."

"Things are always what they seem to be, Reuven? Since when?"

I was silent.

"I don't want to hear you say that again about Reb Saunders' son. Now, I've brought you this." He undid the newspapers and brought out a portable radio. "It's expected the Allies will take Rome any day now. You should not forget there's a world outside."

"I'll have to do my schoolwork, Abba. I'll have to keep up with my classes."

"No schoolwork, no books, no newspapers. They told me you are not allowed to read for two weeks. So I brought the radio." He put it on the night table. "I talked with your teachers. If you can't prepare in time for your examinations, they will give them to you privately at the en June. So you don't have to worry."

"I can't read for two weeks?"

"We will ask Dr. Snydman when leave the hospital. But no reading now."

"Yes, Abba."

"Now I have to go," my father said. put on his hat, coughed, and stood up. seemed pale and thin. "I have to prep examinations, and I must finish writing article. The journal gave me a deadline.

"Please take care of yourself, Abba. D get sick."

"I will take care of myself. You will re He blinked. "You are not a baby anym I hope ——" His eyes begin to mist and lips trembled for a moment.

Billy's father said something to Billy, a he laughed. My father glanced at them, t looked back at me. I saw from his face t he knew Billy was blind.

"I brought you your tefillin and pra book," he said quietly. "If they tell you i all right, you should pray with your tefil But only if they tell you it is all right a will not be harmful to your head or y eye." He stopped for a moment to clear throat. "It is a bad cold, but I will be right. If you cannot pray with your tefil pray anyway. Now I have to go." He kis me on the forehead. I saw his eyes were r "My ballplayer," he said, trying to sm "Take care of yourself and rest. I will back to see you tomorrow." He turned a walked quickly away up the aisle, small a thin, but walking with a straight, str step as always.

I thought about my eyes. I had alw taken them for granted, like the rest of body. I thought of Billy and Tony Savo, t ing to imagine what my life might be like had only one good eye. I had never thou of what it might be like to be blind. I felt wild terror again, and tried to control

A shout, and a noise that sounded lik cheer, woke me. There was a lot movement in the ward, and l voices, and a radio blaring. Mrs. C penter came up the aisle, telling people stop all the shouting, this was not Madi Square Garden. Billy was sitting up in bed, his face a little frightened. Mr. Sa was not in sight.

The radio announcer was saying sor thing about a British airborne divis seizing bridgeheads, and American airbo divisions stopping enemy troops from m ing into the Cotentin Peninsula. I did recognize any of the names, and I wonde why everyone was so excited. There was v news all the time, but no one got this excit unless something very special was happ ing. Mr. Savo came up to my bed, his lo thin face with the black eyepatch maki him look like a pirate.

"Is it the invasion of Europe, Mr. Savo I asked eagerly.

"It's D-Day, Bobby boy. We're cloppi them good." He spotted the portable ra my father had brought me. "Hey, Bob boy, is that your radio?"

"That's right," I said. "I forgot all abo its being here."

Billy turned toward my voice. "Do y have a radio here, Bobby? My uncle is pilot. Can you turn it on?"

Mr. Savo turned on the radio and fou the station with the same announcer w was coming over the radio down the h

got the tefillin and prayer book out of the drawer of the night table and began to put on the tefillin. The head strap rubbed against the bump, and inced. I opened the prayer book. Then I embered that I wasn't allowed to read, closed the book and prayed whatever I embered by heart, trying not to listen to radio announcer. I prayed for the safety ll the soldiers fighting on the beaches. en I finished praying, I took off the lin and put them and the prayer book k in the drawer.

You're a real religious kid, there, Bobby ," Mr. Savo said. "You going to be a bi or something?"

I might," I said. "My father wants me e a mathematician, though. At school I all A's in math."

But you want to be a rabbi."

Sometimes I think so. I'm not sure."

he rest of that morning I did nothing listen to the radio and talk about the with Billy and Mr. Savo. Billy kept ng me his uncle was the pilot of a big ne that dropped bombs. The announcer talking about supply problems involved n invasion when I saw Mr. Galanter ing up the aisle, carrying a copy of *The York Times*.

Came up to say hello, soldier. How are doing?"

I'm a lot better, Mr. Galanter." I was ld that he had come to see me. "My l doesn't hurt at all, and the wrist is a lot sore than it was."

That's good news, trooper. Great news. s is some day, isn't it? One of the great- days in history."

Yes, sir. I've been listening to the radio. ld Billy here that they were using the bombing planes an awful lot. His uncle bomber pilot."

Mr. Galanter looked at Billy, and saw he was blind.

How are you, young feller?" he said, his e suddenly subdued.

My uncle flies a big plane that drops bs," Billy said.

I wish your uncle all the luck in the d," Mr. Galanter said quietly.

Thank you, sir," Billy said.

Mr. Galanter turned to me. "They did e a job getting that piece of glass out of eye, trooper." He was trying to sound rful. "How soon will you be out?"

My father said in a few days." I won- d if he knew about the scar tissue and 't want to talk about it.

Well, I got to go teach a class, trooper. e care of yourself."

Yes, sir. Thank you for coming to see " I watched him walk slowly up the aisle. I think I'll sleep a little now," Billy said. ould you turn off the radio?"

Sure, Billy."

lay back, and after a few minutes fell ep. I dreamed about my left eye and felt ntened. I thought I could see sunlight ugh the closed lid of my right eye, and I med about waking up in the hospital erday afternoon and the nurse moving curtain away. Now something was block- the sunlight. I opened my good eye and someone standing alongside my bed. It Danny Saunders. He was wearing a suit, a white shirt open at the collar, a dark skullcap. I could see the earlocks ging down alongside his sculptured face.

"Hello," he said softly. "I'm sorry if I woke you. The nurse told me it was all right to wait here."

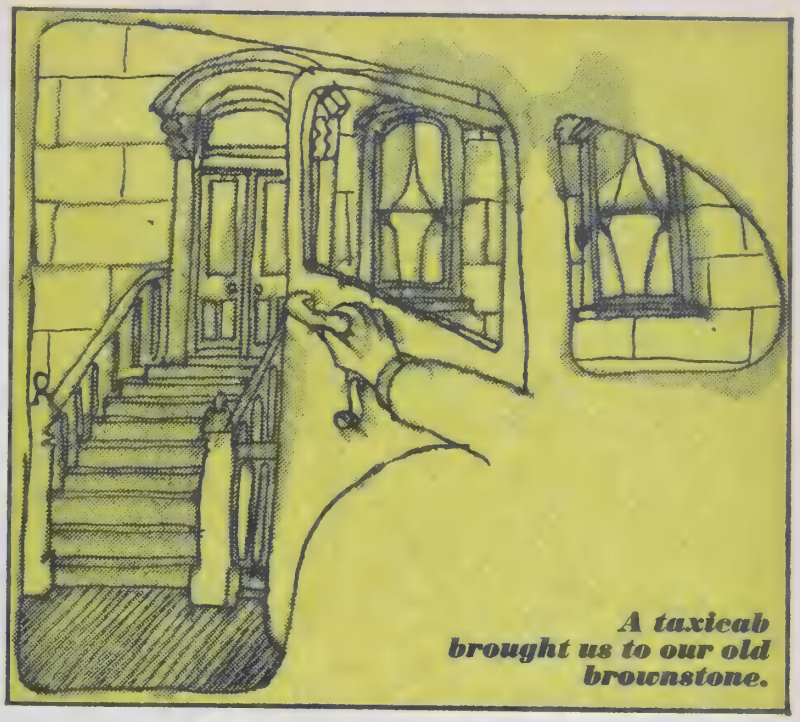
He was the last person in the world I had expected to visit me.

"Before you tell me how much you hate me," he said, "let me tell you that I'm sorry about what happened."

"I don't hate you," I managed to say. It was time for me to say something, even if it was a lie.

He smiled sadly. "Can I sit down? I've been standing here waiting for you to wake up."

I sort of nodded, and he sat down on the edge of the bed. I thought he looked a little like the pictures of Abraham Lincoln before he grew the beard—except for the small tufts of sand-colored hair on his chin and cheeks, and the side curls.



A taxicab brought us to our old brownstone.

"What do they say about the scar tissue?" he asked. He was ill at ease.

"How did you find out about that?"

"I called your father last night. He told me."

"They don't know yet. I might be blind in that eye. How does it feel to know you've made someone blind in one eye?" I was feeling the anger coming back.

His sculptured face was expressionless. "You want me to say I'm miserable? OK, I'm miserable."

"That's all? Only miserable? How do you sleep nights?"

He looked down at his hands. "I didn't come here to fight with you," he said. "If you want to do nothing but fight, I'm going to go home."

"You can go to hell, and take your whole snooty bunch of Hasidim along with you!"

His silence made me all the angrier. Finally I said, "I thought you said you were going home!"

"I came to talk to you."

"Well, I don't want to listen. Why don't you go home? Go home and be sorry over my eye!"

He stood up. "I *am* sorry," he said.

"I'll just bet you are," I said.

He turned and walked slowly up the aisle. I lay back on the pillow, trembling a little, and frightened over my own anger and hate.

"He a friend of yours?" Mr. Savo asked. He was lying with his head on his pillow.

"No," I said. "He's the one who hit me in the eye with the ball."

Mr. Savo's face brightened. "No kidding? The clopper himself. Well, well!"

My father came in a few minutes after supper, looking pale and worn. When I told him about Danny Saunders, he was angry.

"You did a foolish thing, Reuven," he told me sternly. "You remember what the Talmud says. If a person comes to apologize for having hurt you, you must listen and forgive him."

"I couldn't help it, Abba."

"You hate him so much you could say those things to him?"

"I'm sorry," I said, feeling miserable.

His eyes were sad. "I did not intend to scold you," he said. "What I tried to tell you, Reuven, is that when a person comes to talk to you, you should be patient and listen. Especially if he has hurt you in any way. Now, we will not talk any more tonight about Reb Saunders' son. This is an important day in the history of the world. It is the beginning of the end for Hitler and his madmen."

We talked for a while about the invasion. Finally my father left, and I lay back, feeling depressed and angry with myself over what I had said to Danny Saunders.

Billy's father had come to see him again, and they were talking quietly. He was a fine-looking person; I noticed he had a long, white scar on his forehead.

"Billy tells me you've been very nice to him," he said.

I sort of nodded my head on the pillow, and tried to smile.

"I appreciate that very much," he said. "Billy wonders if you would call us when he gets out of the hospital. After his operation, when he can see again, he would like to see what you look like."

"Sure, I'll give you a call," I said.

The next morning Mrs. Carpenter told me I could get out of bed and walk around a bit. I asked how long I would be in the hospital, and she said Dr. Snydman would have to decide that. "He'll see you Friday morning," she added.

After breakfast I went into the hall, looked out a window, and saw people on the street. I stared out the window a long time. I was beginning to feel annoyed that I couldn't read. In the afternoon I listened to soap operas—*Life Can Be Beautiful*, *Stella Dallas*, *Ma Perkins*.

"Do you want to hear any more of this?" I asked Billy. He didn't answer, and I saw he was sleeping.

"Turn it off, kid," Mr. Savo said. "How much of that junk can a guy take?"

I turned off the radio and lay back.

"Well, well," Mr. Savo said. "Look who's here. Your real religious clopper."

Danny Saunders came up the aisle and stood alongside my bed. "Are you going to get angry at me again?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Can I sit down?"

"Yes."

He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," I said. I was surprised at how happy I was to see him.

"I didn't so much mind you being angry," he said. "What I thought was rotten was the way you wouldn't let me talk."

"I'm really sorry."

"I came up to talk to you now. Do you want to listen?"

"Sure."

"I've been thinking about that ball game. I've thought about it a lot, but I still don't understand why I wanted to kill you."

I stared at him.

"It's really bothering me."

"Well, I should hope so," I said.

"Don't be so cute, Malter. I'm not being melodramatic. I really wanted to kill you."

"Well, it was a pretty hot ball game," I said. "I didn't exactly love you myself there for a while."

"I don't think you even know what I'm talking about," he said.

"Now, wait a minute ——"

"No, listen. Do you remember that second curve you threw me?"

"Sure."

"Do you remember I stood in front of the plate afterward and looked at you?"

"Sure." I remembered the crazy grin vividly.

"Well, that's when I wanted to open your head with my bat."

"That was some ball game," I said, a little awed by what he was telling me.

"It had nothing to do with the ball game," he said. "At least I don't think it did. But you really had me going, Malter. I can't figure it out. Anyway, I feel better telling you about it."

"Please stop calling me Malter," I said.

"What do you want me to call you?"

"Call me Reuven," I said. "Malter sounds as if you're a schoolteacher."

"OK," he said. "Then you call me Danny."

"Fine," I said.

"It was the wildest feeling," he said. "I've never felt that way before."

Suddenly I had the impression that everything around me was out of focus. There was Danny Saunders, talking about wanting to kill me because I had pitched him some curve balls. He didn't sound like a Hasid. I was fascinated just listening to the way perfect English came out of his mouth. The few times I had ever talked with a Hasid, he had spoken only Yiddish. And here was Danny Saunders talking English, and what he was saying and the way he was saying it didn't seem to fit in.

"You're a pretty rough ballplayer," he said, smiling a little.

"You're pretty rough yourself. Where did you learn to hit a ball like that?"

"I practiced," he said. "You don't know how many hours I spent learning how to field and hit a ball."

"Where do you get the time? I thought you people always studied Talmud."

He grinned. "If I study my quota of Talmud every day, my father doesn't care what I do the rest of the time."

"What's your quota?"

"Two blatt."

"Two blatt?" That was four pages of Talmud a day. If I did one page a day, I was delighted. "Don't you have any English work at all?"

"Not too much, not at our yeshiva."

"Everybody at your yeshiva has to do two blatt of Talmud a day *and* his English?"

"Not everybody. Only me. My father wants it that way."

"How do you do it? That's a fantastic amount of work."

"I'm lucky." He grinned at me. "I'll show you how. What Talmud are you studying now?"

"*Kiddushin*," I said.

"What page are you on?"

I told him.

"I studied that two years ago. Is this what it reads like?" He recited about a third of the page word for word, including the commentaries and the Maimonidean legal decisions of the Talmudic disputations. He did it coldly, mechanically.

I gaped at him. "Say, that's pretty good," I managed to say.

"I have a photographic mind. My father says it's a gift from God. I look at a page of Talmud, and I remember it by heart. I understand it, too."

"Are you going to be a rabbi?"

"Sure. I'm going to take my father's place some day."

"I may become a rabbi. Not a Hasidic-type, though."

He looked at me in surprise. "What do you want to become a rabbi for?"

"Why not?"

"There are so many other things you could be."

"But *you're* going to become a rabbi."

"I have no choice," he said. "It's an inherited position."

"You mean you wouldn't become a rabbi if you had a choice?"

"I don't think so."

"What would you be?"

"I don't know. Probably a psychologist."

"Is that like Freud and psychoanalysis and things like that?"

"Yes," he said.

I didn't know much about psychoanalysts, but Danny Saunders, in his Hasidic clothes, didn't look like the type at all. I had always pictured analysts as sophisticated people with short, pointed beards, monocles and German accents.

"What would you be if you didn't become a rabbi?" Danny Saunders asked.

"A mathematician," I said. "That's what my father wants me to be."

"And teach in a university?"

"Yes. But I sort of feel I could be more useful to people as a rabbi. I could teach them, and help them when they're in trouble. I think I would get a lot of pleasure out of that."

"I don't think I would. Anyway, I'm going to be a rabbi. Say, where did you learn to pitch like that?"

"I practiced, too." I grinned at him. "How about your hitting? Do you always hit like that, straight to the pitcher?"

"I can't hit any other way. It's got something to do with the way I hold the bat."

"You almost killed me."

"You were supposed to duck," he said.

"I had no chance to duck."

"Yes, you did, but you didn't want to duck any ball that I hit. You had to try and stop it."

I remembered that fraction of a second when I had brought my glove up in front of my face. I could have jumped aside, but I hadn't wanted Danny Saunders to make me look like Schwartzie.

"Well, you stopped it," Danny Saunders said. "No hard feelings any more?"

"No hard feelings," I said. "I just hope the eye heals all right."

"I hope so, too," he said fervently. "Believe me."

"Say, who was that rabbi on the bench? Is he a coach or something?"

Danny Saunders laughed. "He's one of the teachers in the yeshiva. My father sends him along to make sure we don't mix too much with the *apikorsim*."

"That *apikorsim* thing!"

"I'm sorry, it's the only way we could have a team. I sort of convinced my father we had a duty to beat you *apikorsim* at what you were best at."

"Suppose you'd lost?"

"I don't like to think about that. You don't know my father."

"Your father must be quite a man."

"Yes. He doesn't write, like your father, but he reads a lot. He says that words distort what a person really feels in his heart. He doesn't like to talk too much, either except when we're studying Talmud together. But otherwise he doesn't say much. He told me once he wishes everyone could talk in silence."

"Talk in silence?"

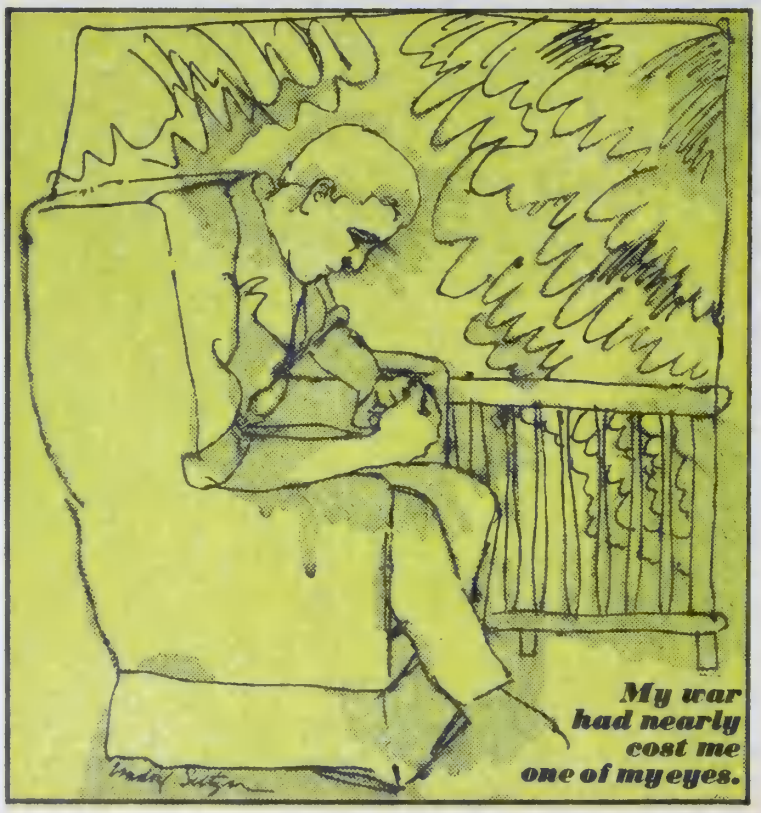
"I don't understand it either," Danny said, shrugging. He began to play absentmindedly with one of his earlocks. We were quiet for a long time. Finally he stood up. "It's getting late. I'd better go."

"Thanks for coming to see me," I said.

"I'll see you again tomorrow."

"Sure."

Soon after he left my father came in, looking worse than he had the day before. His eyes were red, his face ashen. He coughed a great deal, and kept telling me it was his cold. He told me he had (*continued on page 158*



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talked to Dr. Snydman. "He will look at your eye Friday morning, and you can probably come home Friday afternoon."

"That's wonderful!" I said.

"You won't be able to read for about ten days. He will know by then about the scar tissue."

"It'll be good to be home. At least I won't have to spend a Shabbat here."

"We'll have a nice Shabbat together," my father said. "We will sit and drink tea and talk." He took off his spectacles and wiped his eyes.

"I didn't tell you yet, Abba. Danny Saunders came to see me today."

My father did not seem surprised. "Ah," he said. "And?"

"He's a very nice person. I like him."

"So? All of a sudden you like him." He was smiling. "What did he say?"

When I told him that Danny had wanted to kill me, his eyes went wide, but he didn't interrupt. I told him about Danny Saunders' photographic mind, and he nodded. "He's going to come visit me again tomorrow, Abba."

"Ah." My father was silent for a moment. "Reuven, listen to me. The Talmud says that a person should do two things for himself. One is to acquire a teacher. Do you remember the other?"

"Choose a friend," I said.

"Yes. You know what a friend is, Reuven? A Greek philosopher said that two people who are true friends are like two bodies with one soul. Reuven, if you can, make Danny Saunders your friend."

"I like him a lot, Abba."

"No. Listen to me. I am not talking only about liking him. I am telling you to make him your friend and to let him make you his friend. I think ——" He stopped and broke into another cough. "Make him your friend," he said.

"Even though he's a Hasid?"

"Make him your friend," my father repeated. "We will see." He looked over at Billy, who was asleep. "How is your little neighbor?"

"There's a new kind of operation they'll be doing on his eyes. He was in an auto accident, and his mother was killed."

My father sighed and stood up. He bent and kissed me on the forehead. "I will be back to see you tomorrow. Are you able to use your tefillin?"

"Yes. I can't read. I pray by heart."

"I did not think of that. My ballplayer! I will see you again tomorrow, Reuven."

"Yes, Abba." I watched him walk quickly up the aisle.

"That your father, kid?" Mr. Savo asked. He was playing his game of cards. "Very dignified. What's he do?"

"He teaches."

"Yeah? Well, that's real nice, kid. What's he teach?"

"Talmud," I said. "Jewish law."

"No kidding? He in a Jewish school?"

"Yes," I said. "A high school."

Mr. Savo frowned at a card he had just pulled from the deck. "Damn," he muttered. He tucked the card into a row on the blanket. "You looked kind of chummy there with your dropper, boy."

"He's a nice person," I said.

"Yeah? Well, you watch guys like that, kid. Anyone clops you, he's got a thing going. You watch them."

"It was really an accident," I said. "I should have ducked the ball."

Mr. Savo looked at me, his face dark with the growth of beard, and the black patch that covered his right eye. "Anyone out to clop you doesn't want you to duck, kid. I know."

"It wasn't really like that, Mr. Savo."

"Sure, kid. But listen, watch out for those religious fanatics." He looked at a card in his hands, threw it down, and lay back on his pillow. "Long day," he said, "like waiting for a big fight." He closed his left eye.

I woke during the night and heard movement. The curtain had been drawn around Mr. Savo's bed. I sat up. A nurse came from somewhere. "You go right back to sleep, young man, you hear?" She seemed angry. I lay back, and in a little while I was asleep. In the morning the curtain was still drawn around Mr. Savo's bed. Mrs. Carpenter came up the aisle, carrying a tray covered with instruments and bandages. I asked her what was wrong with Mr. Savo.

"He'll be all right, young man. You just go about your own business."

She disappeared behind the curtain. I heard moans. I got out of my bed and went to the bathroom. When I came back, the bed curtain was still drawn, and Billy was awake.

"Is that you, Bobby?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

"Is something wrong with Mr. Savo?"

"They've got the curtain around his bed. I think we ought to talk a little quieter, Billy. So we don't bother him."

"That's right," Billy said, lowering his voice.

I got my tefillin from the night table and sat on my bed and prayed for a long time. Mostly, I prayed for Mr. Savo.

I was eating breakfast when I saw Dr. Snydman hurrying up the aisle with Mrs. Carpenter. He went behind Mr. Savo's curtain. Mrs. Carpenter followed. They were there quite a while.

All that day the curtain remained in place. Every few minutes a nurse would go behind it, stay for a while, then come out. By suppertime I was feeling so frightened and miserable that I could hardly eat. Then Danny came up the aisle, wearing the dark suit, the dark skullcap and the white shirt open at the collar. My face must have mirrored my happiness at seeing him because he broke into a warm smile.

"It's good to see you," I said. "How are you?"

"How are *you?* You're the one in the hospital."

"I want to get out and go home. Say, it's really good to see you, you old sonofagun!"

He stood at the foot of the bed, relaxed, his hands in his trouser pockets. "When do you go home?" he asked.

I told him. Then I remembered Mr. Savo lying in his bed behind the curtain. "Listen," I said, motioning with my head at the curtain. "Let's talk outside in the hall."

I put on my bathrobe, and we walked out to a bench in the hallway. Nurses, doctors, patients, and visitors went in and out of the wards. It was still light outside. Danny stared out the window.

"Look at all those people. Like ants. Sometimes I get the feeling that's all we are—ants. I told that to my father once."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. I told you, he never talks to me except when we study. But a few days later, while we were studying, he said that Jews had a mission in life."

"What mission is that?"

"To obey God. I'm not sure I know what God wants, though." *(continued)*

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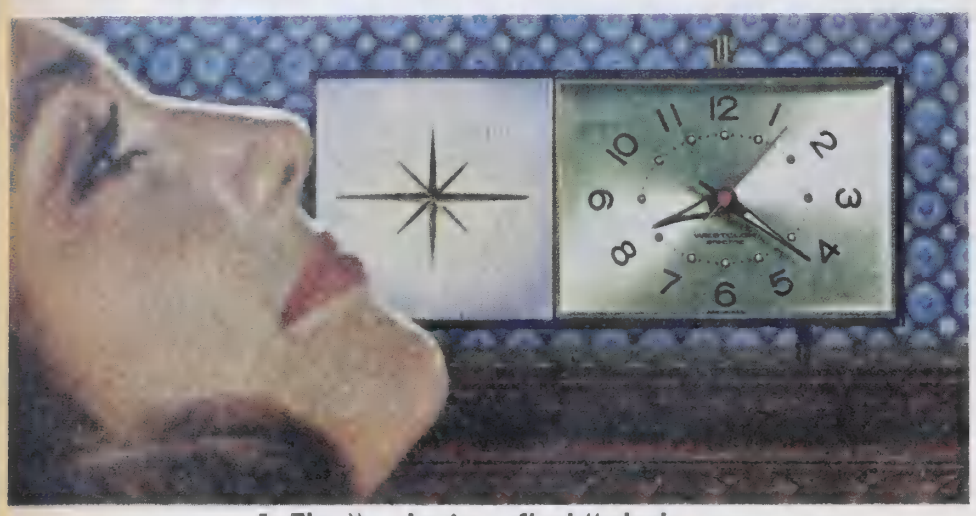
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Progress is the World of Time

"That's a funny thing for you to say."

"Isn't it? I've never said that to anyone before." He seemed to be in a strange, brooding mood. "Have you ever read Darwin or Huxley?"

"I've read a little of Darwin," I said.

"I read in the library so my father won't know. He's very strict about what I read."

"You read books about evolution and things like that?"

"I read anything good that I can get my hands on. I'm reading Hemingway now. You've heard of Hemingway."

"Sure. I read some of his short stories."

"I finished *A Farewell to Arms* last week. He's a great writer. It's about the First World War. There's this American in the Italian Army. He marries an English nurse. Only he doesn't really marry her. They run away to Switzerland, and she dies in childbirth."

"I didn't read it."

"I just get so tired of studying only Talmud all the time. I know the stuff cold, and it gets a little boring after a while. So I read whatever the librarian says is worthwhile. I met a man in the library, and he keeps suggesting books for me to read. That librarian

keeps staring at m
ably wondering w
like me is doing
those books."

"I'm wonderin
self," I said. I cou
his being Dani
the son of Reb S

"I'm all mix
you," I said. "Y
a Hasid, but y
most as if you
in God. Are you
become a rabbi
father's place?"

"Yes," he said

"How can you
don't believe in

"I never said I
in God."

"You don't
Hasid, though,"

"What do I so

"Like a—an a

He looked out
and we sat in s
time. Finally he
to take my fatl
have no choice.
ited position. I'll
somehow. Once I
people won't care
I'll be sort of like

"How can you
life doing what yo

"It's like a c
people expect m
their rabbi. My
been their rabbi
ations now. I ca
out on them. I'm
trapped. I'll w
though—someho
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There were only
utes of sunlight
found myself wo
my father hadn't
see me. "It's fu
said. "I have to b
don't want to
don't have to be
do want to be one
world." He turne
the window and
with his earlock
kind of mathema
interested in?"

"I'm really i
logic. Mathema
Some people call
logic."

"I never even
he confessed.

"It's new. A lo
with Russell and
and a book they
Principia Mathem

"I'm very bad
matics. What's i
Mathematical log

"Well, they try
of mathematics
logical principles
that mathemati
based on logic. It'
plicated stuff. Bu

"You have a c
in your high scho

"No. I read a
too. Not seven or
week, though, li
said. "Only three

He laughed, ar
feet. His eyes
"Symbolic logic!

ıd you want to be a rabbi?
ey do it? I mean, how can
arithmetic from logic?"
my father," I said, and got
ıy feet.
her felt any surprise at see-
Danny, his face didn't show
Danny's expression change
ty to astonishment.
," my father said. "I was
wouldn't let me in." His
ıspy. "There was a faculty
ow are you, Reuven?"
Abba. I want you to meet
ıders. . . . This is my father,

——" Danny began.

a long moment of silence.
aid, "I see you play ball as
read books, Danny. I hope
as violent with a book as
ı a ball."
turn to be astonished. "You
?"
," my father said, smiling.
l no idea," Danny stam-

v could you?" my father
ver told you my name."
w me all the time?"
he librarian."
y realized it was my father
een suggesting books for
ad. My father was the man
been meeting in the library!
never told me!" I said
u never told me you were
y books to read!"
think it was for me to tell,"
aid. "A boy comes into the
bs to the third floor, the
ld journals, looks carefully
s a table behind a bookcase
t no one can see him, and
read. Some days I am there,
s over to me, apologizes for
me in my work and asks
ecommend a book. He does
, and I do not know him. I
is interested in literature or
he tells me he is interested
that is worthwhile. I sug-
and two hours later he re-
s me, and tells me he has
ing it, is there anything else
nend.
onished, and we sit for a
scuss the book, and I see he
read it and understood it,
norized it. So I give him
to read, one that is a little
ficult, and the same thing
nishes it completely, returns
e sit and discuss it. Once I
name, but I see he becomes
, and I go to another topic
n I ask the librarian, and I
verything because I have
d of Reb Saunders' son.
y interested in psychology,
o I recommend more books.
ost two months that I have
such recommendations. Do
ink, Reuven, I should have
was for Danny to tell if he
ne."
s looking down at the floor.
ateful to you, Mr. Malter,"
everything."
nothing to be grateful for,
father told him. "You
books, and I made recom-
If you continue to come to
will show you how to use a
"
." Danny said. "Of course

"I am happy to hear that," my father told him.

"I—I think I'd better go now," Danny said. "I hope the examination goes all right tomorrow, Reuven. I'll come over to your house Saturday afternoon. Maybe we can go out for a walk."

"I'd like that," I said.

"I'll see you on Saturday then. Good-bye, Mr. Malter."

"Good-bye, Danny."

He went slowly up the hall. My father coughed into his handkerchief. "I am very tired," he said. "I had to rush to get here. Faculty meetings always take too long. I must sit down."

We sat on the bench near the window. It was almost dark outside, and I could barely make out the people on the sidewalk below.

"So," my father said, "how are you feeling?"

"I'm all right, Abba. A little bored."

"Tomorrow you will come home. Dr. Snydman will examine you at ten o'clock, and I will come to pick you up at one."

"Abba, I just can't get over your knowing Danny for so long. I can't get over his being the son of Reb Saunders."

"Danny cannot get over it, either," my father said.

We sat for a while in silence. Billy's father came out of the ward, walking slowly and heavily.

My father got to his feet. "Reuven, I must go home and go to bed. I am very tired. I was up almost all last night finishing the article. . . . Too much. Come with me to the elevator."

We walked up the hall.

"We will talk over the Shabbat table," my father said. He had almost no voice left. "It has been some day for you."

"Yes, Abba."

The elevator came, and the doors opened. There were people inside. My father went in, turned, and faced me. "My two ballplayers," he said. The doors closed on his smile.

When I got to my bed, I saw that the curtain was still around Mr. Savo's bed. And there was a curtain around Billy's bed, too.

I went up to the glass-enclosed section where two nurses were sitting, and asked what had happened to Billy.

"He's asleep," one of the nurses said.

"Is he all right?"

"Of course. He is getting a good night's sleep. You should be in bed yourself, young man."

The windows were bright with sunlight. I remembered it was Friday, and sat up quickly. Someone said, "Good to see you again, Bobby boy. How've you been?" and there was Mr. Savo, lying on his pillow, the curtains no longer drawn around his bed. His long, stubbled face looked pale, and he wore a thick bandage over his right eye in place of the black patch. He winked his good eye.

"It's wonderful to see you again, Mr. Savo!"

"Yeah, kid. Been quite a trip. Gave the Doc a real scare."

"You had Billy and me worried, Mr. Savo." I turned to look at Billy. The curtains had been pulled back from his bed. Billy was gone.

"Took him out about two hours ago, kid. Good little kid. Lots of guts."

I stared at Billy's empty bed.

"I got to take it real easy, kid. Can't do much talking." He closed his eye.

When I prayed that morning it was all for Billy, every word. I didn't eat much breakfast. Soon it was ten *(continued)*

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o'clock, and Mrs. Carpenter came to get me. The examination room was down the hall, a few doors from the elevator. Dr. Snydman was there, waiting for me. Mrs. Carpenter motioned me onto the examination table, and Dr. Snydman began to take the bandage off.

"Now, son, listen to me," he said. "Your eye has been closed inside the bandage all the time. When the last bandage comes off, you may open it. We'll dim the light in here, so it won't hurt you."

I was sweating. "Yes, sir," I said.

Mrs. Carpenter turned off some of the lights, and I felt the bandage come off the eye. I felt it before I knew it, because suddenly the eye was cold from the air.

"Now, open your eye slowly until you become accustomed to the light," Dr. Snydman said.

I did as he told me, and in a little while I could keep the eye open without difficulty. I could see with both eyes.

"We can have the lights now, nurse," Dr. Snydman said.

I blinked as the new lights came on.

"Now we'll have a look," Dr. Snydman said. He bent down and peered at the eye through an instrument. After a while, he told me to close the eye. He pressed a finger down on the lid.

"Does that hurt?"

"No, sir."

"Let's have you on that chair now," he said.

I sat on the chair, and he looked at the eye through the instrument. Finally he swung the instrument back and gave me a tired smile. "Your father tells me you know about the scar tissue."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I think you're going to be all right. I'm not absolutely certain, you understand, so I want to see you again in my office. But I think you'll be fine."

I was so happy I began to cry.

"You're a very lucky young man. Go home, and for heaven's sake keep your head away from baseballs."

"Yes, sir. Thank you *very* much."

"You're quite welcome."

Outside in the hall, Mrs. Carpenter said, "We'll call your father right away. You're lucky, you know. Dr. Snydman is a great surgeon."

"I'm very grateful to him," I said. "Ma'am?"

"Yes?"

"Is Billy's operation over yet?"

"Why, yes, of course. It was Dr. Snydman who operated."

"Is he all right?"

"We hope for the best, young man. We always hope for the best. Come. We must get you ready to leave."

Mr. Savo was waiting for me. "How'd it go, boy?" he asked.

"Dr. Snydman says he thinks I'll be fine. I'm going home."

Mr. Savo grinned. "That's the way to do it, boy! Can't make a career of lying around in hospitals."

"Are you going home soon, Mr. Savo?"

"Sure, kid. Maybe in a couple of days or so."

An orderly brought my clothes, and I began to dress. I was very nervous, and my knees felt weak. After a while I stood there wearing the same clothes I had worn on Sunday for the ball game. It had been some week. I sat on my bed, talking with Mr. Savo, and couldn't eat any lunch. Finally my father came up the aisle.

"So," he said, "the ballplayer is ready to come home."

"Did you hear what Dr. Snydman said, Abba?"

"The nurse told me on the telephone. Thank God!"

"Can we go home now, Abba?"

"Of course. We'll go home and have a wonderful Shabbat."

I looked at Mr. Savo, who was sitting up, grinning at us. "It was wonderful meeting you, Mr. Savo."

"Likewise, kid. Keep the old beanbag away from those baseballs."

"I hope your eye gets better soon."

"The eye's out, kid. They had to take it out. It was some clop. Didn't want the little blind kid to know, so kept it quiet."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Savo."

"Sure, kid. Sure. Lousy racket, boxing. Glad to be out of it."

"Good-bye, Mr. Savo."

"Good-bye, kid. Good luck."

We took a cab, and on the way home my father handed me my other pair of glasses with a warning not to read until Dr. Snydman told me I could. I put the glasses on. The world jumped into focus, and everything looked suddenly bright and fresh and clean, as it does on an early morning with the sun on the trees.

We lived on the first floor of a three-story brownstone house that stood on a quiet street. The brownstone row houses lined both sides of the street, and long, wide, stone stairways led from the sidewalks to the frosted-glass double doors of the entrances. Tall sycamores stood in front of the houses and their leaves threw cool shadows onto the paved ground.

We climbed up the wide stone staircase and came through the vestibule into the long dark hallway. I could smell the chicken soup immediately, and I had taken only two or three steps when Manya, our Russian housekeeper, came running out of the kitchen in her long apron, and scooped me into her huge arms as though I were a leaf. She planted a wet kiss on my forehead, then held me at arm's length and began to babble in Ukrainian. I couldn't understand what she was saying, but I could see she was biting her lips to keep from crying.

"Are you hungry, Reuven?" my father asked me.

"I'm starved," I said.

"There is lunch on the table. We will eat together. Then you can rest while I finish typing my article."

Lunch turned out to be a massive affair, with a thick soup, fresh rye bread, onion rolls, bagels, cream cheese, scrambled eggs, smoked salmon, and chocolate pudding. My father and I ate without talking, while Manya hovered over us, and afterward my father went into his study, and I walked slowly through the apartment. I had lived in it all my life, but I never really saw it until I went through it that Friday afternoon.

I came out of the kitchen and walked slowly along the hall, past the telephone stand and the pictures of Herzl, Bialik and Chaim Weizmann, and into my bedroom. It was a long, narrow room, with a bed against its right wall, a bookcase along its left wall, and a desk and chair set a bit away from the wall facing the door. A window looked out onto the backyard. The room had been cleaned, the bed carefully made and covered with its green-and-brown spread, and on the desk were my school books in a neat pile. Someone had brought them home for me after the ball game, and there they were, on the desk, as though I had never been away. I went over to the window and stared out at the alleyway. I could see a cat lying in the shade of our wall, and beyond was the grass of our back lawn and the ailanthus tree with the sun on its leaves. I turned, sat down on the window seat, and stared at *The New York Times* war maps I had put on the wall over my bed. Over the maps was the large picture of Franklin Delano Roosevelt I had cut out of a Sunday magazine section.

At the head of the bed was the door that led to my father's study. The door was closed, and I could hear my father working at his typewriter inside. There was no way to get to the living room except through the study; I opened the door, stepped inside the study and closed the door quietly.

My father's study had no windows. The wall alongside the door was lined with floor-to-ceiling bookcases. Along the opposite wall were curtained French doors bounded by two large Ionic columns. What was left of that wall was also covered with bookcases, as was the wall adjoining it to the right. My father's desk was a good deal larger than mine, with dark, polished wood, deep drawers and a green, leather-bordered blotter that covered almost its entire top. It was strewn with papers now, and my father was working intently over his old typewriter. Because it had no windows, the study was the darkest room in the apartment, and my father always worked with the desk lamp turned on. He sat there now, wearing his small, black skullcap and pecking at the typewriter with his index fingers, a thin, frail man in his fifties, with gray hair, gaunt cheeks, and spectacles. He glanced up for a moment, frowned, then went back to his work. I went quietly through the study, and through the French doors into the living room. Sunlight poured through the three wide windows, and a warm breeze came into the room, lifting the lace window curtains.

I turned, finally, and went back through the apartment onto our back porch. Somehow everything had changed. I had spent five days in a hospital, and the world around seemed sharpened now and pulsing with life. I sat on a chaise longue, thinking of the ball game. Was it only last Sunday that it happened, only five days ago? *What a week this had been!* The Allies storming into Normandy and Danny Saunders breaking into my life here in Brooklyn. Debris on Omaha Beach and broken glasses on the paving of a yeshiva yard. My war almost cost me an eye, I thought, but it turned out all right. Now I felt I had crossed into another world, that little pieces of my old self had been left behind on the black asphalt paving of the school yard alongside the shattered lens of my glasses.

Choose a friend, the Talmud says. Well, I had chosen. *We're friends now, Danny Saunders,* I thought. I didn't have any friends in the way that Greek philosopher my father spoke of: two bodies with one soul. I didn't have that kind of friend. But Danny and I would have the years together to make that happen. I wanted it to happen.

I sat on the chaise and listened to the shouts of the children on the streets, and the sounds of my father's typewriter, remembering that tomorrow Danny would be over to see me. I sat very still and thought a long time about Danny. **END**

FOUR CASES IN THE NEW MORALITY

continued from page 105

deeply involved than Bill, fo
there is, at least at the presen
ous block to the expected out
feelings, since the existence of
sound marriages is presuppo
quick divorce and remarriag
quently out of the question).
happens to the partner who
in too deeply?

A measure of risk also i
far as the two marriages are
Already we see that Bill an
(who share many interests)
occasions of their intimacy a
citing than such encounters
own spouses. Clearly, severa
fluences are at work here: I
relationship. Human nature
it is, the very fact of "illicitne
ing. So, too, are the demands
agination made by the need
It all adds spice to the meeti
there is a competitive advan
outside liaison (one would alr
unfair advantage).

Given these glamorizing
there are built-in distortions
parisons that Bill and Doro
naturally be making between
marital experiences and thos
Because sexual activity fuels
ship at the same time that i
the relationship, growth ir
seems likely. Bill and Doroth
themselves ensnared in a sitı
sibly destructive to the marri
the other, or both. To the c
their marriages are disabled,
indeed be less willingness to
earlier commitments each ha
as obligations.

Different again is the cont
by Case 3—*One-night stand.*
value of the joy and fulfillmen
it depends on the approach: w
is focusing on the one night o
pattern for each.

From the first point of view
would seem to be relatively
the second, relatively low.
words, gauged merely by st
joy and fulfillment, or the pc
inequality, no notable proble
itself. Furthermore, it is p
that both Murray and Mildr
entangled elsewhere. But
would too hastily conclude w
at least some notice should b
the fact that in the life patte
this encounter ranks fairly
there is a question whether
ment, in this context, is appr

The same question rises, mo
when viewed all alone, as in
Services rendered.

In this situation the answ
second and third of the
(equality of involvement an
commitment) are entirely sim

There's no chance, to spea
either Joe or a Japanese pros
form an emotional involveme
their act likely to affect Joe'
commitment, his marriage.
thousands of miles between h
home, and presumably he has
dent in selecting a healthy pa

How much *should* be going
two persons for sexual intim
appropriate? Intercourse is
characterized as sacramental
ment, in turn, is commonly de
outward and visible sign

If you could put a lock on freshness, ou wouldn't need Tupperware.



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IN THE YELLOW PAGES UNDER "HOUSEWARES"

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEE
PARTY
China offer not [illegible] Canada

of an inward and spiritual grace. If this characterization is appropriate, then we can say that, like other sacraments, the outward, visible aspect of intercourse is both a symbol of the inward, spiritual reality and also a "means of grace." That is to say, it is a cause as well as an effect. It can strengthen and increase the tie between them.

Exponents of the recreational view of sex tend to allow for this dimension. Love, they say, makes things better. But still, they contend that, love or no love, sex is better than no sex.

A meal—a great feast on a family or holiday occasion—can be charged with high significance. On the other hand, one sometimes is forced to "grab a bite," without the ceremony and the elevating atmosphere of a festive celebration. Usually, the argument-by-analogy goes, it is better to eat than not to eat.

The comparison is not entirely fair, as eating is essential to sustain life, while sex is not. Yet, as the analogy suggests, the act of sexual intercourse can serve as an end in itself and also as the carrier of a personal relationship to one or another level of depth and commitment.

Not even Code ethicists today would want to deny that sex can be (and should be) recreation, indeed fun. The precise issues are these:

1. Is it right to be enjoying this fun without the existence of an inward and spiritual relationship?

2. If not, what degree of significance need this spiritual relationship attain? More specifically, can this level of significance be attained outside marriage?

For light on the first question (Is recreation enough?), abstract reasoning is probably useless. In a text on ethics written 11 years ago the author resorted to the following logic:

Sexual intercourse is sacramental in nature; ergo, it is sacrilegious when there is not the requisite inward and spiritual union, namely, marriage.

There are two difficulties, however. Even granting that sex can only be viewed as sacramental, this does not necessarily require the conclusion that the only qualifying and spiritual union would be marriage. Further, simply to affirm that sex is sacramental is to beg the question which the existence of the recreational view of sex raises.

For the consistent situation ethicist, the only light available is that which may come from the data of experience, personal or vicarious. The following would be among the considerations:

a. Does a pattern of casualness tend to blunt sex as an instrument for expressing "the real thing"? Or does frequent sex with a variety of partners extend one's sexual responsiveness and aliveness to "sexual signals"—with a favorable effect on its use as an instrument for expressing "the real thing"?

b. In our culture, casual sex more often than not calls for secrecy and a certain amount of scheming. Does a pattern of such arrangements tend to develop a habit of deceit in other areas of life? Or can it be assumed that persons can "specialize" in their deception—being open in other respects?

c. Speaking of furtiveness, is it not likely that the spice which it adds to the mix, enhancing the salaciousness of the occasions, can exaggerate the real importance of the meetings?

d. The experience of many marriage counselors shows that most couples who have been to bed together, if tinue to see each other, are spite of interim resolutions—t the pattern. That being the ca there is not much in such a rel Can it deteriorate into a mer ing"? If this is the way it is, harm is likely to result if eith drift out of the relationship?

e. So far we have excluded t of commitments to others, whe are marital partners or not. should assume that one or b parties has a really significar relationship. Also, we shoul that there is no likelihood of one's finding out. And lastly, that there is almost no chanc indulgence in casual sex will deeper involvement on either is it not possible or likely tha fact of casual sex may uncons fect a change in one or both c sons? A change that can be de the partner back home? This cause a breakdown in vital co tion ties, because of the growt lent sector," an exception from plete openness that had preva

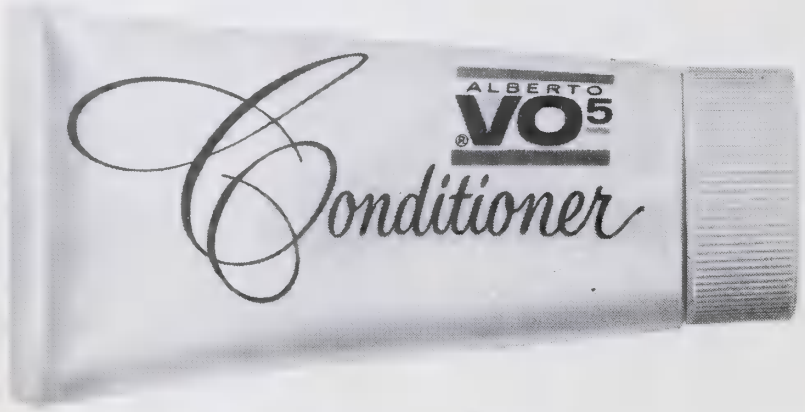
f. To bring in guilt, as suc point would beg the questio one could disagree that a *sense* a fact, and that it is fairly w among persons who have e casual sex. Recognizing this, is do something which will lea both parties burdened? If one credit such guilt feelings, counter by asking, "Would I n tributing to the development o freedom in myself and in my c by mutually reasoning it out a out our arrived-at conclusions

For those readers whose es their answers to the above po them to the conclusion that t be no additional justificatio other than the desire for recrea consideration of the second (How significant need the inv tionship be?) is superfluous.

However, for those who con an inward reality is vital for a outward sexual expression, an i question remains: How mu involvement?

An easy answer is marriage. matches that of the Code ethi specialize in pat answers. Bu situation ethicist, several difficu to be taken into account.

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"Offhand, I'd say you got married too young."

ce possession of a marriage
not guarantee a significant
spiritual relationship. Mar-
who rarely engage in sex or
lly separated or who are liv-
h a wall of hostility and yet
"servicing" kind of sexual
all attest to the difficulties
Code ethicist at this point.
e "marriage" as his answer,
must face the implications of
uch as those portrayed here.
al ethical question under his
view of sex. This question
the situation ethicist, who
e significant personal mean-
il in the sexual act. Again,
omist, no problem: for him,
all—and marriage, or lack
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HOW TO RAISE QUINTS

continued from page 103

one whose brood includes five explosively active three-year-olds, an equally rambunctious two-year-old, and five other youngsters who, despite the fact that they are always referred to as "the older children," are still very young: Denise, 6; Evelyn, 8; Julie, 9; Charlotte, 10; and Danny, 11.

Mary Ann is determined that "the older children" not be upstaged by the spotlight of public attention that inevitably falls on America's only quintuplets. When a South Dakota congressman sent congratulations to the quints last fall on their third birthday, informing the Fischers that the occasion had been properly noted in the Congressional Record along with a tribute to the parents of "this fine family," Mary Ann promptly dispatched a letter of thanks, which also pointed out that he had overlooked the rest of her family, without whom it would never have been possible to bring up the quints in a normal family situation.

"They never get enough credit," says Mary Ann with some irritation. "They've had to give up so much—all the time that I used to be able to spend with them doing things like going roller skating with them at the rink—Saturday afternoons and Sunday, they always want to go, and I have to tell them we can't because I can't leave the babies, and if Andy went, he'd break his neck. They're real disappointed. They complain sometimes, sure, but they're still real good about it. They're also a big help to me; they'll take the babies outside on weekends and help me with the dressing and feeding. They've been wonderful right from the very beginning, and I know it hasn't been so easy for them."

Mary Ann does go out of her way to give as much attention as possible to her older children, but the big bulk of her time and energy, not surprisingly, goes to "the babies." She always refers to them this way, avoiding the word "quintuplets," but to de-emphasize their uniqueness and, at the same time, to include two-year-old Cindy in the group, of which she is an integral part.

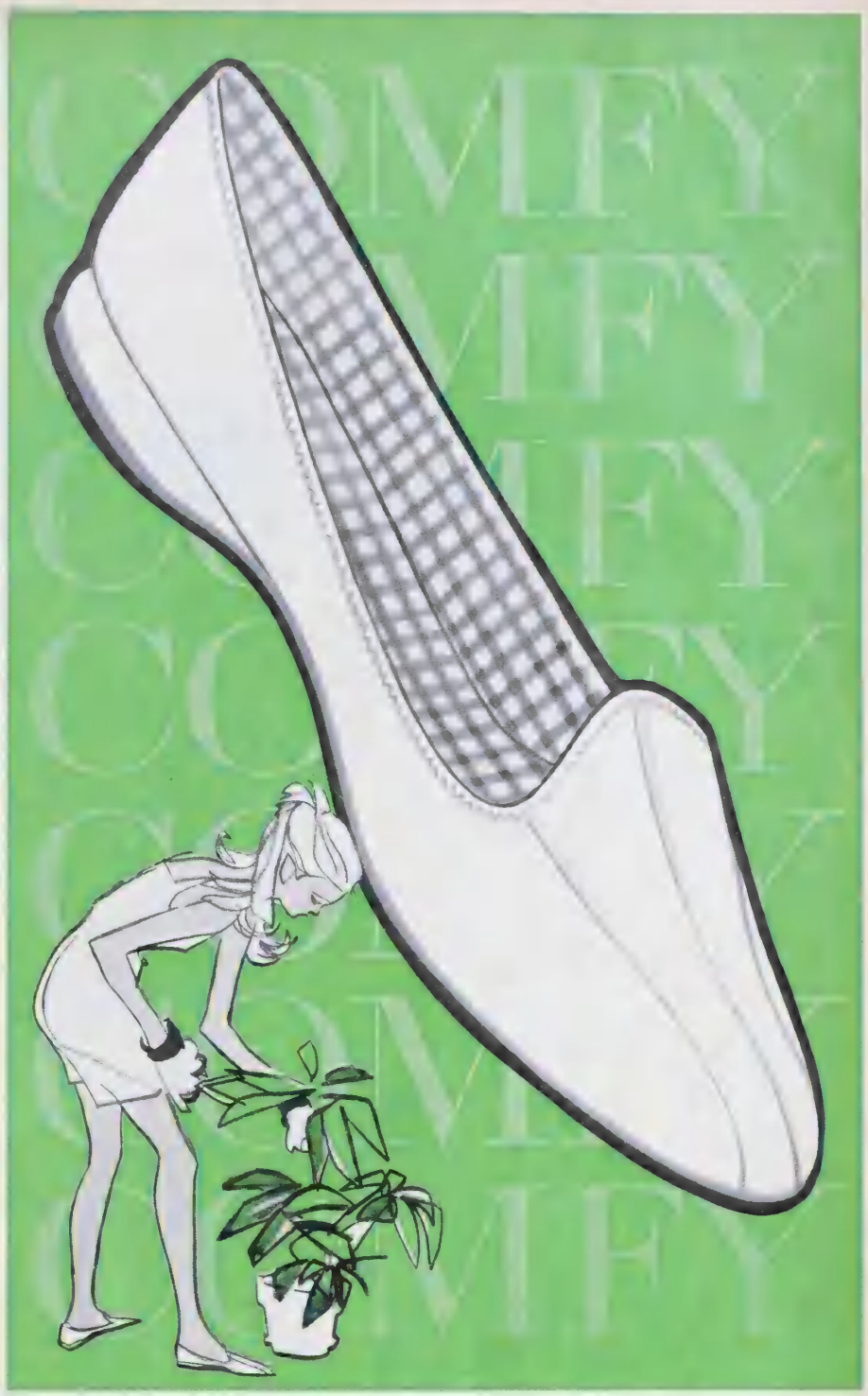
"Cindy was the best thing that ever happened to us," says Mary Ann. "Suddenly, after all the excitement that had been going on for a year, all the attention shifted to Cindy, the new baby, whom we'd really expected to be our new baby boy."

The babies are leaping forward in their development (Cindy is able to match the quints in almost every skill), growing wilder and more independent each day. Jimmy, especially, has clearly waked up to the fact that he is adrift in a sea of females, and is constantly trying to escape to the peace and quiet of his tricycle, or following workmen around the farm. The girls have also discovered the pleasures of independent adventures, and disappear at every opportunity. Outdoors they move at a speed that creates the optical illusion that they are all there. "But every time I turn around someone is missing," says Mary Ann, who has learned to sprint after them like a track star.

Indoors the quints have overcome almost every barrier that once kept them in one place at one time. In another family, this might be considered just another stage of development; in the Fischer household, however, it has opened up a whole new avenue to domestic pandemonium.

There are plenty of undeniably exasperating moments when the mother of this brood forthrightly blows her cool, but basically Mary Ann—as everybody, including the milkman and housekeeper, calls her—is an amiable, down-to-earth woman who is going about the business of raising her 11 children with the same common sense she would have applied even if five of them hadn't suddenly catapulted into the headlines in September, 1963. She has yet to dip into Dr. Gesell or even, for that matter, to consult Dr. Spock.

"Someone gave me a copy of Dr. Spock's book when the babies were born," recalls Mary Ann, "but I never read it; I don't even know where it is now." Then, rather reluctantly, she asks, "But what could he really tell me? There's never been anything like this before in this country; there's been no precedent." (*continued*)



Delite... this lively little stepper in soft top-grain leather is pure joy around the house. Always on the go with playclothes, loungewear, busy-day cottons. White, bone, pink, powder blue, red or black with gay gingham lining. AA, B and D widths. $7. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

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On hearing the ages and precise number of Mary Ann Fischer's family, most women invariably gasp in the next breath, "Surely, she must have a lot of help." Mary Ann has a 19-year-old local girl named Linda Bickler, and would really prefer to have no one at all if she thought it was even remotely possible to manage by herself and survive.

"Neither Andy nor I grew up in houses with any help," she explains, "and that's how we prefer it, we're more comfortable that way; it really took some getting used to, having someone else in the house."

Mary Ann performs the bulk of the kitchen chores and the cooking (she loves to cook), also does the mammoth family laundry, which churns incessantly in three large automatic washers. For a while she had a cleaning woman occasionally, but now she and Linda do all the cleaning themselves, even though Mary Ann sometimes ends up vacuuming at eleven at night because there was no other time all day.

Mary Ann's day generally begins before dawn and, in a sense, never totally ends. "I don't think I've had a night's sleep—I mean, you know, sleeping right through—since, well, frankly I can't even remember when the last time was," she reports, without any note of complaint in her voice. "Sometimes I get up maybe fifteen or twenty times a night—with eleven children, you know, there can be an awful lot of drinks of water in one night—and there's never a night when I don't get up at all."

That particular day had gotten under way earlier than usual, at 4 A.M., when two of the quints abandoned their cribs, padded the short distance down the carpeted hall to their parents' room and gleefully joined them in their queen-sized bed.

"We get most or all of them every morning," says Mary Ann, "but usually it's a little later, closer to six. And just lately we've started getting them at night, too. Last night, when Andy and I went upstairs around eleven we found three of them all curled up in our bed. We never used to let any of this go on with our older children—but then, there are a lot of things we didn't used to put up with from our older children. I just don't have time to fuss that much anymore. I always used to spend a lot of time working with each one individually, but when you're dealing with a group like this, all the same age, well, it's a whole different story. I've had to face the fact that there's just one of me, and there's nothing I can do about that."

Mary Ann got up at her usual time, around 6 A.M., to discover that her oldest child, Danny, 11, and her eight-year-old daughter, Evvie, had both come down with the mumps during the night. "I'd been expecting it, of course," she stated matter-of-factly, "because Charlotte and Julie just got done with them a few weeks ago. I'm not worried about the babies catching them, though; somehow I don't think they will." (Unfortunately, her optimism was misplaced, so that she had eight children down with mumps at the same time).

Without bothering to call the doctor, Mary Ann settled both children in the same room with a TV set, applied compresses to bring down the swelling and brought up juices from the kitchen. "I only call the doctor when there's a real fever," she says. "Mumps are just mumps." The family has no pediatrician—mainstay of most mothers' lives—but goes, instead, to a general practitioner in town (a partner of the G.P. who delivered the quints, and who has now gone to Minneapolis for further study to specialize in ophthalmology).

As the rest of the family arose, the household took on a Marx Brothers flavor, with children dashing in and out of bathrooms (efficiently equipped with double sinks), scrambling for clothes and notebooks, rushing up and down the front and back stairs. Simultaneously, several babies, naked or partially dressed, stampeded up and down the upstairs hall, as their mother and her helper took them one by one to the bathroom (Mary Ann postponed toilet training until the quints were three on the theory that it would be easier on everyone), and attempted to get them dressed.

Breakfast is what Mary Ann describes as a "pitch in or go without" kind of meal. Andy and the other children make their own, and the babies are fed in a row of six high chairs lined up against one wall of the dinette. Now that the quints are three, even getting them seated in their high chairs is a workout. As Mary Ann lifts one in, two others climb out and crawl under the table; sometimes she gets to the sin only to turn around and find th empty again, and the babies each other in every direction, w with delight.

This is the pattern of Mar day. It is not just a matter of n every action six times, it is doin thing 12, 16, or even 20 times. present age, the quints are s that they can turn the most matter into mayhem within se

Getting them that morning t pany her while the older chi school, Mary A at the door of t what chaotic closet in the b where all the hang their clot handed out t sweaters and ja could lay her h A knot of ti flailed out at t shelves, grabbi scarves, other s anything withi Mary Ann put red Scandinavia on Maggie, who ately took it of cally pointing at white one. C moved the whit cause she want one. By then, M was yelling, an the others ha peared altoget had to be retrie the basemen quints are rarel identically, ar hardly difficult stand why, alth it happens, M prefers it tha When snowsuit volved, dressin on for over half

There was scuffle in the g Mary Ann loa station wagon, hurling the ba by one, onto the made mattre stretches fr front seat to window of the supersize coc station wagon.' children scran from the other helped hold t ones inside un Ann got in. I Cindy and Ma managed to scramble over front seat, and had to be toss

All this was nothing, howev pared to what took place at th Heart School. Mary Ann had to Danny and Evvie's rooms t sisters that the children were d the mumps, and she asked Cha stay in the car to watch the Charlotte did her very best, fr bobbing back and forth from or the other slamming down the the four doors, but in the end overcome by sheer numbers. Th escaped from one door while guarding another, and were go



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"It makes me mad—I can't help but wonder how any normal person would feel to have other people stopping and staring at them. It makes me *real* mad."

Mary Ann is well aware that as the quints get older it will get increasingly difficult to shield them from the outside world, and she worries that they might be treated as special when they're old enough to go to school. But all this is still in the future, and her days at present are so action-packed that there is little time to brood about anything at all.

At noon, Andy and Sy, the hired man, come in from the farm (where they have more than 120 Hereford cattle) to have a hearty meal of meat, potatoes, gravy, dumplings, cornbread, salad, vegetables Mary Ann has grown in her garden, and dilled pickles she has put up. Linda, if she's there, joins the family at the table while the babies feed themselves in their high chairs, calling out every other minute for more meat, more applesauce, more milk. Mary Ann is constantly up and down until she finally herds the babies upstairs for their naps, and returns *(continued)*

Formfit Rogers presents The Ten Best Undressed Women

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The Mabs Bra and Feather Panty



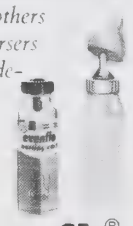
"Christopher is my second Evenflo baby!"



"When Christopher's big brother, Jeffrey, was born two years ago, I took the advice of my mother and sister and started him on Evenflo," reports proud mother, Mrs. Barbara Arre of Farmingdale, L.I. "Feedings are so easy. Never any fussing or fretting. I just wouldn't use anything else."

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AGE SPOTS*



FADE THEM OUT

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For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

to finish eating in the first peace she has experienced since 4 A.M.

Her only relaxation each day comes after lunch, when Andy, Sy and Mary Ann adjourn to the adjacent family room to watch the day's episode of *As The World Turns*, a TV soap opera Mary Ann has been watching for so many years that she is intimately familiar with the traumas of all the characters. Her narrative was interrupted at this point by a small voice in the next room. It was Cathy, sitting under the dining-room table calling "Hi."

Mary Ann jumped out of her chair, dashed out of the room, spanked Cathy and marched her back upstairs. Cathy made two more appearances before she finally gave up and took her nap. "They've all been trying this, lately," said Mary Ann, returning to the program. "Cathy's the latest one, and, boy, she doesn't give up easily. Now, what happened while I was upstairs?" But, already she was yawning.

"I can't help it," she said. "It's just that I hardly ever sit down all day, and when I do, I just feel like I'd like to go to sleep."

Sleep, however, was still a long time away. After the babies woke up from their nap, Mary Ann again had to dress them for the ride to pick up the older children at school. She then took care of several errands in town—pajamas for Danny, a toy for Evvie, etc.—after which the older children begged her to take them to the park, a rolling wooded area on the outskirts of town with a small zoo and numerous swings, slides and seesaws.

"But you know I'll never get the babies back in the car," appealed Mary Ann.

"Oh, yes, yes!" they cried. "We'll each take care of one." Predictably, when the time came to leave, it was Mary Ann who had to race at breakneck speed in every direction to collect everyone.

That evening, as the rest of the family dined on spaghetti and cornbread, Mary Ann got dressed in a navy-blue skirt and mustard-colored blouse with BURNETTE AGENCY—REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE emblazoned across the back. It was Tuesday night, her bowling night at Super Bowl, her one time away from the family all week. She is captain of her team and president of the Octette League, and it is a night she really looks forward to.

That night her team was competing against the Terrace Park Dairy team. They ultimately lost, but Mary Ann was not even slightly perturbed. "I learned a long time ago that there's no point in getting mad, that's not being a good sport." And if there's anything that Mary Ann Fischer is, it's that.

After the match, she joined several of her friends for a sausage pizza, and it was almost midnight when she headed back to the farm.

As I got out of the car, I couldn't help it. "Mary Ann," I said, "you're amazing."

END

GAME

By Jeannette Maino

Days are little mud-pies
Frantic children make
Along the ocean's edge.

I just couldn't stand being anonymous. I didn't want to be just 'one of the Farrows,' third from the top and fifth from the bottom."

Today, Mia no longer talks that boldly. She says very little, in fact, without measuring her words, almost painfully aware that she is now Mrs. Frank Sinatra. Yet when she does speak out, she shows a delicious sense of humor. Recently she confided to a friend that *Playboy* magazine was seeking her for its almost-nude center-fold photograph. "They think I have the perfect figure," Mia said, "20-20-20." Mia *is* extremely thin. She stands five feet five but weighs only 96 pounds, a source of concern to Sinatra, who has borne his share of jokes about his own scrawny physique. In her latest movie, *A Dandy in Aspic*, Mia plays several dancing scenes with Laurence Harvey. "We're both so skinny," she says, "that when we dance together it really hurts."

Most of her friends know that Mia does not want to give up her acting career. On the other hand, Sinatra once said that he would never again marry a career woman, especially an actress. But when he became deeply involved with Mia, he conceded, "I love Mia and I must be fair. She has talent." Sinatra might be happier if Mia became a full-time wife instead of making movies. And friends say she would give up her career tomorrow if he wanted her to. But the fact that he tolerates her ambition indicates that he is working to make sure the marriage is a happy one. "If she wants to be a star, she can be," says Anthony Mann, her current director. "But it would be nice to know if her husband will let her get to the top."

For her part, Mia tries hard to dovetail her career with her responsibilities as a wife. While making *A Dandy in Aspic* on location in London, she hopped a transatlantic jet all the way to Miami just to be with Sinatra for a weekend. Once when she was suffering from food poisoning during a trip to Paris and had been given a sedative by a doctor at the George V hotel, Sinatra refused to believe she was unavailable and threatened to buy the hotel.

What does Nancy think of her daddy's third wife? "Mia was born old, like me," she says. "She gets along with older people more easily than she does with those her own age. I've seen her carry on a three-hour conversation with Daddy's friend, Harry Kurnitz, the writer. Not many men can hold a sophisticated man's attention that long. But Mia and I have fun together. I asked her a few days ago what relation her brothers are to me. We figured out they must be step-uncles. And I guess her mother is now my step-grandmother, if there is such a thing."

Sinatra himself calls Mia his "22-year-old wife with the 45-year-old mind."

Sinatra is a sensitive man, and he is keenly aware of the disparity in ages. When he entertains at nightclubs, Mia invariably attends both his early and late show. Sinatra directs good-natured jokes at his wife during the act—but resents it when other entertainers do so. The only exception is his best friend, Dean Martin, who cracks: "I drink Scotch that's older than Mia."

Some of Mia's detractors claim that she deliberately creates headlines, then feigns surprise at the attention she attracts. They cite as ex famous cruise with Sinatra petuous decision to cut he cally, that skullcap-short h on, and now the Mia Bob high fashion.

"I watch with a sense o almost awe as this girl acc most everything she's set says producer Paul Mona created a mystique about l clever? Is this instinct? truth? Is this assumed? I slightest clue."

But Maureen O'Sullivan the mystique. She thinks s secret of her daughter's im peal to men of all ages. "] instinctive desire to prote explains with a laugh. "That

As a reporter, I am tra press my opinions. But it i to have strong opinions Farrow and Frank Sinatra been married for 10 mon or isn't a long time, deper happy the marriage is, an mention them to my own a I'm usually asked the sa

What does he see in her

What is she really like?

Is the marriage working

Will it last?

The answers are as co the man and woman invo me express *my* opinion.

Sinatra sees qualities in difficult to find in other v world: self-possession, hun disposition, and no desire with him professionally. I realize that she loves him f without qualifications. He loyalty, her devotion, h view of everyone around he matches his own vigor.

Mia is neither sexy nor ally beautiful. But she i young woman. Her voice, soft, and the bony structur are fascinating. She has t comprehending another's a compulsion to dig beneat ficial. And, somehow, she a twinkling from a lighthe a compassionate woman.

I have seen Hollywood happy and unhappy, and I is a happy one. Sinatra ar well suited temperamental tionally. Their friends fr mark, perhaps with surpri marriage is progressing n seen together, they seem be in each other's company

Any marriage is a gamble there is a good chance this In a few years, Mia will b biggest stars in motion p doubtedly, her career has t be helped by the influence the man she married. But on her way before she met she married him not to zoo faster but because she love

Mia Farrow Sinatra is most wonderful life any 22- ever had. She is married t complex, gifted man whose fascinates her. She has clothes, jewelry, servants, and interests; private jet helicopters whisk her fro place, and her movie ca blossoming. She is everyth wanted to be. What w possibly want more?



CORN-CRISPED CHICKEN

1. Turn on oven and set at 350 (moderate).
2. Dip **1 cut-up Chicken (2½ to 3 lbs.)** into **½ cup PET Evaporated Milk.**
3. Roll in a mixture of **1 cup Corn Flake Crumbs, 1½ teasp. Salt** and **¼ teasp. Pepper.**
4. Place in a shallow baking pan lined with aluminum foil. Bake 1 hour, or until drumstick is tender when pierced with a fork.

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Feed him **Friskies**®
the dog food with no sugar added

Some dog foods add as much as 20% sugar (sucrose) as a preservative. Ours? Never.

Meaty Friskies has no added sugar . . . needs no preservative.

What *has* Friskies got? Simply all the vitamins, minerals, and protein a dog is known to need. In fact, 20% more protein in a can than in two patties of the leading sugar-preserved dog food.

To help keep your dog in shape, give him the exercise he needs *and* the complete nutrition he deserves.

Feed him Friskies. Okay, Slim?

from Carnation®



Is there room at the top for businesswomen? Are they men? Yes, insists this famous woman executive, but they harder and not settle for being No. 2. By BERNICE F

MEN DO SO HAVE A PLACE IN BUS

Unlike the missionaries who went to the South Seas to do good and ended up doing well, women in business have done good, but they have not done well for themselves. They don't hold the top jobs. They don't draw the biggest money.

I'm not a feminist. I'm not *for* females any more than I am *for* cows and *against* horses. I've never claimed that women should take over the advertising business. Men do *so* have a place in advertising—a place, but not the whole hog. There's dire and dark discrimination against letting the female copywriter stand in the highest advertising places of this world. This is not a Fitz-Gibbon theory—it's a proved fact. Just check the top brass in the largest advertising agencies and you'll see that men are firmly in command. As, of course, they are in banking, publishing, law, medicine—everything.

The anti-female pill is a hard one to swallow; but there's no need to be bitter about it. For a woman it's a bit of a struggle all the way, but once you've proved what you can do, you'll be accepted—royally—you'll be a star in your own right, with star acclaim and star billing and star pay. I found this out when I went to a department store that shall remain nameless but begins with G and ends with L. As I walked into the top advertising job—at Gimbels, that was—some merchandising men walked out. "A woman—God forbid!!"

Why at this point—two-thirds of the way through the 20th century—are women still working for peanuts? What's holding them back? Are they mentally inferior? Do men conspire to keep them down? Do women dread the lonely isolation of a really lofty position? Do they think it's too hard 'way up there? Does their subconscious tell them that a lady's name should appear in print only three times—when she's born, when she marries, and when she dies? Are women content to bask in the boss's reflected glory just as they have been content to bask in their husband's reflected glory for thousands of years? Is it true that women don't want to work for a woman boss?

The answer to most of these questions is a good, loud NO. A miss is as good as a male. Women are equal to men in all native qualifications of intelligence, imagination, originality, industriousness, and what have you. I said equal—not identical.

Woodchucks think woodchuck thoughts. Whippoorwills think whippoorwill thoughts. Women think woman thoughts. Which is just the way Nature, in her compensatory planning, wants it. But there isn't a shred of evidence to prove that this woman-thinking isn't every bit as good for big business as man-thinking.

Could it be that women are *afraid* of the top? Could it be that women have actually fallen for that hoary hoax perpetuated over the years by presidents and chairmen of the board that it's *harder* at the top?

It's easier at the top. Despite what the men say, the higher up, the lighter the load. Take a department store, for instance. The head of stoc time than a salesgirl. An a has a better time than a b A buyer better than an as An assistant merchandise ter than a buyer. A merc ager better than an assist dise manager. A vice pre than a merchandise mana dent better than a vice pre chairman of the board b president. The higher up more fun, the more mone vacation, the less worry.

Once upon a time wome from the physical set-up What woman would want when the boss's office wa by cigar smoke and spitto gray lair ain't what it use sun has set on the day of t topped desk, the bookk stool, the green celluloid e the concept of the office as drudges are herded to eke lihood in an atmosphere a that of a Renaissance cryp

Much of this is because in the half century or so th been working, accomplish tion in the office. And decor are merely a manifestati century of women's influ business world. Women's of the office goes much fart ting a rose in a Baccarat robin's-egg-blue filing cabi

There's an old chestnu don't like to work for a wor not true. Decades ago, wh ican dream was to marry young woman, unfortunat have to earn a living, wo want to work for someo marry. So she would take shirtwaisted self into the moils of the coal dealer's because he was an eligible

Today's girl still wants m not necessarily to the bos wants, first and foremost arena. She doesn't want home. It's lonely. In an a omy, home was not lonely. and that is the basic rea domestic servant has just ished from the scene. The wants people—lots of pe sexes. The office is now the arena of the community—have made it so.

The working girl wants derie and chitchat and tow big, gay, busy office. She out for a soda or a cigare girls. She wants to shoot with the boys at the coffe wants to bat an eyelash at count executive at the wate

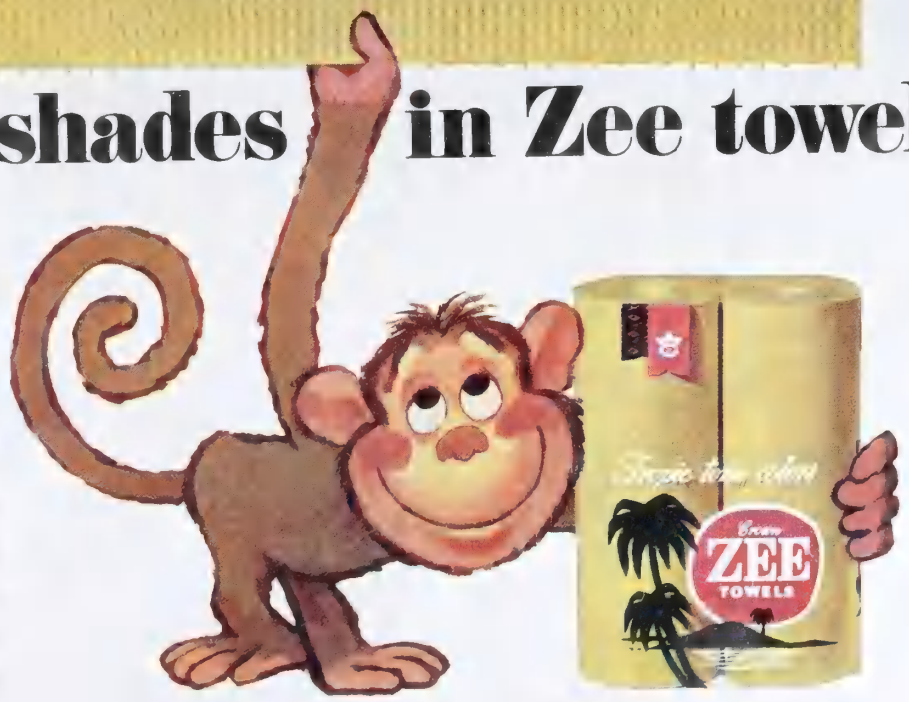
She likes working for a because she is aware, consc consciously, that this sociol tion that has taken place i the work of women who ju can't abide stuffiness of pompousness.

And today's girl wants t She's on pleasure and profi the accent on pleasure. The ter than the movies. At the

Copyright © 1967 by Bernice Fitz-Gibbon. From "Macy's, Gimbels and Me," to be published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

Three new shades in Zee towels!

u thought most paper towels
pastel? Then you're in for a
ful surprise—new Zee towels
in three lush tropic tones.
oose from Rain Forest Green,
ian Coral, and Pirates' Gold.
They'll put more color
in your life.



can only *look* at another life. In the office you can *live* another life. And not only has the woman boss infused the old barren treadmill with warmth, she has brought in classlessness. Women are much more democratic than men—much less snobbish.

The office is in the control of the desk set—the women—and this is good. Offices, with their present female-engendered informality, turn out more work per head than they ever did. I can't prove it, but I'll bet that Bob Cratchit, nose to the grindstone in monastic misery, couldn't begin to match the efficiency of one girl today.

If it is women who have changed the complexion and the sinew and the marrow of the office—which it is—why aren't there more women heads of things—like Elsie Murphy, who used to be head of Stroock Woolens, or Catherine O'Brien, chairman of the board of Stanley Home Products? Or Dorothy Shaver, who ran Lord & Taylor for so many years? Why aren't there more women bosses scattered all the way up and down the office superstructure?

I have wondered myself for years. Now I know. But I must admit that it was a man who tipped me off. (And *that* certainly means something or other.) It was Don Gibbs, well-known writer and sharp observer of the contemporary scene, who laid bare the nub of the matter. Said Don, "Women have not caught on to the fact that big business is infatuated with figures. realize that the commo all talk is figures and th with them. Until the lingo, they can't ever brass—and if you can brass, you can't get far

Mr. Gibbs is right. would have gone much long ago learned to lis can remember 'way ba when this whole figure trickle in from Harvard the Wharton School Pace Institute. I was and all executives were tend the monthly exe where economists and rangued us for an hou and bulk-line costs. Y decimal point drop. I spellbound. I, along wit girls, had an automati ear for figures, and spen ing up copy slants and

Like the Duchess in *land*, I just couldn't might be president of now if I had minded n and modes and mediar aggregate indices 'way whole thing was buildir

Yes, being figure-min I heard that Mildred C dazzle president of Bo always been a wizard a as a wizard at fashion.

And I hear that the r dred Finger of Bergdorf Phi Beta Kappa math

Most American men C.P.A.'s (men who are vice presidents or C.I who thinks that the rea ball is watching a grow ball to first base before man arrives there is nai

Think of any fanati (male) that you know. batting averages of eve favorite club. He talks g and earned-run average record for the most tw game by a pitcher or r game by a shortstop. games won in one season on one club, both wear does he really know ba he talks figures so gl *thinks* he's a baseball e

American men like nc breakfast, lunch and din statistic.

To prove that what about is gospel truth, I take the "club car test." club car of any good tra listen. The group you ar upon may include an president, a garment-h turer, a hair-dryer sales tergent vice president, killer chairman of the bo how diversified the group many esoteric and pecu selves businesses are r talk's all the same. Ever understands everybody ally thinks like everybod get the impression that doesn't make any differ ness you're in, because business.

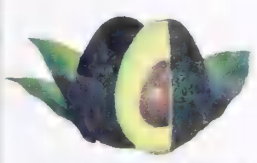
Nepotism comes from t ing nephew, and *not* mean can't companies be han father to daughter? If a



CALIFORNIA AVOCADO ADVISORY BOARD

Which comes first—
the avocado or the egg?

For this delightful salad, it doesn't really matter, so long as they get together. Let your avocado ripen at room temperature until it yields to gentle pressure. Then it's sure to yield a maximum of goodness, teamed with egg, chopped pecans, and French dressing. □ More avocado ideas? Write Box 336, LHJ, Costa Mesa, California



Avocados from California



"Put on a variety show
at your next party," says
Gypsy Rose Lee.
Treat your guests to a full
choice of Heublein Cocktails.
They're full-strength,
with all the liquor in
the real liquor bottle.
14 kinds to please every taste.

Heublein Cocktails: 14 kinds, better than most people make.

14 kinds:	Extra Dry Martini	Margarita	Vodka Sour
11-to-1 Gin Martini	Vodka Martini	Stinger	Side Car
11-to-1 Vodka Martini	Manhattan	Daiquiri	Gimlet
Scotch Mist	Old Fashioned	Whiskey Sour	50-75 proof

Served on leading airlines and railroads. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.



Morton House spills the beans to prove...



baked beans are better

Morton House is the only baked bean in tomato sauce; all others are boiled.

Morton House beans are better because —
▪ They are baked not boiled ▪ in a rich, thick tomato sauce ▪ with real hickory-smoked bacon, not salt pork.

Morton House Oven-Baked Beans are the best you've ever eaten or double your money back.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

If you don't agree, we'll refund double the price you paid. Send us the label from the can, your name, address and tell us how much you paid and why Morton House wasn't the best baked bean you've ever tasted. Mail to Morton House Kitchens, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Send label for 25¢ coupon



Morton House Kitchens, Nebraska City, Nebraska

Enclosed is the label from a can of Morton House oven-baked beans. Please send me coupon worth 25¢ for the purchase of my next can. Labels submitted without this offer form or by clubs or organizations will not be honored.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Limit one per family or address. Void wherever taxed, prohibited, restricted or license required.

PLACE IN BUSINESS *continued*

man has three bright daughters and one dull son, the son gets the company. I think that if the daughters knew Dun & Bradstreet as well as they know the frug and the watusi, if they thought in terms of millions instead of cotillions, they'd have a few more businesses in their own names—provided, of course, they bent the old man's ear with figures, figures, figures.

The number of women on boards of directors is scandalously low—too low for the good of the country's corporations. Perhaps it's the high cost of plumbing that keeps corporations from adding females to their boards. The problem of two johns, you know.

Spout figures, sweet maid, and let who will be clever. A few figures dropped in the right place will do a girl as much good as 10 years of hard work. The less she makes herself understood, the more effective. Who'll dare call her bluff when she's holding forth on contingent liability, marginal utility, multiple regression, or the confidence interval of the conditional mean?

The situation's not going to change, girls, so if you can't lick 'em, join 'em. Don't let the men keep score at the bridge table, grab that pad. Don't play for a tenth of a cent a point. That's too easy to figure out. Play for an eleventh of a cent and you'll end up with a lot of lovely decimals to rattle off, as in "If we make this slam, I'll be 87.38 cents ahead."

In business, it isn't what you know, it's how you say it. If she wants a title on the door and a Bigelow on the floor, the woman should:

1. Be presented with an abacus at six, a slide rule at 10, and a subscription to *Fortune*, the *Harvard Business Review* and *The Wall Street Journal* at sweet 16.

2. Take a night course in economics, not to give her insight into the Malthusian Law but to give her terms such as Gossen's law of satiety to sling around authoritatively.

3. Bone up on the basic percentages of business. For instance, pick up the annual reports of some big corporations and memorize a few figures. They'll make a devastating impression when quoted casually and with timing; "I don't know, P. J., I think c costs are pretty low at 2 General Motors, you know, 27 percent nick for salaries a

4. Learn immediately th the phrase "standard devi ditional probability distrib will put you ahead of mos conditional probability dis partment.

5. *Never underestimate th weighty memorandum.* M about the quantity of pape across their desks, but this utive pose. If your name is Johnson, sign yourself, "J son." Don't ask why.

Of course, women's lack fancy figuring is not the onl have not gotten to the top ing—a field they are emi for. President Mary Bunt cliffe said that women have ter in their career climbing are not, like boys, brought of expectation. Boys *expect* thing when they grow up. talk to little boys, they say you going to be when you Boys grasp the idea early t supposed to *be* something. I cur to any of them to say, to be a daddy and have lot But adults expect a little gi just wants to be a momm children. Little girls grow u of *unexpectation*—they just ting married and begetting

That's not enough. Not these times of lightened ho lengthened lives there is a for a female to do something obligation to use a good br

Well, the girls had bett Because it looks as if pr women are headed for deca ing outside the home—w want to or not. The expert these things say that a ma can expect to work 25 ye unmarried woman can exp for 40 years. Those are the than one woman out of 1 work outside the home. And likely to be that one woman for 25 to 40 years is inevitab as well relax and enjoy it. A sure way to enjoy it is



"Sorry I can't ask you in, Calvin. Mommy just cleaned the house, and you know what a slob you are."

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GOOD FRESH HALF & HALF IN YOUR COFFEE.

(It's good fresh powdered sodium silico-aluminate, corn syrup solids, vegetable fats, dipotassium phosphate and emulsifiers.)

A jar of powdered coffee creamer can be a handy thing to have around. Sometimes we even wish that we had thought of it first.

But there's no use crying over spilled sodium silico-aluminate. We're selling more of our good, fresh Half & Half than ever. People still seem to think that there isn't anything like the real, fresh thing.

And that's a big deal with us. Freshness. Like everything else we make, Foremost Half & Half always comes to you fastidiously fresh. We go to great lengths to be sure of it.

Sometimes we even work right through our coffee breaks.

Fastidiously Fresh



Foremost

LOVE?

What does douching with DEMURE have to do with

Being really feminine has a lot to do with love. And new DEMURE liquid douche is about as feminine as you can get. There's no longer any need for a woman to resort to old-fashioned home remedies or medicinal-smelling powders that are bothersome to dissolve. DEMURE lets you enjoy complete confidence about yourself—plus the most delicate kind of everywhere freshness. Makes you feel very special. Very you. Very much the woman your husband deserves.

DEMURE's unique formula deodorizes, cleanses, freshens—safely and thoroughly—but prettily too. Its convenient liquid form, fresh ocean color and light mint fragrance make DEMURE as pleasant to use as your favorite cologne. Be lovely.



Discover DEMURE Douche



The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

And so the truth is broadcast, through the air, where it can't be stopped by walls and guards, up to 18 hours a day to millions of people in the closed countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Will you help the truth get through? Whatever you can give will mean a great deal to a great many people behind the Iron Curtain.

Send your contribution to:

Radio Free Europe, Box 1965, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council

to get prepared for a job that is fun and pays well.

When the top men in advertising have been asked what they thought of women being in advertising, they always say such lovely things as: "Women are wonderful . . . much smarter than men. We men hold them down, because we aren't bright enough to compete fairly with them."

Curiously enough, several ad-women I interviewed agreed with the men that the women were smarter. Both men and women were impressed by "women's intuition."

Then I interviewed *me*. I disagree with the men and the women. Women aren't brighter than men. No sex—but no sex—is superior to any other sex. And all that talk about intuition is malarkey. I have found that that sixth sense is generally claimed by females who show little indication of possessing the other five.

I think that women copywriters *appear* brighter than men because more of them come out of a retailing background. In a retail advertising department the gestation-creation period is very short. If one has to write an ad on a teddy bear or an *étagère* or a wash-'n'-wear shirt, one looks at the thing, thinks about it, writes it up, gets a layout made, gets the type marked, sends it to the paper, and 72 hours later it's a finished product out on the street.

And I do not agree with store heads who often feel that only females should write store ads. I usually had more males than females in copy. You may be thinking "you wouldn't have a man writing fashions." I would. And did. Writing is writing.

If you can write a good ad about one thing, you can write a good ad about anything. That's why it's silly for an employer to go looking for a copywriter with rug experience or one with food experience. If you can write pickles, you can write petticoats.

Of course men have a place in advertising. But they ought to give the girls a fairer shake. After all, advertising is selling *things*. And it's the girls who are *thing*-minded. Girls ought to be able to earn top money so they can buy all these things.

Men aren't really thing-minded. They don't need as much money as girls do. Girls yearn for things. Men want to be important. Men hanker after prestige, recognition, power. Back in 1779 Alexander Hamilton said, "I wish to exalt my station." That's good. Let the men be exalted.

Since men work to be important, to be powerful, and impressive, and successful, and women work for gain rather than for glory—here would be a fair division of the spoils.

Let men be the presidents and chairmen of the boards.

Reward the women with greater amounts of money.

That will result in less money for the men and more money for the women, who, having a passion for possessing, will go out and spend the money for more things.

The sales of all these extra things will redound to the glory of the men, who at the same time will be well rewarded by the increased volume of their businesses and the increased importance of themselves. **END**

KITCHEN

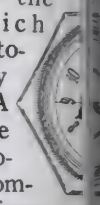
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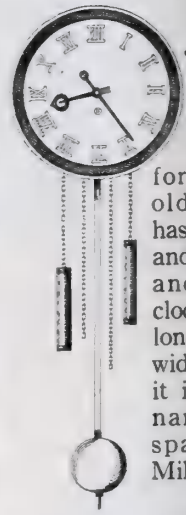
You can time eggs t with this bright, cloc d



G size easily read numera help to children just tell time. (Sessions.)

This hexagonal cloc with second hand. also shows the date, which changes automatically each day. A boon to home makers keeping tabs on committee meetings, dental appointments music lessons. (Elgin



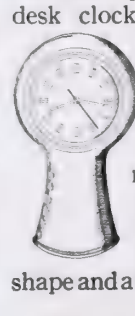


This clock tiona make for roo old an has a w and bras and we clock is long and wide, w it is wel narrow spaces. Miller.)

Quaint as a country schoolhouse, this friendly clock of maple with fruitwood finish combines charm with an easy-to-read face, and it is compact in size, too—11⅜ inches high by 7⅝ i (General Electric.)



For the sophisticated desk clock with a look is for long- racy. Th plastic c in ivory, red. In a this pedes other sculp signs inclu shape and a wall clock.



Illustrations By Murray Tinkleman

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HAPPEL

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Why aren't your feet as sexy as the rest of you?



A silly question.

You have a legitimate reason for not having sexy feet. You ignore them. And you have company.

Millions of women ignore their feet.

Women who spend hours making a wisp of hair casually fall out of place won't spend two minutes on their feet. Why?

Simply because up until now, all a woman could do about unattractive feet was stare at them... hide them... forget them.

Things have changed, thank goodness. Now there's a product named, appropriately enough, Pretty Feet.

Pretty Feet is a pleasant roll-off lotion.

Pour a little on your fingers every day of the week and rub it into your feet. Then see the rough, dead skin roll right off.

Soon you'll have beautiful feet that can wear open sandals... lovely feet that won't hide in the sand at the beach... smooth feet that won't run stockings.

If you're genuinely interested in making your feet as sexy as the rest of your body, send 25¢ in coin to cover postage and handling for a sample bottle of Pretty Feet. Write to Pretty Feet, Dept. L8, Chemway Corp., Fairfield Road, Wayne, New Jersey.



We invented it because too many attractive women have unattractive feet.

margarine. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour and ½–¾ teaspoon salt. Cook 30 seconds until bubbly. Add 1 cup hot mushroom mixture. Stir thoroughly to blend. Pour into large saucepan with 1 cup light cream. Beat well. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. If desired, top each serving with a little unsweetened whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.

THE PAUL BUNYAN MEAL

For That Man in your shopping life, we recommend "The Paul Bunyan Meal"... named for "the mythical hero of the woods... noted for his wonderful deeds of cleverness... and for his tremendous appetite." Served on giant-size china (the dinner plate measures 14 inches across), the entrée is an arrangement of simple but superbly prepared foods, like:

¼ lb. rare roast beef with natural juices
¼ lb. crisp French fried potatoes
A helping of red pepper relish on lettuce
An individual French loaf, whipped butter
Bunyan-sized parsley bouquet

Arrange all on a large plate and serve with an enormous cup of black coffee.

Journal About Home

By Margaret Davidson
Home Management Editor

The world's biggest kitchen this year was set up in the Los Angeles ballroom of the new Century Plaza Hotel—the occasion was the annual Pillsbury Bake-Off. On the Sunday before the baking started, I watched 20 trained service men testing the 100 General Electric ranges; they put spirit levels on oven racks to see if they were level and used thermometer devices to check oven heat controls. Before this, six electricians had worked round the clock connecting the ranges, using 17 miles of cable and transformers large enough to light a small town. How do I know? I climbed into the equipment trailers parked outside the hotel! Yet, the 100 ranges used but $3.75 worth of electricity during the Bake-Off. All the contestants baked their recipe at least twice and some repeated it up to four times before they were satisfied with the result. *Journal* food editor Poppy Cannon was one of the busy judges, cloistered away from the baking area, rating the products.

First prize of $25,000 for the Bake-Off went to Mrs. Maxine Bullock of Topeka, Kansas, for a buffet bread she made by mixing corn muffin mix with cream of vegetable soup. She told me that her three children liked the bread so much, they felt cheated when it wasn't on the menu. Not everyone won a cash prize, of course, but all contestants were "winners" in that all received a General Electric Americana range, a deluxe model just 30 inches wide, with two ovens (one at eye level above the cooking top). An informal poll, made as the women mixed and beat and stirred their food, indicated that the oven that cleans itself was the feature the contestants prized above all else. Regulated heat, both in the oven and on the Sensi-Temp surface unit that can be set for any cooking speed, was important, too. Avocado-green was the favorite color, with white and copper-tone next in line among ranges selected by the contestants.

Winning a General Electric range was exciting for all the women. Some of them told me why: Lynna Dooley of Tulsa, Oklahoma, a junior winner (who made a Banana Splizza, a cake baked as a pizza), planned to give her prize range to her parents for their wedding anniversary; Beverly Atkinson of Des Moines, Iowa (who placed as a finalist with a Hawaiian Mincemeat Pie, with ham and pineapple instead of the traditional beef and apple), plans to be married in a year, will use her range as a part of her trousseau. Mrs. Judith Reynolds of Athens, Ohio, made a Pound Crumb Cake in the contest with pineapple cream pudding mix and graham cracker crumbs. Her new range came at a strategic time. Her husband had just accidentally bumped his car into the range Grandmother had given them—it had been stored in the garage. Judith entered the contest, won a replacement. "Oh, what a range!" she said.

Now it's double-decker oven cooking with the new Pyrex oven casserole. This Bake-n-Serve dish has a versatile lid, with a 2¼-inch-high rim that can be used for cooking a separate food, while serving its normal function as a cover for the casserole below. Good ideas for the top: baked tomatoes, scalloped vegetables or stuffed peppers (but not a two-crust pie, for the bottom crust won't brown). The top can also be used as a separate baking dish in its own right or serve as a trivet for the larger baker. There are 1½- and 2½-quart sizes, both in Brittany blue.



The Spirit of Grand Marnier ...flames in magical ways...in flambées...cocktails ...and in the warmth of a snifter served after dinner...creating memorable moments! No wonder the world's great restaurants pour Grand Marnier with pride...it has spirit! For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.

MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD. DEPT. L7 N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Did you know that if you soak zippers and dry them flat before sewing into washable garments there is less chance of the garment puckering around the placket when washed? . . . The newest trend in fabric window shades is to use textured materials that contrast with smooth woods, fabrics and other surfaces. Decorative, too, are shades made of the same fabrics used elsewhere in a room for upholstery or draperies. Order these custom made by your local window-shade shop or department store; or, for do-it-yourselfers, kits including shade rollers are available. . . . Washable woolens are

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new inks made by Carter.



Great day for your car to be wearing its Rubbermaids.

u let the floor of your car go out in without wearing anything on its

out and buy it some Rubbermaid
l cover up what your boots track in
oors.
d mats are made of Vyluxe which
yl weatherproofing for inside your
ne in Vyluxe you can see through
ar has seen one too many winters,
in Vyluxe you can't see through.

They also come in rubber for people who prefer rubber car mats. And besides, our name *is* Rubbermaid.

Rubbermaid is a familiar name around the house. And it will become a familiar name around a lot of attached and detached garages.

You can get Rubbermaid car mats in the one-piece style, or the twin mats if you have bucket seats.

You can buy them for sports cars and sedans and stationwagons.

And it won't matter what the weather's doing outside. Because it won't be doing it inside your car.

RUBBERMAID KEEPS CARS
LIKE IT KEEPS HOUSE.

Rubbermaid

© Rubbermaid Inc. 1967



She spent an hour bathing and dressing but one oversight stamped her "careless"

How could she risk her marriage this way? Why do so many married women who are careful in other ways—risk an internal odor that's personally offensive? Sometimes, even husbands may be too embarrassed to say anything. The daintiest woman can offend this way—unless she faces the facts about internal odor.

The truth is—unpleasant internal odor can persist for days. Bathing or ordinary douching can't penetrate completely to the source of these offensive odors. But here's a medically-approved douche powder that can! It's called Femicare.®

Gentle Femicare cleanses as no other kind of powder, no liquid, no household preparation such as vinegar can. Its unique non-acid formula penetrates more thoroughly...washes away odor-causing bacteria more completely than other douches. With Femicare, you get new-again cleanliness that lasts!

Unlike other leading douches, gentle Femicare is non-irritating. That's because Femicare's unique formula is acid-free. Clinical tests show that Femicare's gentle, pure white powder is not only far more effective, it is proven safe for delicate tissues. There's no burning, no acid sting, no dryness, no itching—none of the irritations that acidy douches may cause. No wonder so many doctors recommend Femicare. And there's no lingering medicinal odor...no vinegar smell.

When it's so pleasant, so safe to douche with Femicare—why risk offending? For greatest protection against internal odor—try new Femicare. Get new-again cleanliness that lasts!



Femicare.
the modern douche for happily-married women

It's in Your Mind

By BARBARA SEAMAN

Seeing Ourselves As Others See Us: Few of us are really certain how we look to others. Psychiatrists have discovered that it can be very helpful—to normal people and mental patients alike—to view themselves on films and videotapes. Of course, it is embarrassing at first, but after repeated exposure most people improve their poise and appearance. Even more important, they learn to *communicate* better. They discover that their facial expressions, gestures and posture have *not* been conveying what they really intended. By correcting them, they make themselves more socially effective.

Psychiatrists at Delaware State Hospital recently saw dramatic results when they treated a group of patients with 12 sessions of "self-image experience" therapy. At the beginning, patients were horrified by their own videotapes. A typical comment was, "Now I realize why people don't like me." One woman, seeing how much older she looked than her real age, refused to go on with the sessions. But most of the patients became remarkably more attractive and self-assured.

A Dangerous Place for Husbands: Two sociologists, Julian Roebuck of the University of Texas and S. Lee Spray of the University of Chicago, decided to find out *what really goes on* at cocktail lounges. One of them spent five hours a week for two years in a posh cocktail lounge, watching the action. Sociologists call this "participant observation." To lend further authenticity to the research, two of the bartenders in the lounge were actually part-time graduate students in sociology, who also took notes.

The researchers reached the sad conclusion that "the major function of the cocktail lounge is the facilitation of casual sexual affairs between high-status married men and young unattached women." The median age of the male "regulars" was 39. Their incomes ranged from $8,500 a year to $75,000. The median age of the female "regulars" was 24. Most of them were "sharp-looking" secretaries, clerks and students. There is a definite code of "proper behavior" regulating the way a man approaches a girl in a cocktail lounge. He is supposed to ask the waiter or the bartender if she would let him buy her a drink. He is not supposed to speak to her directly unless she accepts the drink. Men who violate this code are reprimanded by the bartender or waiter.

Many of the girl "regulars" get married in time—to men they have met elsewhere—and then stop frequenting the lounge. The men stay on and on. Most of them explain that they love their wives and families, but that "extenuating circumstances"—such as busy wives, "cold" wives, family or business pressures—create a need for extracurricular activities in the cocktail lounge. Curiously, almost all the husbands studied attend church. Many are considered pillars of their community, and none are problem drinkers.

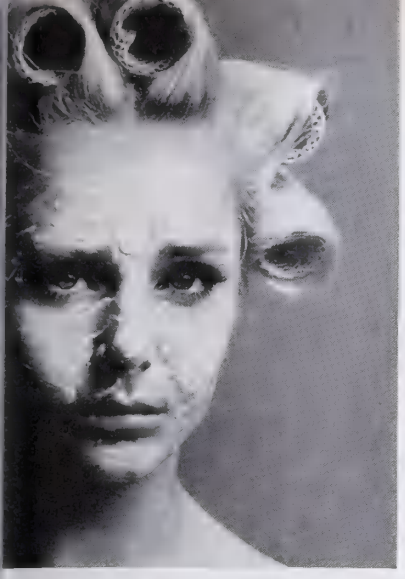
A Safe Place for Single Women: Many people suspect that the main purpose of some dance-instruction studios is to "fleece lonely old ladies" or establish beachheads for gigolos and call girls. However, *Trans-Action*, a so publication of Washington l says that this is not quite a fair. True, dance studios are to make money, and they d better ones (those associate well-established national ch strict rules against outside f between staff members and st teach dancing is an exhaustin most instructors take their ously. They are genuinely pr they help students get more life. Some teachers have an a sionary belief in how much are doing.

A Dangerous Place for Tee should you make of these attr poolrooms that have sprung many suburban shopping ce they as respectable as they l Polsky, a sociologist, who has new book called *Hustlers, Others*, says that often they a spectable, and that some ha become centers for narcotics tion. The new-look poolroom tended to attract a family cli cater to women as well as m tunately, pool will never be r woman's game because, for o "many shots require leaning the table or even putting one the table, involving a display o most women find quite emba Poolrooms used to be a sanc "old-style sporting-type adu elors," but, says Professor P heterosexual bachelor has all appeared from the American la and if a man over 35 has neve "there is a strong chance th homosexual." Thus, with all t intentions, soft lights, sweet m pastel pool tables, many new p are being taken over by unsav age types—chiefly school d and the still less savory adults on them.

Too Many, Too Fast: Childre cheaper by the dozen, but the necessarily healthier or happie eral, the opposite appears to nearly true. Mary Waldrop and Q. Bell of the National Ins Mental Health observed the be nursery-school children and fo those from "high-density" (many babies, closely space much more to their teachers an more dependent.

At first Waldrop and Bell that their behavior might be lack of maternal *attention*, but t think there may be inborn reas They observed *newborn* bab found that those from high-den ilies were more lethargic. Perhap who have had too many chil quickly deplete themselves p and give their babies a less vig dowment to start with.

Mary Waldrop concedes th are many exceptions, but she a being well-to-do and having h not seem to change the picture. the high-density families she were also high-income families, later-born youngsters showed s inite tendencies toward letha dependency.



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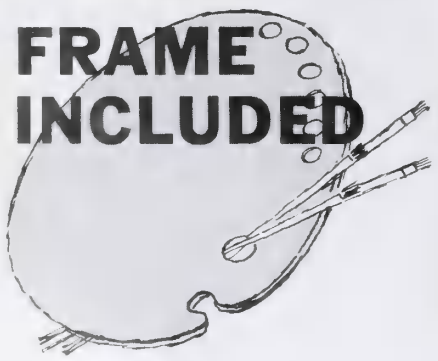
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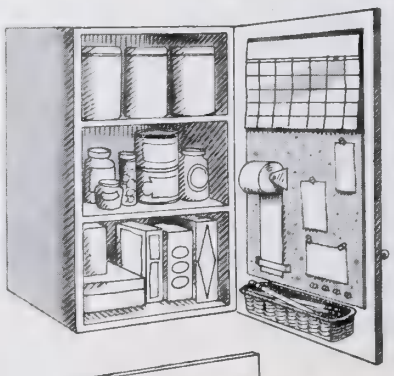
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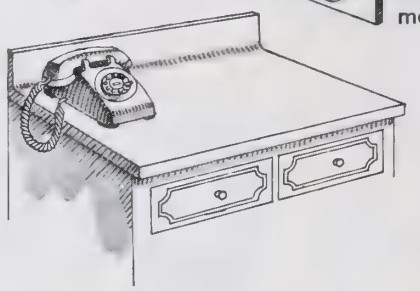
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KITCHEN MESSAGE CENTERS

The handiest family message center is at the center of h activity, in the kitchen, near a phone. By ELIZABETH (

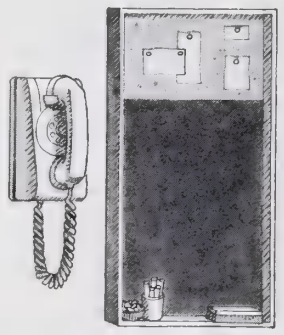


Left: Neat and handy, this n center is made by gluing or bulletin-board cork inside a cabinet door. Add a calenda keep dates straight, roll of a machine paper for notes, an basket for pencils and tacks

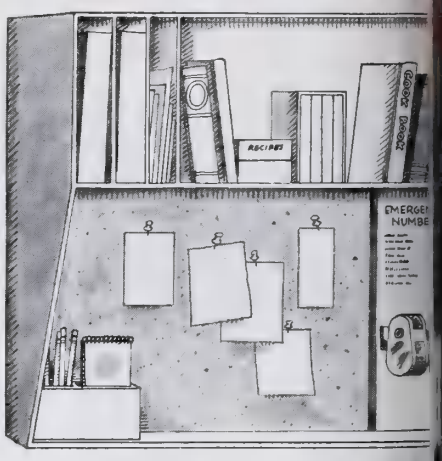


Below: Sleek and useful, thi 18-inch round black slate is hang and large enough for n message. By Mort Marton.





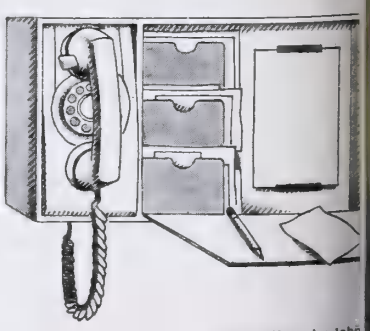
Left: Walnut that frames cork (for pin-ups) and blackboard (for jottin forms handy ledge at the bottom. may be hung either vertically or horizontally. Ready-made in 12 x 23-inch size at Designed For Living, 131 East 57th St., New York City. Or devise your own to fit a special place; picture molding makes it simple to



Combination recipe and note center (useful above a desk) includes a cookbook shelf and recipe files, slots for phone book and appliance instruction pamphlets. Can be built to fit space available. Include a pencil sharpener and list of phone numbers.



You can't miss seeing t note when it's held at eye level—even a ch by a clip with magnetic back. Magnets, such as stick to any steel appliance or cabinet. Fr Azuma, 666 Lexington New York City.



Telephone Caddie with room for personal directory and plenty of notepaper has drop door that makes handy writing surface. Hangs on wall at sitting or stand-up heights. By Caloric, in models that mount right or left of wall phones.

Illustrations by John



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it's Hampshire Sour Cream. Only
es of mayonnaise or salad oil.

And not an imitation. Real sour cream. As only Knudsen can make it. The very best.

Total calories per serving: 47
Liven up diet Perfection Salad with 1 Tbsp. Hampshire Sour Cream and seasoned salt.



Total calories per serving: 65
spinach salad with 1 Tbsp. Hamp-
ream, marjoram, garlic salt.



Total calories per serving: 45
Fill an artichoke with 2 Tbsp. Hampshire Sour Cream, lemon juice, salt. One serves two.



Total calories per serving: 51
Do wonders for beets and cucumbers with 1 Tbsp. Hampshire Sour Cream, horseradish.



Total calories per serving: 95
eam for diet fruit salad. Doubles
calories to only 15 per Tbsp.!



Total calories per serving: 65
Top hearts of lettuce with fresh mushrooms, lemon juice, green onion, 1 Tbsp. sour cream.



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TH ADAM

n page 93

Diago—but not such a
s Diago." He bowed from
l clicked his heels, Euro-
ien I introduced him to my
She was very impressed.
nother and the unmarried
om I lived in our big, old

ner at a French restaurant.
nb chops—and the Con-
his deep voice, teased me:
Afterward we went to a
at one of the hotels, then
of the other hotels, stop-
gle drink at each place, to
ssman Powell what San
ike at night. Once some-
ed the subject of taxes,
hed that income taxes were
on a modest salary like
ongressman frowned and
l. No, he said, taxes were
t all. There were so many
nation needed—things like
peed commerce and make
fortable, good schools to
l start in life for everyone.
acy had its faults; some of
y was wasted; but, still,
s the best form of govern-
ented; it was helping more
ple to lead better and bet-
y citizen owed his govern-
everyone had to pay his

erious; he spoke so beauti-
incingly. I was persuaded;
e finished I would gladly
ee as much in taxes.
hers had gone home, the
e Governor's Palace took
place; we stayed there,
lking, until 4 A.M. For all
e Congressman did not
ll, and he knew it. At one
his pen from his pocket
kin, wrote a contract, full
uage: "I, Miss Yvette
hat for five years begin-
date I shall serve as danc-
for one Adam Clayton
aughing, I signed it.

he was the soul of gal-
had a marvelous evening;
idea it would be so enjoy-
ost grateful to me. I said,
hat I, too, had had a mar-
nd then I walked through
nd presumably out of his

t, of course, my family
v all about it. I said, "Oh,
so interesting."
e had some stars in my
they laughed at me.
you only did it for your
grandmother said.
s to show," I said, "that
ountry can be pleasure."
s to show," my mother
ou should go out more

ike the families of all un-
women, was a little wor-
I was 24, and I had had
riends since a foolish mar-
k place when I was a
ended in divorce when I
I went out very seldom.
ay I liked it. I was never
on a date just to prove
ne social swim.
d not appeal to me; on
with the Congressman I

went to more places in a single evening than I had visited in several years. I was and am a homebody by nature. I was perfectly happy to hurry home from work, slip into an old pair of shorts and spend the evening with a magazine or a book or television. Besides, we Diagos are a big family. (Adam was to tease me later about my "one hundred and nine close relatives, never mind the ones that aren't close.")

Three months went by. Then a postcard arrived from the Bahamas. It inquired about my whereabouts. It asked why I wasn't writing. And it said that the sender missed me. It was signed, "Adam."

I was puzzled. I had to stop and think. Who was "Adam"? Why was he "missing me"? Could it be the Congressman, making a joke like that contract on the napkin?

Another card arrived after a time, and then another. This one asked again where I was keeping myself and urged me to write. It was signed, "Love, Adam."

That one raised a few eyebrows at my house. "*Love,* Adam." I laughed. "That's just his way. It doesn't mean anything."

Next I got a wire announcing Adam's arrival in San Juan for the following Friday. We went out that night, and I was surprised. He seemed genuinely hurt that I had not written to him. I said, "I didn't have any idea that I would ever see you again."

"Of course you were going to see me again."

He came back again to Puerto Rico, and again. Then he began calling me, almost every night about midnight. My grandmother, who likes to go to bed early and hates telephone bells, was upset.

I kept saying over the phone, "Please, Adam, don't call at this hour."

He said, "Well, I was missing you. I had to call." Next night the phone would ring again, and grandmother would shout her complaints from her bedroom.

After a while he began talking about marriage. But I had read what everybody else has read. Adam Clayton Powell was a playboy, not to be taken seriously. I thought he was just playing a game, and I played accordingly. He was, without doubt, the most charming man I had ever known. I could easily have fallen in love with him if I had let myself. But love was out of the question. He was just a man to spend marvelous evenings with—great fun to dance with, even though he never did learn to dance very well, and fun to talk to, for at conversation he was superb.

One evening he arrived at our house while I was still dressing; I heard him talking to my family and listened. He spoke in English to my mother, and she translated into Spanish for my grandmother. "I want you to know," he said, "that I am deeply in love with Yvette. She's the finest woman I've ever known, and I plan to make her my wife. Believe me, I'll take good care of her; I'll give her the devotion that she deserves. In fact, I like all of you; I admire the whole family; I hope you can accept me as one of you."

How like Adam to tell the family before he knew what I would say! But he was right. When the time came, I said yes—and knew a kind of happiness I had never imagined. (*continued*)



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But not so well known... and worth knowing... is the story of how and why a nun becomes a nun, and the education and training that go into her preparation. Equally interesting is the story of how the individual talents of aspiring nuns are fitted into the work of the various sisterhoods, to provide a richly rewarding career for those who choose the religious career.

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There were problems, of course. In Puerto Rico for generations people of all shades of color have lived and worked side by side; there are no color barriers on our island. But some people always have prejudices. There were members of my family who were disturbed by the thought that I would marry a Negro; they kept asking me how I would feel if I had a baby and it was black. I told them that to me nothing could matter less. I was in love with Adam and would have loved him if he were in Technicolor.

More serious—to many more members of my family and at times even to me—was Adam's reputation as a playboy. As the world knows, Adam had already been married twice. At the moment, indeed, he was still married to Hazel Scott, the pianist, although they were in the process of getting divorced. By the strict Catholic standards of many of my relatives, I was doing a bad thing even to have a casual date with a married man. There was much talk, indeed, as to whether I should ever marry at all. I was a divorcée and if I married again after my own long-ago divorce, I would have to leave the Church.

Adam and I had many serious talks about these matters. He told me once that he was not really a Negro. According to his official history, three of his grandparents were white; the fourth, the man from whom he gets the name Powell, was a Negro and a former slave. In truth, he told me, he was not related by blood to his grandfather Powell, and was the son of a white man; but he was legally adopted by Grandfather Powell and was reared as a Negro. "The world thinks I'm a Negro son of a Negro father and calls me a Negro, and that's all right with me," he said. "It's just as if the newspapers printed a story and said that you had blue eyes. Would you write them an angry letter?"

A little later he showed me a new autobiography he had written for the Congressional Directory. In previous editions of the directory, he was identified as a Negro; in this new version the word "Negro" was omitted. Adam said that he had made the change for my sake, although it really made no difference to me. I still do not know whether what Adam told me about his father was the truth or just another of his stories.

On the matter of being a playboy, he once told me, "Yvette, you'll find that there are two Adam Clayton Powells. There's the one that you read about in the papers, and then there's the real one. I'm not a playboy at all. You'll find I'm very serious, I work hard, I go to bed early, I don't run around. You'll see. We'll lead a very quiet life, because I'm as much of a homebody as you are."

We also talked seriously about my working in his office. He said that he badly needed someone who could speak Spanish. Many Puerto Ricans had moved into his district; he kept getting letters and telephone calls from Spanish-speaking people who needed his help. As it was, no one in his office could understand the phone calls, and he had to rely on the Library of Congress to handle his Spanish correspondence. I would be a great help to him. In his relations with his Puerto Rican constituents, I would be his good right hand. Together we would accomplish a lot for the Puerto Ricans who had moved to New York.

I went to work in his office while he was waiting for his divorce and found that being on the Congressional payroll is not the lark that some people think. All my previous jobs had been in the field of public relations, mostly meeting tourists and helping them find things they needed. I had been a meeter and greeter, not tied down to an office routine. Working for Adam was completely different.

My boss was Maxine Dargans, a woman in her thirties who had been Adam's executive assistant for many years; I also lived in a spare bedroom of the apartment of Maxine and her husband, who had no children. Maxine was an efficiency expert who kept such careful records that she could tell you within two minutes where Adam had been at 3 o'clock in the afternoon a year ago. She never left any unfinished business on her desk, no matter how late she had to stay, and she often took work home on evenings and weekends. She would never take no for an answer from anyone in the office.

Sometimes Adam dropped by my desk in the afternoon to say, "I want you to leave early today and get your hair done. We're going out with some important people tonight."

But when I tried to go, Maxine said, "What do you mean you're leaving early? There's work to be done." She ran a tight ship, and I loved her for it. From everything I saw, I would have to say that the taxpayers get more than their money's worth in Adam's office.

We were married on the evening of December 15, 1960, in the big house where I had lived, by an eminent Puerto Rican judge who is an old friend of my family. Adam was splendid in a dark suit—the tallest man in the room and to me easily the handsomest. I wore beige, a simple little dress trimmed with lace. We had given the family only three days' notice and asked them to keep the wedding as small as possible, but even so there were about 40 of the "109 close relatives." We said our vows in Spanish, I very timidly, Adam in a voice that rang through the room, serious and self-assured. Afterward we had a cake and champagne; there were ribbons saying YVETTE AND ADAM for all the guests to wear, and orchids for me. Adam was a happy and affectionate bridegroom, chatting easily with all the guests, laughing, enjoying the congratulations—yet promising each of my uncles in turn, solemnly, "Don't worry about Yvette. I'll take the best of care of her. She'll have everything she wants, including my eternal devotion." To the judge who married us he said, "You and I will be friends for life; I'll always be grateful to you for this occasion."

We spent our honeymoon on the beach, at a little weekend cottage—just a shack, really—owned by one of my uncles. Adam was a solicitous and romantic groom, I a tremendously happy bride. Surely no woman ever spent a more perfect honeymoon or felt more cherished and sure of the future than I. The only problem—I laugh now as I think of it—was a difference in eating habits. I was used to the Puerto Rican custom of three large meals a day. Adam, who has always had to watch his weight, had only half a grapefruit and a cup of black coffee for breakfast, a large lunch, and then nothing but some cheese and crackers or perhaps a little soup in the evening. Adam did most of the cooking on our honeymoon, partly because he enjoys it, partly because he wanted to be attentive and partly because I myself had never really learned to cook very well. If asked to describe in three words how I felt during the honeymoon, I would have to say "happy but hungry."

In Washington we lived in half of a duplex house a few blocks from the Capitol. The other half was rented by Adam to an old friend. Our half was a tiny place, with a living room that could not even hold a sofa, just two chairs and two tables, one for each of us. The kitchen was so narrow that when one of us wanted to enter, the other one had to get out. The stairway was so low that Adam had to bend over, and on the second floor were two small bedrooms and a single bath. Still, it was a comfortable and intimate house—to me, a little paradise for two.

All of Adam's denials of the old playboy label seemed to be true. He had just become chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor and was working terribly hard; he usually stayed in his office after everyone else had gone home, to have an extra hour or two when he could work in quiet and privacy. He even spent extra time personally picking out new drapes and furnishings for the committee hearing room, which he said was so worn and neglected as to be an insult to the honor of the Government.

At night we often talked about his job. He was wildly enthusiastic; he felt that at long last he had finally come into a position of power where he could accomplish, within a few years, more gains for the Negroes and for other poor people than in all his previous lifetime. We usually watched the 11 o'clock news on TV just before going to bed; while watching it Adam would ch favorable developments in th civil rights, and moan and curse when things were goi "I'll fix them," he would cr saw someone like Governo "I'll give them what they're a

Life in Washington had its moments. I met John F. Ken he was a senator, at a party at Embassy, and saw him ag inaugural ball. (I was surpri ball that he remembered me; membered that when we first wearing a white dress that had made for me.) I went to eral times and was Adam's int meetings with Fidel Castro, Castro had taken power. (I picious of Castro from the st though he changed his mind lieved that Castro was a si Communist and would do g for Cuba.) We went to sever tional labor conferences in Ge good friends of the labor Spain and were guests of the g of Kuwait.

But mostly we lived the Sometimes we went to a m movie houses in Washington announcing a special low rate citizens—and Adam always s see, Yvette? Just a few more you can get me a card and bri in my wheelchair. I'll be a date for you." He seemed to b scious about the 24-year differe ages. Once, a Congressman w together said, "Adam, is daughter?" Adam said politely my wife"—but under his grumbled, "The nerve of daughter! You don't look that me and I don't look that old."

I never heard him give a s though we often spent week small apartment he had in Ne that he could be at his church. seem to want me in the chur times I waited outside in the Adam used in New York, all th services. The driver was a for fighter with whom Adam had battle, half in fun and half serio would say, "Here you are fiv late again; you're no good; you I kept smoothing things: "Ad it. What's five minutes?" T often said, "Congressman, yo your transquilizer. (That was pronouncing the word.) If it w her, nobody could work for yo

Wherever we were, I tried Adam happy; that was my onl in life. I knew that he liked martini ready the minute he his bathtub. I shined his shoes him manicures and pedicures. "Yvette, you're so wonderfully from American women; they're and independent. People say t nese women are the best w they're wrong. You are."

If I was a helpful wife, A also a helpful and considerate He knew that the one luxury was a cup of coffee served in b morning, and he got up first eve provide it. He was constantly about my health. He would say a pill. Take it." I would ask, it?" His answer was, "It's a pill; it will do you good." Or sleeping pill. You're too keye night to get your rest." Once were with my mother I (c



"And lift your bangs when I'm talking to you."



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mentioned to her that I had a headache and quickly added, "Don't tell Adam. If he knew about it he'd call in a brain specialist."

We built a house on the beach in Puerto Rico and went there whenever we could. Adam liked the warm weather and the sun and a place where he could walk around barefoot. He always said that our beach was the most beautiful place in the world—the same thing he has recently been quoted as saying about Bimini.

The trips to Puerto Rico were by no means just pleasure jaunts; we took our work with us, and Adam was in constant touch with his office, by mail and by phone. He claimed he could do more work at the beach house than in Washington when the weather was cold.

Some days, of course, we took a vacation. Adam liked to begin that kind of day with a bottle of beer and a glass of Scotch mixed with milk, before having his breakfast. (Once I read a medical column in the paper that claimed drinking before breakfast was a sign of alcoholism. I said, "Adam, listen to this!" and read it to him. But Adam is imperturbable. He said, "All right, so I'm an alcoholic. Next?") After breakfast, on those days, he usually went fishing in a little boat he had brought down from the States—the *Yvette*. (I sometimes wonder if it was once named the *Hazel*.)

On his leisure days Adam liked to do the cooking. When we cooked outdoors he was always in charge of barbecuing the steaks or roast pig, and indoors he made corned beef and cabbage and beef stroganoff. He was what I call a stationary cook; he always stood in one spot and kept calling, "Yvette, get me a spoon . . . Bring the salt . . . I need some pepper." He also had a way of saying, "Yvette, make the martinis. The food will be ready in seven and a half minutes."

That was foreign to my way of cooking, and I would ask, "What do you mean, seven and a half minutes?"

"I mean that it won't be ready in seven minutes and it will be cooked too much in eight minutes."

Sometimes he said, "Yvette, put one and one quarter teaspoons of olive oil in that pot."

Behind his back, I poured in a little from the bottle.

"Are you sure you measured it?"

"Of course, Adam."

It was in Puerto Rico, ten months after we were married, that I found I was pregnant. When I brought the news from the doctor's office, Adam was beside himself with joy. He ordered champagne and called in all the neighbors; he was as excited as a young husband with his first child. From that moment on his pet name for me was Doña Madre—Mrs. Mother.

The doctors thought I might lose the baby; I had to stay in bed. So Adam went back to Washington alone. He returned to visit me nearly every week, and when the baby was born, he rushed to Puerto Rico and was at my bedside when I woke from the anesthetic. The baby was a boy—by Puerto Rican custom officially named Adam Clayton Powell Diago, known to us from the beginning as Adamcito, "Little Adam."

Big Adam was a proud father to Little Adam. When we got back to the beach house, no neighbor could walk by without being summoned in to admire the baby.

"Who do you think he looks like?" Adam demanded.

"I think he looks like you, señor."

But Adam was never satisfied; he kept pressing for reassurances and compliments. "I don't think so," he said coyly. "I think he looks more like Yvette." And then he beamed while the neighbors insisted that the baby was without question the spitting image of the father. He liked to pick up Adamcito, and they made a picture—tiny baby nearly lost in his huge father's long arms—that melted my heart.

He was proud and, like all new fathers, he was helpless; he never dared hold a bottle or change a diaper. But he was always full of advice. "Be careful with the pin. Don't pinch him. Hold up his head." Sometimes his voice boomed through the house: "Yvette, come quick. He's crying. What can be wrong? Should I call the doctor?" One afternoon, getting up from a rocking chair, he hit his leg against the bassinet and knocked it over; it was only thanks to quick reflexes that he was able to catch Adamcito just before the baby would have hit the floor. Adam turned deathly pale; his hands were shaking; he had to take a pill and a quick shot of whiskey to calm his nerves before he could even speak. I thought, *What a devoted father. What a beautiful life the three of us will have.*

The days passed. Adamcito was two months old. I wanted to go back to Washington, back to work. "I don't think so," Adam said. "I don't think the pediatrician wants you and the baby to travel." I checked with the pediatrician, and he said that of course we could travel. "I'm worried about the house," Adam said. "It's only three-fourths finished. If you are not here to work with the builders, we'll never get it done."

More days passed. The house was finished. I said, "Adam, it's time now for me to go back with you."

"I don't know, Yvette. The house is so beautiful now; it needs your care. If you leave it, it will fall apart."

"But, Adam, we can come back often, just as before."

"How can we travel with the baby, Yvette? It's so easy this way. I've got clothes in the house in Washington and clothes here. I can jump on a plane any time, just with a briefcase. If we're both in Washington, with the baby, we'll never manage to get back here."

Soon it was time for another labor conference in Geneva—a trip that I had always made with Adam. He said, "Yvette, I'd love to have you with me again, but this time I think I'd better go alone, as much as I hate it. We can't travel with the baby that far without a maid, and a maid would be too expensive."

I had never said no to Adam. In some ways I almost felt as if he were my father. He made all the decisions, and I liked it that way. I said, "Of course, Adam. This time you'd better go alone."

Adam was in Europe. An aunt called me on the phone and asked, "Yvette, did you see today's paper?"

"No, I can't get the papers out here at the beach. Why?"

She said, "Oh, nothing. There was just something in it I wanted to ask your opinion about, if you had read it. Some U.S. politics that I don't understand. We'll talk about it next time I see you." And then she changed the subject.

That evening some uncles and cousins dropped by. How was I feeling? Was I all right? Did I need anything? I said, "Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be all right?"

Next day I had a long-distance call from the New York *Daily News*. "How do you feel about your husband, Mrs. Powell?"

"What about him?"

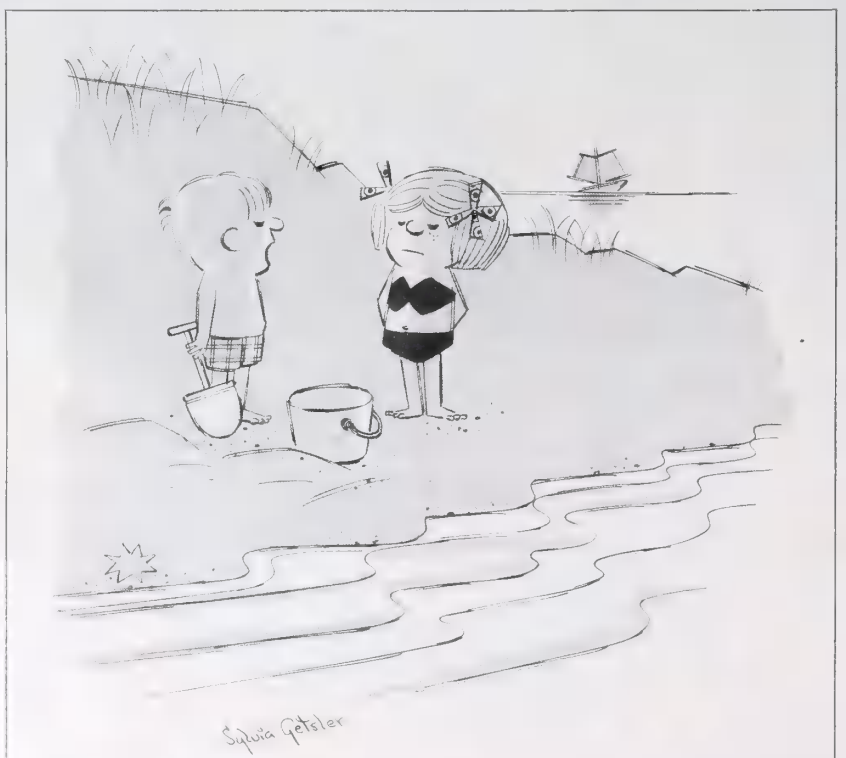
"Well, his trip, I mean." And he read me the story that had been in the papers. Adam was traveling in Europe with two women; they had been seen in nightclubs and out boating on a lake.

So that was it. That was why my family was acting so strange. I said, "No comment"—and tried to stop thinking.

I had a wire from Adam; he was cutting his trip short; I should meet him at the airport. He came off the airplane all smiles, swept me into his arms and kissed me. The newspaper people were waiting for him, too; a pictu
embrace was in the next editi
reporters he had no commen
said he might talk if one of
one only, came to the house
To me he said, "Yvette, let's
here. I've had a hard time
we've got some things to tal
"All right, let's go home
He said, "Not just yet, Y
nerves are all shot. Let's h
drinks and a nice dinner and
gambling. We can talk tomor
At dinner he spoke a great
waiter and to the people at
tables, very little to me. At t
he played 21 while I played

Next morning a reporter ca
house. I answered the door.
"Mrs. Powell, how do you f
all this? Does it bother you?"
I said, "Why should it bot
"Well, you're a woman, are
"Yes, I'm a woman. But
bothered."
Adam rushed to join us an
conversation short. "No m
ment," he told the reporter.
hell out of here."
When the reporter left, A
furious. I said, "Adam, what
"You admitted it. There'
wrong; I've done absolutely
wrong; I'm innocent. And he
gone and told the press I'm g
After he calmed down, w
Yes, he said, there had been tw
from his office. He needed th
they were helping him. No, he
been out with either of them—
That evening in the nightclub
party, attended by most of t
States delegation. A lot of pe
there. It was just another ca
newspapers singling out Ada
and trying to brand him as a
"How could I greet you so affe
at the airport," he asked, "if I
with another woman?"
I believed him. The rest o
in Puerto Rico was like anoth
moon. *Poor Adam*, I thought
being hounded by the papers.

Poor Adam was also very
too busy to get to our home
Rico as often as before. On d
expecting him the phone wo
"Yvette, darling, please forgi
just can't make it today. Let's
Wednesday; I'll make it then
and if I don't make it then, I'l
on Friday. . . . I'm so disappoi
dear Doña Madre."
When he was home he woul
earnestly, "Yvette, you can't
how things have changed. I'm
tant now; I'm perhaps the mo
tant man in the U.S. I have tre
responsibilities. Even the Whi
won't make a move without
Yvette my love, I'm so tired.
could get away from it all and
here forever." But he stayed v
Before the newspaper stori
his European trip, Corinne
often called him at our house. I
nothing of it; he was always
calls from his office. Now, sud
the rare occasions when he w
he kept getting calls from som
called herself Miss Schaefer.
Our phone was at the bar t
up one side of our kitchen—a b
we sometimes ate and someti
drinks. It rang one afternoon,
were sitting there having (c



"Chest cold?"



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a martini, and I picked it up. "Adam," I said, "it's for you. It's Miss Schaefer."

He said, "God damn it, I told her not to call me here. Tell her I'm out fishing."

"I've already said you were here."

"Well, then fix me another martini, while I get rid of her." And he picked up the phone and gave Miss Schaefer a tongue lashing for bothering him. Two hours later she called again. This time he went to the bedroom phone.

When he came back, I said, "Who's Miss Schaefer?"

"Not Miss Schaefer. *Mrs.* Schaefer. She's a very nice old lady, the wife of a fellow I go fishing with in Virginia. But she's a terrible bore; she's always annoying me. She keeps asking, when when am I going to visit them again?"

Perhaps it is hard to understand, but again I believed him. I think I would have believed him if he had told me that Miss Schaefer was a man.

As a matter of fact, he did once tell me that a Miss was a man. I was having trouble reaching him in Washington. When I called his office, I was always told he was away somewhere. When I called our house, the private number there had always just been changed. But this time, much to my amazement, my call to the house went through. A woman answered and said that Congressman Powell was out. I left a message: Would he please call me as soon as possible, for our son was sick?

He did not call until two days later. "I just got your message," he said. "How is Adamcito?"

"He's all right now. Why didn't you call sooner? I left word two days ago."

"Oh, that was Teddy at the house. (Teddy was a friend of Adam's.) And you know how Teddy is. He forgot."

"Teddy certainly sounded like a woman," I said.

"No, no. That was Teddy. How could Teddy sound like a woman? You better have your ears examined."

He was always full of excuses. Once he came home sunburned nearly black. I was hardly surprised, for the newspapers had been saying he was in Bimini with his friend Miss Huff.

"You've got a nice tan," I said.

"It's the only thing that keeps me going when I have to work so hard. Every afternoon I get away from the office and spend two hours under the sun lamps in the gym."

Another time I saw that he had stopped wearing his wedding ring; his hand was deeply sunburned except for a pale circle where the ring had been. He must have seen me looking at the finger, for he said, "Yvette, I nearly had a tragedy; I almost lost the ring. I've got so skinny, you see, working so hard. Well, I was taking a shower, and the ring slipped off. I didn't even know it until afterward. Aren't we lucky that it didn't go down the drain? So now I'm having it being made smaller."

Once, after I had been unable to reach him for a long time, I sent him a cable addressed to the Honorable Congressman Adam C. Powell, 2161 Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, D. C. It was nearly a week later before he called me. I said, "Adam, why didn't you answer my cable?"

"What wire? I didn't get any cable."

"The cable I sent to your office."

"I never got it. I'll check with the cable company and call you back."

Soon he was on the p
excuse. "Well, I found
pened. They delivered it
another Congressman on
Congressman has a fello
him named Powell, and
the wire was for him."

I said, "Adam, here
here's another of your st
checked. The cable super
ington says the cable was
hours after I sent it, and
a girl in your office."

"That's a lie. Yvette,
lie. I'll have that supervis
five minutes after I hang

In the summer of 1964
York. My mother was u
gery there, and I wanted
Adam was going to be in
but he arranged for me
some friends and said he
the minute he got back.

Out of curiosity I we
New York apartment. A
left nothing behind there,
shelves were cluttered w
hair spray, bobby pins
bottles. Some of the b
were full of women's
stockings, underthings.
packed everything into s
had them mailed to Pue
thought was to show then
ask how he could explain
when they arrived I was
and I burned them, piec
the old oil drum we we
incinerator.)

One day the papers sa
was back in the States,
I stayed close to the phor
of my friends. Four days
his call came.

"Why didn't you call so

"I couldn't reach you.
where you were."

"That's funny," I sai
the one who arranged f
here."

"Well, I forgot. By the
when are you going ba
Rico?"

"Not until I've seen y
you?"

"In Washington."

"Then I'm coming down

"Now, listen," he said
back. I'm too busy."

"Adam," I said, "this t
I insist on seeing you."

"Well . . . well . . . Yvet
any more. I've got a mee
ple are already waiting. I'l
in an hour. Wait right th

I waited. The hour wen
a second hour. I tried to
his office; they said he wa
body knew when he wou
tried the house; the privat
been changed again.

So I went ahead with
to Washington in the earl
a Friday and called Adan
voice at the other end sai

"And of course you d
idea when he's expected,"

The voice said, surpr
right. How did you know

I called one of my spe
the office and said, "Tell A
airport. I'm going to wa
until he comes for me."

In a little while my frien
"The Congressman is just
fishing trip. He won't b
Monday. He sends this me



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I said, "Adam, you mean that after all this while, you still won't talk to me?"

"Tomorrow, my beloved. We'll have a nice swim; we'll relax. Then we'll talk. There's nothing we can't straighten out in a hurry, because we love each other."

The next day Adam had some neighbors in for a visit almost before we had finished breakfast. Our luncheon guests came. At one o'clock a new group arrived. All day long the house looked like a hotel, so many people coming and going. At night he had some friends over for dominoes. Usually we played until 11 or 12. This time he insisted on playing until three o'clock in the morning, pouring black coffee into us to keep us awake.

And so his visit went—neighbors, lunches, dinners in town, some friends he had to take to a nightclub. One day, in one of the rare moments of silence around the house, I heard him making plane reservations back to Washington.

The next day was going to be his last in Puerto Rico.

"Adam," I said, "when are we going to talk? Never?"

"I'll tell you what. Tomorrow we won't invite a soul. We'll have the whole day for ourselves." *(continued)*

Right after breakfast next day I took a shower. When I got out of the bathroom, Adam had three men there, sitting down to play dominoes.

On his next visit, several weeks later, I finally managed to pin him down. Our neighbors were unavailable. The phone was out of order; so he couldn't call friends from town. He worked outside as long as he could, cutting the grass, cleaning the car. Then he came in and said, "All right, what's your problem, Dr. Anthony?"

"I don't know what my problem is. I was hoping you would tell me."

Suddenly he was deadly serious. Yes, he had got himself a little involved. It had nothing to do with love: it was just one of those things that sometimes happen to a man. A case of a girl chasing after him, even knocking on his door at three o'clock in the morning. After all he was only a man, as frail as any other. But his real loves were me and our child. He loved us and would never leave us. He had done wrong, and he wanted me to forgive him. And if I would be patient for just a week longer, he would straighten everything out and start making arrangements to move Adamcito and me to Washington.

That was more than two years ago. The arrangements, of course, have never been made. For a time, he was in Puerto Rico more often, always claiming he was making progress; he was taking care of the situation. Then the visits became less frequent, and at last they stopped altogether. All I know about Adam now—or even my status as an employee (or is it ex-employee?) of his office—is what I read in the papers or hear from his lawyers. I haven't seen him or even talked to him on the phone in 19 months. In February, when I appeared before the congressional committee investigating Adam, I was questioned about the fact that for six years I was on his payroll at a salary that eventually rose to $20,578 a year. I told the truth, although I did not want to hurt Adam. I testified that during those six years I had received only four salary checks, and that for the last year and a half I had done no official work for Adam. Didn't I ever wonder what was happening to my pay? I assumed Adam was getting it, but he never wanted to talk to me about money. After we got married he said, "I'll take care of all finances." For support, Adamcito and I have had to rely on whatever money he has chosen to deposit in my bank account in Washington often only after prolonged pressure from my own attorneys. As I write these words, no money has been deposited since the first of last December.

Once he told me, "I love you very much, Yvette, but you don't fit into the picture right now. I just don't have time to be bothered with a wife and baby."

I said, "The President has a wife and two daughters, and he seems to spend quite a bit of time with them."

"This is different. I have a chance now to change the whole face of the nation. I owe it to my people to do my very best."

"You also owe something to your son."

"But if I spend an hour with the boy, that's an hour when I could be doing something else."

Another time he said, "The trouble is, Yvette, that you just don't like Negroes."

Since I had fallen in love with a Negro, that seemed strange.

"You didn't grow up with them," he went on. "You don't know their problems. I need someone now who can understand all these things. Anyway, in the job I've got ahead, people might resent the fact that you're white."

What worries me most is something he has told me through his lawyers: If we get divorced, he demands custody of Adamcito. I know that Adam seldom sees his first son, Adam Clayton Powell III, now 21. I doubt that he would see much of Adamcito. He might send our son to the best schools, as he often mentioned, but I can't believe that he would offer any personal attention. How can I give my child to a man who in recent months and years has never even sent him a Christmas card or a birthday card? Yet Adam seems determined. One of his lawyers once told me, "He won't even talk about this point; he wants the boy. He's prepared to fight for him, and he's sure he'll win. He's got the connections; he's got the important friends."

Adamcito, who is now five, speaks of his father almost every day; he misses him terribly. He knows that an airplane took his father away, and every time he hears a plane he hopes it is bringing his father back. If nothing happens sooner, he says that when he grows up he will buy a plane and go to get his father.

Last Christmas, when I put him to bed after a day on which he had been showered with presents by all our relatives, he said, "Momma, Santa brought me so many toys, and I'm so unhappy."

I said, "Darling, you mean you're so happy."

"No, Momma, I'm *un*happy. I wanted Santa to bring Daddy—and he didn't."

Last August I made a final trip to Washington in an attempt to see Adam, taking Adamcito with me. I was hoping to see Adam and end all the indecision. I was also hoping that Adamcito could see his father.

It was no use. When I left word at Adam's office that I had checked into the hotel, he sent a certified letter to the manager, saying he refused to be responsible for my bills. After many phone calls back and forth, one of Adam's assistants finally said that Adam would see me if I went to his office promptly at five o'clock that day, but he wanted to know how long the meeting would take. I said perhaps an hour, perhaps even just a half hour. The assistant said he would call me back.

When he called, his message was: "The Chairman says an hour is absolutely out. He hasn't got even a half hour to spare. But if you can do it in five or ten minutes, that's fine."

I said, "Five minutes isn't very long to decide a person's future."

"That's all the time he has. He hasn't even got that much, but he's making an exception because it's you."

I gave up. "Then I'll just go back home. But let him give the five minutes to Adamcito."

There was a silence at the other end of the phone, no doubt for a quick conference with Adam. Then the assistant said, "The Chairman says he's very sorry, but he doesn't have time to see the child."

Try to explain that to a young son. I tried—but I probably failed. **END**

Great comeback for an old kitchen

continued from page 113

This attractive, fully equipped and perfectly organized laundry evolved from what was once the servants' dining room. Because of its relationshi the kitchen—near, but not a part of it—this small room was the logical The laundry repeats the kitchen's bold, contemporary color scheme: walls are covered with textured green burlap (treated for stain resistance backed with paper, it's hung as any wall covering). Appliances are copper-colored and blend in nicely with the dark wood cabinets. Yellow plastic countertop matches the yellow cast-iron sink. For maximum com while working, an easy-to-clean, non-absorbent, grass-green olefin fiber carpet was put down. The latest model washer and dryer were installed have special cycles for durable-press fabrics. And, in addition to a new central light fixture, there is a fluorescent strip installed under a running directly above the appliances. This shelf, plus a special cabinet all the laundry supplies and equipment. Not shown here, but important a place where an ironing board can be set up without blocking traffic, an where clothes can be hung up as soon as they are removed from the dryer



Points to keep in mind when remodeling an old ki

- Whether your plan is simply to replace old appliances ones and then add a fresh coat of paint, or to go in for modeling, never lose sight of the two primary objectives and attractiveness. No change is really worth making adds to either or both.
- If you're contemplating major remodeling, try out al sible arrangements on paper so that you can settle on th uses the existing features of the old kitchen to best a Generally, structural changes are the most costly, so tr a plan that does not require tearing down, closing up or re ing walls, doorways or windows. Some old kitchens, ho so broken up structurally that no good arrangement i without making some of these major changes.
- The biggest complaint made about most old kitchens i of work and storage space. In planning your remodeli sure there is work space beside each major appliance and specifically planned, conveniently located storage.
- Where possible, take advantage of existing plumbin tions, since modifying the plumbing system is apt to b cated and costly.
- Have experts in to check all existing utilities—wat wiring and plumbing.
- Anticipate your future electrical needs by install outlets.
- Work out a color scheme in advance so that all a work surfaces, cabinets, floors can be coordinated.
- Just for fun, snap a "before" picture to remind you good job you've done.

Shopping informati

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that's me!



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Recipe Index

Here is a handy listing of recipes appearing in this issue, including those from the *Jaunt* kitchens and advertisements.

APPETIZERS
Crab-Sour Cream Dip, page 124.
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"What's Happening"

continued from page 180

audiences everywhere, and movie companies love the extravaganzas because they're the key to big profits. So here comes Warner Brothers again: *My Fair Lady* is in the bank . . . *Camelot* is in the works . . . and now the Brothers have decided to go after that pot of gold at the end of *Finian's Rainbow.* That's the show that asks the all-time unanswered musical question: "How Are Things In Glocca Morra? **Petula Clark** *(photo 6)*, whom you may know best for her record of *Downtown*, has been signed to star with **Fred Astaire.** Some observers disapproved her selection, but **Lee Sabinson,** who produced the original *Finian* on Broadway in 1947 (you remember 1947?) thinks it's brilliant casting. Me, too.

Elizabeth Taylor and **Richard Burton** hurl themselves through slam-bang performances in the film version of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* (Columbia). So when we heard the director, **Franco Zeffirelli,** was in New York from Rome, we brushed up on our iambic pentameter and hurried over. A veddy Brit-tish secret'ry, one Miss Pickles, showed us in and we found Signor Zeffirelli wearing a navy-blue turtleneck sweater, gray slacks, and a boyish smile. He's short, slender, in his early 40's, looks like 28. *Would Shakespeare like your film if he were here?* we asked in a question that scanned perfectly. Zeffirelli's face glowed. "He would be *mad* about eet. I can hear hees bones clapping in the tomb."

In the movie, Miss Taylor portrays the Shrew, and Burton is the chap who tames her. Zeffirelli has concentrated on this theme, and has created action for what, in the play, is only recited by the actors. The wedding scene, for instance, is described in the play, but is *shown* in the film, and there may not be a more uproarious scene on your screen this year. "We have taken the most significant verbal moments and put them into action," said Zeffirelli, lighting an early-morning cigarette. "We switched a line here and there—put something from act two into act one, for instance—but all the material concerning their relationship is there.

"I've wanted to do this movie for a long time. At first I thought I would use Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. But then I thought, why not the Burtons? So I asked Richard—he was in New York at the time and I was in Paris—and the answer came back like that *(snap)*, Yes. I made this the way I did to show that Shakespeare is not a treasure just for a few intellectuals; he can be understood by *any*body. I wanted this enjoyed by mass audiences, without losing, of course, the classical beauty and all that. We avoided difficult verbal passages that would be hard to understand by modern ears. But no substance was changed.

"I developed the theme that to fight back, Elizabeth—the Shrew—begins to agree with anything he says. It's the woman's part to her husband in order better. He's very con she screams, but whe at him . . . he's lost. Re weapons of a woman ar and kindness. When sweet to you with that terproof smile, then finished.

"She suffers from n to be loved. That's t lem of the Shrew . . . woman who almost spinster because of t bility of communicati fers for that. That's a sal problem. I know m who are like that."

What's it like to dire Taylor and Richard B firelli sipped his black never been so happy We lived together for not just an artistic we had friendship. U a work finishes eve in his own direction, in marvelous touch. I count on them the res People should know They're so human, so

IT WAS JOEY BISHOP phone. His new late-nig show was just to go on t work, and already he telephone, prepaid: "W any skits, I won't si dance . . . now that about it I see we have Joey will be on oppo **Johnny Carson,** for wh filled in on many nig play my mandolin once said Joey. (He's got t *thing* to counteract Ge banjo on the Carson sh work out that I come on utes, talk a little, then late movie . . . Paul Or ducer and we've got Joh orchestra. Did you ever Johnny Mann Singers left him . . . Actually w is watch Johnny Carso comes up with somethi we'll do that, too."

DISC-CUSSIONS: Gord young man from Maine a 12-string guitar, a 6-s a penny whistle, and a up yourself). And he sin he sings. His first reco inventively, *Gordon Bo* ing. (Verve Folkways)

In A Brazilian Mood: Th of Tommy Garrett is dan mantic music. If you d get serious when this L you'd better turn all th and open the windows sim! (Liberty)

It's Happening . . . So is one of the most exci mental LPs I've heard in time. This music surro and carried me off. Hey up here. (Enoch Ligh Project 3)

Damita Jo, that outra flammable singer, carri for 40 memorable min new LP, *If You Go A* matchless. (Epic)

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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

By Gene Shalit Maybe we ought to call this month's column *Watt's Happening,* because of the new electric dresses that chic girls are switching to. They hope their boyfriends will be turned on by these lighthearted styles. They're not common yet, these dresses piped with incandescence, but they're coming. Never was the phrase *current fashions* more appropriate, and the designs may spark a whole new lingo. Certainly the gowns will be sold in outlets, to girls who itch to be live wires. And at discothèques frenzied girls will have to be cautioned not to blow a fuse. Shocking!

Than fashions, nothing wilder is happening. Lights. Action. Paper attire of every kind. *Paper!* Another indication that everything in American life is becoming disposable. **Tom Pettit,** the ever-alert NBC newsman in California, has been investigating our throw-away society, thinks it began when Kleenex became a substitute for handkerchiefs. Now he's even found a shop in Beverly Hills that's selling paper evening gowns—for $400. (I guess paper bathing suits will be water-marked.)

"Paper dresses are convenient, says Pettit. "If skirts get shorter, you just whip out the scissors and cut off a couple of inches. **Judith Brewer,** a 25-year-old graduate of U.C.L.A., is designing paper clothes, which is all right for now. But she's thinking ahead. Way ahead. Dresses with wired transistors to make music wherever you go, fluorescent materials that glow in the dark . . . and she predicts that women of the 21st century may be wearing soundwaves." (Opens up a big male market for hearing aids.)

Pettit now speculates that paper fashions for men can't be far off: paper suits, ties, shirts. "If your secretary gets lipstick on your collar, just tear it up and reach into your desk for another. If a button comes off, staple on a new one. And when you spill gravy on your tie, throw it away."

But I think if we're striving for the perfect American society, why not just have paper gravy?

SHORT SHOTS: The next time you disagree with a review, remember what **Kenneth Tynan** said in London: "A critic is a man who knows the way but can't drive the car." . . . Coming in June: **Gene Sarazen**'s book *Better Golf After Fifty* (Harper & Row). After fifty, I am usually still on the third hole. . . . **William B. Williams** reveals his secret for getting longer drives on the golf course: "After hitting the ball, I back up a few steps." . . . Movie titles are often more fun than the shows themselves: United Artists is currently filming *The Wicked Dreams of Paula Schultz.* . . . And from Embassy Pictures, *Is The United States Ready For Self-Government?* . . . I'll bet there's an **Ian Fleming** book you haven't even heard of, but I tell you it's one of his very best: *Chitty Chitty, Bang Bang* (Random House), and not a James Bond in sight. It's just a wild, wild story ostensibly written for children, but already adopted by grown-ups. Now it's being made into a movie, starring **Dick Van Dyke.** Filming begins in June, and if they're true to the book it could become another *Mary Poppins* smash. . . . One more children's book being done as a movie is **Norton Juster**'s great *The Phantom Tollbooth.* It's another book written for young people and grabbed by everybody. Juster is the fellow who created *The Dot and The Line* (Random House), which is the best love present any literate romantic could want. . . . The *in* thing in movies now is music. The chaps who write the songs not only receive huge fees, they also own the subsequent rights: records, performance fees . . . astronomical. And the swinging set is taking over from the Hollywood semi-classicists who wrote the big, sweeping crescendos for the big, sweeping epics of the '30's, '40's and '50's. Now we have **Simon & Garfunkel,** two Columbia University singers, signed to write three songs for **Mike Nichols'** next movie, *The Graduate* (they could buy their college with the fee). . . . **Paul McCartney,** one fourth of the Beatles, the entire score for *The* a film starring **Hayley** first adult role. . . . **Spoonful** performing th *You're a Big Boy Now* (starring **Geraldine Page** and **Julie Harris**) **Yardbirds,** a British rock-'n'-roll group, doing the music f The downbeat is all upbeat for this generation of all-beats.

THE SMALL-SCREEN SCENE: The **Smothers Brothers'** *(photo* night show is CBS Television's funniest hit; a bonanza of fu ences and a rating victory for the network. Tom and Dick wer in their situation series, but this new format is a fast-pace goes like sixty.

If television is so modern, how come it's filled with period pie *Cat . . . The Man From U.N.C.L.E. . . . The Girl From U.N.C.L* from . . . is **Stefanie Powers** *(photo 2),* and even many who thin a B.O.R.E. feel this icon tress does a nice job. Whe on her she wore a pink-or mini skirt, drew a dark her black alligator case, li gold Tiffany flame. She is so-what girl. "This show death to me," she exhale my attitude about everyth like to expose myself. It' business. Perhaps I'm h because if I were honest be here right now. I su difficult for you, too, ha terview someone who ma your questions inane." F

Robert Goulet *(photo* what many think is Ro Hammerstein's best m *rousel* (ABC-TV, May 7, 9- EDT). **Mary Grover,** a practically fresh out of U. her big break as Julie J **Pernell Roberts** makes a back (that thar guy was o remember?). Also: Mr. (ah **Ruggles.**

Could there be a niftie *Zero Hour* for the TV Spec **Zero Mostel,** who's had h number? So that's just will call his show, and you it Monday night, May 1 P.M. EDT). Zero's current *Funny Thing Happened on the Forum* (not for kiddie Broadway he moved audi the theater) with his pe in *Fiddler on the Roof.* Dwight Hemion (who di Streisand's two Specials) Smith call this "a comedy Mostel *(photo 4)* will not o tines, but he'll also sing He may be the only perf can make you happy it' night. **Arthur Miller's** *The* drama derived from the Sa craft trials of 1692, will 2¼-hour production on vision May 4 (9–11:15 P It stars **George C. Scott Colleen Dewhurst, Fritz We Jones, Cathleen Nesbitt,** and **Tuesday Weld,** with appearance by **Melvyn** (Scott, one of our able is also starring in a new movie: *The Flim-Flam Man,* a "comed being released this month by 20th Century-Fox. I'll give that just 34 years to change its name.) **Alex Segal,** who directed TV production of Miller's *Death of a Salesman,* will direct *The Cr*

No one sees a nation with truer eyes than do its artist painters, poets—so a hint about America's current conditio found in some of our contemporary prose that is fenceless, p is formless, and painting and sculpture that is less and less ute. How has America been seen by her artists, from Colon right now? For some of the answers, watch *The American* NBC-TV Special (May 26, 10–11 P.M. EDT). The program us sources of New York's Whitney Museum of American Art and shown in its admired exhibition, "Art of the United States—167

Movie musicals hit a responsive chord with *(continued on*


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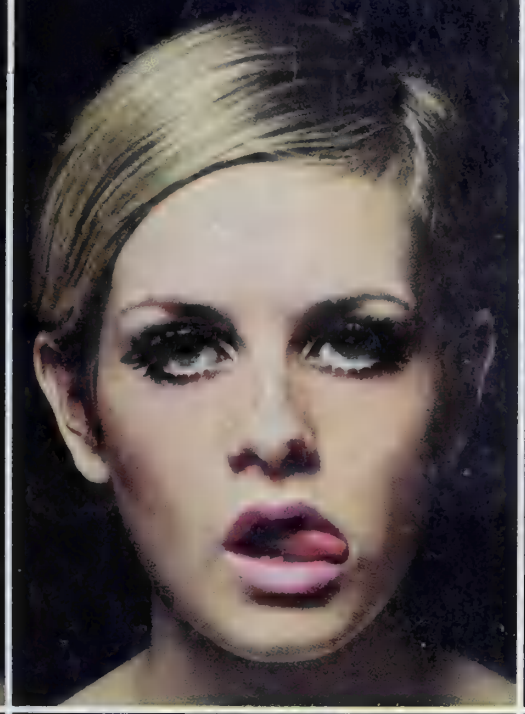
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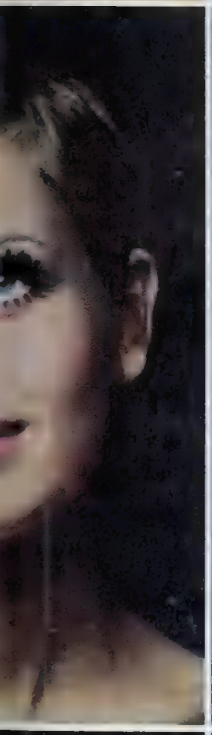
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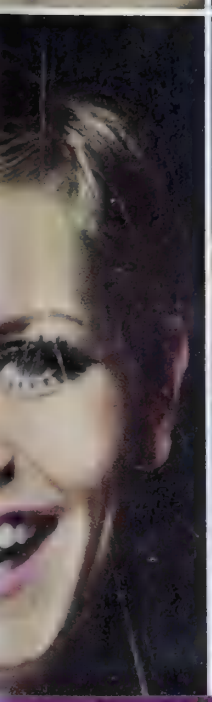




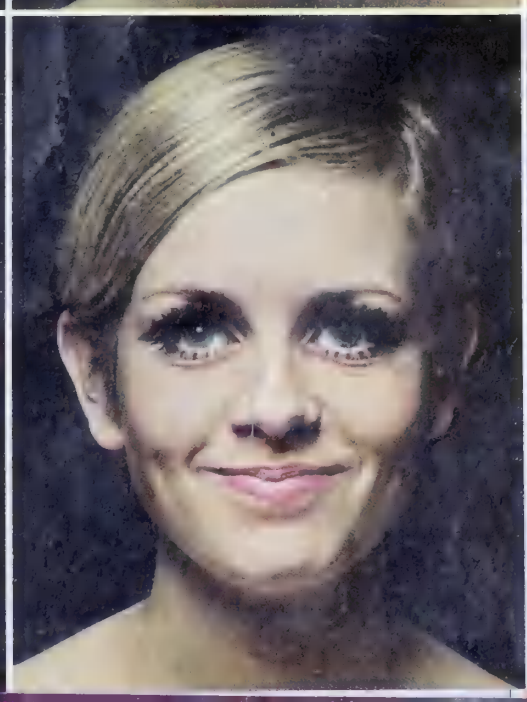
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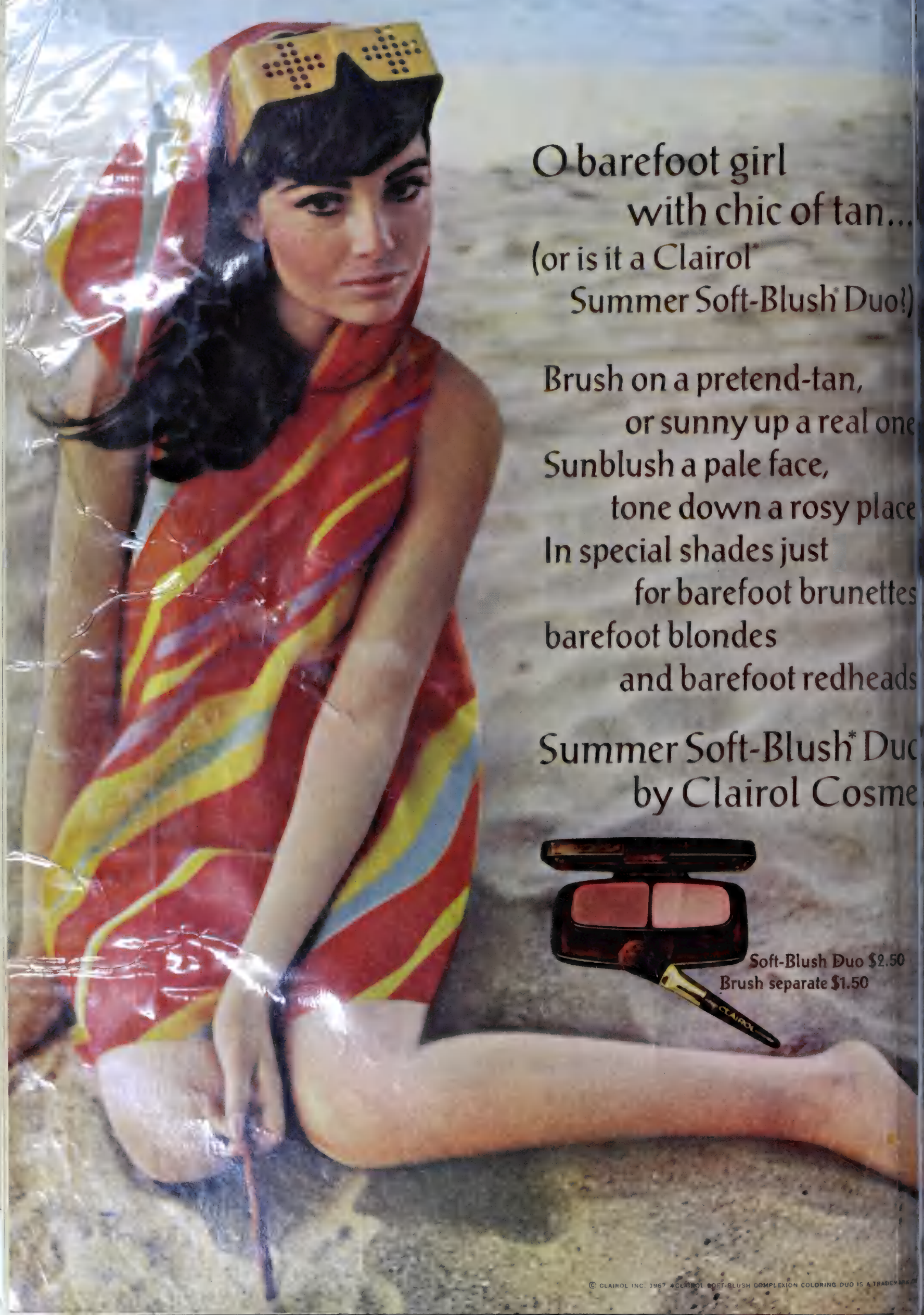






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COVER PHOTOGRAPHS OF TWIGGY BY MELVIN SOKOLSKY. For more about Twiggy, see "What Twiggy's Got," page 60; "About the Twiggy Look," page 62, and "Twiggy and the Rainbow Look," page 64. Illustrations on page 10 by Arnold Arlow

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Advertising and Sales: John F. Dunn, Vice Pres., Advertising Director; Fred C. Danneman, Advertising Manager; Arnie Green, Marketing Manager; Gardner L. Sales Manager; Raymond B. Patten, Eastern Regional Manager; Don Q. Davidson, Chicago Sales Manager; Charles C. Baldi, Atlanta Sales Manager; Frank C. Eato Manager; Jack M. Brigham, Cleveland-Detroit Sales Manager; John P. Sandford, Los Angeles Sales Manager; Richard D. Conly, Philadelphia Sales Manager; DeWayn Francisco Sales Manager; Patricia Tregellas, Editorial Promotion Manager; Stephen M. Salonites, Sales Development Manager.

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omebody had to break the rules

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Columbus broke the rules.
Florence Nightingale broke the rules.
And Dash broke the rules.

a breakthrough detergent for
c washers, somebody had to break the rules.

ans cleaner than any powder
all automatics... because

h broke the rules to give you a cleaner wash.

...and how Dash broke them.

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ovely suds.	Dash swapped excess suds (they can clog your wash) for clear, clean rinsing.
things to all women. an dishes, woodwork, tiles tires, as well as clothes. sh in a wringer and tub vell as machine.	a) Dash is for laundry and *only* laundry. b) Dash is for automatics and *only* automatics.

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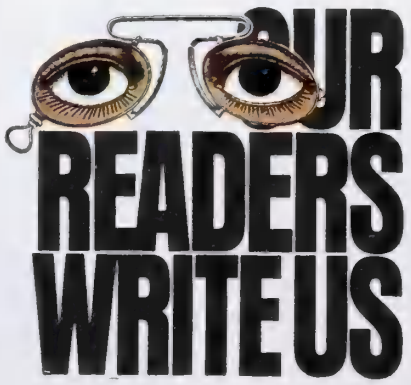
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THE NUNS THAT QUIT

EDITOR'S NOTE. *Many readers have sent us an article from* The Tidings, *a Los Angeles Catholic weekly, that appeared in response to our April article "The Nuns That Quit." Many readers attached a note with the clipping, saying "We dare you to print this." Far from not daring, we found the article interesting, as we find two sides of any discussion interesting. Here are excerpts from the article, dated March 31:*
"The *Ladies' Home Journal* lampoons Sisters on its cover this month. The illustration keynotes an article titled 'The Nuns that Quit,' written by a non-nun about ex-nuns. The writer's conclusion is that Sisterhoods, as structured, are practically obsolete and that is why allegedly 3,600 Sisters left their convents last year. Some who don't leave are supposedly afraid and the old Sisters are described as bitter. This week, *The Tidings* talked to 'The Nuns Who Didn't Quit,' to find out if the *Journal* really is, as it claims to be, 'the magazine women believe in.' It doesn't seem to be.

"'My first reaction on reading the article was one of surprise,' said a Sister. 'I could hardly believe he was talking about the life of nuns as I know it. But after reading it over again I saw it was easy to set up generalizations about things. The article makes a big issue of "lack of freedom," but glosses over the main purpose for which we entered. I didn't enter religious life in search of freedom. I freely entered in order to surrender my freedom to the will of Christ. As to the older Sisters in the community, I think we're walking in the footsteps of giants.'

"Another Sister remarked that 'You can't live through any life without tensions. Tensions in religious life are not all from religious life as such. They are the inevitable climate in which weak human nature strives to adjust itself to life with other human beings, whether in marriage, professional life, business or any other vocation.'

"The Sisters talked about the structure of religious life, a point under criticism. 'The implications in the article are that Sisters cannot enjoy life, even simple things. Yet, Christ is everywhere and has placed in the world so many good and pure things that you couldn't ignore them or fail to enjoy them.' Another Sister said, 'You hear people demanding that we be freed from structure. But you simply cannot have society without structure; the question is one of exercising freedom within the structure.'

"Another Sister questioned the logic of exploring the subject of religious life by investigating those who have left. One would not, she said, go to divorced persons to learn about happiness in marriage. The 3,600 who allegedly left, should have left, she said, if religious life was not their vocation. In leaving, they took a sensible step. But there are 177-000 nuns in this country who did not leave. Common sense would
that the dimensions of religious
be measured by the 98 percen
living it rather than by the tw
who found themselves unable

The following letter was signed
ters of Loretto at Webster College,
We who are finding religious lif
and fulfilling experience feel a
tion to affirm our deep confide
way of life to those readers w
pressions of Sisters may have
torted by the ludicrous cover of
Ladies' Home Journal and th
panying article written by one
self left a religious community
phasizing the viewpoint of Sis
have left theirs. The process of r
tion and open questioning whic
some Sisters to change their
ments has, for the majority
sulted in a studied reaffirmati
commitment to the religious lif
tempt to better the human con
well as more direct involvement
of us in combating problems
hunger, poverty, or racial inequ
the serious concerns that occ
time. The discussion on such m
had with Mr. Kaiser [the autho
more serious than his superfici
ment of it would suggest.

Dear Editors: Having recentl
convent, I was interested to re
article on former nuns. The a
making such a decision and the
logical traumas and adjustmen
ciated with such a change in one
pattern of life and thinking is
yond description. However, you
amply illustrates the problems i

It says things that need sa
an audience that needs to listen

MISS JANE
New Yo

Dear Editors: A person who ha
really grown up, or who has a
ately serious emotional problem
ing to find it difficult to adjus
anywhere. Those who leave the
because they cannot adjust
doing a wise thing, but would t
be even wiser to seek sound psy
cal help? Unfortunately, this
always been available to Sisters
should be and in many places
Let us hope that the time is no
when there will be in every di
counseling service just for nuns
after counsel, if they feel they
better persons in the world they
them consider this a cause fo
tude—that there does lie before
hope of living a more fully hum

But let's remember that tho
stay have a lot on their side, to
emphasize the restrictiveness
vent life? Is not my own sister w
children and aged parents to care
more restricted than I? Is not a
woman working in an office wit
ried men restricted? Is not a di
woman restricted?

I do not feel any less a Christia
less a committed person, any le
ture, any less human, for loving
ligious life exactly as it is. I belie
a religious vocation is a Divine ca
having chosen to follow Christ
way it seems to me He wanted
follow Him, I took everything el
went with it.

SISTER MARGARET M. HU
The Cenacle Retreat
Mount Kisco

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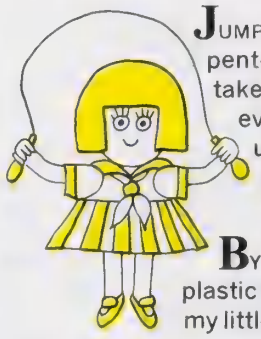
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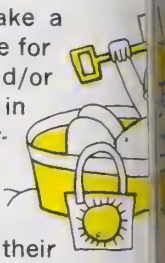
IF IT WERE MY CHILD.

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alo the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other t solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



JUMP-ROPE RELEASE: To help release my chi pent-up energy when we take a long moto take along a jump rope so that, when w every few hours, they can put in 10 to 1 utes of fast rope-jumping. This peps up so they are willing travelers again. Valerie B. Gulick, Arlington, Va.



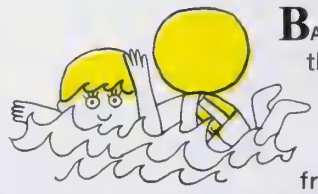
BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA: I take a plastic tub along to the seashore for my little baby. I fill it with sand and/or water and let it warm up. Then baby can play in the water without going into the ocean—perfectly safe.—Mrs. Elaine Mitchell, Lewes, Del.



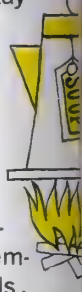
FACE THE MEDICINE: For those times when my daughters skin their knees, elbows, etc., and require medication b a bandage, I "paint" a funny face or an anir the skinned area with medicine. The procedure trigues the injured party that her pain and tea forgotten in her delight at the decoration. Of co usually have to do the well one, too.—Mrs. H Woldt, Lombard, Ill.



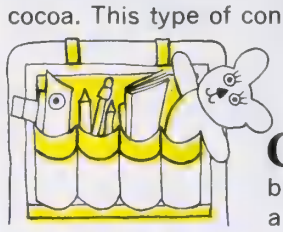
TOYS ON TRIPS: When planning an extended automobile trip where space is limited, I give each of my youngsters a drawstring bag and let each do his own toy selecting and packing. The size of the bag is the limiting factor, saving much arguing about why they can't be allowed to take all of their toys.—Mrs. Herman F. Reheis, Warner Robins, Ga.



BACK BUBBLE: As a safety precaution c the summer months when my smal dren were learning to swim, I attac Styrofoam ball or "bubble" to each c back (fastened by a strap in front). They felt secure by staying above water at all times and were not so encumbered that they could not practice basic swimming strokes and really learn to swim.—Mrs. Z. B. Gross, Clearwater, Fla.



COFFEEPOT POURER: On picnics or camping trips I use a coffeepot instead of a regular pan to heat soups and cocoa. This type of container is much easier for children who want to help themselves, and saves many spills. Mrs. Gloria Shiner, Leadore, Idaho



CAR COMPARTMENTS: To keep the car becoming a real mess while traveling, I a shoe bag to the back of the front seat o car. The many compartments are just right for toys, tab crayons and all the other little items that are in constant use the ideal way to keep the car neat, especially on long trips.—M. F. Kagan, Omaha, Nebr.



INSTANT BATHTUB: To bathe my children while on a camping trip, I take along a small inflatable wading pool to use as a bathtub. I inflate the pool, add water, children, and soap for "instant cleanliness." Deflated, the pool packs away in a small space, and can be used for a swim.—Mrs. James Cruze, Fort Worth.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $25 t first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and babysitters, as as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. Maxey, c/o La Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Please do not in snapshots, toys, etc., for submissions cannot be returned.

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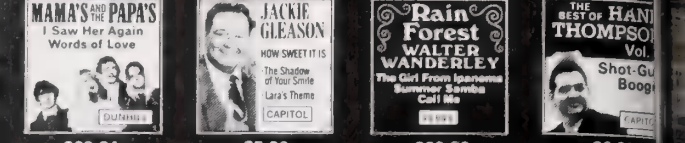
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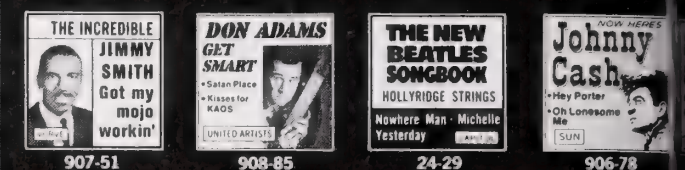










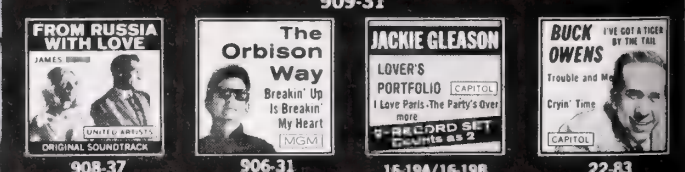




















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HOROSCOPES FOR JOB-HUNTERS

By Sybil Leek



ARIES March 21-April 19. Leadership is the keynote of t of Aries. Therefore, you are usually most successful i which allows you to be a pioneer with ideas and actions. Ruled fiery, energetic planet Mars, you are often stimulated to seek original and exciting jobs, frequently associated with travel. Si are a visionary and an idealist, you encounter problems makir ideas practical and have need of a partner who can put your th into actions. However, you must stop feeling that cooperatio others is interference and realize that this help will greatly increa chances of career success.



TAURUS April 20-May 20. Taureans are more likely successful in occupations where the public comes t than those in which they go out to find a market. You theref quently find yourself with work as a consultant. Because c dogged determination, you are capable of being a specialist i requiring attention to minute details such as accounting. An your tremendous personal vitality, you would make an excellen whose services are greatly in demand. But, in spite of all yc cellent qualities, you have a naturally pessimistic personality. can eliminate this characteristic, you stand a better chance of en your work instead of just regarding it as a necessary evil.



GEMINI May 21-June 21. Geminis, ruled by the plane cury, the eloquent messenger of the ancient gods, ofte in the field of communications. You will not be satisfied unle have constant mental challenges, and your greatest successes in jobs which utilize your intellectual capabilities. Work rec solid, patient activity is not for you. Therefore, any occupation ties you down may be traumatic and ruinous to your chances cess. And, since you're under the sign of the Twins, you may ev happiest when doing two jobs at the same time. You should, ho guard against overenthusiasm in work which can cause you to take new ventures before the old ones have a chance to succeed



CANCER June 22-July 22. The strong domestic instir the Cancerian woman will usually draw her into occup related to home management or home beautification. Or yo resolve the possible conflict between your domestic instincts an desire to be out in the world by running a business, such as real from your own home. Some Cancerians tend to put themselve unsuitable occupations and, although they are usually very adap they cannot be happy if they feel they are in the wrong caree member that no amount of financial success can compensate f emotional insecurities of a job that prevents the exercise of domesticity.



LEO July 23-August 22. Leos, ruled by the Sun, which center of the solar system, are happiest when they a center of attention. You will, therefore, enjoy occupations whicl you the chance to organize and direct the work of others and, sin Sun is also especially associated with pleasure, you may find th best job is connected with entertaining. Because of your indepe nature, you will want to be your own boss and, with a lot of ene your disposal, you are likely to be happy working very long Great confidence, the ability to work hard and to communicate others will enable you to succeed in almost any occupation.



VIRGO August 23-September 22. Probably no sign pro more successful people than Virgo. Although Virgo is u associated with service, you are not often content to actually anyone. You may, however, find it practical to give this illusion rising to positions of command. And you will find numerous possib for success in any field requiring good analytic ability and a lo working with minute details. These abilities can easily lead you a career in business. You have the tendency, however, to devote self so thoroughly to your work and become so involved in it, tha often give the impression of being dull, which is not necessarily

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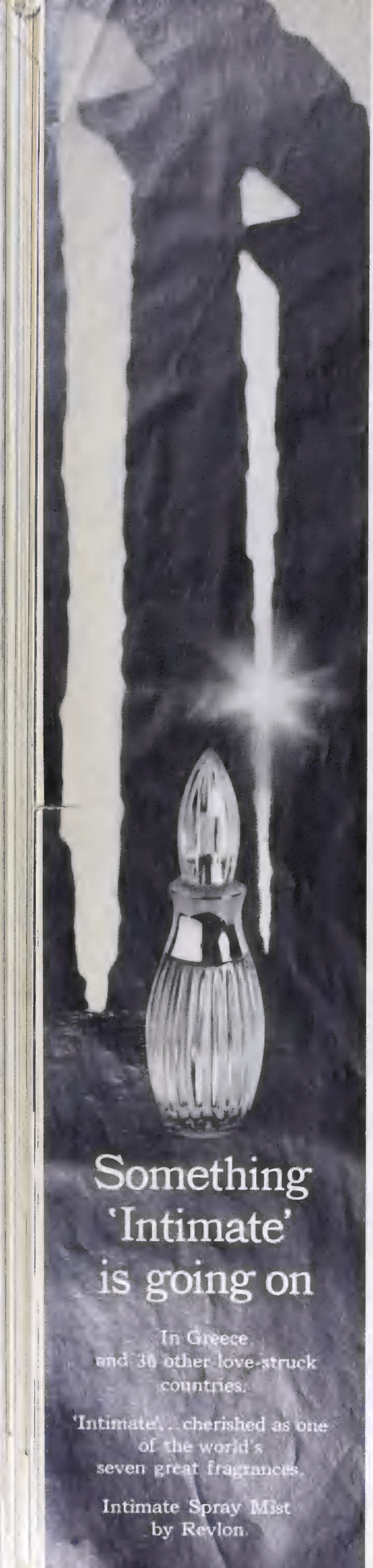
With Pan-Stik cream make-up your complexion becomes flawless . . . quietly elegant. Pan-Stik slips on softly. It covers flaws, covers freckles, covers everything but the beauty of you. It hovers softly on your skin, richer than milk, sweeter than honey to the eye (delicately smooth to the touch). No wonder Pan-Stik is known in certain circles as the make-up that great beauties are made of.



by Max Factor

Fur by Maximilian

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LIBRA September 23–October 23. Libras, who are associated with scales, are usually attracted to occupations where they feel they can bring about some type of well-balanced harmony. And this harmony can be developed in numerous fields as diverse as clothing and household design, writing and law. Any job which requires careful weighing of alternatives and making judgments is appropriate for you. However, this same ability and desire to make decisions only after much thought can, at times, be harmful to your career. There is always the danger that you will miss many opportunities for advancement by being too cautious. Since you are not naturally prone to great displays of spontaneous energy, your work will be most successful after periods of careful planning. And, since you frequently have difficulty directing your work into the most productive channels, you will greatly benefit from working with a compatible partner who respects your judgment.

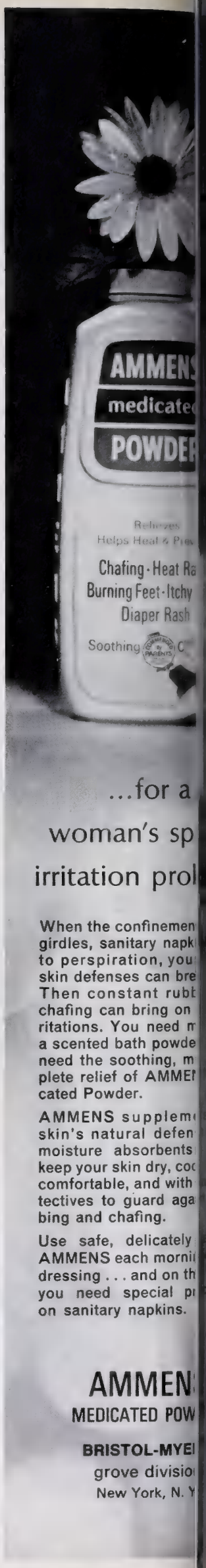
SCORPIO October 24–November 21. Scorpios have the ability to probe into the lives of others and to retain their secrets if necessary. Therefore, any kind of occupation involving personal investigation is appropriate for you. You have a strong will and more than the usual amount of executive ability, which can bring you success in what are often considered men's jobs. Your main occupational characteristic is your great mental strength and your constant motivation to succeed. Although you are resourceful in emergencies, you may forget that problem situations may be caused by your refusal of cooperation from others. It is therefore important to realize that accepting the help of co-workers isn't a sign of personal weakness and may even be an indication of greater strength.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. Under the influence of Jupiter, the planet of expansiveness, Sagittarians are likely to be attracted to occupations involving much public contact. You will, therefore, be happy in work associated with advertising and public relations. And it is this same expansive influence which draws you to careers connected with travel, regardless of whether or not you do the traveling yourself. There is also a part of your personality which loves sports and animals, and you will find work a delight if you can manage to pursue these pleasures in a career as well as in a hobby. Remember, however, that your well-disciplined mind, which helps you achieve success in any work you undertake, can frequently cause you to be intolerant and irritable with people who want to be your friends and must be your co-workers.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. Capricorns, who are ruled by Saturn, the strict disciplinarian and taskmaster, often find themselves in occupations most people consider unduly restrictive and rigid. You have the special ability to be able to stick to the same job over a long period of time since there is nothing mercurial about your personality. Therefore, jobs requiring a long period of work before results are seen, such as farming and horticulture, are appropriate for you. You have tremendous drive, although it's not usually directed toward your own gain, and can be quite happy helping others succeed. You may, however, have moments when you wonder why you're doing so much hard work. But, given enough time, your tremendous energy and ability to work hard will enable you to be satisfied and do almost anything that really appeals to you.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. Aquarians, who are ruled by Uranus, the planet associated with all that is new and up-to-date, will usually be happiest in very unconventional occupations. And, since you are naturally drawn to humanity, you will be especially satisfied if you can also feel you are helping others. Work associated with the field of communications often fulfills your job requirements since it can combine your love of the new and exciting with your need to deal with people. Although you are justified in believing that your opinions are worthwhile and your judgments sound, you have the tendency to be too opinionated and defensive about your work. Remember that your enthusiasm and defensiveness can often be mistaken for too much egotism.

PISCES February 19–March 20. Pisceans often achieve success despite their tendency to be overemotional. Your heart frequently rules your head because of the influence of your ruling planet Neptune, the free-flowing water sign which knows no bounds. It is this same influence that attracts you to work where your powers of expression and your own intuition are given free rein. And, since you have the desire to flow into many channels, the more change and variety in your work the happier you'll be. You frequently manage to turn a hobby into a profession, and are often most satisfied when doing two jobs at once. Your main characteristic, however, is your ambition, and, although your occupational success often appears to be the result of luck, it's really caused by your concentrated and continuous effort.





Free as you please

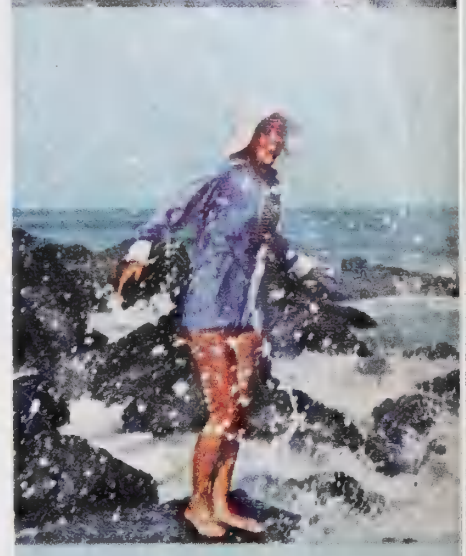
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PLAYSUIT BY GANT ROMPER



A MONTHLY REPORT FROM BY & FOR THE YOUNGER JOURNAL SET BY MARGARET KADISON

JOURNAL MISS



Illustration by Isadore Seltzer

1 *Just about the biggest fashion newsmaker of the year—besides Twiggy of course—is the belt, worn buckled, buttoned, hooked or snapped just above, just below, or just at the waist. And the bolder the belt, the better. We've seen jeweled belts, pop and op belts, some belts that are four, even five, inches wide. Some of the snappiest belts, though, cost less than $1, and come from the Army-Navy surplus store. The belt above is adjustable, made of heavy white webbing, has lots of brass-colored metal "hardware," costs about $1. While browsing, look for belts with little pouches or pockets attached in them, and the plain, regulation web-buckled belts (their brass buckles can be removed and used on belts you make by stitching together two thicknesses of grosgrain ribbon).*

2 *Stripes are in, too, and here again, it's the bolder, the better, especially when they're in fresh-as-a-flower-garden colors like the stripes on the dress above. (Wear stripes like these with bright strappy patent-leather sandals and you can't go wrong.) The dress has the perkiest puffed sleeves, an epaulet tab on each shoulder, and best of all, comes with its own little chain-handled mini-shoulder bag. By Charlie's Girls. Of cotton poplin, 3–15, about $12, comes in lots of shock-bright solid colors, flower prints, too.*

3 *Whether your hair's a yard long, or just an inch or two short, summertime's the time to play it up—twirl it, curl it, tie it with ribbons, streamers, paper flowers (see our Beauty/Patterns story on page 74 for some good how-to ideas). Another idea: Instant decoration for your hair with one of the pretty, new-this-season plastic hair ornaments. The stylized pink and green flower above is an example of the kind of hair ornament we're talking about. Backed with a comb, it looks great perched at the crown of short or long hair, holding back a long fall of side-parted hair. By Geno, Ltd., $2, available at department stores.*

4 *Classic penny loafer with a brand-new twist—that's the way lots of the best-looking shoes are shaping up this summer, and the neatest answer we know to the what-shoes-to-wear-with-a-short-pants-suit-or-skirt question. The tall-tongued shoe here, in shiny plastic patent, finished with a chunky bit of chain across the instep is just one loafer-look to take to. About $6 at Holiday-Wise stores across the country.*

5 *Just in case you haven't noticed, suddenly hats are what's happening. From modified cloches like the one above, to pull down over long hair (and make eyes seem bigger, more mysterious), to broad-brimmed safari hats that tie under your chin (perfect topping for safari suit or dress), to whizzy little peaked jockey caps. If you haven't got a hat, get one!*

6 *Nail-biters (and everyone else whose fingernails aren't what they should be) take heart! Now you can "create" nails, make them long or short, file them into any shape, paint them a y[ou]mer color. The produc[t] Fakes, by Hazel B[ishop]*

7 *The spark[ling] ger-snap[per] above is [a] cer, the [most] only girl [in] an exciting new grou[p] Fabulous Fakes. An[d] tie-in between F.F.'s [and] and F.F.'s the fingern[ail] Bishop stands behind [it] the group available t[o] organizations, hosp[itals] upon request. The F[akes] good-looking group c[an] Bill and Danny Spen[cer] 18-year-old twin broth[ers] Evans, Jerry Foster [and] Peel, three young mu[sic] Kentucky. Their Colu[mbia] has just been released [and] currently planning a [big] tour. The Fakes are o[ne]*

Join the tan-ables . . . get the best of the sun

See "A Countess from Hong Kong" also starring Tippi Hedren
a Universal release

Tippi Hedren
says

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Coppertone gives you *better* tan"

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Medical Fact:

She Needs Far More Iron Than He Does!



Hard to believe that this petite lady needs far more iron than her husky husband does. Well it's true . . . for like most women between 15 and 50, she loses vital blood iron every month during menstruation and may not replace it with her normal diet.

When you suffer this blood iron loss, your body just doesn't get the oxygen it must have. You look pale . . . lose energy, tire easily . . . become so irritable that family and work become burdensome.

You should take IRONIZED YEAST—it restores all the iron you need to combat this simple iron deficiency anemia . . . provides the iron so essential to good health and happy living. Best of all, the iron in IRONIZED YEAST is the same kind that's contained in 2 out of 3 doctors' prescriptions for iron.

IRONIZED YEAST Tablets are economical, too. You don't pay for multi-vitamins and other additives that can't do a thing for iron loss.

Yes, with IRONIZED YEAST you can get all the iron you need to regain your old-time pep and energy, to feel and look your best. 60 Tablets only 98¢.

Marty's Wife Was Unfaithful

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

The "other man" and the "other woman" are common appearances in marital disharmony, but the entrance of one of them will rarely break up a marriage if the situation is handled wisely—which means, among other things, playing for time and refusing to make any abrupt and destructive move. In a series of 100 "affairs" taken at random from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations, 55 percent of the couples are still married and their previous relationship improved. Divorce occurred in 14 percent, separation (for the time being, at least) in another 9 percent. In the remainder the outcome was uncertain or unknown. These were all probably to be considered serious cases, or the couples involved would not have sought a marriage counselor. Analysis showed that the erring partner usually had no deep feeling for the "other person," but was motivated mainly by desire to get revenge and injure the mate. The counselor in this case was Harold Burke.

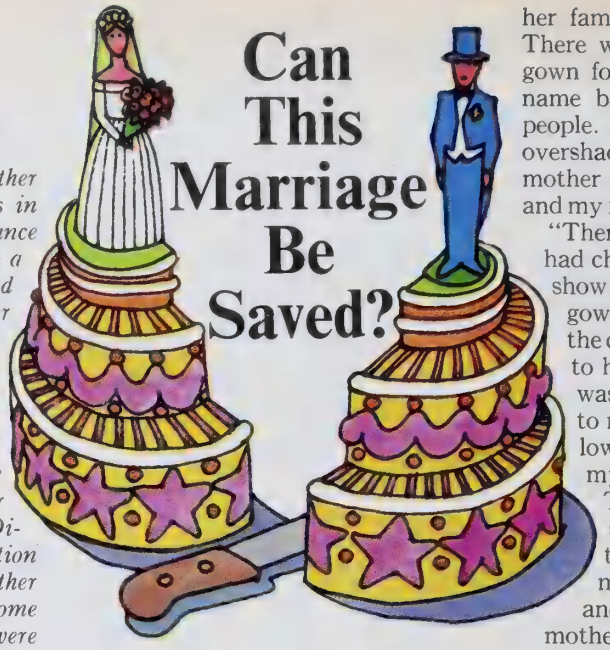
PAUL POPENOE, SC. D.
Founder and president of The American Institute of Family Relations.

"I hope I never come so close to murder again," said 31-year-old Martin. Slowly, painfully, he began the story of his belated discovery of his wife's infidelity. A stocky, sunburned man with brick-red hair, Martin reached toward an ashtray, but the cigarette slipped from his neatly manicured fingers and fell, unnoticed, to the floor of the counselor's office. "Even two years ago—two years!—I knew my marriage was in a bad way. Days went by when Magda hardly spoke to me. Other days, for no discernible reason, she was bewilderingly sweet.

"On her twenty-ninth birthday—an event that sent Magda into a terrific depression—I gave her a stunning diamond bracelet, and she barely thanked me. Yet she was all tender smiles as she strapped on a modest-priced, unextraordinary wristwatch that she said her brothers had chipped in to buy. The watch was a gift from her lover, although I didn't know it. I had no idea then that the real problem in my marriage was Dr. Bob, her parents' physician, who also took care of Magda and our boys—a man almost old enough to be her father.

"Two years ago we were living in a suburb of Chicago—Dr. Bob's offices were in the same suburban neighborhood—and most of my in-laws (and I have plenty) lived nearby. Magda is the youngest of seven, the only daughter, the pet of everybody in her family, and, in a peculiar sort of way, everybody's patsy as well.

"I was up to my ears in work. After a long, tough struggle, I had finally got my graduate degree in business administration and landed a good spot in the Chicago headquarters of a national manufacturing



firm. I had my name on the door, my own secretary, and a burning desire to justify the company's confidence in me. Every morning I caught the commuters' train to the Loop, and on some days I was lucky to catch the last train back at night.

"I hardly ever saw my kids except on weekends, but I was glad to make the sacrifice for Magda's sake. I was trying to get ahead while the going was good and establish a permanent place for myself in upper management so she and the boys could be secure, belong to the country club, own a sailboat, enjoy the good things in life that I missed out on as a boy. Why else would I work my tail off?

"I was determined to show Magda that she had backed a winner. I guess I also wanted to show my in-laws, who'd always downgraded my abilities, that their daughter had done OK by gambling on me. When I first met Magda, I'd just flunked out of college. At 19 I was nobody, a busted scholarship student, while at 19 she was a campus wheel. Her parents had once been very rich, but lost their dough; they'd cashed in the last of their stocks and bonds to finance her education, equip her with a fancy wardrobe and smooth her way to a prosperous marriage.

"Magda was a leading light in her sorority in the fine-arts school, miles ahead of me intellectually and socially—or so her parents believed, and I agreed with them. She rekindled my ambition without pushing too hard and restored my faith in myself. She was wonderful in those days; we could talk for hours about anything and everything.

"She talked me back into college, dropped out herself, and took a paid job with a children's theater group so we could get married—all despite furious opposition of her parents; they battled to the end to dissuade their daughter from wasting herself on a penniless, gawky bricktop like me, with years of study stretching ahead, and with nothing to offer except a bright mind, renewed ambition and boundless devotion.

"My mother thriftily advised that we be married at City Hall, and I would have preferred that. But Magda's mother took charge and arranged a fancy wedding to impress her family connections a There was a veil and cu gown for Magda, champa name band at a receptio people. My parents were overshadowed at the c mother refused to buy a and my father wore a rente

"Then came the shock. had charged all the bills show to me, includin gown and veil. Not to the ceremony bill colle to hunt me out; then was still under 21, t to my parents. My f low-paid government my mother a sch They couldn't aff sued for debt. I w to humiliate my b my brand-new in-la and create a scand mother dipped into h and paid up.

"Needless to say, my p my in-laws never became f mother told *her* friends I h into a family of stuck-u I didn't hold any of t Magda. I loved her too n even now, I am sure she l the beginning.

"After the boys arrive succession—three of th women might have been Not Magda. She kept goi kept me going. I attended nights a week for years a days and sometimes at ni that required no brains b muscle. Without Magda t up, I doubt I could have course.

"Then, suddenly, Mag to run out of steam. She b me about her loneliness an to complain that our apa intolerably cramped an nient, that she needed m ulation. I was certainly in position to buy a house. 14 credits short of my de yet to research and write But I borrowed $2,500 mother for a down pay established Magda and t the suburbs so she could companionship of her f quit pressuring me.

"For a time I congrat self on making a wise mo seemed to go fairly we joined an amateur thea volunteered to direct an tume community players. grandparents handy, our built-in baby-sitters.

"I can't fix the date wh entered the picture. Durin winter in the suburbs, quently too tired to see Working in town on m often slept on the floor mate's room. Sometimes make the last train and sle station unless the conduc me out on the proper platf ever, I did begin to notice l

"It seemed to me M never home. When I telep ing the day, I very seld answer. I realized the probably parked with t parents, and

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educa seling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the wo stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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o odors with another odor—a heavy, perfumy odor at that.
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...or this great new recipe

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In 2 tbsp. butter, lightly brown 1 pkg. Beef Rice-A-Roni. Add 2¾ cups hot water. Stir in contents of Beef Flavor Packet; simmer 15 minutes. In buttered casserole, alternate layers of cooked Rice-A-Roni and 1 lb. browned sausage links. Pour 1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce over top and sprinkle with ¼ cup grated cheese. Cover and bake 30 minutes at 350° F. Makes 4 to 6 delicious servings.





Like noodles? Try Noodle Roni!

Three complete dinners: Parmesano Romanoff, and Casserole.

Magda always had plausible stories about shopping expeditions, play rehearsals, community good works, if I remembered to ask her where she'd been. I know now that she spent many of those hours with Dr. Bob, but I didn't know it then.

"That winter finally passed, but there were times when I wondered if I could make it. Our house turned out to be a repairman's paradise, and I was the repairman. None of Magda's six brothers ever helped. The furnace repeatedly conked out, and I had to fix it. The roof leaked. Toward the end I was like a runner pounding ahead on the track in a daze, calling on the last drop of energy just before he hits the tape. I was still functioning, but very close to collapse as I pushed ahead toward June Week at the university and my graduate degree. June came. The thesis won a *magna cum laude*, and that same week I had my new job with a salary of $12,000 a year, and an office with a carpet.

"I found satisfaction and pleasure in my job, but over the months my marriage continued to go downhill. Magda seemed to have changed into a different person, somebody I scarcely knew. Once she had been peaceable and low-voiced. Now she yelled, fought with me, with my mother, with her own family. She neglected the boys, did not keep them clean, while at the same time she indulged herself in perfumed baths, shampoos and manicures.

"Our parents noticed the change in Magda, and the deterioration of our domestic situation. And, of course, they took sides. My mother-in-law blamed me for everything. My father-in-law worried himself into a heart attack. When I paid his thumping hospital bills—none of his six sons offered to help—my mother roared into the fray. She said I ought to get a divorce.

"So for a long time, in a state of increasing confusion, I went from one crisis to the next. I suffered agonies of indecision and suspense. My work went to pot, and I had no one to confide in. Eventually I found one person I could trust—my secretary. Ruth was an intuitive, kindhearted kid, eight or nine years my junior, and she sensed my unhappiness at home. She had never met Magda or anyone in either family, so telling my troubles to her was like telling intimate things to a safe stranger. On rainy days I usually drove Ruth to her apartment and dropped in awhile just to talk. I did not so much as put my arm around her, but it was a comfort to air my worries and get her reactions.

"But then one afternoon I stepped on a crowded elevator behind a couple of gossiping stenographers, and thought I heard Ruth's name linked with mine. It gave me a scare. That evening, by coincidence, Ruth telephoned me at home with a trivial business question that should have waited until morning. She'd never done such a thing before. But I decided we had drifted too far in the wrong direction, that the situation was unfair to her, dangerous all around.

"Next morning I spoke to the personnel manager and recommended that Ruth be transferred to another office. An hour later she came crying in to me, and suddenly I was fed up with my whole existence. I made an appointment with my immediate superior that same day and asked that I be transferred from the Chicago headquarters to California.

"The transfer meant a salary cut, but I regarded that almost as an investment. I thought if Magda, the boys and I could get away from both our families, have a change of scene, a new deal in a different part of the country, maybe I could straighten out my thinking and get my career back on the tracks; that maybe she and I could salvage something of our lives. I anticipated a battle with Magda, but to my surprise got none. I flew out to Los Angeles at once and bunked with a cousin until I located living quarters.

"Six months ago Magda and the kids joined me. We had been apart for only a few weeks, but when I met her at the airport I was shocked by her appearance—she looked as though she had lost 20 pounds. She professed to be enthusiastic about California. But the enthusiasm was phony, her voice apathetic, dead, and I knew right then—on the first day—that I might as well have stayed in Chicago. My gamble had failed. Just two weeks ago I found out why.

"It was Friday; I had a headache and went home early. The boys were at the park with a sitter. Magda was talking on the phone when I walked in. She hung right up, jumped to her feet and said she had to do the marketing. Her voice was flurried, strange. She ran outside and drove off. The phone rang again. I answered it. Nobody answered me. It could have been a wrong number, of course, but somehow I didn't think so. I held the receiver to my ear a long while. When I finally heard a soft little click followed by the dial tone it was as though a key had turned and a door in my brain unlocked. Somebody had been calling Magda, and I wasn't supposed to know it. The ring had sounded like long distance. Somebody in Chicago, wanting to talk to Magda, had hung up the phone on me.

"The truth about my marriage lay back in Chicago, and I knew it now. Somewhere in my house must be a piece of evidence, however small, that would guide me to the answer. Don't ask me how I knew. I just did know. Magda was gone two hours. It took me an hour to find the letters from Dr. Bob. She had hidden them behind the lining of her cosmetics case. There were dozens.

"If Dr. Bob had been there when I pulled the backing from Magda's case and dragged out those love letters, I would have killed him. I'm sure of that. It was like fiery rockets were exploding in my head at the same minute I was drowning, fighting to catch my breath. The answer to years of misery was hidden in the cosmetics case. The answer to my stalled career and the suffering of my boys was hidden there. If Magda had walked in when I read those letters, I would have killed her, too. I really think I would.

"When I finally heard her drive up, all the fire had burned out. A cold thing now was going on in my brain—it's difficult to remember or describe—but I went to the garage and helped her in with her bundles. I don't know why, but that's what I did. When the bundles were all in the kitchen, I hit her. She didn't make a sound. I began choking her, but then I stopped. I don't know why. Oh yes, I remember now . . .

"I heard Jimmy, my oldest son, yelling from the front hall. The boys had come in from the park. I telephoned my cousin's wife and told her t
get the boys and please
awhile. I packed some cloth
and we waited on the por
came.

"I went back in the house
the door. I pulled the win
All that weekend Magda ba
forgive the unforgivable ar
circles. She says she's sick,
probably true. I don't hate
don't see how we can stay n
more. I think she should go
parents and leave the kids
insist on keeping my boys—
we should get a divorce. P
will marry somebody else in t
I doubt it will be Dr. Bob,
I probably will marry a n
Ruth.

"If I'm ever to glue mys
gether and pick up the pi
career, I want a real wife t

"Martin can have a divo
can't have my boys," said
Magda, a slight, fair-haired
a timorous, hangdog air. "S
might think I should be p
losing the custody of my ch
often heard my own paren
infidelity is a worse crime th
Maybe I don't deserve to kee
but I love them and they lo

"Martin doesn't love our
doubt he has ever loved
loves himself. He is complete
in his own advancement. He
been that way, although I di
it at 19. During our courts
gave me a terrific buildup;
to everybody that I was a car
Actually I was a self-conscio
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cause my parents had provid
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me feel secure and made m
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"My parents were incredu
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knew Marty's hangup was
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really burned, to help Mar
long while I did my level bes
absolutely perfect wife to hin

"Until I married I had ne
alone at night, and as a bi
petrified by Marty's nigh
sences. He spent the major
honeymoon studying at the lil
sulting his professors, working
time watchman; he seldom re
apartment before midnight.
had an early-morning job, I
to go to sleep until he arriv
I heard his key I would ma
and throw my arms around
with relief and joy. Usually
push me off, too tired to kis
or show affection, but never
to notice any little thing I'
left undone in the apartment t
suit him.

"Nothing I ever did for
enough. If I ironed all his
found a missing button. If
on a high-priced, whipped-c
sert, and balanced the food
serving hamburger for supper
out he'd eaten hamburger

he Special Delivery anana.



Maybe you didn't know it, a banana can go through y on the way to your gro- store.

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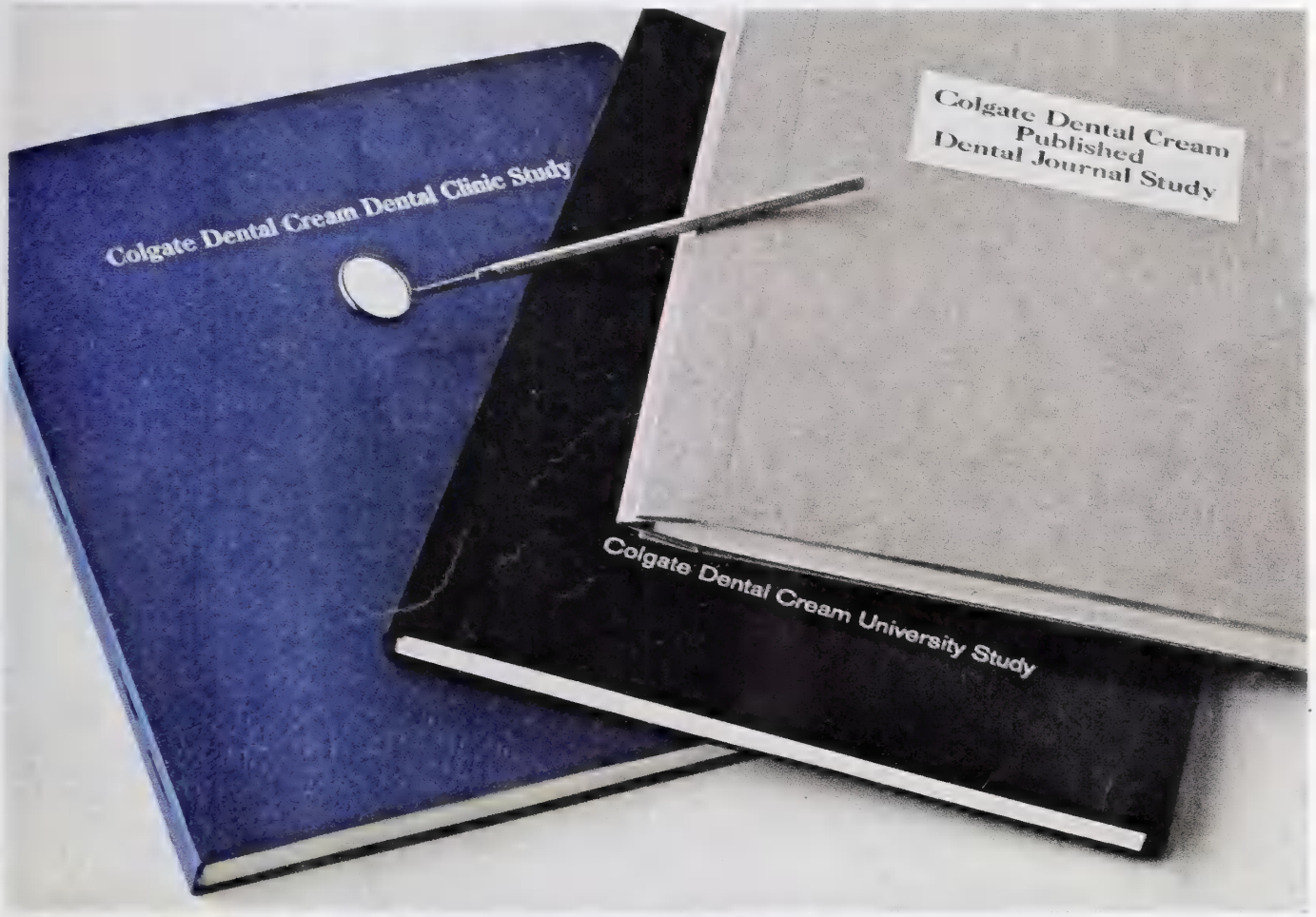
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Ortho

WORLD'S LARGEST LABORATORIES DEVOTED TO FAMILY PLANNING RESEARCH FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

*TRADEMARK

at lunch. Or that he'd got tired of the whipped-cream dessert, previously a favorite.

"After our third boy was born I had to give up my job as assistant director at a children's theater. Rehearsing the youngsters, bringing out their talents, fooling with costumes and lighting, the whole dramatic bit, had been fun for me. I took typing assignments at home so I could continue to help out financially, but I hate typing.

"It began to seem to me that Marty would never—but never—finish college and get his graduate degree, that my whole life would consist of cleaning, cooking, diaper-washing, typing, waiting, waiting. . . .

"Not long afterward Marty decided he could get ahead faster if he combed me and our sons out of his hair—although that wasn't the way he explained his proposal to move us to the suburbs. He said he wanted the children to have the benefit of fresh air and wanted me to enjoy the companionship of my family. When I fell in love with Marty, as he knew very well, I was desperate to escape the nagging and maneuvering, the perpetual hovering of my parents. I was their baby, their only girl, and they'd had my number since birth. Because of a mixture of love, cowardice and maybe pity—when I was born my parents were on the downgrade financially, ailing, and years older than the average parents—it was always fantastically difficult for me to oppose their wishes. All through our courtship, Marty and I discussed this situation. Indeed, he gave me the strength to stage my one big rebellion against family domination, and marry him.

"The move from the city seemed to me like a betrayal. Martin swallowed his pride and borrowed from his reluctant mother to buy us a house. Why? Surely the answer is obvious. He was determined to free himself from me and preserve his valuable time and energy to further his career.

"Naturally we saw less of Marty. And we needed him more. Our barn of a house had splintery floors, a stove with a burned-out oven, miserable plumbing. A battalion of handymen couldn't have kept it in shape. Marty thought I should cope with the cleaning, and dragoon my unwilling, all-thumbs brothers to cope with the repairs.

"I knew Dr. Bob as my parents' physician, but I made my first personal call to him one night when I was in hysterics. The toilet had overflowed and the plumber's number didn't answer. I was threatening to throw myself out a window. Dr. Bob came around at once. And he brought a plumber with him.

"Dr. Bob entered my life at a time when I had just about decided I had no husband. Marty was either too busy or too weary to be much concerned with sex. The doctor was married to a semi-invalid, unable to bear children, constantly in and out of sanitariums. When she was at home they occupied separate bedrooms. In a sense, he had no wife. Very soon, love-making became a part of our relationship. Loneliness drew us together, and companionship was our bond.

"Sometimes, in my dual life, I left his office with a peculiar feeling of power over my own destiny, power over a fascinating older man, power over my

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KENDALL

BAUER & BLACK SUPPORTS DIVISION

parents who still conside
perienced child. At othe
be swept with a sick, gid
ing. My stomach woul
would wonder if I were
prostitute, without volitic
glanced in my direction,
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"I suffered agonies o
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"I lived in terror that
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At times the strain beca
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drove Marty's car too f
for a crash.

"On my twenty-ninth
last birthday in the twe
told the truth to Marty
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Enclosed was a card th
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up for forgetting her at C
evening I felt like tellin
to thank my mother for
bracelet or maybe thank
But I didn't dare.

"When Marty abrup
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a coward like me it was
to make the inevitable br
I had so often longed to
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earlier Dr. Bob had flown
with his wife to tour th
there, and he was to be a
Consequently no painful g
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didn't anticipate the vi
doctor's reactions when
from Switzerland to Illin
I was gone.

"At once he started wr
phoning to California and
me to come back to Chica
he telegraphed me the m
tickets, and I telegraph
back to him. He had no p
admits it; doctors can't
and practice medicine



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only way to fight beautiful blonde hair is autiful blonde hair. And beautiful blonde usually Clairol® Creme Toner* blonde. great blondes have always been Clairol Toner blondes. Because only Creme Toner has 32 pale delicate shades to choose from. Nothing else comes close—as your hairdresser will tell you. And Creme Toner color lasts.

Here our great blonde has lightened her hair and toned it with Creme Toner's Champagne Beige.* She's also wearing Clairol lip color and make-up just for blondes.

The next time a beautiful blonde gets attention you want, don't mutter: "What's she got?"

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The Clairol Creme Toner Blondes





Mom at 227 pounds. I used to wish she was slim, but never said so because I didn't want to hurt her.



Mom at 130, wearing a size 12 dress. Some come down from 22½! Doesn't she look great?



Here I am—Mrs. Larry Lefebvre. If Mom hadn't become weight conscious, maybe I'd still be fat and single.

My mother lost 97 pounds and changed my life.

By Edith Henderson's daughter, Georgia—as told to Ruth McCarthy

I was the bride. But at the wedding all eyes were on my mother, Edith Henderson, the woman everybody's been reading about. She went from 227 pounds to 130 pounds—and, quite frankly, changed my whole life.

I was about eleven when I realized Mom was fat. I never mentioned it, because I didn't want to hurt her. But it really took away from her looks. My girl friend's mother was so slim and looked so nice in clothes, I couldn't help comparing them.

When I think of it, I had no right criticizing her, even silently. I looked like a barrel myself. Why, in eighth grade, I wore size 14 slacks. Maybe that's why I never took much interest in clothes. And neither did my mother. She wore a size 22½ dress.

Living on a farm, Mom and I both had plenty of exercise, doing chores. But all that did was make us eat more. My father is a baker. For a while, my mother worked in the pastry shop, and nibbled whenever she felt like it. I did all right on that score, too. On my way home from school, I'd buy candy or a bag of potato chips. That's when I wasn't playing football or fishing with the boys. When I finally got home for supper, Mom would have heaps of meat and potatoes, smothered in gravy. Sometimes macaroni and cheese or spaghetti. And, of course, pastry. Homemade prune kolachy, or her favorite—chocolate layer cake.

Occasionally, my mother would go on a drastic diet. Once, she tried a reducing drug. Another time, grapefruit and eggs. I hated those times, because she was so grouchy.

Finally, Mom hit 227 pounds. To reduce, she knew she needed help. It was then she turned to a vitamin and mineral reducing-plan candy to curb her appetite. She'd read about movie stars using it. And our local druggist thought it'd help her.

My only concern was whether it'd make her irritable. It didn't. And you can ask any of the ladies in my mother's Chub Club. You see, a lot of my mother's friends were stout, so they formed this club. Some took reducing drugs, others tried liquid-diet drinks, and some used will power alone. Mom was the only one who took Ayds, the reducing-plan candy. And she was the only one who lost a lot of weight. Ninety-seven pounds!

If you're wondering what you do on the Ayds Plan, I can tell you because I've used Ayds myself. The candy contains no drugs or anything to make you nervous. You just follow directions—take a vanilla-caramel or a chocolate fudge-type Ayds before meals, with a hot drink. Fifteen minutes later, you're able to eat what the rest of the family eats. Only you eat less, because Ayds automatically reduces your desire for food.

For me, Ayds was also a terrific help as a between-meal snack. When I was at Vocational School, I'd carry some with me. Or when I'd come home hungry, I'd have an Ayds, with coffee, instead of cake.

The result was it actually helped change me from a fat tomboy to the girl I am today. Just as losing 97 pounds made a tremendous difference in my mother's appearance. She began to wear lipstick and do her hair more attractively and we both became real clothes conscious.

Why, with a beautiful "new" mother and a new slim look for myself, I developed a c confidence that I'd never had before. found out what it was like to be att As a matter of fact, shortly after I' gained a husband. I'm now Mrs. La Seattle, Washington.

For my wedding, I was down to 12 dresses. My mother was still able to can't tell you how proud I was of he never knew Mom when she was at he he's seen pictures of her and teases about not letting my appetite run figure. I don't think it ever will—aga

When my mother discovered Ay changed her life, but mine, too. Wh hadn't been for those little vitamin ducing-plan candies, maybe I would today.

EDITH HENDERSON MEASUREMENTS

Before	
5'4"	Height
227 pounds	Weight
40"	Bust
38"	Waist
40"	Hips
22½	Dress Size

own state, and his wife will
to a divorce. But his un-
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ults he has thrown at me
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a tough marriage to sal-
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She got a private telephone
fused telegrams, returned
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doctor persisted in his cam-
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Bob was a dilettante phy-
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ad a painful awakening, too.
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lemands on all the women
is mother, his secretary, his
ght loans from his mother,
er at Christmas; that firm-
essive lady was fully qual-
ified to fend for herself. He unburdened himself of his worries to his secretary, but she was young and doubtless had many boyfriends.

"Magda was not aggressive. Indeed, in her hunger to please, she was swayed by everything and everybody. She tried to please her parents and her brothers. She tried to please Marty; she tried to please the doctor. Her elderly parents, both approaching 50 when she was born, attempted to inculcate her with the harsh moral values of a bygone day. Although they were shifty in financial dealings, as Marty was keenly aware, his in-laws adhered to iron ideas on sexual morality that he shared.

"Self-righteous Marty could find no extenuating circumstances for Magda's lapse, perhaps because he had never been tempted to stray. In his view his avoidance of intimacy with his secretary had been prompted by self-sacrifice. Actually there had been no sacrifice. The truth was he was scared to death that involvement with Ruth might hobble his career.

"Marty was less strongly sexed than Magda. Furthermore, he was expending a large part of his very considerable energy and talent on his job—a vital concern of his. When he insisted that Magda move to the suburbs, he shut her out of this vital area of his life. He was under the impression that he was acting on her behalf, unselfishly, but she felt quite correctly that she had been banished.

"When Marty grasped these hard facts, as he did, he eventually came to understand and to sympathize with Magda's feminine need for attention, her need to be needed. He then could admit—if not quite understand—the doctor's fascination and appeal. As a result, he became more tolerant.

"Marty thought he was working entirely for the benefit of his wife and his children. In slaving 10 and 12 hours a day, he was depriving his family of companionship and fun, and obviously was pleasing himself. He admitted it.

"Marty and Magda were joined in a common, burning interest in his career. When he realized this and took her into his confidence, he found she was almost as quick and clever as he had boasted—back in the golden days of the courtship.

"Magda and Marty are now back together. The illusions of courtship are gone, but the two share clear-eyed ideas of themselves and of marriage and of where they are headed. And they both find this is enough." **END**



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JOURNAL ORIGINAL



Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho, the seven lovable dwarfs are back and so is Snow White. It's a re-issue of the same great Walt Disney movie, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," many of us saw when we were children. Now we can enjoy it all over again with our children. And before you know it, you'll "Whistle While You Work," on one of these Journal Original kits, inspired by the famous animated characters. Three are simple cross-stitch designs. A fourth is a crewel-embroidered picture of Snow White and her forest friends. All are great projects for doting mothers and grandmothers. The cross-stitch kits are especially easy for children. Each kit contains everything you need, including instructions.

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What's his wife like?

Key question, when your husband has a chance to move up. Answer it best in your home. Then they'll see. (She's modern. Smart-chic and smart-brainy.)

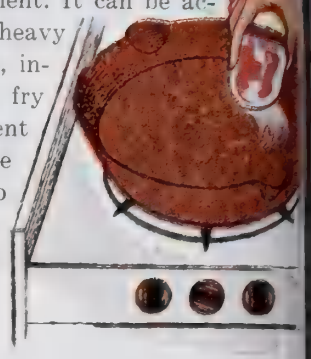
All the rest they can read in that one deep-dish high-domed simply gorgeous buffet-server. It's Deluxe MIRRO. (She buys the best, to last.) Lined with Teflon. (The latest. No-stick, no-scour, super-tough Boeclad process, the new no-scratch surface.) Like any of the many Deluxe MIRRO Electrics, including the elegantly exclusive Oval Percolator, it tells just what kind of woman you are. And how else could you buy instant approval for just 24.95? At department, hardware, home furnishing stores.

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How to Broil Without a Br

Things Your Mother Never Taught Y

Healthfully and tastefully speaking, broiling or "grilling," as the English say it, is one of the best and most popular ways to deal with chops and steak. Broiling does not necessarily require special equipment. It can be accomplished on any reasonably heavy skillet set over any kind of heat, indoors or out. Though you use a fry pan, the result is entirely different from frying. For you use as little fat as possible. Just enough to keep the meat from sticking. Pan broiling is much the best way to cope with thin chops, or steaks, which might get hard, dry and overdone under a broiler.



In order to pan broil properly, meat should be dry, so if marinade or tenderizer, mop with paper towels before you the pan good and hot, about 400° if you're using an electric the pan warms, rub it lightly with the fatty part of a chop o use a bit of bacon.



Cook till crusty brown on one sprinkle cooked side with salt per, then cook other side. If quite thick and fat looks pal end and let sides brown. Fo darker rims on chops, brush w browning and cook 1 or 2 minutes the while (and this is very important), keep pouring off any f cumulates. Otherwise you're not broiling—you're frying!

The heavy iron skillet with grids built into the bottom is of joy for broiling *sans* broiler. This type of pan does away with the need to pour off fat. The drippings collect in the grooves and never come close to your chop or steak. The grid or grill pan is ever so lightly greased in the same way as above.



Chefs in England and on the Continent would never present a grilled chop, tournedos, filet mignon or small steak unless it was diamond-patterned with marks of the grill. A refinement not at all difficult to achieve! (This is a great way to cope with individual or minute steaks.) Make sure your grid pan is good and hot. Press the meat—with tongs, please—against the grids. Let cook 30 seconds. Turn at a right angle so the lines will cross. Cook 30 seconds longer. Turn on the and repeat the operation.

Salt-broiling is an immemorial tradition amongst male coo ago it was a messy requiring pounds of sa down with water and a gloppy paste. No mo Any ordinary heavy skil used—with a grid or no *your precious Teflon*, wh be ruined by the salt Start with a dry, ungre that's very hot, about 400°. Pour in stands ¼ to ½ inch deep. Let the salt get very hot, too. Lay steaks or chops. They should, in this case, be thick . . . no minu no thin cutlets. A steak about 1 inch thick will be medium rare 3 to 4 minutes on each side. Never fear, meat will not taste t What do you do with the hot salt left in the pan? Cool it and away. This salt has *had* it.



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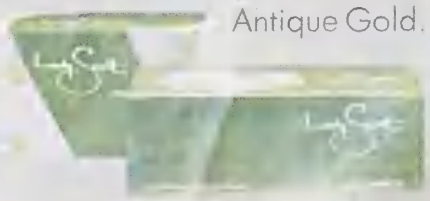
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Medicine Today



By Phyllis Wright, M.D., with Victor Cohn

Pollution is catching up with us, and as a lover of seafood I hate to face the facts. In the past there have been some sporadic epidemics of hepatitis, a serious liver disease, that were traced to shellfish from polluted water. But now it seems clear that in some parts of the country shellfish may be a continuing cause of hepatitis.

Dr. Raymond Koff and his colleagues have been keeping track of hepatitis patients in Boston hospitals. A large majority of them turn out to be people who eat raw oysters and raw or steamed clams. What's more, when people who did not have hepatitis were sampled at random, it turned out that a majority of them don't like clams and oysters.

Dr. Koff says that fried oysters and clams get sufficiently heated through to destroy the hepatitis virus. But steamed clams are usually cooked only a minute or so—and that is not enough heat to kill the virus.

His report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* definitely indicts polluted water. The virus is common, he says, in sewage that has not been sufficiently treated. For the present, the safest choice is overcooked bivalves.

It's long been known that very young teen-agers and middle-aged women are more likely to have something wrong with their babies. But a new study shows that the father's age matters, too. Dr. Richard L. Day of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, summarizing several research projects, says that the older father—even with a young wife—is more likely to have a stillborn child than a younger man.

The ideal age for the mother seems to be between 20 and 30 years. The babies survive better and are less likely to arrive prematurely when there is a two-year interval between pregnancies. And, says Dr. Day, the last child in a large family—the eighth or ninth, for instance—is in a risky position. He is far more likely to be slow in physical and mental development.

Do your kids live in swimsuits all summer? If so, you've probably given them all the cautions about not swimming alone and about making sure the water is deep enough to dive into. But here is a new warning, given by a pediatrician, Dr. Jay Arena, in the journal, *Clinical Pediatrics:* "Children, and adults too, should be cautioned about the risks of combining overbreathing and staying underwater too long. Before going underwater swimmers often take several deep breaths to build up their oxygen supply. This does increase the oxygen, but at the same time it also lowers the amount of carbon dioxide in the system. The accumulation of carbon dioxide, not lack of oxygen, is what triggers the irresistible urge to breathe. These swimmers may stay underwater too long because the carbon dioxide level doesn't rise fast enough to set off the breathing urge before their oxygen supply is used up. The swimmer may faint suddenly underwater and can drown unless help is at hand to get him to the surface very quickly."

All the recent furor over abortion and efforts to make abortion laws more lenient are leading to changes in only a few states. But the change in actual medical attitude and practice may nonetheless be profound. Hospitals—predicts Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America—may quietly liberalize their own policies because of obviously wide public support. "If I were running a service at a hospital," he said in an interview, "I'd be much more liberal because the community is behind liberalization and so are the doctors."

Another medical frontier: A West Coast woman was near death when her liver went into failure during an operation because of a reaction to the anesthetic. She was saved by connecting her bloodstream first to her husband's bloodstream, then to her father's. The cross-circulation of healthy blood—through an artery and vein in her arm and a similar pair in the donor's arm—was continued off and on for 10 days, until her liver again began performing its normal jobs (blood maintenance, blood purification, and digestion). The achievement was reported by Dr. E. Donnall Thomas of the University of Washington at Seattle.

Now we are beginning to see paper clothing—bright, cute, disposable party dresses for little girls, for example. But a word of caution comes from Dr. Richard Marland of the Public Health Service: The built-in flame-retardant finish is lost if the garment is washed, dry cleaned or soaked in the rain. Just throw it away, says Dr. Marland, if it gets wet or soiled.

The misguided young people who take LSD may be irreparably damaging their chromosomes, the carriers of heredity in their cells. In future years they may pass the faulty chromosomes to their offspring, causing mental and physical deformities. This grim possibility has been suggested by Dr. Maimon Cohen of the State University of New York at Buffalo, on the basis of observation of human cell cultures treated with LSD. He cannot be sure yet that LSD users will actually produce more defective babies. (This is now being studied at New York's Bellevue Hospital with mothers who are LSD-users.) He has observed the same breakdowns in the cells of some LSD-user patients, however, and he says: "We've shown that with LSD there may be hidden biological damage beneath the behavioral changes that we see on the surface."

These behavior changes include wide extremes of elation and depression, sometimes leading to suicide or accidental death. And LSD, we are told by Dr. Donald B. Louria of Bellevue Hospital and Cornell Medical College, "is likely to be only the beginning." In "the psychedelic wings" are several other drugs (bufotenine, psilocybin, mescaline, dimethyltryptamine or DMT, even nutmeg), any of which may be the next big fad. Use of both LSD and marijuana is still spreading in colleges and high schools. Altogether there seems to be a trend toward "a turned-on way of life" in the young. It is time, states Dr. Duke Fisher of the University of California at Los Angeles Neuropsychiatric Institute, that doctors start giving students the medical facts and offering help when required. For example, he says: "We have encountered many people who have given up LSD only to find that two years later they have panic reactions, paranoid feelings and hallucinations without taking LSD again." This sometimes happens even to persons who use LSD only once, without any particularly strong reaction.

As for marijuana—sometimes described by its users as "less harmful than alcohol"—Dr. Louria says, it can produce "acute panic reactions, acute psychotic breaks and profound responses mimicking the effects of LSD." It distorts time and space perception for many persons; if it were used chronically in substantial amounts (over 10 cigarettes daily), "the incidence of mental derangement would almost surely increase markedly."

Would this work on husbands who come home from work "dead tired"? Two California hospitals, at Vallejo and San Rafael, tried serving a little wine with patients' meals. Complaints about *all* subjects dropped by 22 percent. Complaints about food dropped 50 percent.

The wine, the hospital administrators report, "not only improved the palatability of the foods with which it was served, but also appeared to make the coffee taste better."

Maybe there is a new way to get off the merry-go-round about the dangers of cholesterol. The Food and Drug Administration has just approved a new medication called clofibrate (trade name: Atromid-S). It seems to be a safe drug for lowering the cholesterol level in the blood. According to Dr. Edward Ahrens Jr., of Rockefeller University in New York, it is "phenomenally effective" in reducing the levels of cholesterol and related substances that help to clog arteries and pave the way for heart attacks.

Early in the decade there was another drug, tripananol (MER/29), that was a bright hope for ending the cholesterol problem. It turned out to cause cataracts and was withdrawn from the market. But clofibrate seems safer. Says Dr. Samuel Proger of the Tufts-New England Medical Center in Boston, "Now we can expect to get conclusive information on whether lowering cholesterol in the blood will eliminate or delay heart attacks and strokes."

Home laundering with soap or detergent alone is not as effective in disinfecting diapers as laundering with bleach added, according to a stud ported in the *American Diseases of Children.* One hu teen mothers of little babies to cooperate with this su mothers were divided into tw one group used a hypochlo plus regular laundry deter laundering diapers, the ot used only an inactive powde detergent. At the end of four groups were switched. A nurse periodically checked the evidence of skin irritation, investigators spot-checked dered diapers for bacteria. T that "diapers are frequently nated with bacteria after ty laundering. Home-laundered effectively sanitized by the hypochlorite bleach.. Hyp bleached diapers have no mo effects on babies' skins bleached diapers." I still pre laundry *soap* to a *detergent* dering diapers, but the a bleach seems to be now on s tific ground.

It's far from a cure, but d have a medically approved relieve many cases of baldness domes of more than 10,000 been patched by multiple gra from their own heads. The d ally a dermatologist, takes a of 200 tiny hair tufts from t the neck or other hairy area the bareness. The patient some hair; he must have "pa ness," not complete hair loss. ing job is done over severa About 30 tufts of hair and ski an eighth of an inch in dia transplanted at each session.

This operation is performe 100 or so doctors. It was p decade ago by Dr. Norman of New York, but only now labeled "no longer experime new report by Dr. D. Blufo III of the University of Arkan be uncomfortable (sometimes faints), and it costs $1,000 on age. "But it is tolerable," D says. "It's sort of like goi dentist."

Up to now, he reports, m patients have been doctors, because they read about the in medical literature. But: "A of hair transplantation is gra creasing, primarily because are recognizing it as prove ceptable. Thousands of pe overcome the belief that the is a form of vanity. The con limited to any social strat drivers and lawyers, bankers chanics, policemen and physi all been patients. The psycho vantage of hair transplantati appreciated only by those wi adorned pate."

Dr. Stough is himself a sa tient. The success rate, he co more than 90 percent.

The degree of satisfact another dermatologist, really on the patient: "If a perso wants hair where he does it, he can be completely But if he wants hair to ga wife or girlfriend or a prom chances are that he is going t the transplantation a failure."

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Swedish scientists can't decide whether to call it the A-pill (for abortion) or the M-pill (for menstruation). But whatever the name, doctors agree that a spectacular new drug known as F-6103, now being tested, may represent the safest answer yet for women carrying unwanted children. Eventually it might even become the standard method of birth control. *By Ruth Link*

THOSE NEW SWEDISH ABORTION PILLS

"But, doctor, isn't there anything you could give me to stop it? I just *can't* have a baby now."

All over the world, for hundreds of years, tense, weeping women have asked this futile question. Always the answer has been No—sometimes with sympathy, sometimes with indignation, but always without qualification.

By the time a woman misses her first period, the fertilized egg has traveled through the tubes to the uterus, attached itself, and begun the inexorable process of becoming another human being. It may be a child whose presence in the world can cause only sorrow and pain. It may be a child who is destined to be deformed, or one that is destined to starve. It may be a child whose parents are so unfit that they will be physically cruel to him. It may be a child born of rape or incest. But, whatever the circumstances, whatever the hardship, there has never been any dependable way to stop a pregnancy except by surgery.

But now there is a possibility that the answer to that anguished question can be different. Research scientists in Sweden are experimenting with an entirely new drug, as yet unnamed, but called F-6103. A woman can be given one dose of this drug, and in a few days she will begin to menstruate, painlessly and easily shedding with the menstrual flow a fertilized egg or even a fetus eight weeks old or older.

Fifty women in Sweden who already had permission for legal abortions have been given F-6103. Before that it was tested for five years in mice and monkeys. It has been shown to be completely nontoxic to the mother.

While extensive further testing must be done, F-6103 has excited great interest all over the world. Says Dr. Sheldon Segal of the Population Council in New York, "Once we have answered the questions about safety and effectiveness doubt in my mind that such a dru great contribution to mankind."

The reaction in Sweden has been One newspaper headline even read, may be no more unwelcome children

The drug seems to be superior to "morning-after pill" that has been United States. The "morning-after pi in the first few days after conception, has worked as long as two months aft

Dr. Ake Hanngren, assistant profe cine at the famed Karolinska Instit holm, explains that abortion by pill abortion, is best done in the early s nancy. Speaking of the 50 women w F-6103, he says, "They had been gr sion to have abortions, and this proce a while. We tried to induce abortion reactions varied; the best results wer who had been pregnant only a short

Dr. Hanngren went on to say th varying dosages. "We will have to d studies before we know exactly how n the final M-pill."

The people who are working on the call it the menstruation pill or M-pill the Swedish press refers to it as the abortion.

Dr. Lars Engstrom, who is directi ments, is assistant professor of o gynecology at the Karolinska Inst lieves that the M-pill will be used e just for women who have legal rea abortions.

He also thinks it may become method of birth control. "A woman c pill at the end of every 28-day cycle has had intercourse. Then her peri whether she has a fertilized egg in h fact, she doesn't even have to thin question at all."

Dr. Engstrom observes that the when human life begins is subject to views. The laws of many countries—of the Roman Catholic Church—ass originates as soon as the egg and spe many moralists and scientists are n that perhaps life begins when the fer taches itself inside the uterus and beg an event called nidation, which takes days after conception.

Dr. Engstrom goes even further. that "a life is not a life until the fet to produce its own hormones that for its survival; that is, about th eighth week after conception."

This belief of Dr. Engstrom's do with the way the M-pill is believed to apparently interrupts the normal h of early pregnancy, causing menstru shedding of the lining of the uterus. course of events, about midway in monthly cycle, an egg is released fro The spot from which it erupts from called the corpus luteum. For the n weeks that little bump on the ovary steroid hormone, progesterone. Proge ulates the lining of the uterus and able for the implanting of the fertili needed throughout pregnancy to ke functioning as a safe home for the dev (In fact, when a woman is threaten carriage, the hormone is given to help pregnancy going.)

The fertilized egg begins in a few duce another substance that signal luteum to prolong its production of But, at best, the corpus luteum does than a few additional weeks.

grrr...



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During that interval the placenta develops, and it takes over the production of progesterone. At that point the fetus becomes independent of the mother's ovary and its supply of progesterone. F-6103 apparently interferes in ways still not fully known with the production or action of progesterone. In fact, it is called an anti-progestational agent. As such, it prevents the continuation of pregnancy.

The work that produced F-6103 was begun by a French chemist, Jean François Miquel of the University of Montpelier. He evolved the basic chemical idea from which a number of substances were produced. Miquel now lives in Stockholm and works with a Swedish drug firm called Ferrosan. Ferrosan has screened the substances developed from Miquel's original work. One of them was found to be useful in treating sterility. Another was the M-pill.

Researchers all over the world have been trying to evolve an anti-progestational agent, but until now every substance they have tried has turned out to be toxic. The M-pill is a chemical breakthrough—and it is even possible that it might revolutionize the whole field of population control.



Lars Engstrom, director of M-pill research

There has been tremendous reaction to the M-pill in Sweden, where the abortion laws are much less strict than in this country. In Sweden a woman may have a legal abortion if childbirth would endanger her life or health or reduce her physical or psychic strength. Abortions are also permitted when the pregnancy is the result of rape or incest. And they are allowed when the child could be expected to have a serious handicap.

But the development of the M-pill may possibly change the entire picture. As Dr. Engstrom foresees its use, no woman would even have to know whether she was pregnant. She would take any

nancy except by surgery.

But now there is a possibility that the answer t that anguished question can be different. Researc scientists in Sweden are experimenting with an en tirely new drug, as yet unnamed, but called F-610 A woman can be given one dose of this drug, and i a few days she will begin to menstruate, painlessly and easily shedding with the menstrual flow a fertilized egg or even a fetus eight weeks old or older.

Fifty women in Sweden who already had permission for legal abortions have been given F-6103. Before that it was tested for five years in mice and monkeys. It has been shown to be completely nontoxic to the mother.

While extensive further testing must be done, F-6103 has excited great interest all over the world. Says Dr. Sheldon Segal of the Population Council in New York, "Once we have answered the questions about the M-pill," says Dr. Engstrom. "For instance, suppose a woman takes it and it fails to work. Will it harm the fetus? Will she be left to continue to a pregnancy with a damaged child? This is the sort of question to which we must have answers."

emphasize strongly that in these cases it shall be pregnancy in a very early stage. If it is necessary to test the substance at a somewhat later stage of pregnancy, only those women should be considered who have been granted legal abortions."

The new law was expected to give rise to a hot debate in the Parliament. Some conservative members did express the view that F-6103 should be given to women only in the first few days of a possible pregnancy, before the fertilized egg begins to grow in the uterus. But the law as finally written put no time limits on the administration of the pill.

The press in Sweden reacted, for the most part, favorably to the M-pill.

"Even the most sensitive consciences within the church and other conservative organizations have developed a new kind of tolerance in the face of the population explosion, with the ensuing hunger and misery throughout the world," wrote Marianne Hook, a columnist for the newspaper *Aftonbladet*. "It is certainly aesthetically acceptable to swallow a little pill when you don't know whether you are pregnant or not. Morals, it seems, advance and adjust to the needs of the times. The P-pill (preventive) was epoch-making. The M-pill is going to mean a much greater revolution. Preventive techniques all require forethought, which gives to sex life a certain mechanical quality and threatens its emotional spontaneity. A mechanical attitude toward sex leads to alienation and feelings of loneliness and depersonalization. Perhaps the M-pill, which requires only afterthought, can give the spontaneity back to sex life."

The research scientists at Karolinska Institute and at Ferrosan have warned that it may be quite some time before all this happens. "We have to do a great deal more testing before we are sure about the M-pill," says Dr. Engstrom. "For instance, suppose a woman takes it and it fails to work. Will it harm the fetus? Will she be left to continue to a pregnancy with a damaged child? This is the sort of question to which we must have answers."

U.S. scientists are also intensely interested in the M-pill. Representatives from the Population Council and from U.S. drug firms have visited the Swedish research team. But they are cautious about when the M-pill might be available in this country and about our very strict abortion laws.

Says Dr. Sheldon Segal of the Population Council, "We must be sure that doses that can be safely given are absolutely effective. If they are only partially effective, the result might be an abnormal child. And, secondly, we must study the effect of the drug on the adrenal gland, which also produces pro-

gly suspect that a progesterone from at other sites." , professor of bi- city of California, h a good aborti- and a good con- women prefer? It cal weaknesses of requires the ra- an abrogation of s both the logi- The ideal aborti- religious ideal of better than the give the women e to make this

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Pet News



By Joyce Kuh

Over 10,000 cats a year, suffering everything from broken legs to swallowed string, enter Boston's famous Angell Memorial animal hospital. Charming lady of mercy to many of the cats is Jean Holzworth, D.V.M., a specialist in feline medicine at the Massachusetts S.P.C.A.-run institution. We asked Dr. Holzworth to share some of her special cat knowledge with us, and she was most willing, with expert advice ranging from cat health to cat personality. "In the past fifteen years," she says, "feline medicine has come a long way. It is no longer considered a small counterpart of canine medicine. We recognize a lot of problems that are peculiar to cats."

A particular problem, and the biggest killer of cats in this country, is infectious enteritis, also known as panleukopenia. The symptoms are high fever, sudden depression and lack of appetite, and vomiting of a yellow fluid. This disease is so infectious that when cats in the neighborhood start dying of it, owners often think their cats are being poisoned. If your cat shows these symptoms, take it to a veterinarian immediately. The best protection you can give your cat is to have it inoculated at the time it is weaned. Since the peak time for the disease is from June until cold weather, booster shots every spring are usually recommended.

Cats are also highly susceptible to different kinds of anemia and leukemia. The symptoms to watch for are foot pads, nose and gums turning white. Cats get "colds," too, but feline colds are not transmissible to dogs; and cats don't catch dog distemper.

Dr. Holzworth thinks that a kitten should stay with its mother for about two months, but it should be handled by people when it is four to six weeks old. She agrees that cats don't worry about pleasing people as much as dogs do, and in general they are less demonstrative, but they can be very much like dogs in temperament—especially if they grow up with children and dogs.

Dr. Holzworth has other helpful advice for raising healthy cats: Start young kittens on a varied diet so they will learn to eat different things. Cats tend to find one food they like and want to eat all the time. Never give them bones. Try to get kitty litter that isn't too dusty; dust can cause a bad cough. She also recommends neutering cats that are not used for breeding. Neutered cats—male and female—live longer and a
their owners in the long r

If your big, brave watch
turns into a quivering c
first crack of thunder du
storms, don't try to give
in courage. He can't help
are more upset by thund
by a burglar at the windo

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whatever retreat he seek
is under the bed or into
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do much good. He is proba
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may be so delighted tha
yelping the first few days
you. But it may annoy t

If you want to break hi
without discouraging him
a warning when he's old
a watchdog, trainers at th
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order, "Quiet!" If that
try startling him into sil
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quiet. You may have t
a number of times, but i
can take it, your pupp
from it. P.S. Always pra
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or less—what kind of pe
what their names are. Se
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contest closes June 26, 19

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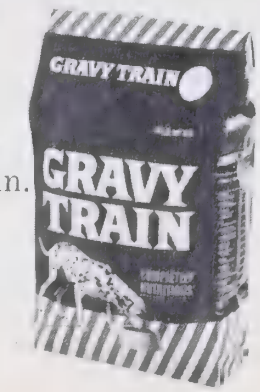
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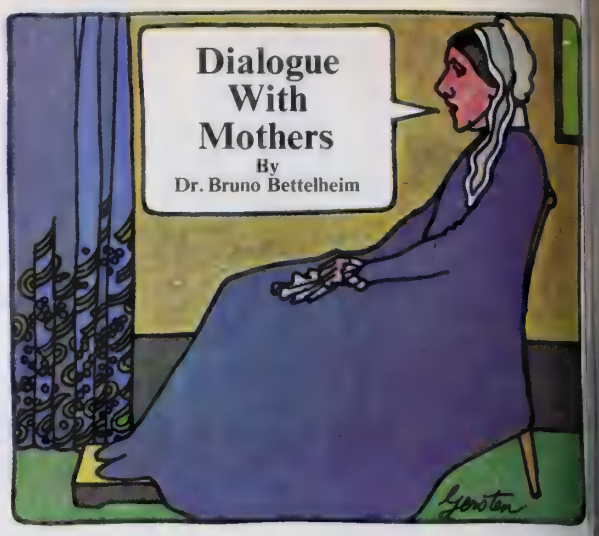
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When Father Is Weak

Dr. Bettelheim: What, in your family, is the role of the father for the child up to age four or five? What do fathers do nowadays—besides working?

First Mother: My husband works at home quite a bit, and I find that my little girl—she's 14 months old—wants to be with him when she's in a very good mood. She wants to be played with or thrown around, and he feels more or less the same way. She's like a toy to play with when they're both feeling good. But she wants me to take care of her needs.

Second Mother: I find that, too.

Dr. B.: So we have the father as entertainer. What else does he do?

Third Mother: They seem to have more awe of his discipline.

Fourth Mother: With my little girl—she's 20 months—I don't think it's so much awe. I think she respects him more because he just isn't there all the time, screaming, "Don't!"

Fifth Mother: Don't you think that a father should be someone a child can imitate? Boys especially. You know, "I want to be like my daddy." I have two sons. A simple thing like shaving, becomes a big deal to them if my husband says, "Smell me, I smell good." And this imitating what Daddy does, and knowing what he does, and knowing that what he does is important—I think this counts a lot.

Dr. B.: How do you all feel about doing all the housecleaning and cooking while father does the playing?

Second Mother: My husband's been concerned about his relationship to the children. He wants to be looked upon as Father—someone who has a little more authority and whom the children respect. But it hasn't happened that way. I'm in control of the house, although I don't want to be. I pay the bills. I arrange for the car to be fixed, etc. My husband goes to work and that's it. The children don't respect him at all, though he plays with them a lot.

Dr. B.: Well, let's look at fathers. For ages it was supposedly the father who protected the family, but this traditional role hasn't emerged in this discussion. Sure, children may obey Father a little better because maybe his voice is deeper and louder, but they sense that even if they defy him, the sky doesn't fall down.

Sixth Mother: Sometimes my husband comes home and I want to talk to him, but he goes off with his newspaper. Then, when I'm a tired, he wants to talk to don't want him. My daug that, and imitates me. I not sometimes when he went ov her she would say, "Nooo." she kisses him and likes it. that she just had to copy m

Fifth Mother: One thing ab boys: they'll just pumme when they play, but they'll this to me. They're very ge me, which I like. My husba gentle with me, too. I supp learn this from him.

Dr. B.: Then what you're that in a way the most i thing is that the child ca Papa and Mamma together something—that now a fath jor role is being someone and learn from. But how do of you work out which role you will play?

Sixth Mother: It's a probl husband feels he has no gu His father died when he wa And I don't have much of about the mother's role. I'l vided. I'm constantly wanti out and be a career wom also to stay at home with dren. So I don't know what is, and I'm sure my husband know what his is, either.

Fifth Mother: I still want band to be the boss.

Dr. B.: You say you want y band to be the boss, then yo the big boss does is play children.

Second Mother: Well, my hus pects me to be his intellectu but I end up making all the d So I don't really know how expect the children to think as equal to me. In fact, if I was having a hard time tak of the children and so forth, h probably switch jobs—and th bothers me. I don't know wh adjustment should be made should try to change the fat

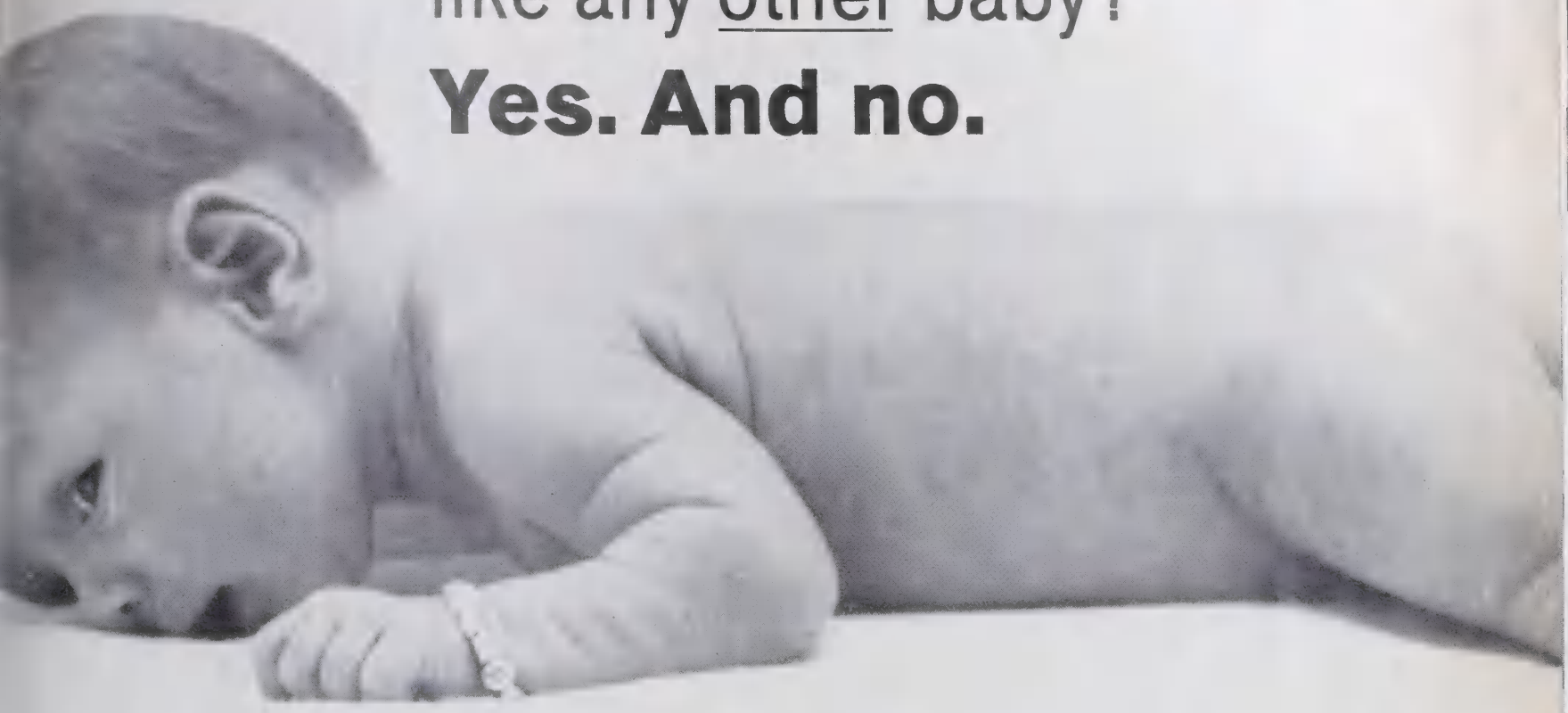
Dr. B.: What would you li husband's role to be?

Third Mother: I've got to pattern for discipline beca me who's there all the time. think husbands are failing though. It's not their fau they're not around.

Seventh Mother: My husban have very (co

After all, isn't a newborn just like any other baby?

Yes. And no.



Yes, of course (a baby's a baby).
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Wild West Prem salad

Wild West salad



Mix together 12 ounce can Prem, cut into strips; 2 cups of salad greens; 1 medium-sized cucumber, sliced; 2 avocados, peeled and chopped; 3 medium-sized tomatoes, wedged; 2 tbs. finely chopped onion, salt and black pepper to taste. ⅛ teaspoon red pepper, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Chill and serve.

Hollywood Hero



Slice some tomatoes and onions. Add Swiss cheese, lettuce, Prem and your favorite dressing. Then sandwich into big hero roll.

Prem. The only leading luncheon meat made with pork plus good lean beef.

continued

sonalities. We should be able children different things. s of control he can't really as his father was. In a way, falling apart. He can't con- father or my father did, be- n't considered right today. have any other model to 's just sort of nowhere.

t you say is very important. were raised at a time when as boss; we grew up with Now we have children and ed to be entirely different, the father. But he has no y. This, of course, makes it think it's a difficulty that hildren won't have. We read s increase in homosexuality diction, particularly among ou begin to wonder if that's t of their being born in a time e still expected to be strong, ad a very strong father.

er: I think the woman still usband to be the boss, only o it all the time anymore.

r: Excuse me, but don't you ometimes we won't let him We're so bossy ourselves. I d make myself be the ac- fe. He'd make plenty of de- then I'd challenge him just I didn't think he had made cision. So I won't bend. I why I won't, but I won't.

me ask you then: which of r prepares, her daughter to e?

body!

tly! You say, "Yes, the girl omissive. We want the hus- oss. But we challenge him g." Most of you really don't ys to be the bosses, and you our girls with the idea that bmissive. You raise them that "both of you will go which means "more or less You see what I mean? doubt that the boy knows ike his father, and the girl her mother. But the social ich you prepare them are

r: I get the feeling that, becoming more aggressive t, the man has come to be level, so that he isn't com- ed. For example, my hus- , "I really believe you have nsibility, financially and way." But when I take it, s he's not as masculine.

I think there's certainly no ong you about the sexual and and wife. But we've x life out of sight of the they have a need to copy the difference in the social even more important. Be- r children everything is rough the social role only. ny it's become so important form an opinion of their Otherwise boys have a hard iating themselves sexually because they haven't dis- emselves from them socially.

r: Exactly what do you al role?

en the social role of the be a big, strong protector living was only part of the e—then the woman's role be the minister of the in- peak. Father paid the bills. Nowadays it's often the woman who pays the bills. So to the child this means that mothers are the ones who have the money—how else can you pay bills?

Eighth Mother: How do you bring up children to have an idea of their role?

Dr. B.: Well, I have no easy answers because this is a time of fast change. I think we'll probably have to be satisfied that the new generation of men will not be quite so masculine, and maybe the new generation of girls will not be quite so feminine. Maybe these boys with the long hair signify the next stage in the direction we're going. Maybe the sex differences, certainly for the social role, won't be so radically different in the future. The question is: Will the sex differences remain as different as we think they should be, for the enjoyment of sex? Will that be possible, with the social roles getting so much alike? I don't know. It's certainly a problem. It has really come about that the mother is the protector of both boys and girls. It used to be the father, but if Mother is the one who protects the small child from the dangers of the world, how can Father be very much of a protector? I think that transmitting the father's role depends to a very large degree on *the woman's inner conviction of what that role really is.* And many women do not accept their own roles as housewives anymore. Everybody says housework is inferior; they want to be more intellectual.

Ninth Mother: What about the man who doesn't want to be bossy and dominant?

Dr. B.: Many men don't want that. It's why they say, "Ask mother," when decisions must be made.

Fifth Mother: I think the fact that we can go out and work helps me tremendously, because I have a feeling of being worth something. This in turn helps me to appreciate my husband and his work, and I can then help my children to appreciate him, too.

Dr. B.: I don't doubt that. But you cannot form your own personality simply by feeling: "I will be important." Important to whom? Important in what way? It isn't that you don't think the father is important. It isn't that you don't want your husband to be important to your children. The question is: In what *way* is he important? For a child to form his personality he has to know this. That's why attitudes have become so important. That's exactly why I asked you what you want the role of your husband to be, as a father. Because this is the conviction that will carry through to the child. Certainly we want the father to be the masculine ideal for our young boys, and a husband wants you to feel that way. But then you also feel he shouldn't be the boss in the home. The idea of masculinity gets lost somewhere, and that's where we get hung up.

Eighth Mother: I think if the role of the husband is all right, then his role as the father will be all right, too.

Dr. B.: Unfortunately, it isn't so simple. Just being a good husband doesn't automatically make you a good father.

Second Mother: I think what a woman wants now is that he be able to communicate with his children. It's a more subtle thing.

Dr. B.: That's right. And the trouble is that small children get direct messages so much better than subtle ones. And, unfortunately, our children, from an early age on, have to deal with more subtle shadings than any black-and-white, male-versus-female arrangements. There is not much we can do about it, but understanding the problem will help. **END**



What's a perfect pie filling? Simple. It's smooth, firm; it's creamy and brimming with tangy lemon in every forkful. With this special recipe using the Eagle Brand blend of pure cane sugar and fresh whole milk, and ReaLemon's reconstituted lemon juice, it's simply delicious.

MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Filling

1 crumb (or baked pastry) 8 or 9-inch pie shell, cooled
1 ½ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup ReaLemon reconstituted lemon juice (measure accurately)
2 egg yolks

In a medium-size mixing bowl blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, ReaLemon reconstituted juice, and egg yolks until thickened. Turn into pie shell.

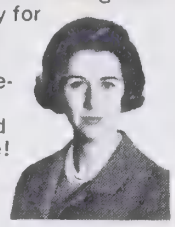
Meringue

2 egg whites (at room temperature)
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ cup sugar

In small-size mixing bowl whip whites with cream of tartar till they hold a soft peak. Gradually whip in sugar; whip only until whites hold firm peaks. Pile onto pie filling and seal to inside edge of pie shell. Bake in 325°F (slow) oven until top is golden brown, about 15 minutes. Cool.

Introductory Offer!

Of shimmering solid stainless with satin finish handles, Satinique is our new contemporary pattern designed by Oneida exclusively for Betty Crocker coupon savers. To introduce Satinique, we offer special savings, with no coupons required. Add Satinique to your table!



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You'd expect to pay $4.95 in stores for five pieces of this quality in lifetime solid stainless.

5-Piece Stainless Place Setting

For a limited time, a place setting of Satinique is yours for only $2, with order form. No coupons required. Complete your set—from 25 pieces open stock—at big savings with Betty Crocker coupons from over 100 General Mills products: Gold Medal Flour, Bisquick, Betty Crocker Mixes, Big G Cereals, many others. Catalog showing all pieces, plus over 100 other items available with Betty Crocker coupons, comes with your place setting. If not satisfied with your order, return it within 10 days for full refund. Order today. Offer ends August 15, 1967.

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I enclose $2 (check or money order preferred) for my 5 pc. stainless place setting of hollow handle knife with forged blade, dinner fork, salad fork, oval soup spoon, and teaspoon in Satinique pattern.

Name_____

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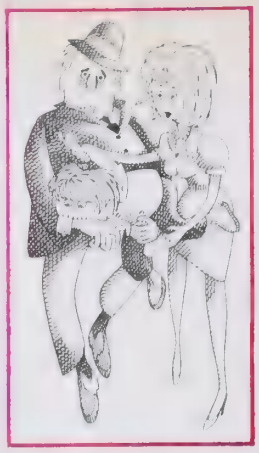
City_____

State_____ Zip*_____

*To assure delivery give your Zip Code. Only one place setting per family, please. Offer limited to U.S. only; expires Aug. 15, 1967. Offer void where coupons prohibited, taxed or regulated.

THE BOY WHO HAD HIS HAIR CUT

by ART BUCHWALD



The two biggest moments in a boy's life are the first time he gets a haircut and the last time. I happened to be in on both moments of my only male heir, a friendly, sandy-haired lad named Joel.

It was about eight years ago, when he was six, that I took Joel for his first haircut, and I still have the teeth marks in my arm from this trip to prove it. For some reason Joel connected barbers with doctors, and when he saw the man in the white smock, he tried to make a dash for the door. It took both the shapely manicurist and myself to hold him down while the barber clipped away at his hair. To this day when I show Joel the teeth marks he insists he was trying to bite the manicurist and not me, which makes a helluva lot more sense.

Ever since that first haircut, Joel has been going to the barber sporadically, perhaps six times a year without too much trouble. But just as he hit his 13th birthday, he decided, along with





30 million other teen-age boys in the United States, that anyone who went to a barber was selling out his birthright, his electric guitar and the Rolling Stones, not necessarily in that order.

I want it known that I'm a very understanding parent, and for a while I made no effort to get him to a barber. I decided, like most parents of teen-age boys, that through his long hair Joel was trying to tell me something, though for the life of me I couldn't figure out what it was.

But then things started to get out of hand. It wasn't that we couldn't see Joel anymore because his hair was over his eyes, rather that he couldn't see us. He'd turn to me and think he was talking to his mother, and he'd turned to his mother and think he was chewing out his sister. But even worse than that he kept tripping all the time, and it was very dangerous for him to ride his bike.

So one day I put my foot down and said, "You've got to go to the barber."

"Only if you take me there in chains," he replied, quoting some television show he had just seen.

"Then chains it will be."

My wife tried to mediate the dispute. "My hairdresser has a men's department where they style hair rather than cut it. Why don't you take him there and he can tell the barber exactly what he wants done with his hair? In this way he can keep the style but he won't look so shaggy."

Drawings by Robert Deschamps

Joel was skeptical at first, but my wife per him. She promised that the barber would anything without first consulting with hir sides, I would be standing by the chair to p Joel's interests during the entire operation.

An agreement was reached between us barber would trim only the back and the sid he would cut off only enough hair in the fr Joel could recognize a man from a woman.

The next Saturday we made an appointm the barber's, and we both rode down in s The woman in charge of making appointmen expecting us, and introduced us to the stylist," an Italian named Alfredo who look Mary Tyler Moore.

Unfortunately, Alfredo spoke not a w English, so through a translator I explain actly what had to be done. Alfredo kept n his head and smiling and saying, "*Lo capisco*

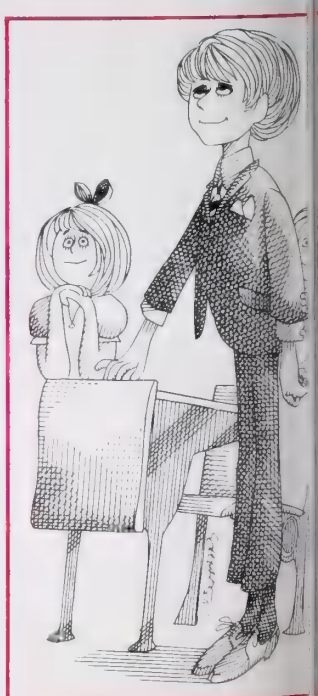
Joel, his lips pursed, sat in the chair fredo started to go to work on him.

In the meantime the girl who mad pointments asked me if I wanted a hair another stylist, Guilio, was available. I did need a haircut, so I went five chairs and Guilio proceeded to go to work on couldn't see Joel or Alfredo, but every o a while I heard Alfredo singing and sho "*Che bello, che bello.*" Guilio finished m and when I went back to Joel's ch couldn't believe my eyes. Alfredo had Joel bangs, and my 13-year-old son sud looked like Audrey Hepburn.

Large tears were streaming down cheeks and he was sobbing uncontrolla lifted him gently out of the chair, swiftly, and went out in the sunlight. Jo holding his hands over his head. Ther nothing I could say or do to persuade was as horrified as he was by the turn of e When I got him home my wife took a lool said, "Oh my God, he looks like Audrey Hepb

It was a pretty rough weekend. No one wa ing to me at home, and there was even tal Joel might not return to school. Ever.

But by Monday he was persuaded to go that night when I came home a miraculous thing had taken place. Joel was smiling. He was happy. He was clucking into his pocket mirror. "All the fellows and girls at school liked my hair. The guys want to know where I got my haircut."



Now everyone in Washington points to me and says, "There's the man who introduced the Audrey Hepburn look to boys' hair." **END**



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o mild your
anicurist can use it to
often your hands!

Look! A push-pull reclosable cap!

It's true! New Palmolive® Liquid is that mild—and more...it softens hands while you do dishes!



Madge, the manicurist, knows: Palmolive has invented a beautiful new kind of dishwashing liquid. So mild, it can even be used to soften hands before a manicure. And it's a lot more than just mild! Wait 'til you see it... clear, clean, emerald-green, and it makes mountains of suds for the fastest, cleanest dishwashing possible. Comes in a squeezy, plastic bottle with a push-pull reclosable cap. From Palmolive!

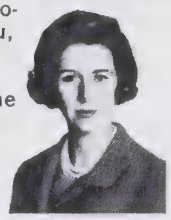


Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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You'd expect to pay $4.95 in stores for five pieces of this quality in lifetime solid stainless.

5-Piece Stainless Place Setting

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$2

GENERAL MILLS
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I enclose $2 (check or money order preferred) for my 5 pc. stainless place setting of hollow handle knife with forged blade, dinner fork, salad fork, oval soup spoon, and teaspoon in Chatelaine pattern.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip*_____

*To assure delivery, give your Zip Code. Only one place setting per family, please. Offer limited to U.S. only; expires Aug. 15, 1967. Offer void where coupons prohibited, taxed or regulated.

AMY VANDERBILT

Baby's Name

Q: I am expecting a baby soon, and would like some information about naming it. My husband's father, who died while my husband was a small boy, was named John Jr. after *his* father. My husband, however, was not named for his father. If we have a boy, we would like to name him after my husband's father. Would he be John II or III?

A: He would be John III *only* if your husband's paternal grandfather is still alive. If he is not, the baby would be just John.

Abusive Children

Q: What should you do when the children of guests abuse your furniture or other fine things?

A: If they do this in the presence of a parent who doesn't notice or doesn't care, you may simply say to the parent, "Please ask Johnny not to jump on the couch." No explanation should be necessary. If you are alone with the child, give him the order yourself in a pleasant voice. If he doesn't obey, ask him to go home. Explain that you have rules in your house that visitors must follow—no matter how small the visitors are.

No Sport

Q: If one has a couple of guests, one of whom is excellent at ping-pong and the other terrible, is it all right for the hostess to continue to play with the champion while the other guest sits on the sidelines and watches? Or is the hostess obliged to suggest doing something in which all three can participate?

A: The hostess should either suggest something else to do or play in turn with the champion and the terrible player.

Manicurist's Problem

Q: Is it proper to ask ladies not to smoke while they are getting manicures? I know my customers come into the salon to relax, but they do not seem to realize that the smoke usually goes into the face of the manicurist, especially when the dryer is on. Also, we are booked on tight schedules, and it is annoying to have to wait while customers puff, switch hands, and drop cigarette ashes onto wet polish. Please tell me the correct way to deal with this problem.

A: Tell your customers just the way you have told me. Say, "I'm sorry, but I would prefer for you not to smoke while I am giving you a manicure." If they want to know why, explain gently but firmly.

Cruise to Puerto Rico

Q: What clothes should I take on an eight-day cruise to Puerto Rico? We are allowed only 44 pounds.

A: Caribbean cruises are always one class. Women wear short or long evening dresses in the evenings, or cocktail dresses, simple silk or linen sheaths, silk suits or dressy knits. Cruise ships always feature swimming, so take bathing suits, shorts and slacks. Take a hat (perhaps a foldable linen) as protection against the sun, good-quality sunglasses, and rubber-soled shoes for the decks.

Passing Plates

Q: At an English-style dinner, when the hostess is serving from her seat and the guests are seated correctly, is it proper for her to pass food to the person on the left or on the right?

A: Pass the first plate to the left, the second to the right. In this way, the lady guest of honor (to the host's right) receives the first plate. If the man on her left doesn't seem to understand that he is to pass the plate on, you may say, "Will you please pass it on to Mrs. Brown."

Names for In-laws

Q: What should one call her mother-in-law or father-in-law?

A: It is a good idea to start off with "Mr." and "Mrs." until they ask you to call them by their first names. In-laws, in turn, should not insist on being on a first-name basis with a young bride or groom. Sometimes there is no solution until the first baby is born and pet names are adopted for grandmas and grandpas that the young people feel comfortable using themselves. Or you may straighten the problem out by using the grandparents' surnames with the title, *i.e.*, Grandmother Jones.

Use of the Fork

Q: In our elementary school the sixth grade has a Good Manners Club, and we have a problem. Is it proper to spear meat with the tines of the fork, or to push the fork underneath the meat and bring it to the mouth, tines up?

A: If the meat is in a sauce, put the fork under it and lift it. If you are cutting meat, say, roast beef or steak, and are eating in the American fashion, spear the piece you are going to eat, tines down, then turn the fork right side up before conveying it to your mouth. In eating Continental-style (equally acceptable here), cut the meat with the tines of the fork down and convey it to the mouth with the tines down. If you are eating Continental-style and the meat is in a sauce, such as a stew, either lift the food with the tines up, or with a knife gently incorporate the meat with rice or a bit of vegetable on the back of the fork before conveying it to your mouth with the tines down. If you are eating in the American style and traveling abroad, it is not necessary to switch to the Continental method. Everybody knows that Americans handle silverware differently.

Divorcée's Dilemma

Q: I am divorced and support two children by means of a job and small alimony. I am beginning to date again. Paying a sitter is almost impossible for me on my budget. Sometimes my date offers to pay the sitter and, although I suppose he would frown on this, I let him. I wish that all my dates would be the same. I don't know why paying a sitter shouldn't be part of an evening's cost of entertaining, especially when the money is so important to me.

A: Your dilemma is real. Accepting money from a man under such circumstances has always been considered bad taste. I cannot advise you no matter how special the circumstances seem to you. The sitter problem is clearly yours, just as is the rent, or the cost of your clothes. It seems to me that a man who cannot pay your sitter in order to take you out might feel imposed upon. Many young men have trouble enough paying the cost of the date itself. I would like to hear opinions on this (send me postcards, please, to the address below).



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to you readers: "Teen Manners," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Children's Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25 cents in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.

We invented the transistor but lost your dime

ish we could explain it, but we can't. Except that nes do fail once in a while. And they are tampered And nobody's perfect. Sorry. Returning your dime, eeping your phone service as near perfect as we can, concerns us as much as developing a transistor. Even though our record is good, we'll keep working on it. We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it.

AT&T
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Q: Is there a general rule on how much liability insurance for bodily injury you should carry on your car?
A: The answer depends on what financial resources you have to protect--including your home, income, investments, etc.

The most "popular" amount of auto liability insurance being bought today is the minimum for most states, referred to as "10-20." This means that up to $10,000 might be paid for injury to any one individual, and up to $20,000 could be paid for injury to all individuals in a single accident.

However, there has been a sharp rise in the amounts being awarded in severe accident cases by juries from coast to coast—sometimes reaching into the range of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Thus, many auto owners—particularly in the higher income brackets—are boosting their liability coverage to "50-100" and even "100-300" or more.

Here is a brief comparison of typical annual costs for various levels of bodily injury liability coverage for the same individual:

$10,000-$20,000	$50.00
25,000-50,000	59.50
50,000-100,000	65.00
100,000-300,000	70.50

Q: Our eldest daughter is getting married on June 30. Of course, my husband and I are overjoyed about it, but after plowing through all the literature on what goes into a "beautiful wedding," we're afraid it will cost us more than $2,500. We don't see how we can possibly afford such a sum. How do other parents bear the astronomical costs of weddings?
A: Most just don't lay out such high amounts for a wedding. Today, three out of five families pay $300 or less for their eldest daughter's wedding—while only one in 20 pays between $2,000 and $5,000.

Q: None of the banks we have approached is participating in the federally guaranteed college student loan program you described in the May *Journal*. Who can tell us where to find one of these low-cost loans for our son who will enter college in January, 1968?
A: Ask the financial-aid officer of the college your son plans to attend for the names and locations of banks or other financial institutions in your home community that are participating.

About 5,000 commercial banks with roughly 4,000 branches—9,000 offices—in all 50 states are in the loan program. Also, about 400 mutual savings banks, savings and loan associations and credit unions are authorized to make the loans.

Q: Both of our sons, college students, are planning to work at their summer jobs until just before they go back to school in September. How much can they earn before they have to pay income tax?
A: Up to $900 each. Each will take the minimum standard deduction, which is $200, plus $100 for each exemption claimed. This means each has a minimum deduction of $300. Then each of your sons is entitled to one $600 personal exemption, of course. Add it up and you find that $900 of each son's earnings is tax-free. Almost surely, income taxes will be withheld from their summer pay. Each one, therefore, should file an income-tax return as early as possible in 1968 and claim an income-tax refund. What is withheld will be forced savings this summer, but also a welcome windfall next year



Q: Why doesn't somebody clamp down on the reckless women who are now producing eight or more children and threatening all of us with a population increase the country simply can't afford to support?
A: This is obviously an intensely personal area—and I, for one, am not going to be drawn into it. But I will submit the comment that it is not the relatively rare huge family that is primarily responsible for driving up our total numbers. Only one in four women in the U.S. has more than three children today.

Instead, the key to our rate of total population increase is the family that chooses to have three or four children rather than just one or two. Thus, the quality of our economic future will be profoundly affected by the personal decisions of the millions of post-World War II "babies" now starting to move into the marrying brackets and in turn deciding how big their families will be.

Q: Five years ago my husband and I were divorced, and I hastily signed an alimony agreement providing $95 a week for the total support of our three children and myself. Since then, costs have shot up and the children are now teen-agers with a lot of extra expenses. Is there any chance I can legally get an increase in alimony for the children?
A: Generally speaking, a separation agreement (the basis for a divorce) is not binding with respect to amounts provided for support of the children—*IF* conditions have changed and the amounts originally provided are not now enough to support them and *IF* the father would be financially able to increase his support. Ask your lawyer or a probation officer of your local family court for details on specific procedures for seeking an alimony increase in your particular community and in your particular case.

Q: This past February my husband had a very serious heart attack. Among all the other things I worried about at the time was the fact that, although he had made a will, I didn't know where it was or anything about his financial affairs. Now that he has recovered, do you think I should ask him for a list of names and pertinent information I should have for the protection of the family?
A: You certainly should! And here are the key items the list should contain: the name and address of your husband's lawyer, estate executors, stock broker; the name of his bank; the location of his will, insurance policies

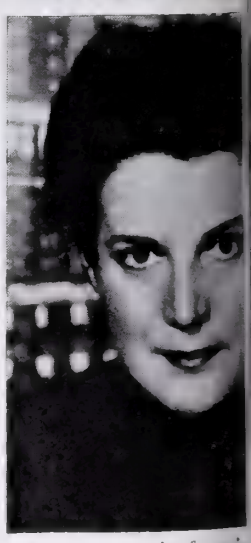
By Sylvia Porter

and safe-deposit key; his Soci number; location of his Social Se and birth certificate; a listing o assets—such as stocks, bonds, bank balances—and any deeds, s cates, bank passbooks that may n safe-deposit box or at his stock firm; a listing of major debts—a tions through which the debts are

Q: I am a single woman, and I hav ting 18 percent of my after-tax i my savings account. I also have f and medical insurance and my con liberal pension plan. Am I provic future at the expense of the prese
A: Possibly. You are saving about the average proportion of disposa that other Americans are saving the other hand, as a single wom in a better position to save relati amounts now than you will be if you are married and start raising Moreover, you are probably accu good-sized fund from which you decide to draw for a dream trip degree or some other big-ticket pr

Q: I am a college freshman, and certain I want to become a soci How can I best use the next three s explore this field—and get some experience in social work?
A: If you can afford it, start this su volunteer job with a community ag ing the most interesting and challer you can find. Then apply—next No December—for a paid "Summer E job with the social-service agenc choice. Your nearest Communit Council or branch of the National A of Social Workers can tell you wher

Q: We are thinking of buying sha (name deleted) mutual fund. The insists the fund's record has been than the stock market as a whole. Is
A: The mutual fund you mention outperform the general stock ma year. While the market, as measur Dow-Jones average of 30 industri fell 19 percent in 1966, this fund he to less than 7 percent. In fact, mo funds held their losses below the dec Dow-Jones average, and some actually gained in value.



But let this, too, be made unmistakably clear: The past performance of any mutual fund is no guarantee of its future performance. As an illustration, there are 29 mutual funds that have as their goal "maximum capital gain fund in this group that chalked up performance in 1965's bull market seventh from the *bottom* in 1966's bea

Miss Porter welcomes questions from read of general interest will be answered in th as space permits.

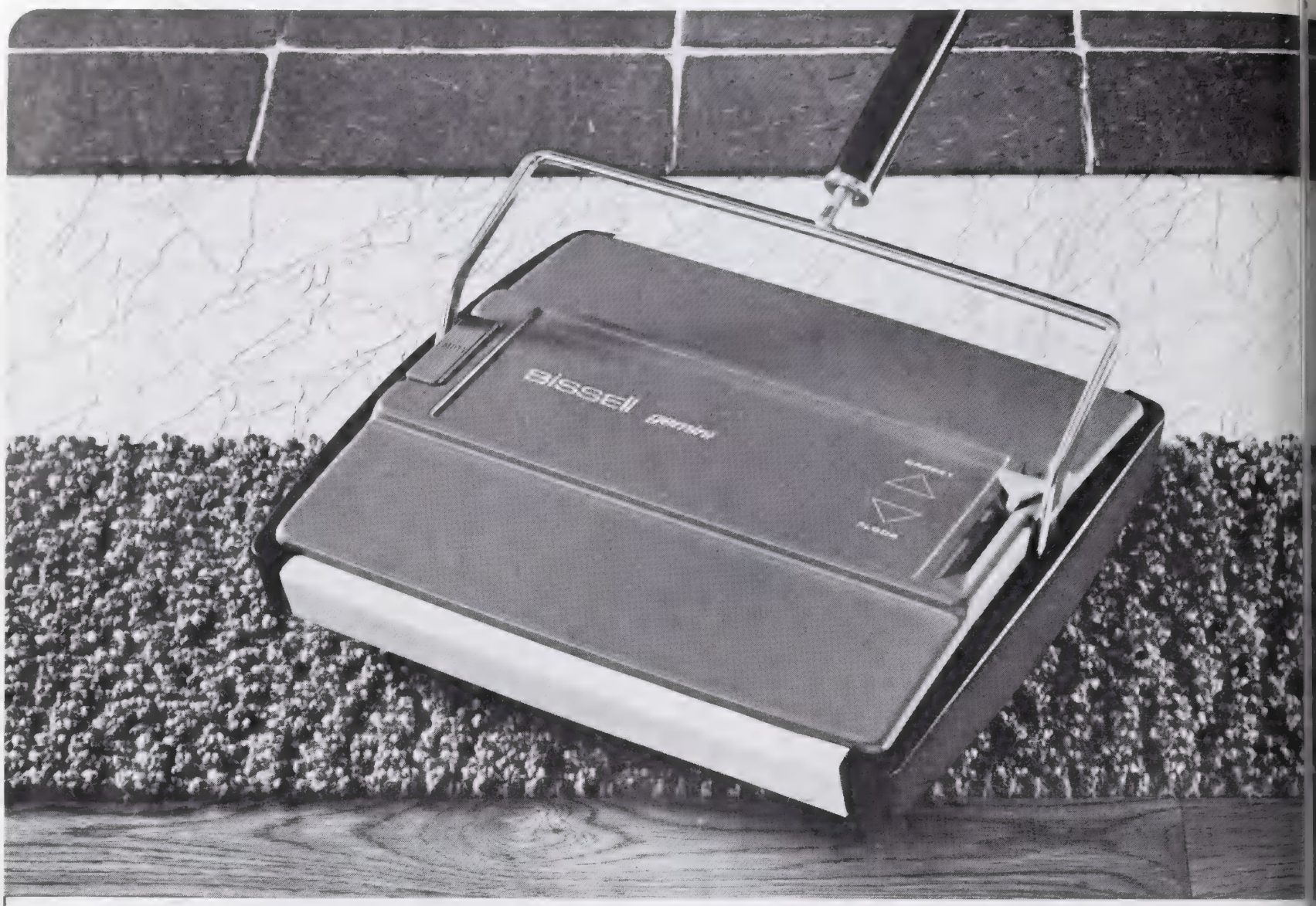


ol speeds up blonding with new Born Blonde® Lightener.
Created for today's blonde, it lightens faster,
elps blondeness take better, whatever toner you use!

me, says today's blonde. Simplify my life. And I'll or it. For her, Clairol has created new Born Blonde in its own complete kit. It lifts the dark color out faster, helps the blonde color take better whether you use Born Blonde or any other toner.
It's *blonding simplified.*



HAIR LIGHTENING KIT



If you can walk on it, the new Bissell Gemini can sweep it

Marvelous! . . . a nonelectric appliance that sweeps all floor surfaces: tile, wood, slate, cork, cement, terrazzo, brick, linoleum, rugs and carpeting.

Yes, for the first time, you can get one sweeper for all the different floor surfaces in your home. The new Bissell Gemini picks up where others leave off because it sweeps bare floors as well as the deepest pile carpeting. And it goes everywhere quickly, effortlessly—there's no cord to tie you to the wall!

Gemini's exclusive twin brushes make its sweepi action doubly efficient . . . picks up dirt coming and going. And the unique angled bristles "flick even gritty sand into the dust pans. All this for less than $17. Try the new Bissell Gemini for every floor surface in your home . . . makes all other sweepers old-fashioned!



New Bissell Aerosol Oven Cleaner makes oven cleaning "short and sweet"

Yes, Bissell Oven Cleaner cleans the dirtiest oven in just 5 minutes . . . without stifling fumes. Spray on and in 5 minutes, wipe clean. New, stronger formula does it.

Now . . . spray away spots with new Bissell Aerosol Spot Cleaner

Stains on clothing, upholstery, carpets? Spray on Bissell Spot Cleaner, let dry, brush off! Removes all oil, grease and most food stains. Never leaves a ring. Handy to have on your shelf. . . always!





Bissell Dry Rug C

Provides fast
Apply, vacuu
hour, rug is
use. Perfect
traffic and sn
like stairs an
too.

". . . HOME-CARE IDEAS AS NEW AS YOUR NEEDS."

BISSELL

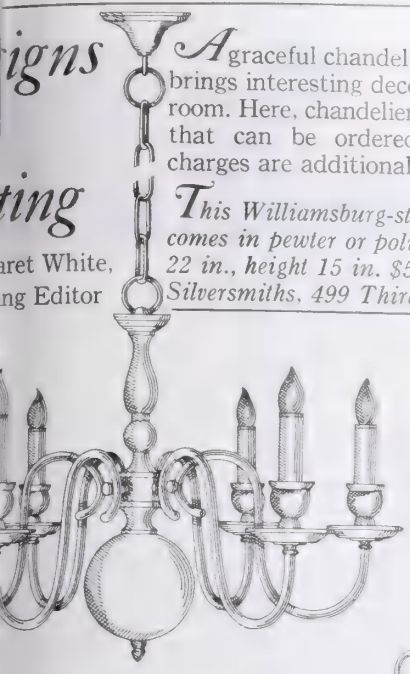
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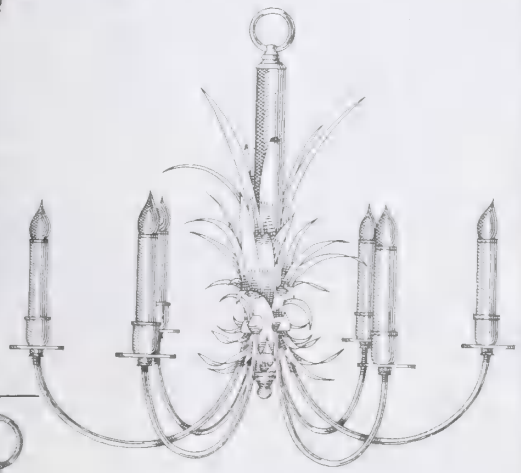
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...aret White,
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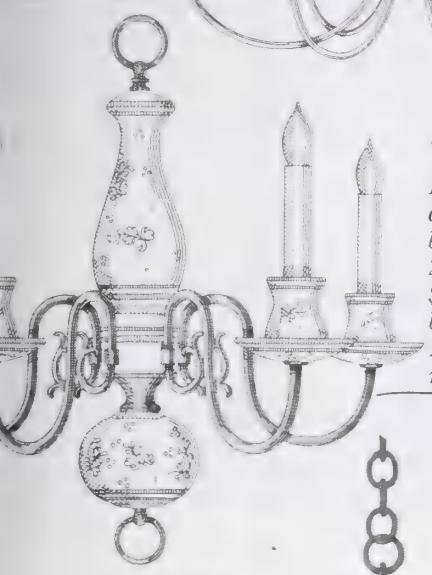
A graceful chandelier casts a lovely light, brings interesting decorative dimension to a room. Here, chandeliers in four distinct styles that can be ordered by mail. Shipping charges are additional.



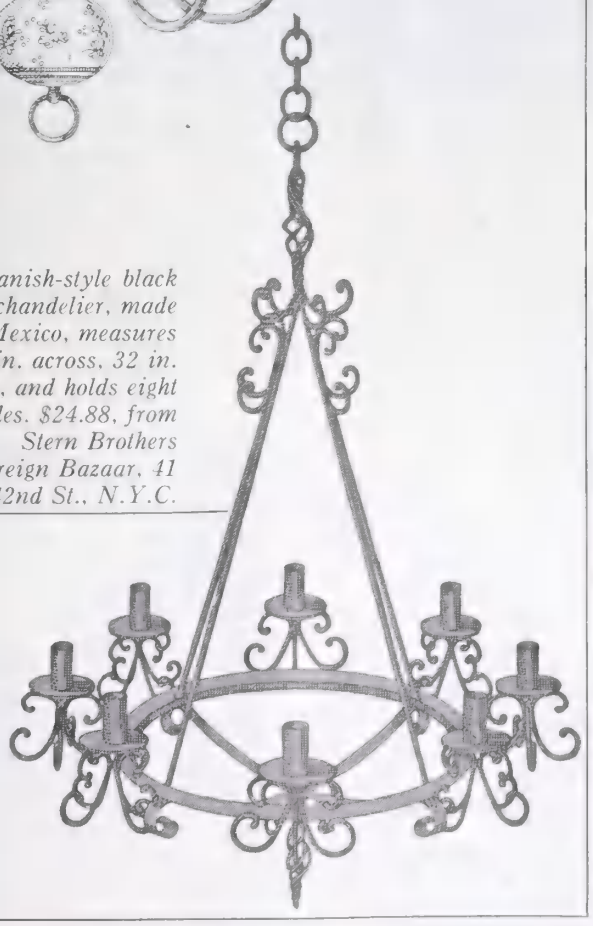
This Williamsburg-style chandelier comes in pewter or polished brass. Diameter 22 in., height 15 in. $55, from Columbia Silversmiths, 499 Third Ave., N.Y.C.



...e chandelier ...nd green tôle ... in any color ...ion that suits ...e). Diameter ...t 19 in. $160. ...ion is $115. ...ert-Whitbeck, ... Ave., N.Y.C.

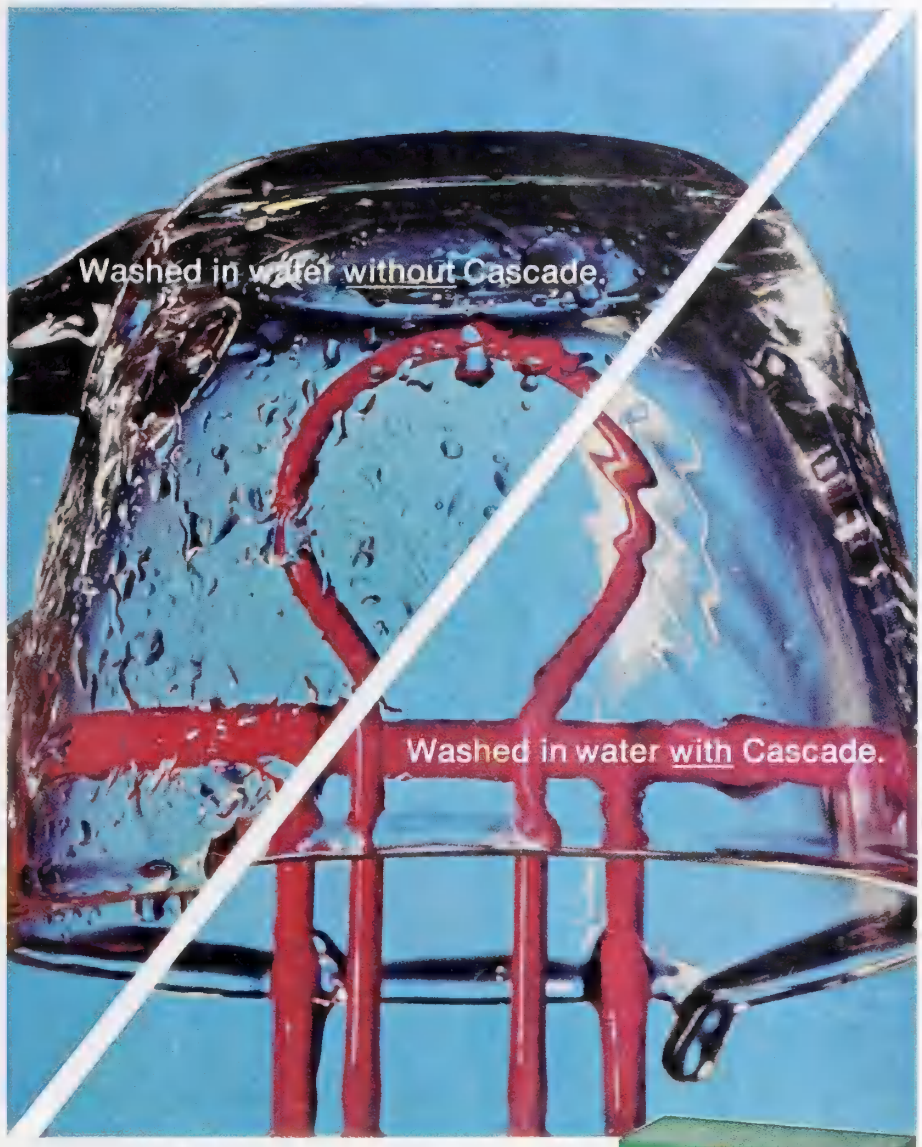


Blue and white Delft-pattern china chandelier has five brass arms. Diameter 23 in., height 19½ in. $65, from Sears, Roebuck & Co., Phila., Pa. 19132, or Sears retail stores.



Spanish-style black iron chandelier, made in Mexico, measures 25 in. across, 32 in. high, and holds eight candles. $24.88, from Stern Brothers Foreign Bazaar, 41 West 42nd St., N.Y.C.

SEE HOW CASCADE ELIMINATES DISHWASHER DROPS THAT SPOT!



Only Cascade has Chlorosheen for spotless dishes!

You discover how amazingly spotfree your dishes can be when you discover amazing Cascade with Chlorosheen! Instead of ugly spots, you get sparkle. Instead of towel touch-ups, you take your dishes straight from dishwasher to table.

Cascade's exclusive spotfighting ingredient, Chlorosheen, makes the difference. It makes water rinse off in clear sheets, so drops that spot don't form.

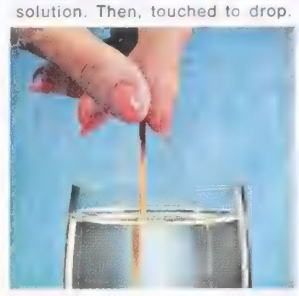


Try this toothpick test yourself to see how Cascade with Chlorosheen works:

A toothpick can't pry a water drop from a glass. Drop holds tight.



Toothpick is dipped into Cascade solution. Then, touched to drop.



Poof! Cascade with Chlorosheen makes the drop lose its grip!





The Peerless Beauty of a Flawless Skin

There can surely be no aspect of feminine beauty more steadfastly and universally sought after than a lovely complexion that is flawless in texture and exquisite in appearance. A perfect, petal-soft skin is just as precious to the girl-next-door as it is to the socialite, and today through the scientific discovery of a tropical moist oil with remarkable beautifying properties, the priceless gift of unprecedented complexion loveliness is at last within the reach of every woman.

Mother nature is lavish in supplying natural oil and moisture to the skin cells in childhood, which is one of the reasons why young complexions have such a wonderfully soft and dewy look. As the years advance, however, the complexion is destined to enjoy less and less of these skin-beautifying elements, so that the bloom of youth often begins to fade in the early twenties.

This is when the unique beauty fluid is able to take over and encourage the plasma colloids (water carriers of the skin) to sustain their moist oil levels so that the vital balance of the skin is maintained. Because the typically American complexion often suffers from a lack of surface protection that leads to dryness, tiny lines and a coarsened texture, women in the United States find that the beautifying and protective benefits of this unique tropical fluid successfully help to restore the fresh, supple, petal-textured qualities to the complexion.

This fluid density of this moist oil exerts a natural isotonic action enabling it to balance easily with the skin's own fluids, supplying a perfect approximation of oil and moisture to support the natural, healthy regeneration of skin cells. Endowed also with the hygroscopic elements that attract moisture to the skin surface from the atmosphere, the moist oil plays its part in offsetting dehydration of the epidermal (top) layer and "proofs" the complexion against the formation of wrinkles.

When smoothed over your face and neck each day and used as a powder base, the tropical moist oil rapidly persuades your skin to utilize its beauty benefits because it is "peeled" of sealing elements. Ordinary oils encounter all sorts of difficulties mainly because of the presence of sealing elements that inhibit their functions, a fact which can be graphically borne out when the stem of a rose is coated with conventional oil before being placed in a vase of water. The rose is rendered powerless to assimilate the life-giving fluid on which its freshness and beauty depends, and will subsequently wither and die, but by cherishing your complexion with this remarkable "peeled" tropical fluid, your skin is immediately able to derive the beautifying essentials that promote the full, radiant bloom of youth.

The moist oil is known in tropical countries as oil of Ulan, in Britain and other parts of the world as oil of Ulay. In America it is available from druggists as oil of Olay, and is the truly amazing means by which women throughout the world are discovering skin loveliness that is peerless and priceless.

Beauty Skin-Care Consultants Recommend

Radiance is restored to the complexion when it is generously nourished at night. Before you go to bed massage gently with the oil of Olay paying particular attention to the "crowsfeet" area where ageing lines and wrinkles first appear.

Advertisement



What Twiggy's Got

By Judith Crist, Critic-at-Large

So here is Twiggy, THE Model of the Year—and let no one over the age of 20 deny that we are confronted with surface shock at this latest emanation of the Youth Cult of our time. Here is a 17-year-old Cockney whose interests do not extend beyond "watching the telly and eating French or Italian food," who cavorts with stuffed animals, adores jelly beans and licorice and thinks the money she is making and the celebrity she has attained is "a bit of a giggle." It's enough to make the whither-are-we-drifting and the we're-dancing-on-the-brink and the we're-over-the-brink boys have a field day—and indeed they've been having one, seeing the age of the hermaphrodite upon us with Twiggy's 91-pound, 31-22-32, 5-foot-6 body and cropped head; seeing sex and culture and literacy disappearing from the scene and a near-mindless childishness become the hallmark of our time.

But who is taking over whom—and for how long? THE Model of the Year—this year, that is. Who would venture a guess as to next year? Twiggy least of all: "I know I may not even be around here for another six months. . . ." For somewhere—not even, necessarily, waiting in the wings—there is another girl, another photographer-Pygmalion, and another promoter in search of the new face and figure to represent Today and What's Happening and What the Eternal Feminine of the Moment Is—and What the Female of the Moment Will Empathize With.

Twiggy wasn't waiting in the wings or even hovering on the fashion horizon when she was catapulted into that long succession of fashion queens who strike the public consciousness and capture the interest, on rare occasions, of the non-fashion world. The succession was started by Anita Colby in the 'Thirties; the crown was passed on to Jinx Falkenburg in the 'Forties, handed to Suzy Parker in the 'Fifties and, in a neat historical reversal, claimed by the British in the 'Sixties, with Jean Shrimpton enthroned until Twiggy became the Cinderella girl and, in her modesty, a self-proclaimed uncertain queen, admitting freely "I'm not beautiful or glam [orous] but it's working out just lovely."

What is disarming, especially for natural-born viewers-with-alarm, is that the last three top models share a peculiar ability to see themselves if not as others see them at least with objectivity. Suzy Parker, now in her mid-thirties and still regarded as "the mostest model," the dynamo who could do 10 ads a day and emerge as an entirely different and still breath-taking woman in each, was a at the very height of her c question the values of succ note, "All beauty means is hold an extra ace in your ha

Jean Shrimpton, The (purely an abbreviative a descriptive nickname for a 5-feet-9), who took over from Miss Parker not only British but also for the girls posed to the women), prov the face of young innocence embodied was the face of young innocence with an eye fessional longevity. Top "Never take it seriously. Th is fickle and you've got a v way to fall." The Shrimp, no mid-twenties, set the tone 'Sixties with her teen-age m For herself she made a sen statement of ambition: "I not just a face but a name both respected and remem that is all I can possibly ho

But for Twiggy, who's d by the bubble that took he school, there is only the hope bubble won't burst before p that 'ouse in the country fo and Dad and her Pygmal moter and herself. It's all s and so simple-minded that most dedicated doom-and-glo chant can see it as a sym something sociological or ultra ian or evidence of the last fl decadent society that idoli least cultured, the least distri least vital of its emanations.

The durability of sympto symbols boils down to ho Twiggy reigns and who co this year or next, as Top Mo be realistic, if not cynical, only watch the market to se deed the teen-agers—who only ones who can get awa Twigginess—have the spe money for supporting the s not, small doubt but that nex crop will be female in a slightly sense and bear a resemblance girl, rather than the boy, nex And Twiggy's bubble will go and the crown will be passed

Does the head that wears uneasy? For the worldly youn cents—and perhaps for a grea more among us—The Shrimp has phrased it most succinctly: "It's better to be glamorous and have it be an illusion than to be nothing at all." **END**



ur bakers are serious about
nat happy Sunshine taste.



Sunshine Bakers are serious about rolling dough — just so.
And about using only the choicest ingredients in their cracker dough.
That's why all Sunshine crackers have that happy taste.

ne Krispys are the saltines
vor. Super-thin, super-light,
crisp. Choice ingredients
ling the dough to exactly
of an inch is what delivers
py taste.

Sunshine Hi Hos are the no-crumble stacker crackers that melt in your mouth. Selected ingredients and "just so dough" make this happy-tasting cracker go great with everything.

Sunshine makes the cheese that goes into Sunshine Cheez-Its. That's why this one-bite cheese snacker cracker is the only one with that happy real-cheese taste.



For Sunshine Honey Grahams, the Bakers put the finest pure honey in their graham cookie dough. That's why Sunshine Honey Graham is the cookie-cracker that's a honey.





A Close Look At the World's Top Model: TWIGGY TALKS ABOUT THE TWIGGY LOOK

"I learned to put on makeup by looking in the magazines—copied the models, tried some things uv me own."

"Face makeup? I wear this thin, runny liquid all over me face. Only wear it for modeling, though."

"I draw in the little eyelash lines with brown-black cake eyeliner, use a regular artist's paintbrush. These little lines—they're calling them 'Twiggies' y'know—today I have eight, sometimes I have seven or six. It depends on how they come out."

"Four
eyelashes, on
of the

"I use t
eyeliner stuff
in the lin
me eye

"No, it's not me natural hair color. It's got some blond put on it."

"I don't wear any eye shadow."

"I've got the biggest ears. Impossible to hide them, so I don't try."

"Two kinds of rouge—first a brownish color to make me cheeks look hollow, then a pink one to make me look healthy."



Photograph by Melvin Sokolsky

The refrigerator with a thousand faces.

No matter how beautiful a refrigerator looks when you buy it, after a while it can get terribly boring. But no more.

You can own the new Whirlpool Connoisseur Twin for the next 20 years and change its looks every day without repeating yourself once. Match or contrast your kitchen curtains, walls, cabinets or floor.

How does it work?

The doors have frames around them. To change decor, just insert the material of your choice: curtain fabric, wallpaper, floor vinyl, ¼″ plywood . . . even a photo of your favorite husband. Do you have to be a mechanic? Ma'am you don't even have to be a man. Incidentally, the refrigerator comes in 4 edged colors: sapphire, copper, avocado, and fawn . . . or classic white.

Of course our new refrigerator is more than just a decorator's dream. It's no-frost, with a capacity of over 21 cubic feet, which is the equivalent of a full-size refrigerator *and* a full-size freezer. You can order it with or without an automatic ice-maker. And you yourself can change doors to swing left or right from the sides or the center.

Maybe all this is wasted on you—maybe you don't need a new refrigerator. But, ma'am, don't you wish you did?

Whirlpool
CORPORATION



TWIGGY & THE RAINBOW LOOK



A glitter-y dress for a glitter-y gi
TWIGGY—the new Somebody everybo
talking about. We made it for her on
first American visit, mini-mini-skirted,
play up her own leggy, twiggy look.
Vogue design 3010, to which we've ad
a crisp white piqué collar (anot
Twiggy touch). The fabulous f
ric: Lawrence & Klauber's
over chevron-rainbow-sequ
(by the yard, 39 inches wi
mounted on taffeta (and am
ingly lightweight and eas
sew). Another clicky Twi
fashion is shown on page 1

Sequin fabric available at
Singer Centers listed on page 124.

Photograph by Melvin Sokolsky

It's elementary.

What starts perspiration odor is bacteria. What stops bacteria is Dial. It's the one deodorant soap with AT-7. That's why a Dial shower has staying power. Plain and simple.



Avon Creates Summer News!



Ultra Sheer Finishing Glo and Wild Honey Lipstick create the fresh Summer look



Summer's freshest florals are captured in Avon's **Cream Sachets** and **After Bath Fresheners** . . . eyes sparkle and shimmer with Avon's new **White Cake Eyeliner, Silvery Powder Eye Shadow**. . . complexions glow with new **Ultra Sheer Finishing Glo** . . . nails go dazzling with Avon's **Fireworks.**



Enjoy Avon's summer n
with your Avon Represe
tive. She'll show you m
delightful ways to be at
summer best!

AVO
cosmetic
ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

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Is There a God?

"I have never wanted a God," confesses this famous writer. Every woman who has ever doubted the existence of God should take ten minutes and read this.

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Well, is there? I myself should be very happy to answer with an emphatic negative. Temperamentally, it would suit me well to settle for what this world offers, and to write off as wishful thinking, or just the self-importance of the human species, any notion of a ine purpose and a divinity to entertain and execute it. The th's sounds and smells and colors are very sweet; human love ngs golden hours; the mind at work earns delight. I have never nted a God, or feared a God, or felt under any necessity to invent e. Unfortunately, I am driven to the conclusion that God wants me. God comes padding after me like a Hound of Heaven. His shadow s over all my little picnics in the sunshine, chilling the air; drain- the viands of their flavor, talk of its sparkle, desire of its zest. d takes a hand as history's *compère*, turning it into a soap opera, h ham actors, threadbare lines, tawdry props and faded costumes, d a plot which might have been written by Ted Willis himself. d arranges the lighting—Spark of Sparks—so that all the ravages time, like parched skin, decaying teeth and rotting flesh, show ough the makeup, however lavishly it may be plastered on. Under d's eye, tiny hoarded glories—a little fame, some money—*Oh! . M, how wonderful are!*—fall into dust. the innermost recesses vanity one is discov- d, as in the last sanc- ries of appetite; on highest hill of com- cency as in the lowest row of despair. One vers as the divine st of prey gets ready the final spring; as shadow lengthens, ucing to infinite triv- ty all mortal hopes d desires.

There is no escape. en so, one twists and ns. Perhaps Nietzsche s right when he said t God had died. Pro- ssive theologians with rman names seem to nk so; Mr. Henry ce turned over one of precious covers to the ion. If God were d, and eternity had pped, what a blessed ef to one and all! en we could set about making a happy world in our own way—py in the woods like Mellors and Lady Chatterley; happiness cessfully pursued along with life and liberty, in accordance with Philadelphia specification; happy in the prospect of that Great d Apocalypse, when the state has withered away, and the prole- at reign for evermore. If only God were D. H. Lawrence, or nklin D. Roosevelt, or Karl Marx!

Alas, dead or alive, He is still God, and eternity ticks on even ugh all the clocks have stopped. I agree with Kierkegaard that nat man naturally loves is finitude," and that involvement ough God in infinitude "kills in him, in the most painful way, rything in which he really finds his life . . . shows him his own tchedness, keeps him in sleepless unrest, whereas finitude lulls into enjoyment." Man, in other words, needs protection against d, as minors do against hard liquor.

Where is such protection to be found? One of the most effective ensive systems against God's incursions has hitherto been or- ized religion. The various churches have provided a refuge for itives from God—His voice drowned in the chanting, His smell in the incense, His purposes obscured and confused in creeds, mas, dissertations and other priestly pronunciamentos. In vast cathedrals, as in little conventicles, or just wrapped in Quaker silence, one could get away from God. Plainsong held Him at bay, as did revivalist eloquence, hearty hymns and intoned prayers. Confronted with that chanting, moaning, gurgling voice—"Dearly beloved brethren, I pray and beseech you . . ."—or with that earnest, open face, shining like the morning sun with all the glories flesh is heir to, God could be relied on to make off.

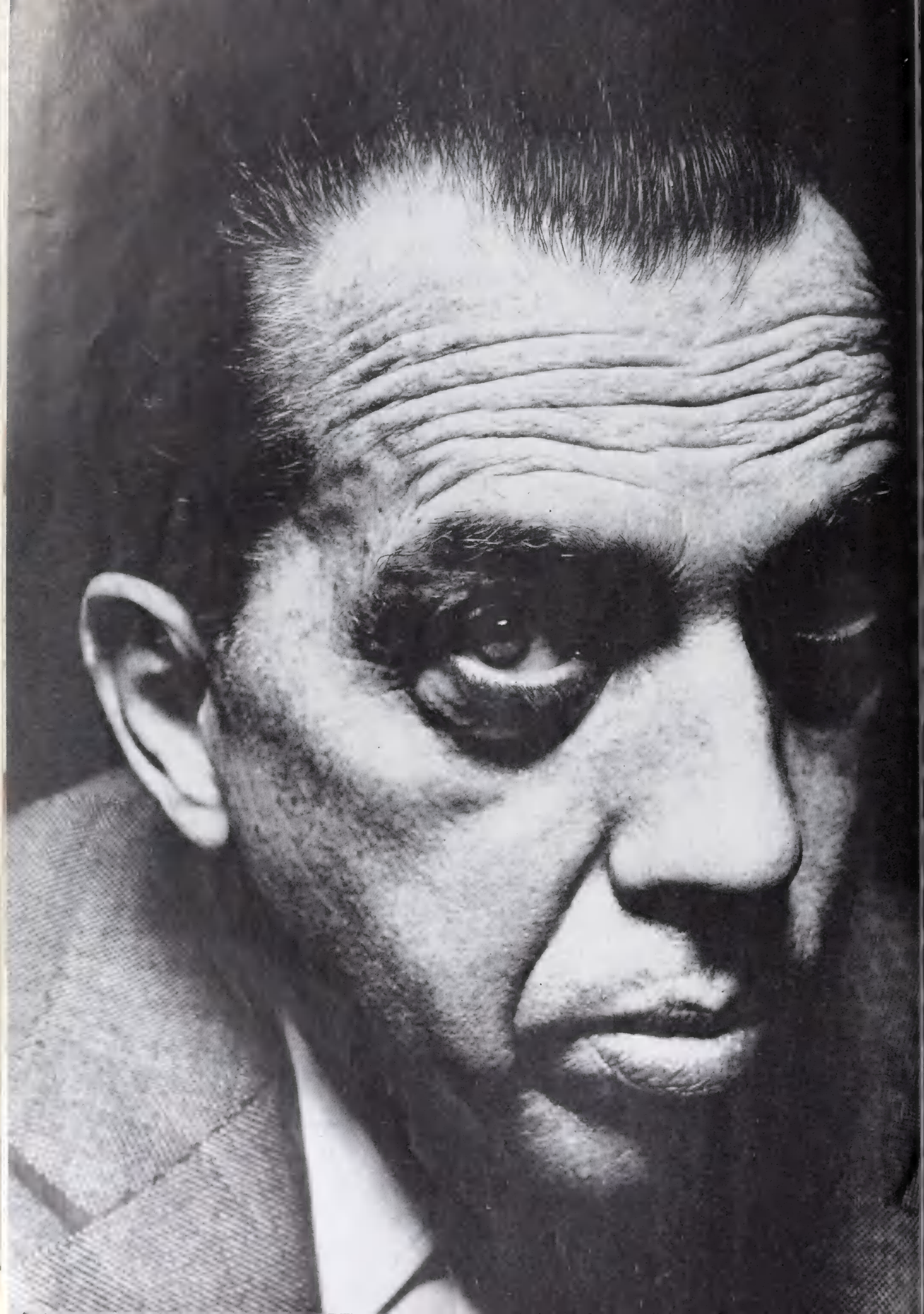
Unfortunately, this defensive system has now proved to be a Maginot Line, easily bypassed by hordes of happiness-pursuers, some in clerical collars and even miters, joyously bearing a cornucopia of affluence, and scattering along their way birth pills, purple hearts and other goodies—a mighty throng whose trampling feet clear a path as wide as a motorway, along which God can come storming in.

Another defense against God has been utopianism, and the revolutionary fervor that goes therewith. A passion to change the world and make it nearer to the heart's desire automatically excludes God, who represents the principle of changelessness, and confronts each heart's desire with its own nullity. It was confidently believed that a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth could be established, with "God, Keep Out!" notices prominently displayed at the off-limits. In practice, the various versions of this Kingdom have one and all proved a failure; utopian hopes washed away in the blood of Stalin's purges, reduced to the dimensions of Mr. Wilson's one book, liberated out of existence.

Few any longer believe in the coming to pass of a perfect, or even a Great, society. There never was a less revolutionary climate than now prevails, when almost any *status quo*, however ramshackle, can stand—Tito's, Franco's, Ulbricht's. Why, tourism today is a more dynamic force than revolution, swaying, as it does, crowns and thrones; Thomas Cook and the American Express, not the *Internationale*, unite the human race. In Africa, it is true, regimes still totter and fall, but even there the wind of change blows as it listeth. Even when the great day comes, and Dr. Verwoerd's successors are dispossessed and replaced by a Black Redeemer and his friends, it will be history, not progress, that has spoken.

With the church no longer a sanctuary, and utopianism extinguished, the fugitive from God has nowhere to turn. Even if, as a last resort, he falls back on stupefying his senses with alcohol or drugs or sex, the relief is but short-lived. Either he will sink without trace forever into that slough, or, emerging, have to face the inescapable confrontation. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God—thus Kierkegaard (and also Cromwell) groaned in desperation.

What living God? A being with whom one has a relationship, on the one hand, inconceivably more personal than the most intimate human one, to the point that, as we are told, God has actually counted the hairs of each head; on the other, so remote that in order to establish a valid relationship at all, it is necessary to die, to murder one's own flesh with the utmost ferocity, and batter down one's ego as one might a deadly snake, a cobra which has lifted its hooded head with darting forked tongue, to *(continued on page 106)*



SULLIVAN'S BIGGEST SHOW:
E STORY OF HIS LIFE ★ starring
SULLIVAN ★ co-starring MRS. ED
LLIVAN ★ with FRANK SINATRA
AM CLAYTON POWELL ★ JOHN D.
CKEFELLER ★ ELVIS PRESLEY
CHARD BURTON ★ THE BEATLES
PHIA LOREN ★ CARL SANDBURG
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NCHELL ★ LOUIS ARMSTRONG
CHARD RODGERS ★ JACK PAAR
ALT DISNEY ★ MARILYN MONROE
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ELEN HAYES ★ JAMES STEWART
AURICE CHEVALIER ★ MARLON
RANDO ★ JACK BENNY ★ EZIO
NZA ★ REX HARRISON ★ AL HIRT
ONALD REAGAN ★ FIDEL CASTRO
CKIE MASON ★ SAMMY DAVIS ★
LBERT SCHWEITZER ★ LUCILLE
ALL ★ PAUL NEWMAN ★ special
est star: NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

arl Fischer

For Ed Sullivan's life story, please turn the page.



"DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH": ED SULLIVAN TELLS HIS COLORFUL LIFE ST

Show business! Sometimes it's hard for me to believe I'm really in it—although I can't think of anything I'd rather do. I didn't start out wanting to be in show business; no member of my family, going way back when, ever has been on the stage. But here I am—and I love it.

My wife Sylvia and I share so many glowing memories of so many Sunday nights—19 years of Sunday nights. Our television show has taken us all over the world; we've done shows or segments of shows in more than 50 countries; on the decks of battleships and aircraft carriers; before an audience of Eskimos hidden in their furs; and before 250,000 enthusiastic Russians.

If there is an Ed Sullivan Story, it's the story of "The Ed Sullivan Show" and the viewers, the stars and the soon-to-be stars who have made us the longest-running show on TV.

SYLVIA SULLIVAN: *Stars! I can tell you a few things about stars. Ed is always doing things to surprise me. One evening we came home early. Ed went out to walk our French poodle Boj (named after the great tap dancer, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson) while I undressed for bed. Just as I was putting on my robe, the doorbell rang. Nonchalantly, I opened the bedroom door; I was sure it was Ed. I wasn't even looking because I was thinking of something else. All of a sudden, I heard a powerful voice singing, "Some Enchanted Evening." That, I knew, wasn't my Ed.*

It was the great opera star Ezio Pinza. Ezio lived in our hotel, and Ed had met him in the lobby. "If you want to surprise Sylvia," he had told Pinza, "go into our apartment and start singing something from South Pacific." *Meanwhile, Ed hid outside—so he could see me but I couldn't see him. Still, I practically fainted from the shock of hearing Pinza's voice. So if you want to know what it's like to live with Ed Sullivan, which I've done for 37 years, that's what it's like: you never know what will happen next.*

I've given up trying to guess what will happen next. Take our trip to Russia in 1959. We needed the intercession of Nikita Khrushchev himself to make our stay there a complete success. We were the first American variety show to perform in the U.S.S.R. for Soviet audiences, and since we came right after Khrushchev and Vice President Nixon had their famous "kitchen debate," there was a certain amount of tension around Moscow. Even though we'd been given permission in advance, we had trouble getting all of our television equipment into Russia. I cabled to Washington, complaining about the treatment we were receiving. Almost immediately, a Soviet official came rushing over to calm us down.

"This is a disgrace," I told him. "We came over here in good faith. I've invested a lot of money. We brought along fine artists. Your audiences love us. The people want us, but you don't."

On the way back from the theater in our car, I was still annoyed. "If Khrushchev were in Moscow now instead of on vacation, this couldn't happen," I said to Sylvia. "I'm going to write him a letter when I get home."

With that, our interpreter, a young woman named Natasha, turned to us and said, "Why don't you write him now?"

Naturally, we were startled. We glanced meaningfully at the driver of the car. "He doesn't speak English," Natasha assured us. When we got to the hotel, I wrote the note to Khrushchev and gave it to Natasha. "Won't this get you in trouble with the Ministry of Culture?" I asked her.

"With this letter in my hand, I spit on the Ministry of Culture," she replied. And when I tried to thank her, she said, "I did not do this for you. I did it because it is good for my country."

The following day we got a message to meet with the Central Committee, and our problems were quickly solved. The letter to Khrushchev had obviously done it. Later, when we got back to America, the Russians still owed us about $30,000—and the Ministry of Culture seemed indifferent to my requests for payment. I immediately sent a wire to Khrushchev in Moscow, telling him what was happening. The next day the Soviet Embassy called from Washington and said that a check had been deposited for us in a U.S. bank.

If someone asked you to write your life story, would you know where to begin? Probably right where I'm going to—at the very beginning.

I was born in New York City 64 years ago, on September 28, 1902. At the time, my family was living on East 114th Street in Harlem, which was then an Irish and Jewish residential area. My father, Peter A. Sullivan, worked for the U.S. Customs office. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Smith. Both were Irish all the way back. Although my father only had a grammar-school education, he was a prodigious reader and a brilliant, self-taugh ematician who could so most complicated geometı lems. I am a twin, but my Dan died when we we There were seven of us together. I remember city boyhood, because was five, we all moved Chester, a suburb of Nev The 26-mile trip was m trolley car. It was the fi I'd seen a cow, and I re that Pearl Street, where lived in Port Chester, w with trees.

Our house always wa with classical music—my loved Caruso and Mel mother, Victor Herbert a McCormack. My sister He a brilliant student, pianist ganist. Like my Dad, Hele mathematical whiz. As lowed her through school ers often pointed out t brother Charles and I we smart as Helen. They did sider me smart at all. B win ten sports letters i school. I was a catcher baseball team, a halfback ball, a guard in basketba sprinter on the track tear

My mother died in 19 my father reached his 90t day before he died in 1 though his vision was fai could still distinguish me TV screen a few times i early days. It never ce puzzle him that he could in his room though I wasn physically.

Believe it or not, when kid there were horse tro Port Chester's Liberty And gypsies and medici came yearly to trade an tain. Doctors traveled in



THE FIRST TIME—WITH ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY HIS WIFE SYLVIA

uggies, and we had a vil-
thy. Our big thrill each
o perch high in the park
e Boston Post Road and
e raccoon-coated couples
y in their Locomobiles,
rrows and Packards en
the Yale and Harvard
games.
World War I, a be-
soldier named Sergeant
later exposed as an im-
made fervid recruiting
in the town square. Like
s, I ached to fight for my
but it was too easy for
recruiting office to check
So I decided to run away
ne, to Chicago. I was 16
d I had been working
brother Charles at a
job for the American
Cable Company up in
rt; I had saved about
as all the money I had in
d—enough to pay my
.
ed out to be one of the
inters in Chicago history.
ttle mackinaw, but I've
cold like that. When I
ne fellows where I could
they said that they took
workers in the Illinois
Railroad freight yards.
t over there. How I had
ge to walk those streets
t area, I don't know;
real tough walk—I
go in there today with-
lyguard of Marines. But
down there looking for
ot there at midnight, and
ezing cold. In the "Green
where they kept ducks,
and other live animals
being shipped by rail—
e little wall radiators, so
myself between one ra-
d the wall, screened from
view by 10-foot-high stacks of cackling poultry. They didn't discover me till about 3 o'clock in the morning, when somebody rapped me on the feet to wake me up and told me, not unkindly, that I'd have to get out.

One other thing I'll never forget about that "Green Room." Some idiot had shipped a tiny, little puppy in a box with slotted openings. The dog had frozen to death; he was just standing there in position, his head down.

I almost starved when I wasn't freezing, until, finally, I got a regular job as a busboy in one of the Thompson's cafeterias in Chicago. The money wasn't much, but the food was good. I still couldn't join the army; the Chicago recruiters wouldn't accept me without seeing my birth certificate. Discouraged, I wrote my brother Charles a letter to tell him where I was. He sent me enough money to come on home. I thought my father would beat hell out of me, but he didn't. He just threw his arms around me and cried. It was the first time I'd ever seen my father cry.

Back home in Port Chester, I got a job that was to start me on my way. I began to write sports for the Port Chester *Item*. I wrote in longhand, and the job paid $12 a week. From there, thanks to Jack Lawrence, an *Item* alumnus, I jumped to the old New York *Evening Mail*, where the pay was $50 a week—more money than I thought the Treasury printed each week. When the *Evening Mail* folded in 1923, I went south to Florida for a while.

While I was in Florida, I worked as a publicist for the hotel at Ormond Beach, a tiny place that had become famous because John D. Rockefeller wintered there. One day I was out on the golf course, with golf "pro" Bill Potts. Playing right ahead were Mr. Rockefeller and his friend Adelbert Ames, who had been a general during the Civil War. I got off a low, screaming drive—and, to my horror, I saw the ball head directly for the unsuspecting Mr. Rockefeller. I remember the thought flashing through my mind, "Lord, you're going to kill the richest man in the world!"

The ball missed Mr. Rockefeller's head by inches. Had it struck him, I'm sure the force of the blow would have killed him; he was a very old man.

I rushed up, shaken by what had almost happened. "You do that, young fella?" General Ames asked me tartly.

"Yes, sir," I replied apologetically.

With that General Ames began to cackle with laughter. "Why didn't you kill him?" he said, gesturing at John D. "He spoils my golf every day!"

"Hah!" retorted Mr. Rockefeller. "He'd like to get rid of me because I beat him every day."

When I returned to New York—with a job stopover in Philadelphia—cartoonist Will Gould got me a job in the sports department of his paper, a tabloid called the New York *Graphic*. The *Graphic* was owned by Bernarr Macfadden, the legendary physical-culture addict. When he was 84 years old, as a finale to his health crusades, Macfadden parachuted onto the city of Paris!

On the *Graphic* was a man whose life has somehow paralleled mine. His name: Walter Winchell. I still remember him as he was in those early days—full of beans, with a hoofer's quick walk and an irresistible force of ego. He was completely likable and human. Winchell bragged that in vaudeville he had "played the Palace" several times—which he never did—and that he had $40 in one bank, $60 in another, $80 in another and a whole $180 in another. He had so much money, he implied, that he had to keep it safely scattered.

Well, Walter went on to the Hearst newspapers, and fame. So did his successor, Louis Sobol. And then who suddenly found himself a Broadway columnist? Me! It was a turn in the road that I had never expected or wanted.

Just before that, something really big happened in my life. Romance. For the story of how it happened, I now turn the stage over to the former Sylvia Weinstein, who has been the first and only Mrs. Edward Vincent Sullivan.

SYLVIA SULLIVAN: *One night way back in 1929 or 1930 some girl friends all but forced me to go to a nightclub with a group of people. I was practically a kid, and I'd had only a few dates. The nightclub was the old Casa Lopez run by Vincent Lopez, and the strolling violinist was Xavier Cugat.*

Joe Russell, the club's publicity man, brought Ed to the table and introduced him to me. I guess Ed was the first Christian boy I ever really knew. Not that my family was strict. I just had never given Christian boys much thought. Remember, in those days Abie's Irish Rose *was still a novelty. Anyway, Ed asked me if I liked sports, and I said I was crazy about them. He invited me to a prizefight, a basketball game and a hockey match. Want the* *(continued on page 121)*

So Dark a Night

By Alice Glenday. He let himself in quietly. Before he could bring himself to make a move, Mary came into the hall and shut the door. She narrowed her eyes at him. "I could kill you," she whispered.

"Mary, listen—"

"No, I won't listen. We waited two whole hours. Everything's ruined. You were supposed to bring some wine—"

"For God's sake, if you'd only listen—"

She flung his hand off her arm and opened the dining-room door. "You'll never guess who's here," she drawled to the couple at the table. "The late late Mr. Chapman himself."

"Why, Pete!" the man said, pushing back his chair. "We just about had you dead and buried."

"Not him," Mary said. "He's the original bad penny

"Hello, Peter." The woman smiled. When he sponded with a vague nod, she said, "Remember me

"Uh, yes. Dorothy?"

Mary gave him a cold look. "Don't tell me you done anything so interesting as lose your memory?"

"Sure it's Dorothy," the man said, clapping Peter the shoulder. "It's that swept-up hairdo of hers th throws you. I hardly recognize her myself."

"Don't make excuses for him, Tony. He probab has plenty of his own lined up."

Peter stared at the table.

"There, you've scared him off making any Dorothy said.

"The less said the better, eh, old man

He knew what he had to do—
the price he must pay for his terrible act.
But would he be strong enough? Would
his wife ever forgive him?



y said. "That's my motto. Any-
you're here. That's all that matters."
Oh, sure," Mary said. "And now
here, maybe we can go on with
er. We're on the coffee, but I've
yours in the oven." She started
rd the kitchen.
eter raised his head. "Where's
a?"
Mary stopped. "Are you crazy? In
of course. Where else would a three-
-old be?"
Is she—all right?"
Of course she's all right—any reason
shouldn't be?"

She found him
Linda's room. "There's
o going back," he said.
"It's happened."

Peter didn't answer.

"Honestly, Peter," Mary said, then turned on her heel. When she came back with a serving dish he was still standing there.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," she said. The guests obliged with a laugh. "Snap out of it, Peter. This food doesn't improve with age. Not like the wine you were supposed to bring."

"I have to make a phone call," Peter said.

"Now?" Mary said. "Can't it wait till after dinner?"

"It'll only take a minute." He went out and shut the door.

Mary heard him dial. Then Tony rushed into the silence with a loud

account (continued on page 129)

Illustration by Gilbert Stone



From South of the Border: Sweet Summer Looks

White-lace dresses like spun-sugar confections—brides wear them in Mexico. Now you can wear them, too. The translations we show here, so easy to make, so perfect to wear wherever you are this summer: at the beach, over a bikini; at home, at a party, at dinner, over their own little slips. Add sweets to the sweet with bows, ribbons, paper flowers in your hair—another idea that we borrowed from South of the Border. ***A Sweet at the Beach:*** Ingenuous smock (above) worn over a bikini. Of delicate cotton lace by Samuel Ehrman, with a cotton pique yoke. Vogue Design 6975. Hair: Brush all hair up to make topknot. Fasten with rubber band. Let hair cascade into curls. Tie two bows with different plaid ribbons. Put together like a pinwheel and attach (as shown) with bobby pins. ***After dinner Sweet:*** Empire dress of tucked cotton with decorative lace inserts (opposite). Sleeves end in a fluttery ruffle. Cotton by Stern; lace, Franken. Vog Hair: Ribbon headdress b Ahrens is attached with a co section of hair is pulled caught with a rubber band Side-front sections are pull across, to camouflage comb.

Photographs by Francesco Scavullo

Ribbon and bow hairstyles by Alan

By Nora O'Leary and Susan Harney





Sweet: Halter dress (above). Of sheer, striped lanice lace, cut on the bias, edged with more lace. Vogue 6797. Hair: First, set with pin curls all over the head. Comb out, being careful to keep ringlets intact. Tie curls—a few inches out from scalp—with colorful yarn bows. Attach a large white lace bow at nape of neck. ***Sweet by the Pool:*** Bikini cover-up (opposite), mini-tent shaped, of delicate patchwork cotton lace by Samuel Ehrman. The sleeves are hem-piped in piqué. Vogue Pattern 7075. Hairstyle: Brush all hair to one side and catch with rubber band close to hea another band a few inches third near ends of hair. Tie t rubber bands and finish th with paper flowers.

The bronze-look makeup—Revlon's "Ultima" II

Mexican paper flowers imported by Fred Leighton. To order, see page 122.

For backviews and special lace yardages, turn



Polygamy is not dead. More than 30,000 middle-class Americans secretly cling to the practice of plural marriage—risking jail and disgrace. Why do they do it? How do they get away with it? Here are the answers, supplied by the first reporter ever permitted to enter this forbidden world. By Ben Merson

At the beginning of the present high-school term in Salt Lake City, Utah, a biology teacher, recently arrived in this capital of Mormondom, noted a curious coincidence. Three of his students—a boy and two girls—all bore the same family name. Presumably they were related. The spelling of their name was too unusual to presume otherwise. But, being a scientist, and an admirer of pure fact, the teacher decided to make certain.

Calling on the boy, the teacher gestured toward one of the girls with the same unusual family name and asked, "Now, Mary over there . . . I suppose she's your cousin?"

"She's my sister," said the boy.

Faintly puzzled, the teacher then indicated the second girl. "And Agnes, of course ——"

"She's my sister, too," said the boy.

Perplexed, the teacher looked again at the class records, which listed the birth dates of his students. The more he looked, the greater grew his bewilderment. What he saw seemed to violate the laws of human gestation.

"That's impossible," he told the boy. "*You* are *fourteen* years old. The records show that your sisters are also *fourteen* years old. Yet you were all born *only two months apart*." He looked at the boy. "I don't believe it."

Neither would I. Except that the mystery was being explained to me by an attractive 34-year-old brunette in the living room of her white-brick home in a fashionable section of Salt Lake City. As she ended her recital, two other smartly dressed women, sitting across from us, joined in the laughter. The bedevilment of the biology teacher was their favorite joke. For the three children were indeed brother and sisters. Their father was a prosperous builder. But he had not undermined the laws of biology. Instead, he *was living* the historic—but now forbidden—Mormon code. He was a polygamist. These three women were his polygamous wives. And among their collective 14 children were the boy and two girls, born only two months apart—one to each wife. The only unusual thing about the incident was the youngsters' willingness to give away what is normally a well-guarded family secret.

In Utah, however, it is not an uncommon one. To most Americans, the concept of polygamy is a relic of the past. If they think of polygamy at all, they think of it as a way of life that vanished with the oxcart and the covered wagon. Nothing could be further from the truth. Astounding as it seems, the practice of polygamy has never ceased. It is more widespread than ever. And increasing year by year.

In metropolitan Salt Lake City alone, 10,000 are living in plural marriage. But there is nothing to direct the visitor's eyes to the secret social structure that makes this city the most fantastic—and least known—in America today. What the visitor sees is a sun-dappled metropolis of modern architecture, handsome shops and spotless streets radiating from Temple Square, the hub of the Mormon church. A strikingly beautiful city, sculptured in a bowl of the Rockies. Equally striking are the women: tall, graceful, cosmopolitan, domestic. But this is surface. Beneath is another kind of domesticity—the polygamous household, with two, three and sometimes four wives sharing the love and affection of one husband.

"Today in Utah," declares William M. Rogers, former special assistant to the State Attorney General, "there are more polygamous families than in the days of Brigham Young. At least 30,000 men, women and in this state are now living in plural households—and the number i increasing." Thousands more live in the adjoining states of Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona—plus sizable por in Oregon, California, Canada and Mexico.

The majority live in Utah. And, says Rogers, neither the st which punishes polygamy with a one- to four-year prison term, Mormon church, which prohibits it on pain of excommunication, h able to stem the rising tide of plural marriage.

Paradoxically, this defiance stems from the history of the church officially called the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, bu known as the Mormon church or the L.D.S. church. Founded prophet Joseph Smith in 1830, the church accepted his Principle o Marriage as a revelation from God. The Principle was volunta mandatory. But it was widely adopted after Brigham Young led th mons into their "Promised Land"—the Territory of Utah—in 1 head of the church after the death of Joseph Smith, Brigham Yo the example for plural marriage by taking 27 wives.

The practice continued for almost half a century, despite furiou sition throughout the nation. Then in 1890—with polygamy outla Federal statute, church funds and property confiscated, and the M dream of statehood for Utah apparently shattered—the church i manifesto banning plural marriage. Church President Wilford W later declared the manifesto had been divinely inspired. In 1896 U admitted into the Union.

Today's polygamists, who call themselves Fundamentalist Mo date their secret revolt to the day of the manifesto. "We believe the ma was inspired not by revelation but by political and economic expedi a Fundamentalist elder told me. "We believe the church hierarchy the God-given Principle of Plural Marriage for Utah's statehood. a choice of living God's law, or the law of the land, we will live Go Polygamy remains a pillar of our faith."

Strangely, it also remains the chief obstacle to law enforcement. percent of Utah's 900,000 citizens are Mormon. And while most p monogamy, they are aware of their polygamous heritage. Many scendants of plural families. "This, coupled with the Mormon his persecution," says Rogers, "makes them sympathetic toward the l mentalists. They feel that prison—and excommunication—is too h penalty. And they refuse to testify against their polygamous neighbo

So do the non-Mormons, who are referred to as Gentiles. Mormons take the traditional American attitude of 'live and let says Rogers. "That is, the few who even know polygamy exists. M them do not—they are so intent on minding their own business. result, convictions are uncommon."

More common are excommunications. But not because of any witch-hunting by the L.D.S. church. It acts only when offenses are b to its attention. As one high church official confidentially told me. association of polygamy with the Mormon faith is what we have struggling to make the world forget. We recognize that many of thos practice polygamy are sincere—though *(continued on pag*

Photograph by Melvin

A Special Report:

Husbands with more than one wife





I have always loved Alexandra. Always, that is, from the moment the lights changed to red in the Bayswater Road and I was halted, frozen-lashed in the traffic, not five yards from where she stood. She wore long black boots and earmuffs, and changed her weight from one foot to the other, peering up the road for the bus. She was far too beautiful to have to work, yet I supposed she must; why else shiver in line for the bus so early in the morning? It was almost the end of March and should have been less cold. I wondered had my motor scooter been pumpkined into a sedan would I offer her a lift.

The lights turned amber, green, and the moment of speculation passed; or should have. All day it remained, although the color of her hair evaded me; all night the lights-brief glimpse I had had of her kept me turning in my bed. She was there next morning. It was snowing slowly and the signals were green. I tried to idle past, but a taxi honked. Not much of a ration to nourish an entire day. By the end of the week there was little more; one morning she was obscured by the bus, another, her back was turned against the nasty wind that knifed over from the park. I spent Saturday and Sunday waiting for Monday.

There was a seat spare on the Vespa; girls had straddled it. Not plucked from bus stops, though, unsuitably clad. I could not remember their names.

On Monday the lights were red once more, but a lorry driver blocked my view of her; on Wednesday, too. By 8:15 my day was finished. On Friday I did not think I could endure the weekend. My mind works slowly; a third week passed before the solution came. I would travel by bus; stand behind . . . *excuse me, I'm so sorry*—a smile—*may I introduce myself. . .*

The willing Vespa, left behind, chided silently. The Bayswater Road extended itself. My heart chirruped; not the spring.

She wasn't there. Not then. Not any day. Disappeared. Gone. I languished. Could not work. How could you lose a beautiful girl in the Bayswater Road? In the country perhaps; not in the Bayswater Road. To lose presumed a having . . .

I conceived a plan. An orderly plan; fruit of my orderly mind. I used my drawing board to etch a map embracing every street within a ten-minute walking radius of where she had stood. Must she not live somewhere within it? I combed each pavement, eliminating windows, passersby. It pays, you see, to have an orderly mind.

Within a week I found her. On the steps in Chester Street with a bag of groceries; number four. Don Quixote, I patted my Vespa, sang home. Finding was one thing. I appealed to my orderly mind; nothing. To my mother's knee . . . if you want a thing badly enough . . .

Badly enough; I had lost weight, was vague, irritable. The next n I bathed, changed, changed again, stood ten minutes limp-kneed on step of number four chic with window box; rang the bell; Don Quixote.

Footsteps. I opened my mouth and she the door—wide.

"I ——"

"I'm so glad you've come. I thought no one was going to."

I looked behind me. Only the Vespa, drunk again, at the curb.

My luck, I thought, a party and no one's turned up. I followed and indeed no one was there. It did not look as if she was expecting one. Books and busts in the tiny, elegant room; no bottles, ubiquitous p dainties. She took my coat. I did not protest. Unmanned, I could Without the boots she was . . . I don't know. A scent, an essence tur your head, ingredients unidentifiable. She said sit down. I sat. W have stood, on my head, in the fire . . .

There was infinity in her eyes, unhappiness.

"I was so afraid no one would come . . ."

I have come from the ends of the earth. The Bayswater Road.

". . . where did you see the advertisement?"

Advertisement. What was it I was to be? Butler, valet, lodger, che would be all or any. Lie down at her feet if necessary, die.

There was a ring on her wedding finger; not plain. I could not be s About the room no sign of a man; widowed, separated, divorced?

She sat down opposite and leaned forward until I saw my reflection in her pupils.

"I did not know," she said, "which newspaper would bring best results."

A gardener perhaps, I could manage that .

"So few people," she went on, "seem to care for the violin."

The violin!

If there is one sound calculated to arouse in me a combination of f anguish and hysteria, it is that of bow upon string.

That is not all. I am tone-deaf.

"One has, of course, to have the physiological qualities in addition the talent . . ."

The chair and I became as one.

". . . a left hand suited to the instrument, flexibility of both arms, the ability to sol-fa with perfect precision. You have a violin?"

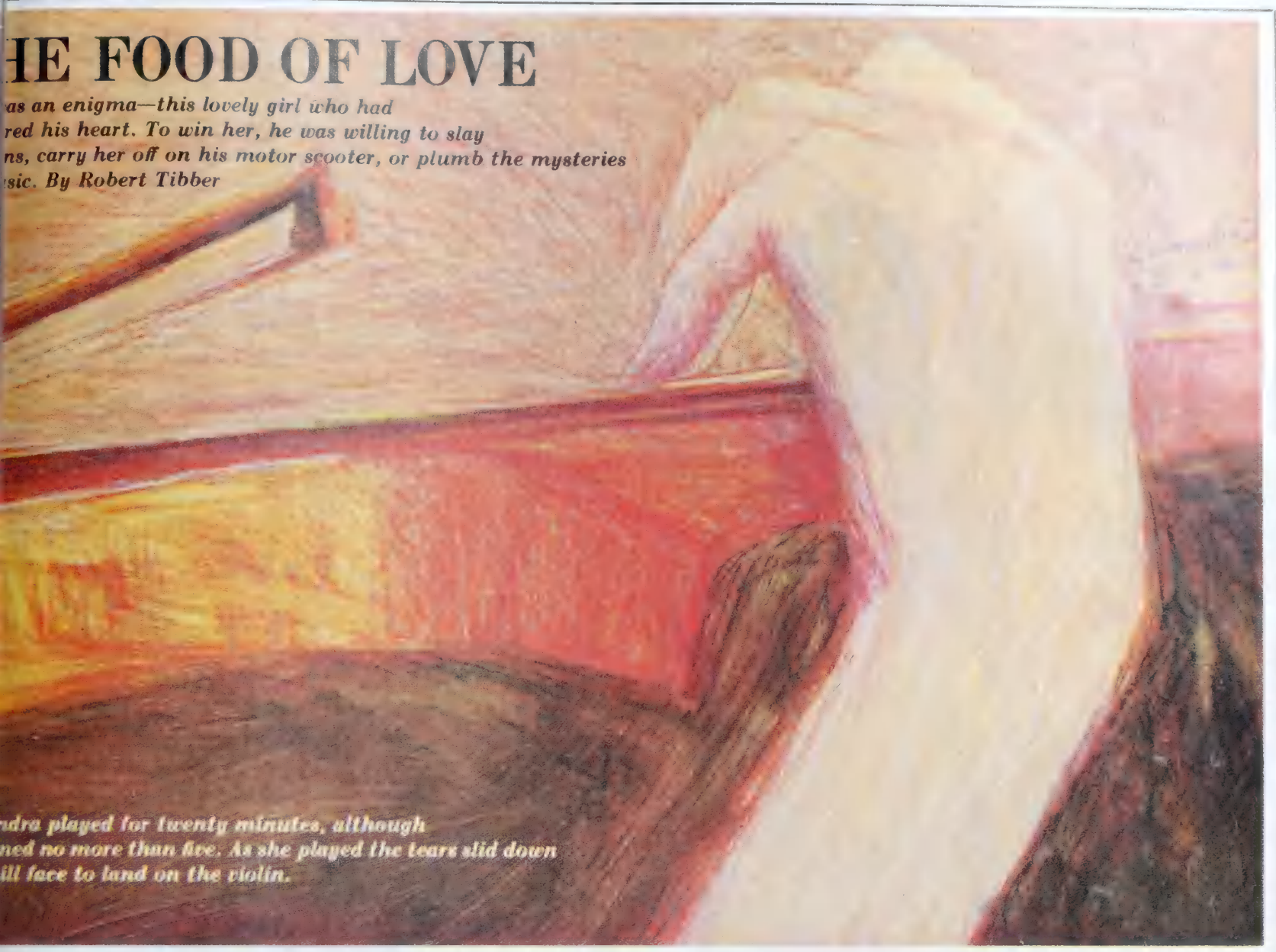
I was as likely to have in my possession a stuffed elephant.

I breathed a deep breath.

"No," I said. "I have no violin."

HE FOOD OF LOVE

as an enigma—this lovely girl who had
red his heart. To win her, he was willing to slay
ns, carry her off on his motor scooter, or plumb the mysteries
sic. By Robert Tibber



ndra played for twenty minutes, although
ned no more than five. As she played the tears slid down
ill face to land on the violin.

have one you can use until we see how you progress. The outlay"—
as looking at my shoes—"for any worthwhile instrument is quite
erable."
en have done many things for love; raced time, endured, slain
ns. I wished there had been a dragon.
r Alexandra I kept the appointment for my first lesson.
e was more beautiful, a shade, perhaps, more sad. I sat as one
xed and watched her as she laid a violin case upon the table as
ly as if it were a newborn babe. She opened the lid, removed a
of cloth in which it was encased and lifted the instrument from
vet crib with love.
he violin," she said, "is the smallest and highest-pitched of one of
ost important families of stringed musical instruments, to which it
its name. Perhaps I go back too far?" She looked at me question-
"You are familiar with the rudimentary principles?"
know nothing. Nothing."
consists essentially of a resonant box of peculiar form, over which
trings of different thicknesses are stretched across a bridge stand-
the box in such a way that the tension of the strings can be adjusted
ans of revolving pegs . . ."
was not the construction of the violin she held with such obvious
re at which I looked.
he excellence of an instrument, according to the best authorities,
endent upon its varnish and the method of application. In this
t there can be no doubt that the southern climate placed the makers
work lies in higher latitudes at a disadvantage. In a letter to
o in 1638 concerning a violin which he had ordered from Cremona
er states that 'it cannot be brought to perfection without the strong
f the sun' . . ."
not violins perhaps but teachers . . .
he violin, I must tell you, is not an easy instrument to master. The
ing is thankless."
rayed silently for its delay.
ne has to acquire precision and tone and learn the necessity of going
at first . . ."
ould be a very paragon of slowness.
. . in order eventually to acquire a sure technique. These are the
of which the violin is composed. I do not expect you to remember
all at once."
r perfume convinced me I should not remember even one.

"First the violin itself. The scroll, the pegs, the nut, the neck, the strings, the fingerboard, the belly . . ."

I shut my eyes.

". . . the button and the chin rest. Now for the bow."

The bow.

"The magic wand that does the trick."

I needed no magic wand.

"It is nothing more than a modification of an archer's bow, having instead of a string many dozens of fine white horsehairs that are coated with resin to give their surface some friction."

The lessons took place twice a week. I would not have believed such exquisite torture existed. I, whom a thousand Menuhins could not educate in as many years to distinguish note from note, learned with pain to up-bow, down-bow, to execute the minor sixth and the augmented fourth.

To the new pupil the teacher must demonstrate the model position of the violin. She controls his bow until he can play the first exercises. Needless to say, after several lessons, I had not mastered the requisite suppleness. She continued to control my bow; I to control myself. I do not know which one of us it was who suffered more.

Our relationship made less progress than our lessons, which by any standards was little enough. Between the solfeggio and the manipulation of the left hand I told her about myself, my life and aspirations; she countered always with an exposition on the change of strings or the importance of the left elbow, which must, she emphasized, fall under the center of the violin.

It became urgent to clarify what was fast becoming an intolerable situation. I was willing to woo her, win her slowly, tolerate the perfect pain of Tuesdays and Fridays, but only if she was free, ultimately, to be mine.

Each direct question, however delicately put, was met with evasion; or, infinitely worse, the sound of bow upon string.

I began to look for clues. There was never anyone in hall or sitting room when I called, no sign of another person in the house; no photographs, no mention of a past.

Had she a husband perhaps who worked late on Tuesdays and Fridays? I begged to change the nights of the lessons. She agreed. I came on Mondays; on Wednesdays and Saturdays; once, cunningly, on Sunday. She was always alone, impersonal. Sometimes I thought the hour passed without her seeing me at all. She looked often at the ceiling, her mind seemingly on something else. The more remote she became, and as the weeks went on she did, the more distracted I.

(continued on page 105)

Illustration by Saul Lambert

SUMMER WARDROBES FOR UNDER $100

Paper-doll girls need lots of di
clothes to change into. So do real girls—especially in summer, when there are so many more things to do. Paper-doll girls don't need to worry
money, but real girls do. That's why we went out to find four complete, fresh-as-a-summer-breeze wardrobes—each for less than $100. So
to the happiest summer ever, always looking pert and pretty as a paper doll. By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor



$74
A wardrobe for Kathy

A mini-dress and mini-pants to match. By Jeannemarie Volk for Crazy Horse, of cotton poplin, 5–15, $20.



White pants with cadet stripes, tank top with epaulettes. By Brian G. for Jovi, 5–13. Kodel and cotton-duck pants, $12. Top, cotton knit, $5.

Striped shirtdress
Lady Van Heusen of c
ton broadcloth, 8–18, $



Bright-striped two-piece swimsuit by Catalina, of cotton and Lycra spandex, 8–16, $17.



Polka-dot play dress by Swirl, of cotton poplin. P,S,M,L, $8.



Accessories: Earrings, top, by Castlecliff; far right, KJL. Oris watch. Shoes, from left, Green sandals, white thongs by Grekors; Uniroyal Keds; Golo shoes.

Two-piece swimsuit with covered-up top, bikini pants. By Alberoy, of Orlon Lycra knit. Both S,M,L, $15.

Tent dress with drawstring neck, of cotton rib knit. By Jeannemarie Volk for Crazy Horse. S,M,L, $15.

$90

A wardrobe for Evelyn

Wide-leg, flower-print pajamas, piped in yellow. By Lanz, of cotton broadcloth, 5–15, $20.











Square-neck top of cotton knit; short culottes of cotton twill. Both by Erika Elias for Charlie's Girls. Top, S,M,L, $4; culottes, 3–13, $6.

Dress with softly gathered skirt by Gene Neil for Leslie Jrs., of woven tucked cotton, 5–13, $30.

Accessories: Top right, Castlecliff earrings. All other jewelry, Hattie Carnegie. Center, Oris watch. Shoes, from left: Capezio sandals. Uniroyal Keds. Golo shoes.

Photographs by Horn/Griner

Blazer-striped T-shirt and short-shorts. Both Smartee. Shirt of cotton knit, S,M,L, $7. Shorts of bonded cotton knit, 8–16, $5.

Low-waist culotte d
by Victor Bijou, of
ton piqué. S,M,L,

Sleek brown tank suit by Jantzen, of nylon/Lycra spandex knit. 6–18, $19.

Brown-and-white tent dress by Didi Scott, of cotton/rayon/acetate crinkle. 6–16, $15.

Accessories: Center, Golo sandals. Far right, Castlecliff earrings; Beautiful Bryans point d'esprit tights; Capezio shoes.

$75

A wardrobe for Vicky

White-striped mini-shift with long sleeves, by Smartee. Of cotton knit, S,M,L, $9.

$59
A wardrobe for Agneta

Striped tank T-shirt and pant-skirt. Both Smartee. T-shirt of cotton knit, S,M,L, $5. Skirt of bonded cotton knit, 6–16, $8.



Accessories: Sheffield watch. Uniroyal Keds; Golo shoes and sandals. All hairstyles by Marc Sinclaire of Joyce Christopher.

Two-piece striped swimsuit by Cole of California, of cotton oxford; 8–16, $13.



Long, pull top, gathered at the wrists. By Smartee, of cotton eyelet knit. S,M,L. $9.





Bright-red pant-dress, dotted black and white. By Levino Verna for Glenora, of cotton duck. 3–13, $12.



Belted shift with its own pop-art pin. By Erika Elias for Charlie's Girls, of cotton double knit. 3–13, $12.

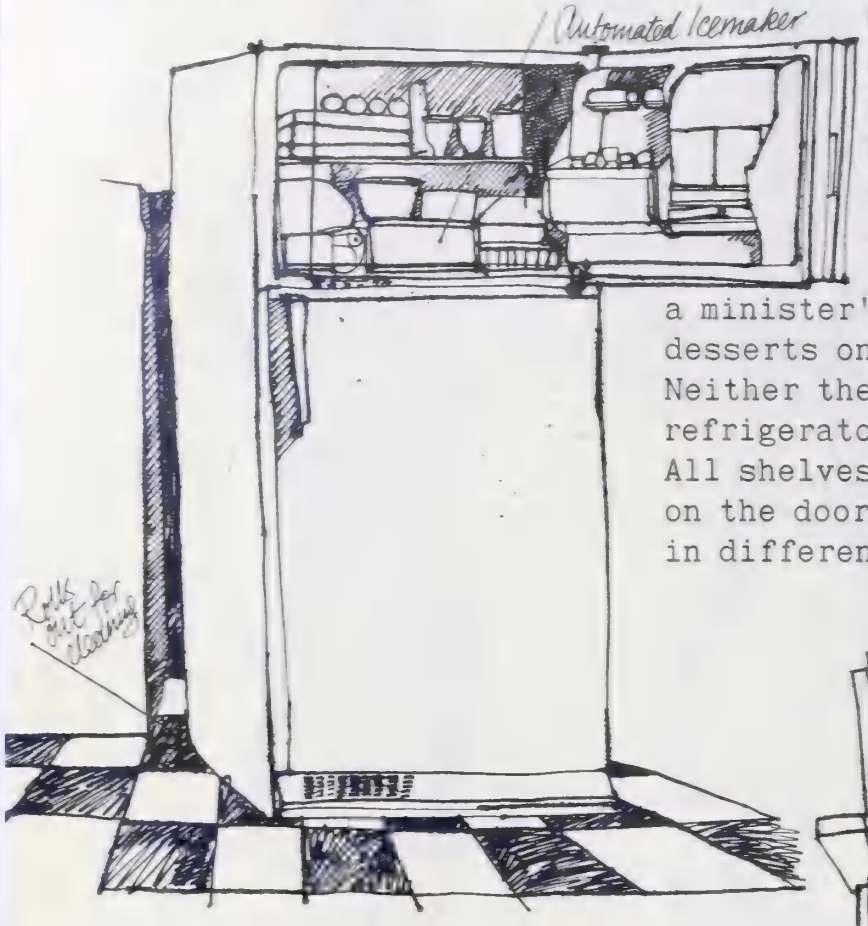
Shopping information, page 122.

MEMORANDUM

To: Journal readers **From:** Margaret Davidson, Home Management Editor

Subject: NEW REFRIGERATORS—News based on personal reports from delighted women who own them. Most in demand: BIG refrigerator/freezers that save shopping trips and function as modern pantries, and refrigerators that need no defrosting, have new features such as icemakers.

Illustrations by Alan Cober.



Mrs. William G. Hay, Birmingham, Ala.

We picked this General Electric model because part of it is a real freezer—important to me because, as a minister's wife, I must keep desserts on hand for entertaining. Neither the freezer section nor refrigerator needs defrosting. All shelves are adjustable—even on the doors—so it's easy to fit in different kinds of containers.



Mrs. C. DeFilippe, Redbank, N.J.

Our new Kelvinator refrigerator was b into the wall of t recreation room. Because of its dec rated front, our gu don't even know it refrigerator until open it. It's sur- prisingly spacious its 24-inch width. has two extra-deep shelves for tall bottles, and a cris that runs the full width of the cabin We also added a lar refrigerator, with wild dragon design We do a lot of entertaining, so bo refrigerators are in constant use.



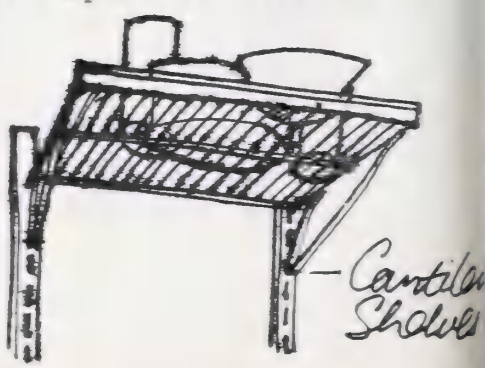
Mrs. Ramsey Armstrong, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

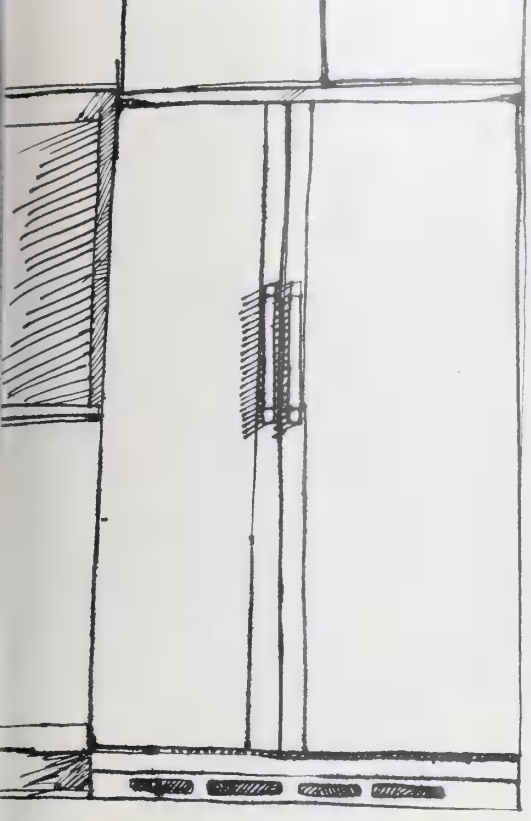
I wanted to turn my den into an entertainment center—our kitchen is so tiny even three's a crowd. So we picked this Sub-Zero model—with its hardwood cabinet and walnut front, it looks very much at home with the other furniture in the den. It has three sections: a no-defrost refrigerator, an icemaker, and a storage section.



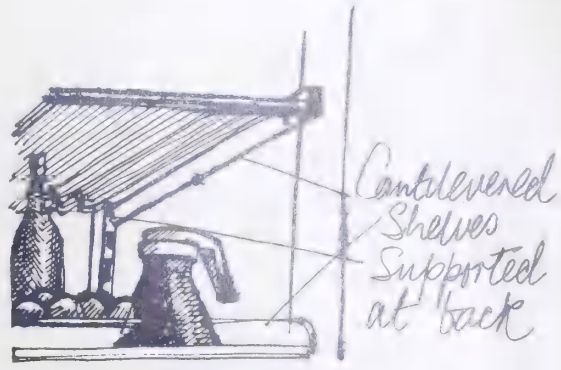
Mrs. George Graves, Fort Wayne, Ind.

It's always open house at our place, so when we needed a new refrigerator, we chose a big one—a Gibson all-refrigerator model (we already had tw freezers). It has a small space for ice cubes—the rest is for fresh food. There's a fast-chilling section for highly perishables. We picked a white model because it matches the other appliances and looks so nice with our mahogany cabinets.

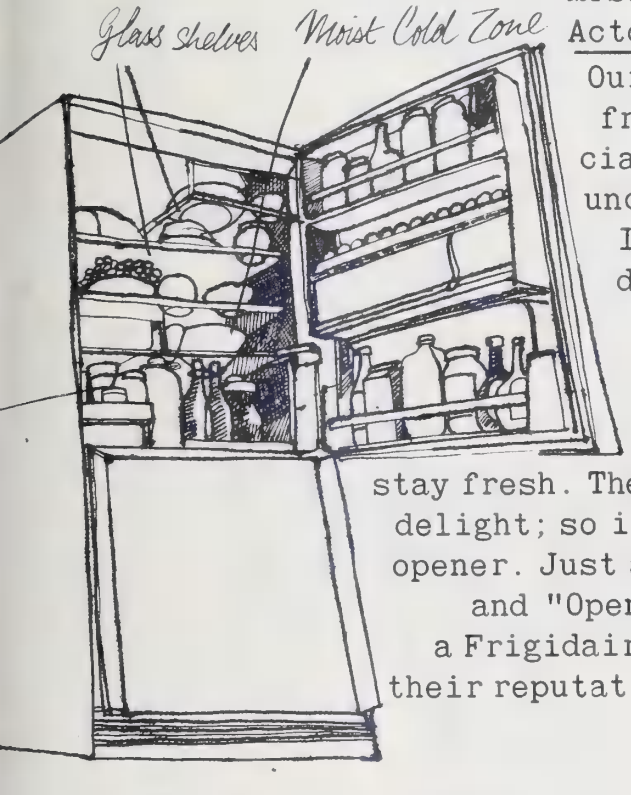




Mrs. Jack Harris,
Pittsburgh, Pa.



With two growing boys in the family, we needed a lot more refrigerator space. Found this new 20-cubic-foot Admiral model, which holds half again as much as our old refrigerator, yet fits into the same niche. There's a special section that keeps meat fresh for seven days without freezing. Another convenience: cantilevered shelves that can be shifted easily for bulky foods. This is the first time we've had a freezer section; it makes life so much simpler.



Mrs. Gordon K. Platine,
Acton, Mass.

Our new Frigidaire refrigerator has a special section that keeps uncovered foods fresh. I can leave salads, desserts, even meats for our four boys—all are on different school schedules—and know they will stay fresh. The icemaker is a real delight; so is the electric door opener. Just a touch of your arm, and "Open Sesame." We chose a Frigidaire partly because of their reputation for good service.

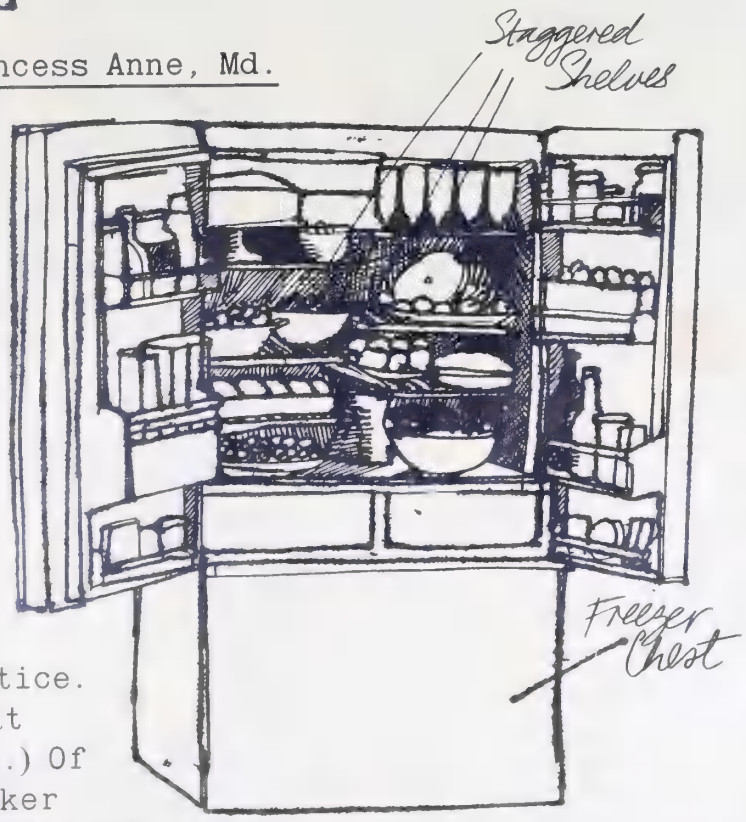


Mrs. Wesley Heller,
Marengo, Iowa

I was so tired of digging foods out of the old chest freezer I finally decided our new refrigerator would be a side-by-side model. This Philco is 36 inches wide, has a 21-cubic-foot capacity, never needs defrosting. It's so compact we didn't have to make any changes in our kitchen plan when it was installed. We chose a model with birch-front plastic panels to go with our furniture-look kitchen. My husband's office is in the house. People come and go all the time, so we wanted a kitchen that doesn't look too kitchen-y.

n T. Taylor IV, Princess Anne, Md.

d of old refriger-
marily because we
ne that didn't
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l because, with
s, there's no large
walk around, and
y to use from
ide. Shelves on
e are so easy to
dependently. I need
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et meals on short notice.
eezer has a drawer at
om--very convenient.) Of
the automatic icemaker
solute joy. I love being able
in and get ice cubes whenever I want them.



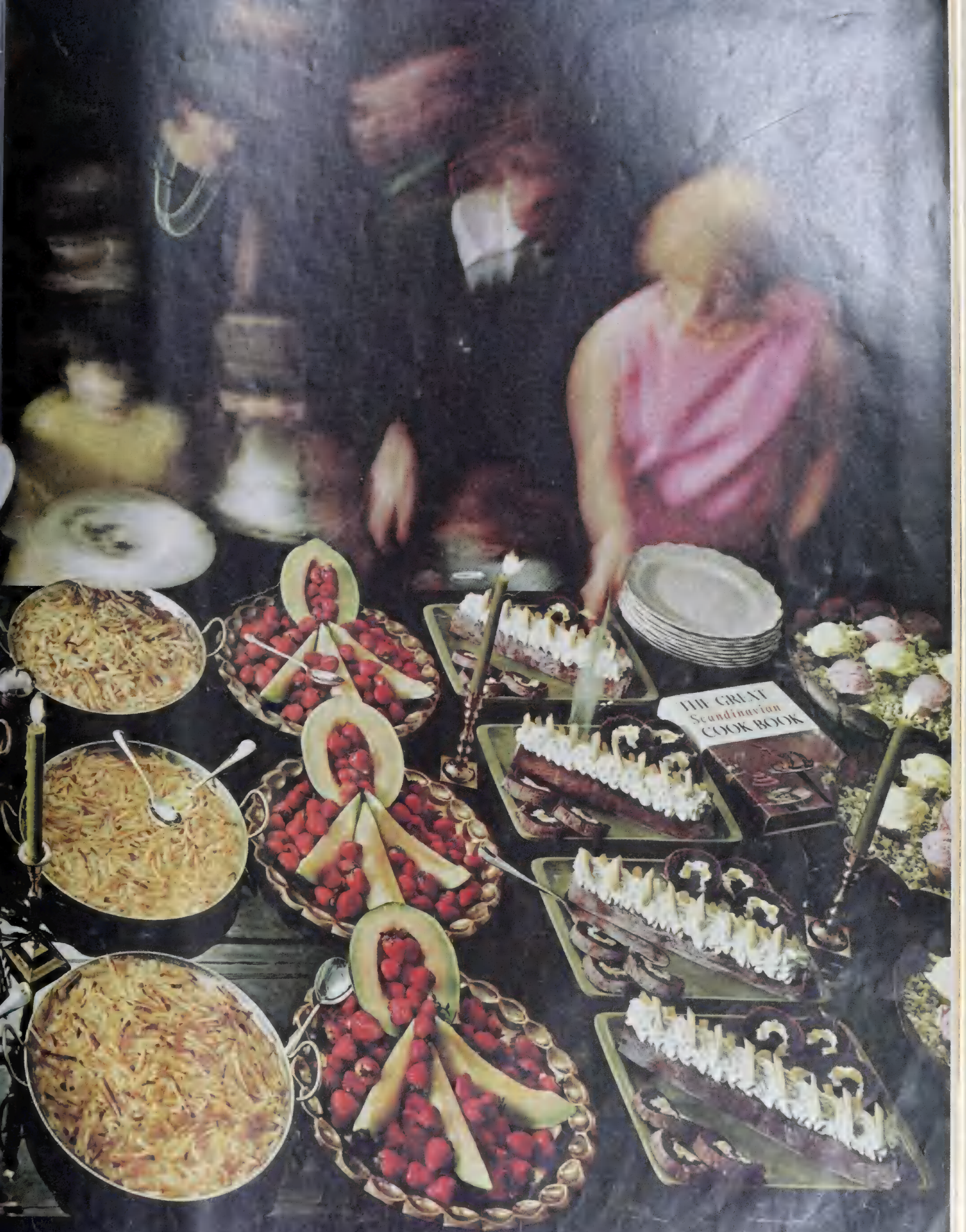
(continued on page 121)
Shopping information on page 122.



Left to right: Herring in Sour Cream, Herring on Apples and Pears, Eggs Mayonnaise, Pickled Baltic Herring, Liver Pâté.

Twenty-five years ago the name of the book was *Nya Stora Kokboken.* Since it was first published, it has become the definitive work, the bible of cooks in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland, selling over three-quarters of a million copies! Now, at last, it has been translated into English with American measurements . . . The Great Scandinavian Cook Book (Crown, $15) . . . a 734-page encyclopedia of cookery, cer take its place as a culinary classic, a constant stand-by to cook a by. An ideal wedding present! Because there's a wealth of classic national recipes, all prepared with the special Scandinavian sim and beauty. Basic cooking procedures are illustrated step by step

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, Green Salad, Frikadeller, Jansson's Temptation, Fruit-filled Melon, Chocolate Roll, Cornucopias.

d-white illustrations. Vegetables, herbs, meats, fruits and fin-shes sparkle on 88 full-color pages. Both new and experienced ill be enchanted by an illustrated "short course of instruction reparation," chapters on shopping and storage, nutrition and chil-ood, to name a few. Everything is covered from pressure cooking to napkin folding. Of course, there are dozens of recipes for a classic Smörgasbord buffet like the one shown above. We glow with pride to present a selection of recipes from this new cookbook classic beginning on page 101.

THE GREAT SCANDINAVIAN COOK BOOK

by Ben Somoroff

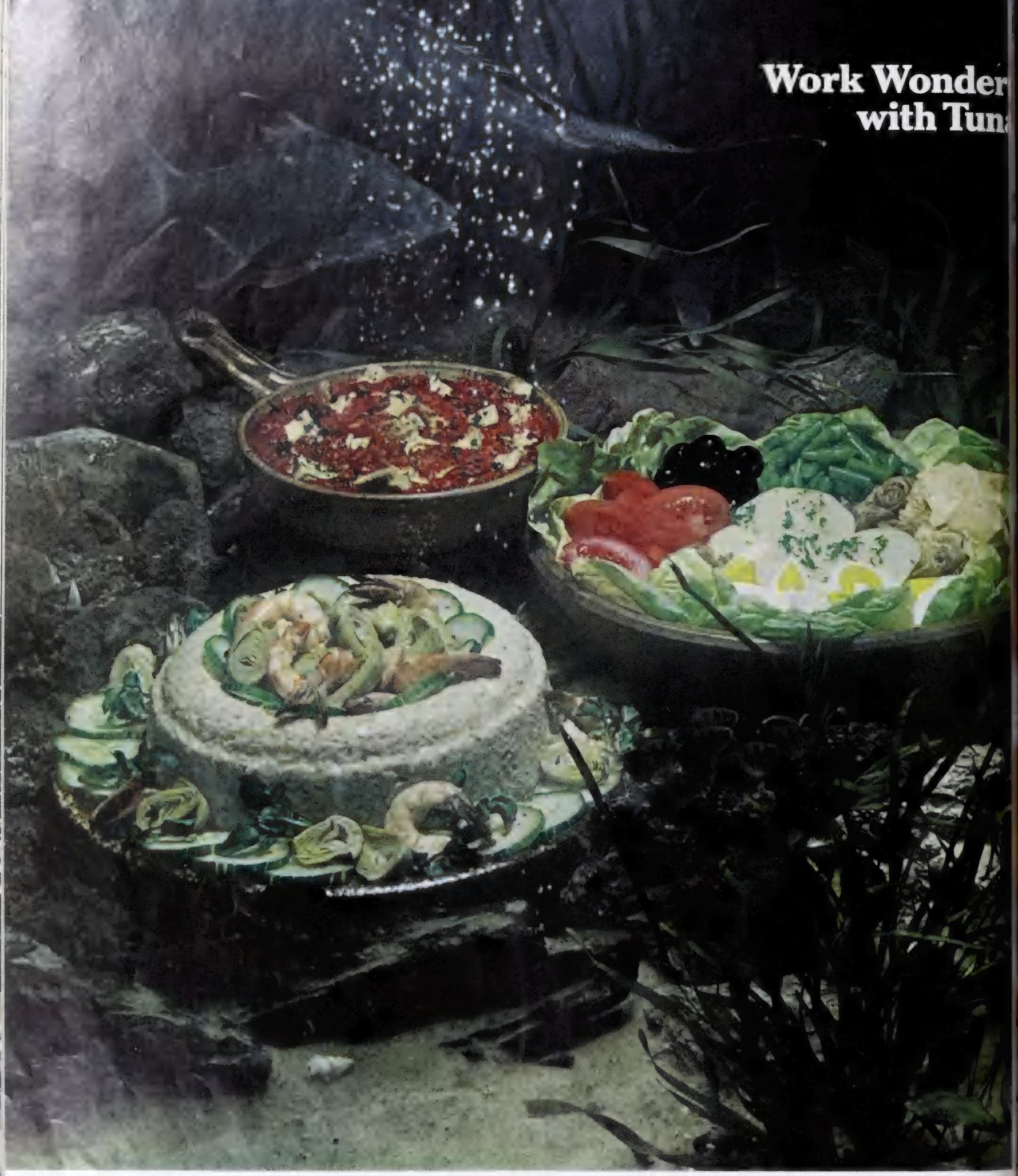
THE OCCASION CAKE

Engagements, showers. graduations, weddings, birthdays,
sweet sixteen—all these grand occasions mean
a party . . . and a very special cake. They happen happily
all year round, but seem to cluster in June.
This is the time for the Occasion Cake,
lovely enough to capture all eyes, yet simple enough to allow
the hostess time for all the rest of the preparations.
At right is what we consider the most versatile
of all occasion cakes. Beautiful and sentimental as a
valentine, it takes to all sorts of décor
to make it perfect for a miss of sixteen,
a girl graduate. Or, for a couple celebrating an
anniversary or engagement, why not two cakes,
one topped with bachelor buttons, the other with roses?
Just bake heart-shaped layers from a mix.
Special pans are not really necessary.
You can use any one that's handy. Batter should fill it
only halfway up. By ordering ahead, you can
buy large, plain layers or "sheets" of cake
from a local bakery. Cut with cardboard patterns as you like.
Between the layers in our cake is a luscious filling
of raspberry Bavarian cream. For frosting, you could use
canned or, better still, whipped heavy cream or flavored
whipped topping. We also have directions for
making that most important cake of all, the wedding
cake. Even a cook with 10 thumbs
can, with our detailed directions, make a
basket-cake, decorated with flowers . . . loverly as a day
in June. You provide the occasion, we have the cake.
Directions begin on page 99.

Photograph by Arthur Beck



Work Wonder
with Tun



It's the all-American superfish. . . adored by grown-ups and children alike, always a wonderful budget stretcher, extra high in protein and low in calories. Best of all, it blends so amiably with so many ingredients, making humble or *haute-cuisine* dishes in minutes.

Tuna should be a weekly event in every household, for its possibilities are endless. Shown above are just three: a cool, shimmering Mousse of Tuna garnished with shrimp and artichoke hearts; a piping-hot Continental "casserole" called Tuna Provençale; and a classic Salade Niçoise.

Get in the swim . . . begin with these quick tuna tricks. Move on to the elegant creations on page 103, including recipes for the dishes shown above.

Tasty Tuna Canapés couldn't be simpler. Make lots—they go fast! Drain and flake 1 (7-oz.) can tuna. Stir up with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Spread on 2 dozen toasted bread fingers. Sprinkle with 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Broil 2 or 3 minutes till cheese bubbles.

Tangy Tuna Soup turns just lunch into an occasion. Add 1 (7-oz.) can tuna, drained, to your favorite canned or packaged soup, like green pea, cream of celery, vegetarian vegetable or onion. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or chives. A dash lemon or lime juice adds *z-z-zip*.

Tuna En Croute are easy, open-faced tu "pies." Fill 6 individual prebaked pastry shells "cups" made of toasted bread with a hot mixture 1 (7-oz.) can tuna, drained, 1 (2-oz.) package whi sauce mix (prepared according to package dir tions), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ⅛ teaspo curry powder and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sau

Look for quick-frozen Tuna Pies in your ma ket. Especially attractive if you glaze the crust b fore baking with a bit of lightly beaten egg evaporated milk. (*recipes continued on page 1*

Photograph by Henry Sandbank

Party Chicken

up makes it taste simply spectacular



EN VIA VENETO

ds chicken parts
flour
butter
am strips
2 cans Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
1 cup chopped canned tomatoes
3 medium onions, quartered
1 teaspoon basil, crushed

Use 1 large skillet or prepare in 2 skillets (about 10 inch) by dividing ingredients equally. Dust chicken with flour; brown in butter; remove. Brown ham. Stir in soup, tomatoes, onions, and basil; add chicken. Cover; cook over low heat 45 minutes or until tender. Stir now and then. Uncover; cook until desired consistency. 8 servings.



ST OF CHICKEN MAGNIFIQUE

e chicken breasts
ut 3 pounds), split
butter or margarine
sliced mushrooms
ut ⅓ pound)
2 cans Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
1 large clove garlic, minced
Generous dash crushed thyme
⅛ teaspoon rosemary, crushed
⅔ cup light cream

large skillet or prepare in 2 skillets (10-inch) by dividing the ingre- equally. Brown chicken in butter; remove. Brown mushrooms. Stir p, garlic, and seasonings; add chicken. Cover; cook over low heat nutes. Stir now and then. Blend in cream; heat slowly. Serve with ce mix. Garnish with toasted, slivered almonds. 8 servings.



You always cook better with Campbell's

EXCITING COOKBOOK OFFER! For 608 quick and delicious recipes get "Cooking With Soup," Campbell's 200-page cookbook. Just send 50¢ to: COOKBOOK, Box 510, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Offer may be withdrawn at any time. Void if prohibited or restricted by law.

Because he is the saint of lost things, we're celebrating St. Anthony's Day (June 13) with a treat the French call Pain Perdu or "lost bread." We call it French toast, slather it with strawberry preserves and sour cream.



JUNE

Photograph by Bernard Gray

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1. Now is the season of brides and graduates. Taste of sun-ripe berries on lips, whiff of charcoal in the air—for this is National Barbecue Month.

2. For this season of roses . . . Rose Festival Aspic, discovered in Portland. Make up packaged raspberry gelatin with 1 cup hot water, 1 cup rosé wine. Add a few drops rose essence or almond extract.

3. Since the early 1800's French pastry shops have baked and sold *"cigarettes russes,"* rich rolled wafers. Now they're packaged here, called "pirouettes," perfect with fruit, tea or frozen desserts.

4. For the Fiesta of Five Flags in Pensacola, famous for seafood—a quick Gumbo! . . . 1 can condensed chicken gumbo soup, 1 cup cooked seafood, cut in 1-inch pieces. Cook 4 minutes, add ½ tsp. file or chili powder, serve in soup plate. Hearty lunch or supper for 2.

5. Inspired by the lumberjack theme of the Forest Festival in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, a Paul Bunyan Sandwich! Hefty, crusty poor-boy roll or a small loaf of French bread is filled with cubes of beef that have been broiled and basted with a rip-snortin' bottled barbecue sauce.

6. No one will guess you've resorted to a frozen dinner if you transfer to a pretty, heated plate . . . macaroni and beef, peas in butter sauce, gently cooked apple slices. Add a splotch of red wine, 2 drops hot pepper sauce to beef after heating.

7. Music in the air in Munich, whence comes Seven Layer Torte, from your own recipe or bought from a bakery.

8. Ever see a dog go round? Make 8 deep slits along a wiener. Watch it curl as it broils or boils. Serve on a round bun with kraut in center.

9. Hot oaten griddle cakes honor St. Columba, missionary to Scotland. Made from oatmeal muffin mix. Recipe on box.

10. Butter Churn Festival in Burton, Ohio. They really churn butter—400 pounds of it!

11. Swing a hula, strum a ukulele. Honor Hawaii's first king today with Mango Ice Cream. Mash 6 fresh (peeled and seeded) or 1 (10-oz.) can, drained, mangoes. Cook 3 minutes in 1½ cups boiling light corn syrup. Cool, fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, 2 Tb. lemon juice. Freeze.

12. Philippines mark independence from Spain. Serve gingery Crabmeat Philippean. Sauté 1 minced onion in 2 Tb. oil. Mix together 1 Tb. cornstarch, ½ cup water, ¼ cup Japanese soy sauce. Add to onion, cook and stir till thick, add 2 beaten eggs, 1 (4½-oz.) can deviled ham, ½ tsp. ginger. Stir and cook 5 minutes. Now, 1 cup cooked crabmeat, heat.

13. For St. Anthony, who finds the lost . . . a special Layered Lost Bread (pictured above). French toast made in the usual way, but get unsliced bread. Cut in pieces the long way, or use 3 slices bread side by side. Put together with strawberry preserves, sour cream. Sugar on top.

14. For the gala Hebrew festival commemorating the gift of the Torah, a Shabuoth Cheesecake. Spread frozen or bakeshop cheesecake with 1 cup sour cream mixed with 2 Tb. sugar, ¼ tsp. almond extract. Bake (425°) 5 minutes.

15. Folk music, folk dance, folk food at the Folk Festival, Glenville, W. Va. Apple butter is king, with hot biscuits and country ham.

16. Birthday of a great lady—Jennie Grossinger. Slim, blonde, chic and vital at 75, she has made the bagel one of America's native dishes.

17. Fresh limes abound. Wait till you've tasted a fresh fruit salad with dressing made of lime juice instead of lemon or vinegar!

18. Father's Day. Father loves to fish. Father loves dips. Provide some of the new goldfish-shaped dipper crackers . . . plain and lightly salted; flavored with Cheddar; or tomato and cheese.

19. Visit Eskimo Olympics in Fairbanks, Alaska. Or settle for Eskimo Pies, invented 45 years ago, they say, for a small boy who wanted both candy and ice cream but had only the price of one.

20. You know the Black Cow. Here's the brown one—root beer in a tall glass with a scoop of chocolate swirl ice cream.

21. Summer begins. Bread, cheese are traditional. So are Golden Bucks—Welsh rarebit, canned or frozen, spooned on buttered toast, topped with poached eggs, garnished with fresh dill.

22. A winner at last year's Delmarva Chicken Cooking Contest in Pocomoke City, Md., was Cathy Miller's Chicken-in-a-Hurry: Combine 1½ cups bottled tangy Italian salad dressing, ½ cu honey in a skillet. Add broiler chicke cut in pieces, brown both sides, cove cook 25 minutes or till done.

23. Midsummer Eve and nobo sleeps in all Scandinavia. Feastin dancing, quaffing goes on till the su shines.

24. Blissful as a starter, or for de sert . . . Red Cherry Soup, create from a jar of canned cherry pie fi ing. Add ½ cup each dry vermout and water, 4 Tb. lemon juice, ¼ tsp allspice. Simmer 5 minutes, serv warm or chilled.

25. Some say those Golden Apples o Hesperides were apricots! So call thi Compote of Apricots Hesperides: Bo equal parts sugar and water till clea Add whole apricots (peeled or not Bring to a boil, cook 2 minutes. Cove cool.

26. Not all the golden bars are in For Knox. At least 3 sweet types are pack aged mixes—coconut, pecan, apricot

27. Most exquisite vegetable—finger of fresh young cucumber, ever s lightly cooked. Garnish with choppe nuts, or yogurt and mint, freshly ground pepper.

28. Henry VIII loved "deep pies" from which birds flew. He also lovec pies of "pippins" (apples to us) with hard cheese.

29. Highly appropriate for St. Peter's Day (patron saint of seamen) is swordfish in lemon butter, already cooked and frozen.

30. Old Milwaukee Day. Circus pa rades, Bratwurst, beer and German hot potato salad!

Don't have a Pot Roast Dinner.

Have a Pranzo di Manzo, instead.



To make the Frutta: After a meal, Italians eat *frutta*. Plain fresh fruit. Serve yours with knives for peeling, and cheese alongside. Any combination will do (apples and Bel Paese is a good one). For this dessert, it's not what you serve that's Italian, it's the way you serve it.

To make the Pane: Bread is *pane* (pah-nay) in Italian. Buy breadsticks, or a long thin loaf of "Italian Bread." Slice halfway. Then to make it even more Italian, dot with butter, parmesan cheese and a little garlic salt; wrap in foil and warm in the oven.

To make the Manzo: Pranzo di Manzo means "dinner of beef," but you don't have to know how to say it to make it. Because Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® makes a spaghetti sauce that's so Italian, it can make a pot roast Italian. Just cook the Chef's savory sauce right into the meat, the way Italians do. Let its special Italian spices and rich tomato goodness add their lively flavor to your roast. That's all it takes to make sure that instead of ordinary pot roast, this will be something special: real Italian Manzo.

3 pounds beef (pot roast cut)
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. oil
2 cans Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms

1. Season meat with salt and pepper. 2. In a large heavy saucepan, brown all sides in oil. Pour off excess oil; pour on Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms. 3. Cover and cook slowly 2½ hours (or until tender). 4. Serve sliced with extra sauce poured on.



Chef Boy-Ar-Dee

JUNE

Welcome June with these 30 cool and elegant summer meals—all quickly made with convenience products, seasonal foods and recipes from this issue. The dishes marked with an asterisk are listed in the Recipe Index on page 131. The daggers point to food new on the national scene. For their brand names and makers, look in the Shopping Center on page 122.

MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 MANGO	 LIME	 CHERRIES	 APRICOTS	**1.** BARBECUE MONTH BEGINS Platter of Raw Relishes Barbecued Chicken Grilled Bananas and Pineapple Rings †Deluxe Whole Green Beans (frozen) Blueberry Pie	**2.** FESTIVAL OF ROSES *Tuna and Cabbage Flowers au Gratin Buttered Noodles †Tiny Peas (frozen) with Thyme *Rose Festival Aspic Butterflake Rolls (refrigerated) *Cornucopias	**3.** SWIFT AN STYLISH Cold Baked H †Spinach Sou (frozen) Escalloped Pot (packaged) †Sundae Topp with Pirouett Wafers
4. GUMBO FOR SUPPER *Seafood Gumbo Okra in Lemon Butter Watercress and Cucumber Salad †Creamy Tomato and Blue Cheese Dressing Lemon Meringue Pie	**5.** LUMBERJACK FARE *Paul Bunyan Sandwiches Sweet Whole Onion Rings Baked Beans Cole Slaw on a Hollowed Cabbage Shell Watermelon	**6.** FROZEN DINNER GLAMORIZED Fresh Tossed Spinach Salad †Frozen Macaroni and Beef Dinner Buttered Peas (from the dinner) Grilled Tomato Halves Tart Apple Slices (from the dinner) Help-Yourself Cookie Tray	**7.** BAVARIAN ECHOES *Egg Mayonnaise Breaded Veal Cutlets New Potatoes in Their Jackets †Buttered Baby Broccoli Spears (frozen) Cucumber and Caper Salad Seven-Layer Torte (from bakery)	**8.** ROUND DOGS AND KRAUT Mugs of Curried Tomato Soup Dill Pickle Strips and Olives *Round Dogs with Kraut on Hamburger Buns Potato Salad with Green Onions Romaine Salad Basket of Fresh Cherries	**9.** ST. COLUMBA'S SUPPER †Mushroom and Barley Soup (packaged) †*Hot Oaten Griddle Cakes Broiled Canadian Bacon Fresh Fruit Salad	**10.** BUTTER CH FESTIVAL Mélange of Cold Cuts Corn on the C CottageCheese with Snipped Assorted Brea and Blueber Muffins Sweet Whipp Butter Apple Fritters Maple Syru
11. INSTANT LUAU †Egg Rolls (frozen) Barbecued Spareribs Rice Cooked in Pineapple Juice †Baby Carrots in Brown Sugar Glaze (frozen) *Mango Ice Cream Coconut Macaroons (packaged)	**12.** PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE DAY Chicken Broth with Watercress *Crabmeat Philippean Chinese Noodles (canned) Braised Celery and Artichoke Hearts Tossed Salad with Cherry Tomatoes Melon Balls in Ginger Ale	**13.** FRENCH TOAST FOR DESSERT *Steak Tartare Baked Potatoes †Fancy Whole Mushrooms in Butter (frozen) Roquefort Dressing and Boston Lettuce Salad *St. Anthony's Lost Bread	**14.** DAIRY SUPPER FOR SHABUOTH Pickled Beet Relish Cod Fillets in Parsley Butter Potato Pancakes (packaged) Leaf Spinach with Sour Cream Sauce (packaged) Orange, Onion, and Olive Salad *Shabuoth Cheesecake	**15.** WEST VIRGINIA FOLK FOODS Country-fried Ham Steaks Hash Brown Potatoes (frozen) Watercress and Green Pepper Salad Buttermilk Biscuits (refrigerated) Mountaineer Apple Butter Brownies (from a mix)	**16.** JENNIE GROSSINGER SUGGESTS Cold Borscht with Cucumber Slices Hamburgers on Split Bagels Macédoine of Mixed Vegetables (frozen) Bibb Lettuce and Radish Salad †Grape Gelatin	**17.** COOL, COOL SUPPI Tomatoes Stu with Shrimp S Buttery Seas Pasta Asparagus Sp Vinaigrette Avocado an Fruit Salad w Lime Dressi Apple Strud (frozen)
18. FATHER'S DAY †Goldfish Dippers and Dips Roast Beef Instant Potatoes Mashed in Cream Wilted Lettuce Salad with Bacon Dressing †Butter Brickle Cake	**19.** CASSEROLE SANS OVEN *Tuna Provençale †Buttered Shoepeg Corn (frozen) Zucchini Circles with Rosemary Tomato Aspic Salad (canned) Eskimo Pies	**20.** HOW NOW COW †Cold Sliced Beef in Onion Gravy (packaged) Waffled Potato Chips Buttered Italian Green Beans Chicory and Grapefruit Salad Poundcake (frozen or from a mix) *Brown Cow	**21.** SUMMER BEGINS Jellied Consommé with Lime Slices *Golden Buck Lettuce and Tomato Salad with Russian Dressing Fresh Pears with Blue Cheese	**22.** PRIZE-WINNING CHICKEN *Cathy Miller's Chicken-in-a-Hurry Potato Puffs (frozen) Asparagus Spears in Hollandaise Sauce (frozen) Waldorf Salad †Orange Tapioca Cream (from a mix)	**23.** MIDSUMMER'S EVE *Midsummer Night Cocktail Swedish Meatballs (canned) Boiled New Potatoes †Dilled Green Beans (canned) Fresh Sliced Mushroom Salad *Fruit-Filled Melon	**24.** MIDSUMME DAY *Pickled Baltic Herrin Broiled Veal Ch Creamed Potat and Peas *Red Cherry Sc †Honey Bran Mu (from a mix) Gingerbread
25. STARRING APRICOTS Vegetable Soup with Savory †Beef in Stroganoff Sauce (packaged) †Buttered Noodle Dumplings (packaged) Lima Beans and Mushrooms Sliced Tomatoes on Boston Lettuce Compote of Apricots Hesperides	**26.** ROSY MONDAY *Tuna and Rice Balls Chopped Mustard Greens (frozen) Escarole Salad with Red Onion Rings †Coconut Bars with Chopped Dates Fresh Raspberries and Cream	**27.** SWIFT DINNER PARTY Boneless Turkey Roll Shoestring Potatoes *Cucumber Fingers with Nuts Garden Lettuce Salad †No-Bake Caramel Custard (from a mix) Chocolate Wafers	**28.** HENRY VIII'S BIRTHDAY *Thick Salt-Broiled Steak Cheese-Stuffed Potatoes (frozen) Leeks Cooked in Consommé Huge Salad Bowl Garlic Bread Pie of Pippins (apples) with Cheese	**29.** SWORDFISH FOR SUPPER †Swordfish in Lemon Butter (frozen) †Rice Milanese (packaged) Peas with Pearl Onions (frozen) Honeymelon Wedges †Fudge Macaroon Cake (from a mix)	**30.** OLD MILWAUKEE DAY *Herring Tidbits on Apple and Pears Bratwurst Fresh String Beans German Potato Salad Celery, Radishes, and Pickles †Frosted Blueberry Turnovers (refrigerated) Beer	 CUCUMBERS

Illustrations by Gy

Yum!

Birds Eye freezes it to keep it fresh.

Yum!

Yum!
Keeps in the refrigerator.

Lots less calories than whipped cream you make.

Costs less, too.

Yum!
Ready to serve from its own bowl.

Yum!
It comes all whipped.

Yum!
It's in your grocer's freezer. All whipped.

new... already whipped
Cool Whip™
NON-DAIRY WHIPPED TOPPING

ool Whip is new...but the taste is pure old-fashioned.

t IS FOR TOMATOES

Question: What's everybody's favorite fruit all year round from breakfast through dinner? (*Hint:* Americans like to drink it, make soup of it [and paint pictures of the soup can], use it as a flavoring in all kinds of main dishes . . . even cakes and cocktails, garnish everything from hamburgers and French fries to scrambled eggs with it.)

Answer (in case you haven't guessed): It's the tomato. It really is a fruit—and a berry at that! Tomatoes come in such a number of wonderful ways that there's often a confusion of riches about which tomato product to use for what. Here's a partial listing to clear up some of the differences and to suggest how to put each product to the best use.

Tomato sauce is a smoothly cooked blend of tomato solids with various seasonings. Use it in stews, casseroles, dinners-in-a-skillet, or as a base for spaghetti sauce. ***Tomato sauce with mushrooms*** and ***tomato sauce with cheese*** are relatively new, why-didn't-somebody-think-of-this-before products. So much convenience from one can! Try the tomato sauce with mushrooms on pot roast, mix it into your favorite meat-loaf recipe, use it for sauce on, say, an eggplant casserole. As for the tomato sauce with cheese—over English muffins, it's practically pizza from a can. Good, too, in lasagna or on spaghetti *Parmigiana.*

Tomato puree is pure tomato pulp, about the same consistency as the sauce or maybe a little thicker. No seasoning except for a touch of salt. Use it whenever you need a gentle hint of tomato flavoring. (Babies love it straight.) ***Tomato paste*** is pure, unseasoned tomato pulp in a thick paste—much thicker than the sauce. A cornerstone of Italian cooking, it gives an intense tomato flavor to spaghetti, pizza, lasagna. Try adding a tablespoonful to gravies and stocks for an interesting flavor.

Stewed tomatoes are tomatoes seasoned with onion, green pepper, celery and spices. Heat and eat right from the can with maybe a pinch of basil, oregano or garlic salt, a tablespoon of butter. The fanciest and most expensive are whole ***solid pack tomatoes*** . . . cored and peeled tomatoes with a trace of salt. For a speedy relish, chop, drain and add some brown sugar, vinegar, grated lemon rind and raisins. ***Tomato juice*** needs no explanation . . . but have you tried it as a salad dressing with lemon juice, oil and grated Parmesan, or as a sunrise cocktail mixed with orange juice, a twist of lemon, a dash of Worcestershire?

Tomato catsup, as all-American as hot dogs and hamburgers, is pure tomato pulp cooked with salt, vinegar, sugar and spices. Gives a tangy lift to baked beans, meat loaf. Try it, too, in salad dressings. Offspring of tomato catsup are ***pizza flavor*** (pour on fish or egg dishes), ***hickory flavor*** (use as a barbecue sauce, especially good on spare ribs and hot dogs) and ***steakhouse flavor*** (try it on pot roast, Swiss steak).

Tomato soup, that most versatile can in the cupboard, is so much more than a soup! It's proved itself as a star performer in hundreds of recipes from main dishes to tomato-soup cake and steamed puddings . . . has even been immortalized in pop-art portraits. Here are some new ways: ***Tomato Shake***—shake or blend with cold milk, a pinch of cinnamon. To make ***Tomato Nog,*** add an egg before shaking. ***Booze 'n' Soup***—to hot tomato soup add some Worcestershire, lemon and hot-pepper sauce and mix if you wish with vodka, gin or sherry. Great for aiding circulation when sipped hot from thermos jugs at a football game. ***Tomato aspic*** can be chilled and turned out of its can or melted down and chilled in your own molds. It makes a fresh, summery-tasting aspic parfait any time of year when layered in parfait glasses with sour cream.

More tomato incarnations: ***Chili sauce,*** with a coarser texture than catsup, gives a "Texas-style" touch to skillet dishes, baked beans, meat loaf. ***Seafood cocktail sauce*** is delicious on shrimp, lobster, crab, clams. Canned egg-shaped ***Italian tomatoes,*** packed in Italy, give a truly authentic look and taste to Italian dishes.

Would you believe, considering the present popularity of the tomato, that 100 years ago it was considered poisonous? (Would you believe 150?) Actually it was 146 years ago that a strange demonstration took place in front of the courthouse in Salem, New Jersey. While the fearful citizenry gathered around, according to the persistent legend, Robert Gibbons Johnson, a wealthy farmer, ate a tomato . . . and lived! Until that day, most of the citizens of the United States had believed that the "love apple," as they called it, was poisonous.

How this strange superstition began is a mystery, because from ancient times the Indians of Mexico and South America doted on the fruits of the "*tomatl*," which grew like a weed all around them. Spanish explorers took it back to Europe where the Italians called it "*pomi d'oro*," or "apple of gold," and promptly made sauce of it. Some say it began as *pomi di Mori*—apple of the Moors—which the gallant French promptly into *pomme d'amour*—apple In most of the rest of Europe, tomat grown as a curiosity or a decorativ The exchange of a "love apple" was affection; but as for eating one—unth

By this devious route—from South via Europe—tomatoes came to North Once the intrepid Mr. Johnson surv public snack, everybody else started

All tomatoes aren't fat and red li usually found in the supermarket. T come in yellow, white, pale yellow, pink orange, apricot, even striped green. So tomatoes are as small as large currant cultivated, ones weigh a pound. Some, Italian tomato, are egg-shaped; others, meaty "Beefsteak" tomato, look as if been "gathered" at the stem end. Ne ular on the most distinguished tables is cherry tomato—a variety that was popular with the Incas of ancient Peru elegant appetizer is a home-grown tomato plant set right on the table fo to pluck themselves.

In addition to their pleasantly fre taste, tomatoes boast lots of vitamins and, with only 81 calories per pound, an ideal food for dieters.

Because tomato flavor develops as it r the plant, no tomato that you find in a will have a flavor as good as one you and warm, from the vine. This is bec matoes allowed to ripen fully before would be much too tender to stand mass ing, much less shipping. So, unfort growers must aim for the best compro

There are five officially recognized s harvesting tomatoes, ranging from in green to firm ripe. No matter at which tomato is picked, it can be made to t but if it has been picked too soon, th will be undeveloped, and the seeds will and soft. If you live near a tomato-region, you may be lucky enough to fi that has been picked at the later st ripening. Unfortunately, some tomatoe at the "immature green" stage arrive in and are sold, although they have very poo

The only way to judge a tomato with ting into it is on the basis of color, appearance and firmness. Size has ab nothing to do with the ripeness or fla yond this, the housewife is at the merc tomato grower. However, the indust aware that commercially grown toma short of the consumer's wants, is experi with thousands of species, trying to b matoes that will withstand shippin harvested later.

All tomatoes, after they are pick "ripened" at a temperature of 65 t grees until they turn red. So ethylene gas is used to sp ripening process. Many feel not affect taste.

Some hopeful signs on t zon are laboratory experime nitrogen-freezing of tomato becomes a reality, tomatoes picked at full ripeness, flas at temperatures of minus-300 by liquid nitrogen, and then d with no damage to the delic walls. —JOAN PAULSON



The infinitely useful tomato in a few of its many forms: the popular Globe tomato, the tiny cherry, the meaty Beefsteak, canned Italian tomatoes, and, of course, catsup.

Illustration by Isad

CAKE
m page 90
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FILLING—OUR
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Del Monte Early Garden Peas are fit for a party dish. Sweetly green and tender. Just the right sizes. And happily yours for flavor. You and Del Monte make a good thing special.

PEAS & ONIONS PAPRIKA

3-4 large onions, cut in half crosswise
Paprika
¼ cup chopped onion
2 Tbsps. butter or margarine
1 Tbsp. cornstarch
1 can (1-lb. 1-oz.) Del Monte® Brand Early Garden Peas
2 Tbsps. chopped pimiento
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce

To make onion cups: Remove centers from onion halves; place cups in baking dish and cover with foil. Bake at 375°F., 20 min. Sprinkle tops of onion cups with paprika. Chop enough onion centers to make ¼ cup. Sauté chopped onion in butter or margarine until tender. Blend in cornstarch and liquid drained from peas. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add peas, pimiento and seasonings; mix well. Fill onion cups with peas mixture. Cover with foil. Bake at 375°F., 15 min. Makes 6-8 servings.





shaped doily in center of cake. Tie 5 or 6 tiny pink rosebuds and leaves with 7 or 8 inches of narrow pink satin ribbon and place on doily.

If you do not have a 7-cup-size heart-shaped baking pan, you can use two 3½-cup heart-shaped pans. Prepare 1 (1-lb., 2½-oz.) pkg. of yellow cake mix and divide evenly between the two pans. Bake and cool according to package directions. When cake is thoroughly cool, using toothpicks as markers and a ruler as a guide, hollow out the center of the bottom layer, cutting 2 inches in from the edges and down to within ½ inch of the bottom. Hollow out the second layer completely, 2 inches from the edge, so that you have a heart-shaped outline. Make Raspberry Bavarian Filling, but double the quantity. Fill the bottom layer. Set the completely hollowed-out layer carefully on top and pour in the remaining filling. Let set, then frost and decorate as above.

You can also make two 8 x 8 x 2-inch cake layers (or buy them) and cut them into heart-shaped layers using a cardboard pattern. Fill and decorate *(continued)*

according to our directions given above.

Easy Does It Ahead

To save time—and calories—you might substitute ready-whipped topping, which can be kept in the freezer 2 weeks.

For those of you who like everything easiest and done way ahead of time—use 1 (14 oz.) can white frosting. (Do not try to pipe it, it's too soft.) Use silver dragées instead of rosettes.

This cake can be made and frozen weeks ahead. Be sure to freeze first. Then wrap.

RASPBERRY BAVARIAN FILLING

1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen raspberries, thawed
¼ cup reserved raspberry juice
½ cup boiling water
1 (3-oz.) pkg. raspberry-flavored gelatin
¼ cup coarsely chopped almonds
¼ cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten
1 Tb. white crème de menthe
½ tsp. almond extract

Thaw 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen raspberries, drain and reserve ¼ cup juice. Press raspberries through a sieve to remove seeds. You will have a thick raspberry pulp or purée.

In ½ cup boiling water dissolve 1 (3-oz.) pkg. raspberry-flavored gelatin, stirring well till gelatin is dissolved. Stir in raspberry pulp, raspberry juice and ¼ cup coarsely chopped almonds.

Refrigerate mixture until it's the consistency of unbeaten egg white. Fold in ¼ cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten, 1 tablespoon white crème de menthe and ½ teaspoon almond extract. Spoon mixture into hollow of heart-shaped cake. Makes 1½–2 cups.

Quick and Easy Dodge:

Prepare a package of strawberry-flavored whipped-dessert mix according to package directions adding 1 (10-oz.) package mashed or puréed frozen raspberries or strawberries and ¼ cup chopped almonds, 1 tablespoon white crème de menthe, ½ teaspoon almond extract. Proceed as above.

THREE-TIERED ROUND WEDDING CAKE

3 (1-lb., 2½-oz.) pkgs. yellow cake mix
1 recipe Mandarin Orange Filling (below)
1 recipe Creamy Frosting (below)

This cake could be made and decorated 2 days before, if kept in a cool place. In a large bowl, prepare 2 (1-lb., 2½-oz.) pkgs. yellow cake mix according to package directions. Using an electric mixer, beat batter at medium speed 4 minutes.

Fill a greased and floured 12 x 2-inch round pan half full with about ⅔ of cake batter. Pour remaining cake batter to half fill a round 8 x 2-inch greased and floured cake pan. Bake both cake layers in a preheated 350° oven 40 to 45 minutes for the 12-inch layer and 30 to 35 minutes for the 8-inch layer or till they are golden brown and spring back when touched with fingertip.

Prepare the last package yellow cake mix according to directions. Fill a 4 x 2-inch greased and floured round cake pan about half full. Bake in preheated 350° oven 20 to 25 minutes or till it is golden brown and springs back when touched with fingertips. Bake remaining batter left from the third cake-mix package and freeze for later use. Cool the 3 cake layers about 10 minutes in their pans on a wire rack. Turn out from pan and let cool completely before frosting.

Using toothpicks as markers, split each layer in half crosswise. On the top of the bottom half of the 12-inch layer, spread about 2½ cups Mandarin Orange Filling (recipe below), and replace top layer. On the 8-inch layer, spread about 1 cup filling and about ¼ cup filling for the 4-inch layer. Spread filling evenly with spatula and replace each top on bottom half of layer. Do not stack layers yet. See instructions for Frosting.

MANDARIN ORANGE FILLING

4 (11-oz.) cans mandarin oranges, drained
¼ cup Grand Marnier or Cointreau
2 Tb. cornstarch

Combine in a saucepan 4 (11-oz.) cans drained mandarin oranges, ¼ cup Grand Marnier or Cointreau and 2 tablespoons cornstarch. Place over heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and cook 5 to 6 minutes longer or until mixture is thickened and syrup-like in consistency.

Cool mixture completely, uncovered, and use as a filling for round or square wedding cake. Makes about 3½ cups.

CREAMY FROSTING

1¼ cups butter or margarine, softened
1¼ cups white shortening
5 (1-lb.) pkgs. confectioners' sugar (not necessary to sift)
1¼ cups light cream
1 Tb. vanilla extract

In your largest mixing bowl, combine 1¼ cups softened butter or margarine and 1¼ cups softened white shortening and beat with electric mixer at low speed until light and fluffy.

Using 5 (1-lb.) pkgs. confectioners' sugar, add 1 cup at a time to the bowl, then add 1¼ cups light cream, two tablespoons at a time. Beat mixture till smooth after each addition.

When all sugar and cream are added, stir in 1 tablespoon vanilla extract and beat at medium speed 1 or 2 minutes longer, or until mixture is smooth and of a spreading consistency.

Cover bowl with a damp towel, to prevent drying out. Use to frost 3-tier round wedding cake or 4-tier square wedding cake (recipe follows) following directions for Basket-Weave Frosting.

BASKET-WEAVE FROSTING

If you've never decorated a cake before, we recommend that you practice on a piece of wax paper first, to get the feel of how it works. Take your time, do not work on an excessively hot-humid day. The basket weave we describe will take 2–3 hours for the novice. The frosting will keep indefinitely if refrigerated and kept covered with a damp cloth.

Divide 1 recipe Creamy Frosting in half; place each half in a separate bowl and keep covered with damp cloth. Save one bowl of frosting for basket weave. With the rest of frosting, using a spatula, spread a thin layer of frosting on each cake layer, tops and side, to seal in crumbs. Let stand until completely dry (about 1 hour).

When first coat of frosting is dry, spread bottom layer with more frosting, smoothing frosting on the top and sides with a spatula. Keep dipping spatula into hot water to achieve the smoothest finish possible. Center the 8-in. layer on bottom tier; frost and smooth. Finally, top with 4-in. layer; frost and smooth.

Next comes the final gilding—the basket-weave frosting. To do it properly, it's important to have the cake as near eye level as possible. We put our cake on a low stool on the kitchen counter. You can improvise with any support, as long as it's sturdy. Using a toothpick, make small dots in vertical lines, about 1 inch apart, all around the sides of the cake, on each layer, as a guideline. Fill one pastry bag about ⅔ full with a No. 48 decorating tip and another pastry bag with a No. 4 tip.

Beginning at top layer, using the No. 4 decorating tip, make a vertical line down the side of cake (as in drawing A), following small dots as a guideline. Using the No. 48 decorating tip, make 3 horizontal weaves (overlapping the vertical line) about 1 inch long, on side of cake (as in drawing A). Space each horizontal weave about ½ inch apart. Then make second vertical line, following dots as guidelines (drawing B). Between spaces of the 3 horizontal weaves, make 2 more weaves about 2 inches long, overlapping the second vertical line (see drawing C). Continue alternating basket-weave lines with vertical lines until layer is completed. Then proceed to next layers and repeat same operation.

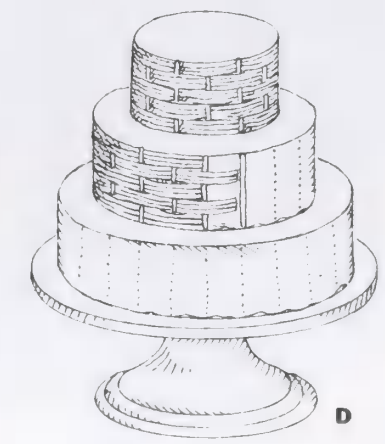
Using a No. 4 star decorating tip, make small rosettes around top edge of each layer. Then place on tiers 24 tiny white roses and leaves. Serves 40–50.

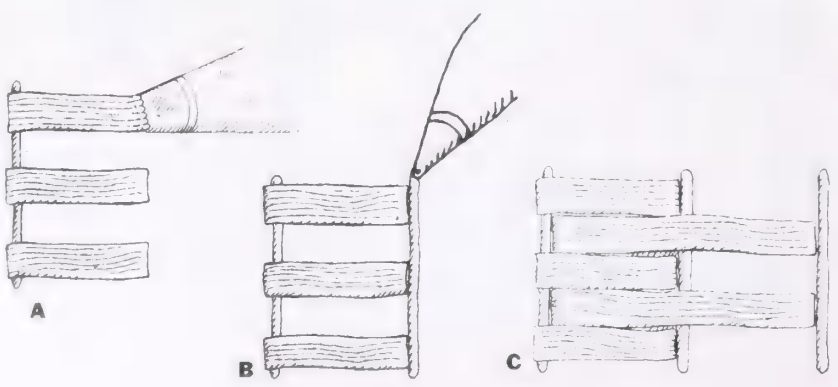
4-TIER SQUARE WEDDING CAKE

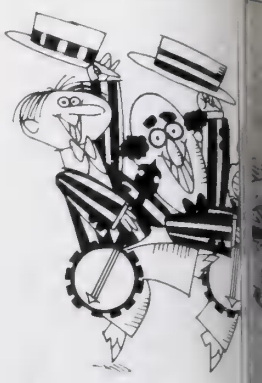
If you would like to make your own wedding cake and don't have proper baking pans, buy an 18 x 26 x 2-inch sheet cake from the bakery and cut according to our directions. Price range for sheet cake on East Coast is between $7.50 and $9.50 per layer.

1 (18x26x2-inch) rectangle yellow sheet cake
1 recipe Mandarin Orange Filling (see recipe).
1 recipe Creamy Frosting (see recipe)

Using a ruler and toothpicks as markers, trim about a 1-inch margin from around







Work-Savin That Help Y Take a Sum Kitchen Hol

Cool Picnic Idea
Reynolds Wrap aroun of foods and beverage things cold, hot things

Camping out?
Spread Reynolds Wra sleeping bag, for a d fortable bed.

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Line your grill with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap, oven-tempered for flexible strength. Reflects heat, for better cooking with less fuel. Makes clean-up easy; just bur ashes and drippings

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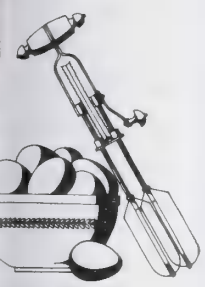
Reynolds Wrap

Strong... Dependa All-Purpose Reynol

A foil by any othe just ain't the sa

18 x 26 x 2-inch yellow sheet
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On the 8-inch layer, spread



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Replace top halves of each

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Creamy Frosting (see recipe
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serves 50 to 55.
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quantity of filling and frost-
me for both and is ample for

END

SCANDINAVIAN COOK BOOK

continued from page 89

These are the recipes for the lavish Smörgåsbord shown on page 88. Some of the measurements may sound strange—like 10¼ tablespoons sugar—but that's because they're an absolutely accurate translation from the European measurements.

HERRING TIDBITS IN SOUR CREAM

This is a traditional beginning to a Smörgasbord. Pile 1 (12-oz.) can of herring and onions in sour cream on a bed of parsley sprigs.

An alternate is:

HERRING TIDBITS ON APPLES AND PEARS

Cut 1 red apple and 1 green pear into 8 sections, lengthwise. Brush each cut section with lemon juice to prevent discoloring. Arrange alternate sections of apples and pears around the edge on a platter to form a border. Pile 1 (12-oz.) jar herring in sour cream in the center.

EGGS MAYONNAISE (ÄGG MED MAJONNÄS)

4 cold hard-boiled eggs
4 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise
1 head lettuce, or shredded lettuce
With fish:
4 slices smoked or salted salmon, in strips
or **8 buckling fillets, in pieces**
or **¾–1 cup cooked, cold fish**
With vegetables:
***1 (10½-oz.) can asparagus**
or **¼ lb. cucumber, sliced or diced**
or **2 stalks celery, sliced**
With shellfish:
1 (10-oz.) can crabmeat
or ***¾–1 cup boiled peeled prawns**
or **1 (8-oz.) can lobster**
or **8–12 crayfish, boiled and shelled**

Shell the eggs and halve lengthwise. Place on a bed of lettuce leaves or shredded lettuce. Arrange the fish, vegetables or shellfish around the eggs. Coat with mayonnaise. Garnish with wedges of tomato, or dill. Serve immediately. 4 portions.

Ed. Note: We used shrimp for prawns and made this appetizer using starred ingredients.

PICKLED BALTIC HERRING (SURSTRÖMMING)

Also known as fermented Baltic herring. *Allow a small can of "pickled herring" for each portion.*

A small can contains 4–6 herrings, a medium-sized can 10–12 herrings and a large can 18–20 herrings.

Serve the pickled herring directly from the can with boiled potatoes, preferably almond potatoes*, plenty of finely chopped red onion, flat bread, (also known as "thin bread" in Sweden), butter and whey cheese.

*Ed. Note: "Almond potatoes" are small, oval-shaped new potatoes native to Europe. Shape your own imitations: cut potatoes in half lengthwise. Arrange ingredients symmetrically as pictured. Garnish with dill.

LIVER PÂTÉ (LEVERPASTEJ)

1 lb. pig's liver
1 lb. fat bacon
4 anchovy fillets
1 tablespoonful chopped onion, fried in butter
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful white pepper
3 eggs
1–2 tablespoonfuls potato flour
2¼ cups cream
Thin rashers of fat bacon

Wash the liver. (Soak it for a few hours in cold water.) Cut the liver and fat bacon into small pieces. Mince the liver, fat bacon and anchovies twice.

Add the onion and seasoning. Stir in the eggs and flour. Moisten it with cream. Work the mixture until it is smooth. Taste for seasoning. Cook a test sample. If pâté is too soft add a little more flour; if it is too stiff, moisten it with cream.

Line one or two oblong tins with thin rashers of fat bacon or greased aluminum foil. Pour in the mixture and cover with greaseproof paper or aluminum foil. Cook the pâté in a water bath over top heat or in the oven (345° F.) 1½–2 hours. Cool, then chill in refrigerator.

To serve: Place a thick slice liver pâté on a trimmed toast square. Garnish with black olives and mandarin orange sections. Makes 24.

*Ed. Note: To cook the test sample place ¼ cup pâté in a buttered 6-oz. custard cup. Cover with foil. Bake in a water bath for 30 min. at 345° F.

RAW BEEFSTEAK (BIFTECK Ä LA TARTARE)

Allow for each person:

6–8 oz. sirloin of beef equals required 4 oz. scraped beef,
or **4 oz. (½ cup) ground beef**
1 tablespoonful chopped onion
1 tablespoonful chopped, pickled beetroot (beets)
1 tablespoonful capers
1–2 raw egg yolks

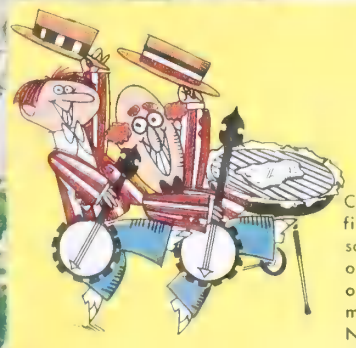
It is advisable to scrape the meat so that all the sinews and membranes are removed. Cut the meat into pieces along the muscle fibres and scrape the meat in the same direction so that it is finely divided.

Shape the scraped or minced meat into cakes. Arrange them in a serving dish with groups of onion, beetroot and capers and top each meat cake with a raw egg yolk. Serve with salt and pepper, butter and toast. *(continued)*



Take a summer kitchen holiday with Reynolds Wrap. Bake fish outdoors in Reynolds Wrap to seal in flavor. Why, specifically, Reynolds Wrap? Because Reynolds Wrap is **oven-tempered for flexible strength** –a strength that resists tearing. No wonder Reynolds Wrap outsells all other foils combined. There are other foils that cost pennies less. But they're not Reynolds Wrap. So we'll just keep on making our foil strong and tear-resistant. Otherwise, it wouldn't be good enough for you...or for us. Reynolds Wrap.
A foil by any other name just ain't the same.

Reynolds Wrap OVEN-TEMPERED FOR FLEXIBLE STRENGTH HEAVY DUTY FOIL



BARBECUE FISH-BAKE*

1 to 3 lb. fish, cleaned
Texas Barbecue Sauce
¼ cup cider vinegar
¼ cup corn oil
⅓ cup Worcestershire
1 cup catsup
¾ cup water
1 teaspoon chili powder
3 drops Tabasco Sauce
2 teaspoons salt
Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap

Combine barbecue sauce ingredients and bring just to a boil. Place fish on center of a large sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Sprinkle salt and pepper inside fish. Bring up foil around fish and spoon sauce over it generously. Close the foil, double-folding edges together. Bake over hot fire, allowing 15 minutes for 1 lb. fish; 25 minutes for 2 lbs.; 35 minutes for 3 lbs. Serve right from foil, spooning juices over each serving. Note to fishermen: Fresh-caught fish stay fresh when wrapped in Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap and frozen.

*Recipes (fish and sauce) from new Reynolds Wrap cookbook "CREATIVE COOKING WITH ALUMINUM FOIL", by Eleanor Lynch.

Variation: Mix all the ingredients. Season and shape the patties into cakes. Fry them rapidly in fat or grill them. Serve with Worcestershire sauce, ketchup or chili sauce.

Ed. Note: Use only ground sirloin or fillet of beef that is *very* fresh. It should never be ground in a grinder that has been used for pork.

GREEN SALAD (GRÖNSALLAD)

1 head salad (cabbage lettuce, curly endive, endive, cos lettuce)
Lots of vinaigrette, lemon dressing or other dressing

Separate the salad leaves, then rinse and drain them thoroughly. Small leaves may be left whole, large ones torn into pieces or shredded, using a sharp knife.

Arrange the salad in a large bowl or in individual bowls. Immediately before serving add the dressing and toss the leaves in it.

Alternatively, serve the dressing separately.

Variation: When vinaigrette or lemon dressing is used, the salad bowl may be rubbed with a cut clove of garlic before the salad is put in it. Four portions.

LIGHT MEAT DUMPLINGS (FRIKADELLER)

(In covered dish in picture on page 88. Similar to quenelles, but less smooth, as the meat is not so finely pounded.)

1 cup minced veal
1 cup minced pork
2 tablespoonfuls dried white breadcrumbs
1 cup cream or milk
salt, white pepper
2 egg yolks
For Boiling:
4½ cups water
2 teaspoonfuls salt
6 white peppercorns
1 bay leaf
parsley
1 onion
1 piece carrot

Soak breadcrumbs in the liquid. Mix the minced meats. Stir in the seasonings and egg yolks. Add soaked breadcrumbs. Work meat till smooth. Shape it into small balls.

Mix the ingredients for the cooking liquid and bring it to a boil. Put in the dumplings a few at a time and let them simmer 5 minutes.

Serve with boiled (riced) potatoes, mashed potatoes or boiled rice and a sauce, *e.g.*, dill, lemon, tomato or caper.

Note: The dumplings may also be used as a garnish for soup. They are then cooked directly in the soup. 4 portions.

JANSSON'S TEMPTATION (JANSSONS FRESTELSE) A delicious anchovy casserole

2 large onions
5 potatoes
14–16 anchovy fillets
anchovy liquid (from the can)
2 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine
⅔–1 cup cream
Oven temperature: 435° F.
Baking time: 45–60 minutes

Peel the onions and chop or slice thinly. Peel the potatoes and cut into fine strips.

Arrange half the potatoes in a buttered fireproof dish. Put the anchovies and onions on top and add the rest of the potatoes. Pour on half the cream and a little anchovy liquid.

Dot with pats of fat.

Bake until the potatoes are pale golden-brown in color. Add the remaining cream. Continue baking until the potatoes are tender.

Variation: Replace the anchovies with 1 matjes herring fillet or 4–6 cleaned, filleted bucklings. 4 portions.

FRUIT-FILLED MELON (FYLLD MELON)

1 small melon (about 2 lbs.)
sugar
4½ cups wild or cultivated strawberries, raspberries, red currants, blackberries or cherries
or **1½ lb. grapes**

Wash the melon and cut off a lid or divide it into two halves. It may be advisable to cut off a thin slice from the base of the melon or from both halves so that they stand steadily.

Take out the melon seeds and most of the flesh, using a spoon. Cut the flesh into cubes.

Clean and rinse the fruit, if necessary. Hull the berries or stone the cherries. If grapes are included, halve them and remove the seeds. Reserve a few whole grapes for garnishing. Put layers of fruit, melon cubes, sugar into melon.

Garnish with clusters of berries or whole grapes. 6 portions.

Ed. Note: Another traditional method of serving is to arrange melon and berries as pictured on page 89.

CHOCOLATE SWISS ROLL (CHOKLADRULLTÅRTA)

Cake:
3 eggs (and 1 egg white)
10¼ tablespoonfuls sugar
⅓ cup potato flour
2 tablespoonfuls cocoa
1 teaspoonful baking powder

Whisk the eggs (and egg white) and sugar until very foamy. Mix together the potato flour, cocoa and baking powder, sift it into the egg mixture and stir round.

Spread the mixture evenly in a greased, waxed-paper-lined S tin, 12x16 inches (American 15x12x1½ inches). Bake at about 5 minutes. Turn out the a floured cloth, pull off paper the tin over the cake. Leave t

Filling:
3 bananas, mashed, *or* 7 tablespoonfuls crushed pineapple
1¼ cups heavy cream
1 tablespo vanilla s
***o.* 1 table sugar plu teaspoon vanilla e**
Scant ¼ cup walnuts or sh hazelnuts, chopped

Whip the cr the vanilla sug

Spread the c mashed ban crushed pineap then with ab the cream. Spri the nuts. Rol cake and put dish, smooth uppermost. C the remainin and decorate, banana slices, pineapple and block (semi-swe olate. Twelve p

Ed. Note: We pip maining cream on the roll and deco banana slices (bru lemon juice to keep turning brown) and chunks. See photo page 89.



CORNUCOPIAS (FYLLDA STRUT

Cones that are fi whipped cream.

1 cup thick crear
4–8 cones
berries or jam

Whip the cre pipe it into the Decorate with or jam and se mediately. 4 por

Variations: I horns with ice instead of w cream. 4 portion

Ed. Note: We made ation. If you place g bles in the bottom of serving bowl, t will stand up straight and steady. cover the marbles with popcorn if you li

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

A perfect beverage to serve Smörgåsbord. Children love it.

Pour into a tall tumbler ⅔ cu juice (from black grapes) and soda water. Add a few ice cube orate with slices of orange and re tail cherries. 1 glass.

Ed. Note: This is the traditional meth speed, dilute 1 (3-oz.) can frozen grape trate with 1 (1 pint, 12-oz.) bottle clu



Now, frosting that spreads easier, tastes creamier than your homemade.

Or your mother's. Or her mother's.

Because . . . Betty Crocker Ready-to-Spread is the homogenized frosting. Homogenized smoother than any butter cream frosting you can whip, blend or beat at home. So it spreads easier, tastes creamier than homemade. Try: Chocolate, Milk Chocolate, Vanilla, Butterscotch or Lemon.

NDERS
A

m page 92

: For extra flavor
, use the oil from
una to grease the
when making tuna

TUNA WITH
ARTICHOKE

na been more ele-
autiful ring can be
ahead, whisked
gerator at the last
the bedazzlement
s.

ize) pkg. mashed

unflavored gelatin
white-meat,
tuna, drained and
d
rd cottage cheese
d celery
chopped onion
ets, finely

pper sauce

cooked shrimp,
deveined
artichoke hearts,

serving size) pkg.
ed potatoes ac-
label directions.
elopes unflavored
cup water. Beat
into hot prepared
l dissolved. Cool.
-oz.) cans white-
tyle tuna, drained
ked, 1 cup large-
cheese, 1 cup
ry, ¼ cup finely
on, 6 anchovy
chopped, 1 tea-
¼ teaspoon hot-
and ⅛ teaspoon
into a well-oiled
old. Chill at least

e center filling:
cooked shrimp,
veined, 1 (10-oz.)
e hearts, cooked.
umber by running
gthwise along cu-
end to end. Slice
hill. Toss gently

Unmold tuna on
platter. Fill cen-
old with prepared
g a little around
old. Garnish with
rigs. Serves 6.

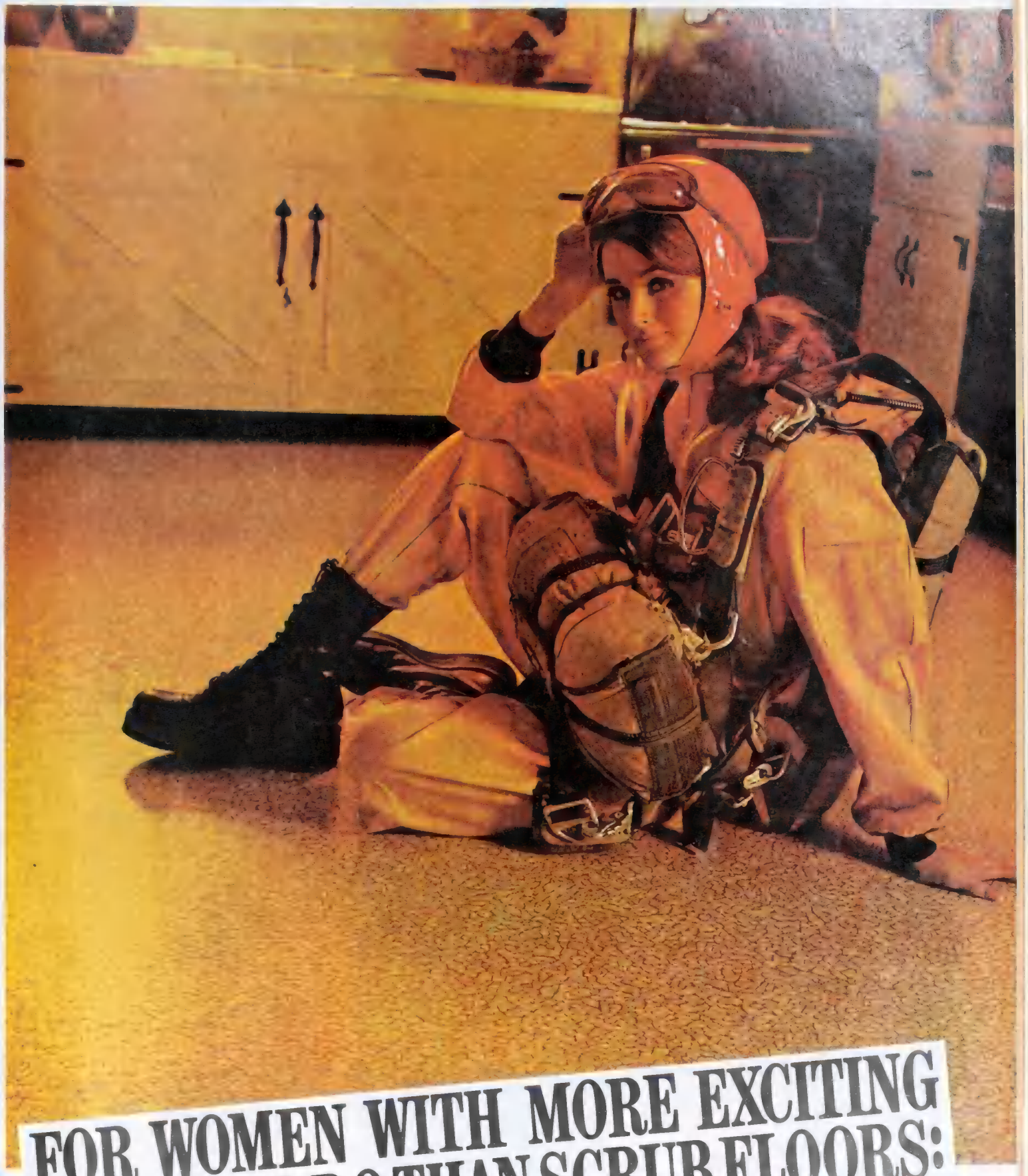
ISE
Mediterranean
at for the eye as
palate. Teamed
French bread,
and dessert . . . a
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icinity of Nice,
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ginated, they will
potatoes are not
or this salad. Use
type. Packaged,
es may be sub-

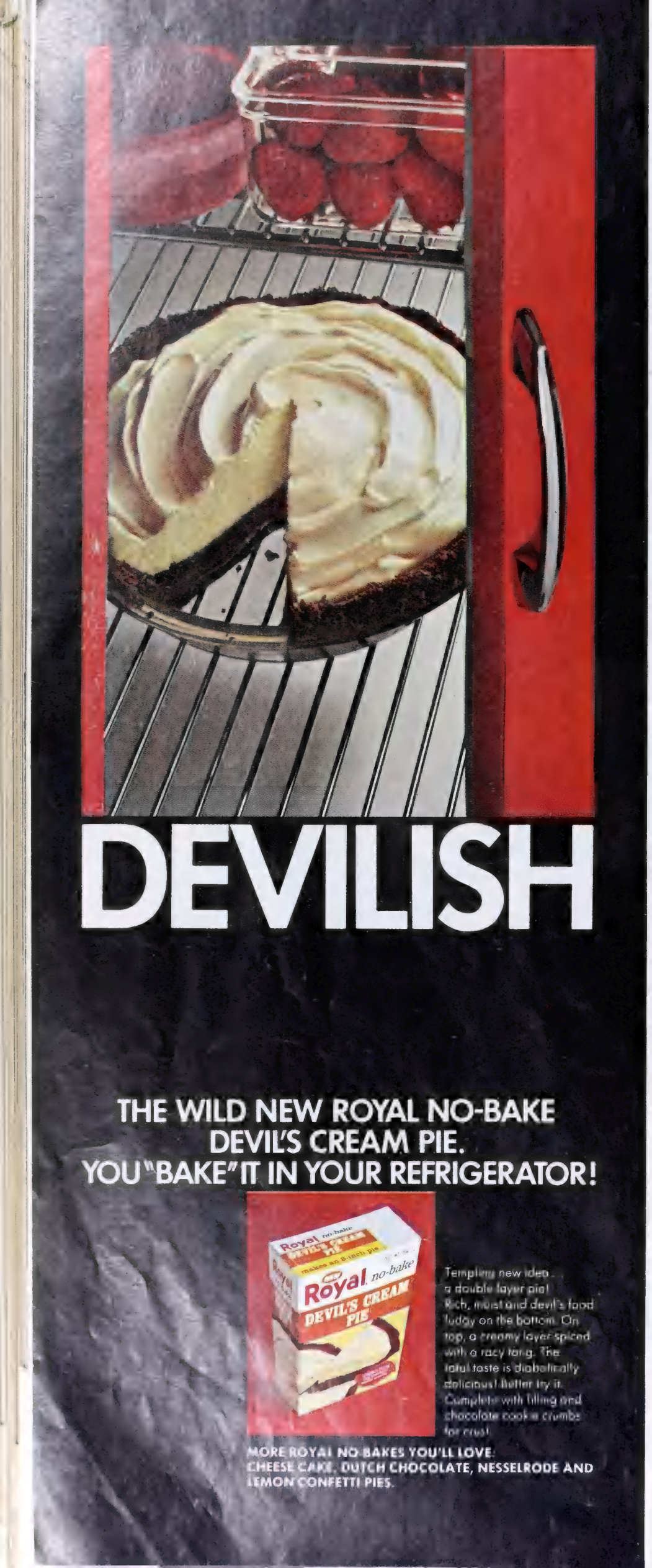
1 head Boston lettuce
6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
4 medium tomatoes, quartered
2 (7-oz.) cans solid-pack, light-meat tuna, drained
2 (2-oz.) cans rolled anchovy fillets
1 (10-oz.) pkg. string beans, cooked and chilled
1 lb. (3 or 4) potatoes, boiled, sliced and chilled
1 cup black pitted olives, drained
2 Tb. chopped parsley
Dressing:
1 cup plain olive-oil-and-vinegar dressing or bottled Italian-style salad dressing

In a large bowl, arrange 1 head Boston lettuce as a bed for salad ingredients. Arrange attractively (as in photograph on page 92) the following ingredients: 6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered; 4 medium tomatoes, quartered; 2 (7-oz.) cans solid-pack, light-meat tuna, drained; 2 (2-oz.) cans rolled anchovy fillets, drained; 1 (10-oz.) pkg. string beans, cooked and chilled; 1 lb. potatoes, boiled, sliced and chilled; and 1 cup pitted black olives, drained. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons chopped parsley over sliced potatoes. Cover and chill.

At serving time: Dress with classic oil-and-vinegar dressing (3 parts oil, 1 part vinegar) or use 1 cup Italian-style dressing. Toss well. Serves 6.

(continued)





TUNA *continued*

TUNA PROVENÇALE

The garlic and tomatoes give this top-of-the-stove "casserole" the flavor of southern France. Perfect for busy days—it's ready in less than a half hour, *and you don't need to light the oven.*

3 (7-oz.) cans white (oil-pack) tuna
½ cup chopped onion
1 (1-lb., 14-oz.) can Italian-style tomatoes *or* **2 (1-lb.) cans tomatoes**
2 tsp. tomato paste
1 or 2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. each: basil, oregano and thyme
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 Tb. chopped parsley
2 cups quick-cooking rice

Drain oil from 3 (7-oz.) cans white (oil-pack) tuna, reserving ¼ cup oil. Break into bite-size pieces. Set aside.

In medium saucepan, sauté ½ cup chopped onion in ¼ cup reserved tuna oil, till golden, about 4 minutes. Stir in 1 (1-lb., 14-oz.) can Italian-style tomatoes, 2 teaspoons tomato paste, 1 or 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each basil, oregano, thyme, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer, uncovered, over medium heat, for 10 minutes. Stir in bite-size pieces of tuna. Simmer 5 more minutes. Serve sprinkled with 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cook 2 cups quick-cooking rice according to label directions. Serve alongside Tuna Provençale. Serves 6.

TUNA AND CABBAGE FLOWERS AU GRATIN

"Cabbage flower" is a literal translation of the French *chou-fleur*—that's cauliflower—only one of several "secret ingredients" in this interesting dish. Looks and tastes like a long-cooked oven job. Only it isn't! For the ultimate in time-saving, use frozen chopped onions and green peppers, thawed.

1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen cauliflower
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 (10½-oz.) can cream of potato soup
½ cup milk
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 (7-oz.) cans white-meat, chunk-style tuna, drained and flaked
1 (8-oz.) can baby carrots, drained
2 Tb. cider vinegar
1 cup fresh bread crumbs (from slices of *fresh bread*)
2 Tb. butter or margarine
¼ tsp. dried thyme leaves

Cook 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen
according to package directi
well. In a skillet, sauté ½
chopped onion and chopped
per in ¼ cup butter or marg
6 minutes or until tender. Ad
1 (10½-oz.) can cream of p
½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon s
teaspoon pepper. Cover and
low heat 5 minutes. Remove
and add 2 (7-oz.) cans w
chunk-style tuna, drained an
(8-oz.) can baby carrots, d
cooked cauliflower and 2 t
cider vinegar. Gently stir mix

Pour mixture into a well-g
quart casserole. Toss 1 cup f
crumbs with 2 tablespoons me
or margarine and ¼ teaspoon d
leaves. Sprinkle crumb mixt
of casserole. Broil 6 inches
3 to 5 minutes or till top is gol
Makes 6 servings.

TUNA AND CAPER SOUP

An unusual, hearty fish soup
a stew. Perfect beginning to
ner, or, with trimmings, a me

½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped green pepper
½ cup chopped onion
1 or 2 large cloves garlic, crushed
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 Tb. flour
3 cups heated chicken broth
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. p
¼ tsp. th
⅛ tsp. ca pepper
1 lb. cod flound (cut in pieces)
2 (7-oz.) water-p drained
¼ cup ca drained
1 Tb. lem

Sauté ½ cup chopped celer
chopped green pepper, ½ cu
onion and 1 or 2 large clo
crushed, in ¼ cup melted but
garine 5 to 7 minutes or till
are tender. Stir occasionally.
blespoons flour and blend.

Heat 3 cups chicken broth.
taste with salt and pepper, ½
thyme, ⅛ teaspoon cayenn
Add to vegetables along wit
or flounder, cut in 1-inch pie
and cook over medium hea
minutes or till fish flakes ea
mixture with a fork to brea
Add 2 (7-oz.) cans drained v
tuna, ¼ cup capers and 1
lemon juice. Heat 3 or 4 min
Serves 6.



"Have they had the pet contest yet?"

VE

page 81

on for very long without
ason for my visits, which,
een so preoccupied, she
sed. Listening to my own
often wondered why she
so inept a pupil.
t summer, and myself at
when I discovered.
cting Tuesday I rang the
st be worn with imprints

pened the door immedi-
today. When she did, I
d been crying. It had not

eeveless dress. I followed
ing room, where she told
as I had on the first occa-
went straight to the mu-
examined with sinking
to be the torment of the

asked, preferring to take
and soothe with my lips
yes. I waited. What was
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petent a performer? The
end?
took the violin from the
the bow and tuned the
mplishment she had ad-
never master. I was about
ke the hated instrument
o my surprise she tucked
own chin. I say surprise
gh until this moment I
d it, I had never heard

me just once, straight at
air back from her eyes,
d, then applied herself to
gradually released into
I, unable after countless
ly given, to distinguish
knew this was music. I
and, but was aware the
duced was born of har-
and inspiration.
or twenty minutes, al-
d no more than five. As
ears slid down her lovely
w-rolling, on the violin.
s, they did not twitch,
much sadness all around
ep.
sic was done she stood,
it still continued, in the
, before, I had not dared
vas stone. She seemed to
echoing notes to return
of the room into which
them.
ver.
iolin, which must have
ay in its case, loosened
l all away and fastened
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sson.
eyes, more red than pre-
beside me. What would
y pitiful scrapings? The
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ou."
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master the violin. You

roficiency on the violin

money."
d the tranquil, elegant
ng considered her des-

If your "Folding Money" matches the signature on the Nestlé's Quik® package...

(or facsimile per Rule #2)



Not pictured actual size

YOU'VE JUST WON

$100

IN THE $100,000 FOLDING MONEY SWEEPSTAKES



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This is your Folding Money Sweepstakes Entry—are you a winner?

Cut out along heavy dotted line and fold on light dotted line. Then compare it with the largest signature on a 1-lb. package of Nestlé's Chocolate Quik at your grocery store (or facsimile available as per Rule #2). If the lower half of your "Folding Money" entry matches the top half of the signature on the package, you're a winner. You collect $100 in cash from Nestlé!

Official Rules for the $100,000 Folding Money Sweepstakes

Easy to enter — nothing to buy

1. One thousand winning reproductions of "Folding Money" are printed in magazine ads like this. The "Folding Money" on this page may be a winner.

2. To find out, clip the "Folding Money" on this page, as instructed above, and compare it with a 1-lb. package of Nestlé's Quik at your grocer's. Or you may obtain a facsimile of the word Quik by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Quik, Box 184, New York, N.Y. 10046. If the lower half of the Quik signature on your "Folding Money" matches the top half of the largest signature on the label (or facsimile), you're a winner.

3. If you are a winner, send your winning "Folding Money" along with your name and address, by registered mail to the judging organization: D. L. Blair Corp., 25 E. 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010. After verification, Nestlé's will mail you $100.

4. All winning claims must be postmarked on or before September 2, 1967, and must be received by September 9, 1967.

5. Sweepstakes is open to all residents of the U.S.A. except employees (and their families) of The Nestlé Company, its advertising agencies, all magazines publishing this advertisement and their production agents, and the judging organization.

6. Decision of the judges is final. Only one winner per family. Void in Nebraska, Wisconsin, and wherever else prohibited by law.



Whenever your family is thirsty for cool refreshment, reach for Nestlé's Quik. It dissolves instantly in milk. There's no stickiness to clean up. Quik is rich in chocolaty flavor. Also rich in Vitamin C and Iron, and has energy to burn. It'll be easy to pick up a Quik package when you're matching your "Folding Money" at your grocer's.

Look for the special Sweepstakes display at your store.

"My husband was a barrister."

Was.

"Barristers don't earn much, when recently called, not even when they're working." She glanced at the ceiling.

"It's a year since Basil worked. He's been ill. We knew there was nothing... At first I went out to work . . ."

It seemed a lifetime since the Bayswater Road.

". . . then I didn't want to leave him for so long. I put the advertisement in. You were my only pupil."

Of all the budding violinists in London, I.

"Yesterday he died. That was his favorite concerto. I've taken your money under false pretenses."

Her secret was out. Mine, fortunately, she seemed not to have heard.

We live in Sussex now, in a little house from the back of which you have a clear view of the downs.

In our sitting room there are real chairs and rugs, books and busts; Bach, the master of counterpoint; Chopin, who knew the precise meaning of the piano; Beethoven, with his prodigal architectural sense; Wagner, his genius for orchestration.

They have mellowed with the years; I, too, though not my love for Alexandra.

We do not talk of music much, nor of the Bayswater Road, but sometimes Alexandra takes out her violin, it is the only child she has, and plays.

She looks at me, and we do not know whether to laugh or cry **END**

IS THERE A GOD?

continued from page 67

sible. (I say a "being," which suggests a person, a spirit, a genie coming out of a bottle, and so is utterly inappropriate. There are no adequate words for any of the great absolutes, like life and death, good and evil; only for trivialities like politics and economics and physics. One falls back on the meaningless monosyllable God.

What can be said with certainty is that, once the confrontation has been experienced—the rocky summit climbed, the interminable desert crossed—an unimaginably delectable vista presents itself, so vast, so luminous, so enchanting, that the small ecstasies of human love, and the small satisfactions of human achievement, by comparison pale into insignificance. Out of tactical despair comes an overwhelming strategic happiness, enfolded in which one is made aware that every aspect of the universe, from the minutest living cell to the most complex human organisms, is intimately related, all deserving of reverence and respect; all shining, like glowworms, with an intrinsic light, and, at the same time, caught in an all-encompassing radiance, like dust in a sunbeam.

This sense of oneness, with the consequent release from the burden of the self, I take to be God—something which indubitably exists; which not only has not died, but cannot die. Such has been the testimony of those in the past whom I most revere—like Christ, St. Paul, Pascal, Bunyan, Blake and Dostoevski. To their testimony, with the greatest possible diffidence, I add my own, so hesitant, fitful and inarticulate. **END**

MORE THAN ONE WIFE

continued from page 78

misguided. To excommunicate a man for his sincere belief is an agony to us. But when he flaunts his sin to the world, we have no choice."

All of which means, the Fundamentalists declare bitterly, that polygamy is no sin; the sin is in being found out.

To thwart this, most of the polygamous families take refuge in the larger towns. The biggest concentration is in and around Salt Lake, where they seek anonymity among the area's 250,000 residents. Here, unknown to their associates, the husbands, and some of the plural wives, work at every manner of job: from mining engineer to hospital nurse; from missile technician to schoolteacher; from corporation executive to secretary. They are in the professions and in industry; in civil service and in social work.

From 9 to 5 they blend into the familiar scene of Salt Lake's economic life. But when the setting sun shrouds the mountain metropolis in purple shadow, they drift home to a hidden life all their own. Home is sometimes three homes, with separate wives and families. Or it is one home, with separate apartments. Or it is homes in Salt Lake, and Idaho and Wyoming, several hours' drive away.

For the younger plural family it is frequently one home with all the wives and children under one roof. Such is the white-shingled cottage of 25-year-old "Frank Tyler," his wives and two sons and three daughters. The name is a pseudonym, as are the names of the dozens of other polygamists I came to know. But there was no disguising the faint hostility and doubt as Frank stood in the doorway, regarding me in silence.

I shared his tension. For I had come under strange auspices. In my initial search for a polygamous family to interview, I had met with no success. The State authorities said they knew none. The L.D.S. church said it knew none. The cabala of discreet ignorance even encompassed a group of Mormon intellectuals I had met at a party. They all agreed that the story of modern-day polygamy had never been told; that the truth could only be learned firsthand. "But the truth is," a tall, sardonic-looking guest assured me, "that we don't know any polygamists"—he looked me straight in the eye—"although we would like to help you."

The next morning I was awakened by the telephone. Identifying himself only as a "Fundamentalist elder," the caller said tersely: "If in your heart you know you can come with an open mind, then come and see us. Come now. . . ." He said a taxi would call for me in half an hour and hung up.

It was the first of many such taxi rides to and from the homes of the plural families I met. And the first of my many telephone conversations with the Fundamentalist elder—whom I never met. Or had I?

I never did find out. But I did find tall, crew-cut Frank Tyler suddenly shaking my hand warmly as I mentioned the elder's telephone call and gave my name. He led me into the living room, where his three wives introduced themselves. The first was brunette Susan, who had been married to Frank five years. She told me with a dimpled smile that she was the mother of [illegible] year-old girl and two-year-old [illegible] had just charged into the entra[illegible] She also had a year-old son. S[illegible]

Next was red-haired, pug-n[illegible] bara, who was 20 and the [illegible] two girls, aged two and eigh[illegible] She and Frank were wed th[illegible] ago. Last to greet me was shy, [illegible] Janet, who didn't look old enc[illegible] married, let alone be so obvio[illegible] nant. She said she was 18, and [illegible] Frank's wife for a year.

They had all grown up [illegible] households. And as we sat i[illegible] the fireplace, they had auto[illegible] ranged themselves on Frank's [illegible] order of their seniority. Neith[illegible] ond nor third wife seemed to m[illegible] Susan slipped her hand int[illegible] when he began speaking of th[illegible] ship and marriage.

He was 19 and already a [illegible] college when he first met S[illegible] square dance. "Gentiles and [illegible] programs would call it lov[illegible] sight," said Frank. "But that's [illegible] nonsense. Our religion teache[illegible] such things are personal rev[illegible] knew we belonged to each oth[illegible]

He knew it so well he neve[illegible] a marriage proposal necessary. I [illegible] did. She waited a year. Ther[illegible] male exasperation—and the his[illegible] rogative of a Fundamentalist [illegible] she finally proposed to him. "O[illegible] said Frank. Abashed at his [illegible] he went to ask formal perm[illegible] Susan's father, who had eight [illegible] married daughters and seven s[illegible] plural households. Two other [illegible] left home, and the Fundamenta[illegible] They were living in monogam[illegible]

Too pretty for words!

(So the words pop off
when the soft tissues pop out)



New Florentine box
for Regular size

Kleenex® tissues
in 3 new decorator boxes-
the new look of softness.

ou can have Susan," her father
ık, "but only if you promise to
Principle."

gave his word. A week later he
ın were married, first in a civil
y, complete with marriage li-
en in a religious ceremony, for
d for all eternity," in a Funda-
t Mormon church. Actually this
destine church, recognized nei-
aw nor the L.D.S. authorities.
undamentalists its clergy is the
Iormon clergy.

irst child was born a year later.
ad already received his degree,
working as a chemist. He and
ıd never discussed plural mar-
he was startled when, at a
ıpper, Susan pointed to a pert,
d girl and said quietly, "I have
she may be the one—the one
been waiting for. It was Bar-
ank was introduced to her, and
gly attracted but unsure.

night," recalls Frank, "Susan
ayed for spiritual guidance to
know if I was worthy, and cap-
aking another wife. After we
we both knew the answer was

xt day Susan called on Barbara,
visiting relatives in Salt Lake
ing Barbara to delay her return
Idaho. Susan said, "Frank and
like to see more of you." To
the daughter of a polygamous
d, the meaning was implicit.
ingly agreed to stay. There-
gan the preliminary courtship.
an acting as chaperone, Frank
Barbara to dances, the mov-
church socials. At the end
vening, Frank and Susan would discuss her. "If Barbara was to share my life with my husband," explained Susan, "the final decision, according to our religion, was up to me!"

Several weeks later she told Frank: "I'm sure I would be happy with Barbara as a sister-wife. Why don't you speak to her father?"

Frank did—immediately. Then, with her father's permission, he asked Barbara to marry him. She shook a suddenly stubborn red head. "I like you, and I like Susan," she told Frank. "But I'm not sure I'd like living the Principle." Over the years in Idaho, she said, plural marriage had caused her family too much agony: hounding by police, persecution by neighbors, the sporadic breakup of their home. "To live the Principle," said Barbara, "I need more inner strength."

"What you need is more time with me," said Frank.

His prophecy proved true. This time he courted Barbara alone. Within a month she consented to become his bride.

As with all plural marriages, it was without wedding license or legal status. But to Frank and Barbara it was sacred, and forever binding. For they were sealed in the secret polygamous rite that has never been witnessed—or even described to an outsider, until it was described to me. Wearing white ceremonial vestments like the bride and bridegroom, Susan stood between them at the altar, awaiting the climactic words that would be addressed to her. The bishop gazed at her searchingly. "Are you willing, Susan," he asked, "to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity?"

"I am willing," said Susan softly. Then, taking Barbara's right hand, she placed it in Frank's right hand, pressing their palms together. While the three remained standing with bowed heads, the bishop solemnly concluded the ceremony. And then the entire assemblage joyously joined in singing a hymn to plural marriage:

Through him who holds the sealing power
Ye faithful ones who heed
Celestial laws, take many wives
And rear a righteous seed.

There was no honeymoon. Frank could not afford one. Adding to the disappointment was the last-minute news that the larger house he had rented would not be ready for a week. So he and Barbara were forced to spend their nuptial night in the tiny bungalow, with Susan and her baby in an adjoining room. "It was very difficult," says Susan. "But my faith sustained me."

Even in their new nine-room home, however, there was some tension. The two wives shared the housework and the laundry without friction. And they each took turns cooking for a week. But neither could stomach the other's menus—literally. Susan was a good plain cook. Barbara leaned to the gourmet. The week Susan cooked, Barbara was constantly nauseous. The week Barbara cooked, Susan was constantly nauseous. "We kept blaming each other," recalls Susan with a smile, "until we discovered we were both pregnant."

They also discovered that, in addition to sharing Frank, they shared many other interests, including dancing, swimming and baroque music. By the time their babies were born—a son to Susan, a daughter to Barbara—Barbara's early doubts about polygamous marriage had begun to fade. Then Frank broached the subject of taking a third wife.

The girl was dreamy-eyed Janet, whose family Frank had known since boyhood. He had always looked upon her as a child, for she was seven years his junior. Now, seeing Janet at church the past few Sundays, it was as if he were seeing her with new eyes. He hadn't mentioned his feelings to her; in keeping with Fundamentalist custom, he first had to ask Susan and Barbara if they were ready to welcome a sister-wife.

"Of course I'm ready," said Susan.

"And I'm not!" Barbara exploded. "Anyway, Janet hasn't graduated from high school yet."

Frank nodded. Mormons place a particularly large accent on education. Utah has more college students per capita than any other state. And most Fundamentalists look upon high-school graduation as an absolute minimum. "We'll wait a while," Frank told Barbara. "And then perhaps, with spiritual guidance, your outlook will change."

During this interlude, Susan gave birth to her third child—a son—and Barbara became pregnant for the second time. With her increasing sense of fulfillment came the spiritual change Frank had hoped for. And on the day Janet graduated, Barbara told Frank, "I'm ready."

The courtship was swift. Recalls Janet: "After seeing Frank's household, and how they all conducted their lives, I was filled with a tremendous respect for Frank, and I quickly (*continued*)

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grew to love him. When he asked me to marry him, I felt my own life had found its true meaning."

The wedding coincided with Frank's vacation. And, with the pregnant Barbara joining in the rites, Susan, for the second time, gave her husband in marriage to another woman. That night Frank and his bride left for their honeymoon. The next morning Barbara gave birth to a daughter.

The memory still disturbs the sensitive, mature young father. "At such times," says Frank, "a wife—more than ever—needs her husband." It also disturbed his other two wives. Without being asked, Susan and Janet relinquished their scheduled nights alone with Frank so that he could spend them all with Barbara.

"Living the Principle," says Janet, "teaches us tolerance and understanding." It also teaches them deprivation. Frank's $6,500 annual salary is barely enough for four adults and five children—not even with the money Susan earns as a part-time bookkeeper, while her sister-wives baby-sit. Like all Fundamentalists, Frank tithes 10 percent of his earnings to his church; on his income tax return he can deduct only his "legal" dependents—Susan and her three children.

So Spartan is the family budget that they can afford meat just twice a week. To save money, the wives do their own baking, canning and dressmaking. There is little to spend for outside entertainment. Aside from an occasional movie and concert, their social life is church-oriented, and all their friends are fellow Fundamentalists.

"At the laboratory where I work," says Frank, "none of the men know I live the Principle. Occasionally they invite me to a party and ask me to bring my wife along. I try to turn them down tactfully, but it's awkward, and I'm getting a reputation as a loner."

Frank feels this reputation for aloofness may interfere with his career. He is trying to compensate by taking college courses at night toward a master's degree, but he is not doing as well as he had hoped. He can only study on weekends, and with five children, all under the age of five, the house is a bedlam.

"Our home is just too sm
Frank. "Eventually I hope
separate houses for each wife
the women don't get along. C
the close quarters, they get
But I know that every wom
home of her own."

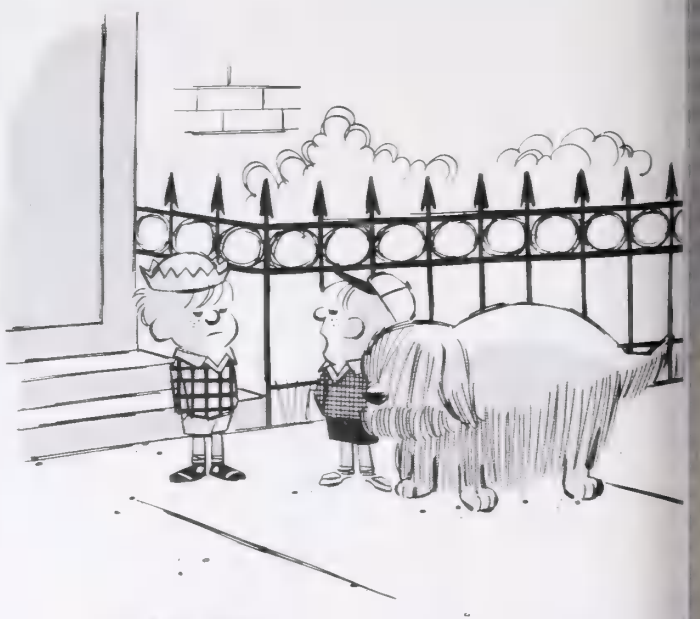
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children are the embodiment
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By banning polygamy, t
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Fundamentalists' prime argu
winning converts. It was also
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to convert their monogamou
husbands to polygamy. Chil
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found each husband an addi
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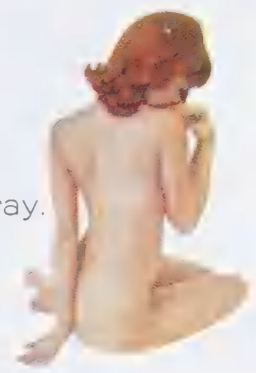
Her doctor's knowledge



"Certainly he's a police dog . . . a plainclothes one."



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from town to town in northern Utah as a country practitioner. By night he hurtles hundreds of miles over mountain roads to spend what hours he can with his broken families. (The doctor's devotion is not unusual. As a matter of religious principle, polygamists remain constant to their wives. Should they take a young bride, after their other wives have passed their child-bearing years, they strive to avoid favoritism—even to providing equally in their wills for all members of the family. Their lives, like that of the doctor, are completely family-centered.)

No one is quite sure who betrayed the doctor. Usually, in such cases, it is either an L.D.S. zealot, or a citizen who believes the law should be enforced literally. These well-meaning informers are the nightmare of Utah's polygamists—and the reason why the majority conceal their plural marriages, some even to the point of leading double lives.

A striking example of this is "Philip Denton," a poised, remarkably handsome man of 31. He has two homes, three wives, and four children. To those (continued)

who really know him, this is Philip Denton the Fundamentalist—a brilliant religious leader and scholar, who despite his comparative youth is already being groomed for one of the highest posts in his clandestine church. To those who *think* they know him, there is another Philip Denton—the talented electronics engineer, father of two daughters and staunch supporter of the L.D.S. church in his fashionable community.

I met both Philip Dentons. First I met him in his monogamous setting—a handsome eight-room ranch house furnished with antiques, valuable paintings and a concert grand piano. Here he lives with his statuesque blond wife Pamela. And here, with Pamela acting as hostess, he often meets with L.D.S. churchmen, brings business associates home to dinner and stages sophisticated parties for his separate set of Mormon friends.

It is the typical domestic pattern of the successful Mormon professional man. It was also the only life Denton and Pamela had led—from 1959, when they were married in their native California, until three years ago, when he was transferred to his top engineering job in Salt Lake City. "Materially our life was a success; spiritually it was bankrupt," he told me as we sat in his luxurious study. "Although we were both born into the Mormon faith, Pamela and I never felt we really belonged. And then . . ." He hesitated for the right phrase. "Then, as if in a revelation, came the answer. Pamela and I were converted to Fundamentalism. . . ."

A year later, with Pamela's blessing, Denton wed slender, fair-haired Lillian, a Fundamentalist widow with a six-year-old son. She and Denton now have a seven-month-old son of their own. Last May he married petite 21-year-old Rita, who is now in her early pregnancy.

Living 10 miles away, Lillian and Rita share a ranch house that is a larger counterpart of Pamela's, down to the concert grand piano and a duplicate record collection. The neighborhood is equally fashionable—except that most of the families are polygamous. "This is our get-together night at Lillian and Rita's," said Denton. "I'll telephone that you're coming to dinner."

What I expected was a scene of restraint. What I saw is what few outsiders have ever seen in the strange subworld of Salt Lake City—the homecoming of the polygamous husband. First Denton kissed Lillian. Then he kissed Rita. Then he kissed Lillian's son, Tom. Then they all kissed him, and affectionately greeted Pamela and her daughters, Jean, five, and Jill, three.

Pamela looked at the pregnant Rita. "You don't show yet," she told her.

"That's because of this maternity dress you made for me," said Rita.

Pamela shook her head. "It's because Lillian designed it. You'll probably never show."

"Really?" said Denton dryly. "I never knew you could square a circle."

The women converged on the kitchen. A moment later Rita was back. "We're having fish," she announced, "but we forgot to buy lemons."

Denton shrugged in mock reproof. "*Three* wives, and not one remembers to buy lemons. Oh, well . . ." He turned to me. "Come along. We'll get some."

During the ride to the supermarket Denton told me he spends three nights a week with Pamela, and four nights with Lillian and Rita. Actually, he sees none of them as much as he'd like. His work as a Fundamentalist leader takes up every spare moment. "My mission is to make converts to the Fundamentalist faith. And this year," he added with pride, "I have already made 27."

"How do you know they are sincere?" I asked. And then suddenly, as my thoughts outran my tact, "How do you know it isn't just ——"

"Sex?" said Denton casually.

I nodded.

"The word is 'deprivation,'" said Denton. "That is what the world does not know. But it is the sacred code by which Fundamentalists live."

Under this code, Denton explained, the man who looks upon his plural wives with lust is damned. The only recognized purpose of sex is to have children. While a wife is pregnant, intimacy is forbidden. It is also forbidden throughout the time she nurses her child. Nor can intimacy be resumed after weaning, unless the wife feels she is ready for another child, and invites her husband. Under no circumstances, may he force himself upon her. To do so is an unforgivable sin.

"Moreover," said Denton, "many of our Fundamentalist women nurse their babies from six months to a year. During this interlude, of course, a man's other wives might become pregnant. So, astonishing as it may seem, the sexual life of the polygamist can often be more ascetic than that of the monogamist—or, for that matter"—Denton smiled faintly—"the bachelor who uses his car to pursue willing women—elusive lemons."

At dinner, the lemons beca butter to flavor the fish. This with salad, baked potatoes, bread and honey from Den beehives, which he keeps on mentalist friend's farm. For had ice cream, Lillian's fudge camomile tea. Mormons shun alcoholic beverages and toba

I complimented Lillian on cake. "You should have beer week," she said.

"Yes," said Pamela. "Lillia baked a wonderful one for me. It was our wedding an They had us over for dinner, later Philip took me out. I w to take Lillian and Rita, t Pamela caught my surprised e "Lillian's mother was here, plained, "and her mother w come along. Nobody would pected anything. . . ."

"It was your night alone wit said Rita.

"We didn't think we should Lillian.

"Even if you'd wanted wouldn't have taken you," sa calmly. "I don't believe i anniversaries."

Lillian and Rita nodded em "We have to be careful," Den grimly. He explained that he take Lillian or Rita anywhere be recognized. His nights out are restricted to remote drive and roadside restaurants.

"This is one of the unhapp polygamous life," said Dento



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nize it. But it's hard to accept. times it causes dissension. No nts to be a 'Back Street' wife." ago he had impulsively taken e county fair. They were walk-, holding hands, when he ne of his fellow engineers. spotted him before he spotted Denton. "Rita slipped out of nd an exhibit, and then met y the car."

glanced at his watch, and abruptly, saying he had to ly on church business. During e his wives told me about lives. Each household is run , on a separate budget. But y. The wives borrow money orth, and come to each other's th food and supplies. They together, make clothes to- visit each other's homes. On they even do each other's .

t all be sweetness and light," on't you girls ever squabble?" dmitted that they did, and ionally the arguments reached proportions. The tiffs range weeds the garden, to how to the children, to whose turn it the family vitamins. But ey squabble about personal llian is allergic to washing e stacks them in pyramids 's no room in the sink. Rita ulsive dishwasher, and is al- she is being victimized. atters clothes, which bothers except Pamela. And Denton, gineer's penchant for orderli- equently irritated by it all, especially his wives' collective lack of punctuality.

Mostly the wives settle their own disputes. But they leave the more serious ones for Denton to arbitrate at their once-a-week get-together nights. Lillian pointed out, "Like the Supreme Court, there's no appeal from his decision."

Denton is also the final word on family finance. He pays the major bills, including emergencies and luxuries, and has bought each wife a car. All money goes into Denton's bank account—his salary, as well as his sizable inherited income, Lillian's small private income, and Pamela's earnings as a free-lance artist and illustrator. When Lillian and Rita come to visit Pamela, they come in the guise of "art-student friends." That is the way they have been introduced to neighbors. However, when Pamela visits Lillian and Rita, there is no need for dissembling. Polygamous neighbors know who she is.

While Lillian and Rita washed the dishes, Pamela frankly conceded that as Denton's first—and legal—wife her position in the plural household is the most advantageous. Aside from sharing her husband, she said, the outward aspects of her life are not too much different from what they had formerly been.

"But formerly you didn't have to share your husband," I said pointedly. "He was all yours."

Pamela shook her head. "He wasn't. Nor was I his. There was a spiritual gulf. But our religious faith has made all the difference. He's a different man now . . . a superior man . . ." she smiled at Lillian. "What is it we say to each other sometimes when we're lonely?"

"That we'd rather have a fraction of a superior man . . ." Lillian smiled at Rita.

". . . Than the whole of a mediocrity," quietly Rita concluded.

Both Lillian and Rita agreed, however, that lack of privacy is a problem. Living together in the same house, they feel they can never really talk to their husband until the bedroom door is closed.

"What about jealousy?" I persisted. "Aren't you ever jealous of each other?"

"Sometimes," said Pamela.

"We're only human," said Lillian.

"But, with God's help," said Rita, "we learn to rise above ourselves."

From the adjoining room came the murmured tones of Lillian's son reading to Pamela's small daughters. Upstairs, in the nursery, Lillian's baby let out a plaintive cry. Outside, a car door slammed. It was Denton, returning home. I arose and bade his wives farewell, and Denton walked out into the night with me to await my taxicab. "Now you've seen us," he said. "Now you know how we believe, and how we live. Does polygamy still seem such a strange way of life?"

"Not so strange," I said. "But different."

"Not really so different," he said. "But it's ironic that in a nation founded on religious liberty—and pioneered by many of our own Mormon ancestors—we should be persecuted for our religious beliefs . . . be forced to live in hiding or by deception . . . our wives as 'Back Street' wives, and our children as illegitimate." He opened my taxicab door. "And all this in a world of marriage, divorce, divorce and marriage, which itself is a world of polygamy." Over the motor I heard his faintly scornful chuckle. "Tandem polygamy . . ."

Still reflecting on Denton's words, I was packing my suitcase the next morning when the telephone rang at 8:15, as it did every day. It was the mysterious Fundamentalist elder, whose unseen hand had been guiding me through the labyrinth of Salt Lake City's secret life. He was calling to say good-bye, and I asked him the question I had been deliberately avoiding until now. "Tell me," I said, "haven't we met somewhere before?"

"No," he said. "Much as I would have liked it."

"We still have time," I said. "My plane doesn't leave for an hour."

"Not now," he said. "Perhaps we'll meet in the future. For now, I'll have to remain what I've been . . . a voice on the telephone." He sounded regretful. "Good-bye. Have a good trip."

Delayed in the morning traffic, I arrived at the airport with only moments to spare. And as I hurried through the waiting room, I suddenly felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned, and recognized the tall, sardonic fellow guest I had met at the party of Mormon intellectuals shortly after my arrival in Salt Lake City. He told me he was waiting for a friend. I told him I was heading home. "I hope your visit here was a success," he said. I assured him that it was.

We shook hands quickly. And as I ran for my plane, he called after me, "Good-bye. Have a good trip!" I was startled. His voice had a strangely familiar ring. I turned to look back, but he was hurrying away in the throng. **END**



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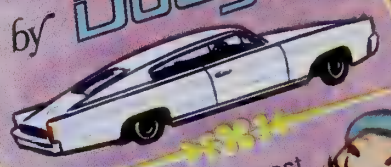
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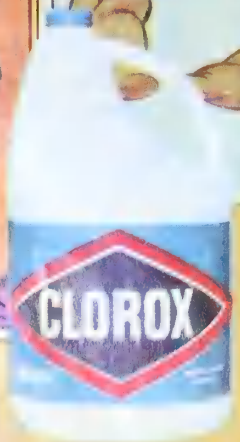
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Make lots of bangs – take them down to eyebrows

Do something about those crow's-feet – get eyeglasses with heavy frames

Remove the rings
Bite fingernails

How does it feel to be suddenly young again? At age 33, just before her 10th wedding anniversary, this pretty Ladies' Home Journal editor found out for herself. Skillfully disguised, she left home and husband to enroll in a big-city high school. How did she fool her teachers? How long could she possibly fool her 16-year-old classmates? By Lyn Tornabene

I stood outside Urban, about to compete with slim arms, flat stomachs and unlined faces.



I am a lucky woman. I like my days. I am a journalist by trade and a housewife by inclination. I have a husband named Frank who is too good to me. I have a pseudo-Tudor house in Long Island, New York, which warms my soul. I don't like tumult. I am not given to derring-do. I like to read and putter and talk to myself. Nevertheless, one fall morning, precisely one month before my 34th birthday and two months before my 10th wedding anniversary, I put on a size-9, pink cotton button-down shirt, a size-11 camel-colored wool skirt which didn't reach my kneecaps, a brown wool cardigan (size 36), loafers of a sort (size 5½), with Peds (small), and enrolled as a junior in a high school somewhere in the United States.

Why did I do it? I went in the hope that I could restore some perspective to the way we have been looking at the younger generation. I also went because I am a prime specimen of the American youth cult. I loathe the idea of growing old. I think I am young, anyway, until I see myself and my contemporaries referred to in print as middle-aged housewives. I'll probably be wearing skirts, sweaters and knee socks when I'm 87. To be really young again, to have a gang, rush to classes, go to pep rallies, eat crazy, stay up all night, wear jumpers, bite your nails, sit on the floor, be irresponsible, have fun with a single dollar—and report back what it was like. What healthy, red-blooded, American youth cultist could wake up one morning with that idea in her head, as I did, and say no?

The school I chose to attend, which I have named "Urban High," had been built in 1926 to accommodate 3,000 students. The fall I entered it, 4,000 children were expected to register. I had wanted very badly to work this project out of my own house, but there would have been no way on earth to explain to my neighbors why I was leaving home every day at 8 A.M. and returning at four, wearing flats and carrying schoolbooks. I had to go to a city where I knew no one. But I also had to go to a place where I had a friend. Bess was that friend.

I had learned by calling several school boards that I needed a guardian with proof of residence to register as a transfer student in a high school. Bess agreed to be that guardian. Surprisingly, I didn't need either proof of age or school records. The latter would be sent for by my new school, I was told, which was another reason I had to go far from home. The normal, institutional red tape, stretched out over a few thousand miles, I figured, would give me time to get my work done before I might have to explain why the New York school I was going to claim I attended had never heard of me. What, precisely, would happen to me if I were "caught" was hard to determine. So said the lawyer I consulted. I might get into trouble for trespassing, he said, or signing a phony name to official records. He seemed much less concerned than I.

My disguise was elaborate. I had my hair dyed a shade lighter than my natural dark brown to cover the gray in it. In the hope of hiding my face under hair, I had it cut blunt below the ears with bangs to my eyebrows. I gave up the idea of a wig as too risky. A wig might get knocked off in a rumble, or displaced in gym class.

"Make me look as young as possible," I told my hairdresser a week before I left home. "I want to look like a go-go girl. I want a change."

He spent four uninterrupted hours trying to do so. When he finally finished, he stood back and waited for my reaction. I flinched. For three years I had been nurturing my hair to one languid, sophisticated length to support the Merle Oberon image I had of myself. Gone was Merle Oberon, and in her place sat an aging Prince Valiant.

"How old do you think I look?" I asked.

"Twenty-three," said my hairdresser proudly, presenting me a bill for $40.

My costume was not bad for my first day of school, but it wasn't perfect. For one thing, my wardrobe was too tailored, too drab in color, for Urban. Urban girls wore more feminine clothes. They wore pink or yellow sweaters; I brought brown and beige. My shirts had button-down collars; theirs had ruffles. My plaid cotton dress was a madras shirtwaist. They wore full-skirted, tightly belted cotton dresses with Peter Pan collars or ruffles.

I had bought my wardrobe after a shopping trip in the suburbs of New York with a 16-year-old cousin. I went with her to browse for her school clothes and, when I left her, retraced our steps and bought everything she had thought was "neat" or "cute."

One dress in particular had looked awfully cute on the five girls I had seen buying it. It had a royal blue top and a black-and-white-checked bottom, and could be worn either as a jumper or as a sleeveless dress. I put it on just to check size and, oddly, it went straight down to my calves, where it dangled shapelessly. The belt on the hanger was supposed to solve that somehow, but I didn't know how to drape it—under the bust, twice around the waist, three-quarters of the way around the hips? When I asked the

Photograph by Seymour Linden. Illustrations by Jack Davis.
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salesclerk for help, she gave me a withering once-over and suggested that perhaps the dress was too young for me. I didn't buy it.

I did buy three skirts, four shirts, two dresses, two cardigans, one fuzzy pullover, one pair of stretch pants, one pair of white jeans, sneakers, a half-slip, a couple of pairs of briefs, two pocketbooks, a stuffable wallet, three headbands, two tiny triangular babushkas like the ones Brigitte Bardot and Jackie Kennedy wear, a pair of loafer-type shoes branded Pappagallos, on which I put metal tips and lifts, as the kids do, and a trench coat with a zip-out pile lining. I spent $500; my parents had spent no more or less on a comparable wardrobe for me when I was 16.

Normally, I wear glasses to read and to type. At Urban I was wearing them to hide an advanced case of crow's-feet, which my husband calls chicken tracks. Teenagers don't have crow's-feet. Nor do they have the kind of look in their eyes people get from having lived long enough to see more than they care to.

Unfortunately, I was not able to wear my regular glasses because they are framed in heavy, dark (older woman) tortoiseshell. I didn't have time to get prescription lenses for my new youthful frames, so I was wearing windowpanes. The optometrist had made the phony glasses without question, but he had me come in for a fitting. I found that odd.

If I had really known what I looked like, would I have gone on with the game? I don't know. I asked Bess that question one day, and she answered me with another: "If Superman had ever got a good look at himself as Clark Kent," she said, "would he have flown out a window?"

Standing outside Urban, my first response was to the size of my "classmates." I am the height of today's average 12-year-old. I'm five feet tall, and the girls who were sweeping past me averaged at least three inches taller. I was a runty teenager, my second time around. Their voices were pitched an octave higher than my own. Their laughter came from mid-tongue. Their hands were full and plump. Their upper arms were thin and firm. Their stomachs were flat. They had no lines on their faces—none. No diagonal creases between the mouth and nose, no lines under the eyes. From where I stood, I couldn't even find a cheekbone in the hordes of girls.

"Are you ready?" asked Bess, as she came up behind me. If she hadn't given me a small, firm shove, I think I'd still be standing there.

At the attendance office I found a wooden chair near the wall and sat in it with my head down and my hands clenched in my lap. If I could just keep anyone from seeing my face or my hands, *maybe* I'd make it.

"Can I help you?" asked one of the women.

"Yes, please," said Bess. She leaned in toward the woman and lowered her voice.

"This child has been sent to me to take care of. Her mother's getting a divorce."

The woman glanced at me.

Bess lowered her voice still further. "I'm her cousin, and I'd like to register her in school as soon as possible. She's very upset, you see, and I think if she starts school right away she'll be better off. I don't know what to do with her. You know? Teenagers. You know?"

"Where's her mother?" asked the woman.

"Nevada," Bess said.

"Where's her father?"

Bess whispered, "Nobody knows. It's terrible. He just disappeared. Awful."

The woman nodded, looking at me again—longer, this time. She shook her head. "Awful," she said. "Divorce, divorce, that's all you hear about these days."

"Awful," said Bess.

"Well, don't worry," said the woman. "She won't feel strange in a few days. Half the children in this school have divorced parents. Maybe more."

Aside from the pure shock of being back in school, the major event of my first day at Urban was gym class, the teenage girl's anathema. Also, I suspected, anathema to any girl pretending to be a teenager. From the moment I began to think seriously about what would be involved in going back to school, I had planned to deal with the realities of gym class—the scrutiny by teachers, the locker room, the group shower, the new physical-fitness-for-youth program—only when I faced them. Circumstances seemed to be saving me from facing these horrors on my first day of school; there was scheduling going on in the gymnasium, meaning that Phys Ed classes had to assemble in the auditorium.

I found myself standing in the far right aisle, waiting to be given a seat assignment. A Negro girl leaning on the wall near me mumbled something in my direction. I couldn't understand her. "Excuse me," I said to her, "I didn't hear you. What did you say?"

She looked at me quickly. "Hey," she said, "are you a teacher?"

I shook my head no. "I didn't hear you," I mumbled. "Whatja want?"

She looked at me suspiciously. "A sticka gum."

I gave her a stick of gum and turned away.

When we were seated, I took out a mirror to see if I had aged in the last half hour. I hadn't, but I had paled considerably. Also, my hands were shaking. I took off my glasses to comb my hair. From my right came a high-pitched voice: "Hi, you're in my English class, aren't you?"

It was a girl I had noticed in English class because she was wearing a pair of gray-and-white dizzily plaid knee socks—one of the few pairs of knee socks of any kind I had

Gone was Merle Oberon. There I was: an aging Prince Valiant.





"Are you a teacher?" she asked, staring at me.

seen worn in the school. Her name was Gretel. I smiled at her and said "Hi" in a high-pitched voice.

A girl in front of me swiveled around. She was quite pretty, but about 30 pounds overweight. She had large, round green eyes with long lashes, a small nose with straight bridge, a baby-doll mouth, straight white teeth. Her hair was blondish, short, full and well styled. On top of it she had placed a huge bow that made her look a bit like a butterfly balloon in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. She was immaculately groomed. Her name, as I learned shortly, was Cooky.

"Hey," she said, "you're the one that girl thought was a teacher, aren't you?"

"Yeah," I said, "isn't that *funny?*"

She was now turned around completely in her chair, the better to appraise me. "You *do* look like a teacher," she said. "Your clothes are like a teenager, but your face is old. *Look, Gretel.* Look at her face. It's so *old.*"

I felt sick. I held the mirror I was clutching up to my face, but saw nothing in it.

"I don't think I look old," I stuttered. "whydoyouthinkIlookold? Idon'tthinkIlookold."

Cooky continued staring at me, muttering like an art appraiser in front of a Rembrandt. "Old, yes. Hmmm. Yes, old."

Gretel was staring at me, too; I could feel it. I didn't move. Then I heard her cheerfully singsonging. "She doesn't look old, Cooky. You're crazy."

"You don't look old," she said to me. In a moment I found out how she could pronounce this with such sincerity. "I love your glasses," she exclaimed. "Can I try them on?"

"How do they look on me?" Gretel asked, turning first to me and then to her mirror. "Oh, they're *cute.* Where did you get them? I never saw any like these."

"New York," I squeaked.

"Oh, are you from New York? So am I."

"Let me try on *your* glasses," I said to Gretel.

She handed them to me, giggling. "I'm terribly nearsighted," she said. It was one of the understatements of the year. I put on her glasses, and dropped off the edge of the globe. The girl could barely see. I had found the ideal friend.

Eventually Gretel became my best friend, and her friends became my friends—my "gang," for lack of a better word. There was Cooky and Billy and Kelly and Roxanne and Angela. All, I'm sure, considered me quite odd, and I had several close calls with them. In fact, I had close calls with everybody.

For example, perhaps you think any doctor could tell you the age of a live woman, just by examining her. I certainly would have thought so. But let me tell you about the curious incident that took place one morning a few days later.

Study hall was peacefully under way. Like the rest of the class, I was doing some homework I should have done the night before. At a moment when the room was particularly quiet, the door swung open and in strode a tall, solid, blond girl.

She handed a piece of paper to the teacher and then stood back with her arms locked across her chest. Teacher read the note, set it down, put on his glasses, and looked around the room. Something about the way he was passing his eyes up and down the rows troubled me. The rest of the class went back to reading. I stayed alert.

The teacher picked up the note again. "Tornabene?" he thundered (or so it seemed).

I raised my hand.

The teacher shrugged. "You're wanted, Tornabene."

I felt as if I'd been kicked in the head. Surely I had been expecting to hear those words, but not so soon. I had on a new blouse Bess had brought home for me, which was typical of Urban attire, and I felt quite safely camouflaged. My morale had risen appreciably. I didn't want to be discovered. Not this morning.

I got out of the desk, straightened, and moved forward stiffly.

"Take your books," the teacher instructed.

I tried not to panic. I tried to think clearly about what I was going to say and how I would say it. There was no reason to be so wildly scared, I told myself. What could they do to me? Maybe they'd be amused. Maybe they'd let me disappear without exposing me publicly, without Gretel and the other kids having to know. Maybe they'd even let me stay in school.

All of this rushed through my mind as I tried to slow my pulse and breathe normally. But there was something uncontrollable about my feelings. Though my fear was unreasonable, it had a life of its own. I was no more prepared to be taken to the principal's office at the age of 33 and eleven-twelfths than I had been at seven.

I joined the blond girl at the door and fell into step behind her.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the nurse's office," she said without turning.

I ran a little to reach her side and, when I got there, tugged at her sweater sleeve to make her stop. She didn't. "But I'm not sick," I said, by now skipping.

She stopped and looked at me disdainfully. "All new students have to have physicals," she announced, emphasizing every syllable as if she were addressing a dolt.

"I had a physical at the school I just left," I lied.

She shook her head in despair at my stupidity. "Well, you have to have one here, too, so just hurry up and stop stalling."

When she left me in the nurse's office, I felt slightly relieved. At least it wasn't the principal's office. It wasn't the worst that could happen. But, good God, then I looked around the room at the scale and the eye chart and the cubbyhole that had a sign saying DR. EMERY on it—and it fell on me: This was worse than the worst. It was *impossible.* I simply could not have a physical.

I tried to stay calm and fill out forms about my childood diseases. But then the girl who was ahead of me lphabetically went to a chair by the window to have her yes tested and—ugh—it fell on me again.

I cannot have my eyes tested. I have an astigmatism. I am earing fake eyeglasses. I will not be able to read the eye hart any better with my glasses on than with them off. The urse will ask me what kind of glasses I am wearing. She ill look through them. She will FIND OUT.

You won't believe the rest of this, but it's true, I swear. he nurse sat me down in front of the chart, saying, First we'll test your eyes with your glasses, then without iem. OK?" She smiled and walked a few steps behind me. looked up at the chart. It wasn't the chart, it was a reection of it in a mirror. The real chart was reversed right ehind my head. That prevents cheating. I squinted both yes and stared at the mirrored letters I was supposed to ead. I saw a big E.

"Cover your right eye, please," said the nurse.

And just then a boy walked in and bellowed that he eeded an aspirin.

"Can't it wait?" asked the nurse.

"No," said the boy.

"I'll be right back," the nurse said to me, and she tted through the door to the medicine pantry. Within a olit second all my criminal instincts bubbled to the surce. I pivoted around, read the 20/20 line backwards and emorized it. When the nurse returned and asked me to ead it aloud, I did so letter-perfectly, one eye at a time.

"Now without your glasses, please," she said, and I ad it normally. "That's fine," she said. "Thank you."

Dr. Emery turned out to be Ethel Emery, a staid lady her late thirties, wearing a smock, a frown, and eyeasses. She told me to take off my skirt and blouse and sit the chair near her desk, and I did, mindlessly. No, not indlessly. I was totally, heatedly, aware of every square ch of my skin and each individual layer of fat under it. ly flabby upper arms had turned into a pair of elephant rs, flapping in the wind.

I sat before her desk in my bra and half-slip while she ent over my medical history.

"Are you taking any regular medication?" she asked.

I nodded. "Hormone pills."

"Hormone pills?"

"Yes. A doctor gave them to me for, er, cramps. You e, I have this trouble once in a while, and he gave me ormone pills. When I left home he said maybe I shouldn't ke them anymore because . . . un . . . they're, ah, making e grow, you know, a little fast. And, well, I left before I uld see him. And I haven't been feeling too well. I guess m nervous. And also my throat hurts today."

She looked in my mouth and down my sore throat. I ondered if she'd be blinded by my four gold inlays.

"Nothing wrong here," she said.

She peered into my eyes, ears, and nose. She took my ood pressure. She listened to my heartbeat through an y stethoscope. She tapped my crossed knee with a gavel.

"You're fine," she said. "You can get dressed now."

When I walked out of that room a free woman, there as not a doubt in my mind that the whole world was azy. Or blind. The next day, when I woke up with a mpaging cold that extended upward from my cleavage my eyebrows, I considered the possibility that Ethel mery was just a lousy doctor. But I don't know. Maybe e was playing it cool. Or maybe she was recording me r medical history.

I had another scare in gym class. One that nearly shattered me for good. I rushed in late one afternoon, so late the locker room was nearly empty, got as far as my locker, and heard my name being called loudly and angrily by one of the gym teachers.

"Are you Tornabene?" she shouted.

I nodded.

"Come over here, young lady. We've been waiting for you."

I did as I was told.

"You're in real trouble, young lady," she said, looking first at me and then at her clipboard. "Come with me."

She led me to the small office where the head gym teacher sat behind a desk.

"This is Tornabene," she said.

The head gym teacher fingered a pencil on her desk, then looked up at me, sternly, for a full minute.

"How old are you, young lady?" she demanded.

"Sixteen and a half," I whispered.

"Sixteen and a half?" she repeated.

I nodded.

"Well, then, you're old enough to know how to take care of a locker, aren't you?"

I didn't understand her.

"Do you know what you did yesterday?" she barked.

I managed to shake my head no.

"You left your locker combination on the sink. You didn't know that, did you?"

I shook my head again and suddenly realized I was going to cry.

"Well, it's just lucky I found the paper and not some thief." I nodded and swallowed.

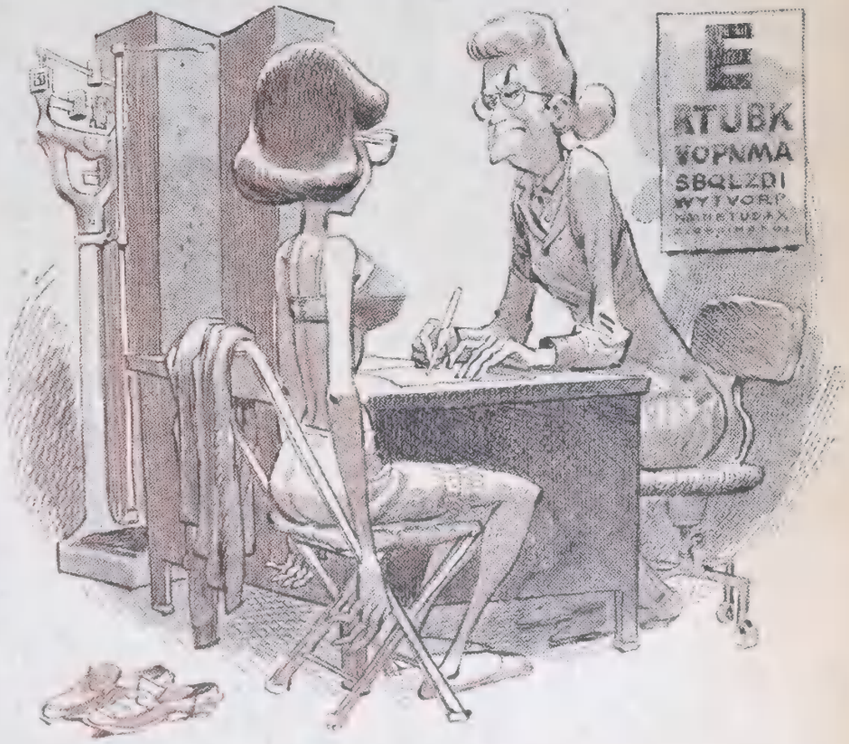
She went on about lockers and thieves and responsibilities, but I didn't hear her clearly until she said, "You can go now. But if you ever do this again, I'll flunk you. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

The junior officer was touched by my condition. She patted my arm.

"I . . . I'm new here and I have so much to remember,

Happily, Dr. Emery couldn't tell a woman from a girl.



I could lie to everyone but the mirror.



I guess I just can't," I said.

"That's all right. You'll catch on," she assured me. "Take your time getting dressed, and then you can play volleyball in place of Alberts today."

"Thank you," I said.

That same day I met a girl named Trudy, who quickly became a real problem. She brought a friend over to meet me, a girl who had also lived recently in New York. This girl knew a lot of the kids from my high school, she said. And thus began another one of those incredible scenes I seemed to find myself in every other turn of the moon—with this kid from New York tailing me all over, dropping names of kids she thought I should know.

I couldn't shake her. If I said I'd never been to any of Alan Krantz's parties, she asked me if I knew Richy Shuman. When I didn't know Richy, even though she couldn't imagine that, since he was head cheerleader at my old high school, she wondered, then, if I ever saw Sybil Berken or any of those kids. I couldn't help but wonder if she was trying to trick me. Suppose they were made-up names, and I said I knew one and she said, just as I thought, you are not really from South Suburban.

I ducked and I bobbed and I weaved; still, I could not get rid of what's-her-name from New York. I finally turned my back on her and said, "I didn't know anybody at South Suburban; I was sick," and she shrugged and left me alone. But any time I looked her way, I caught her staring at me.

By my third day of school, I was running to classes, not because I was afraid I'd be discovered, but because I was afraid to be tardy. I didn't walk into a class, I skidded in as if I were stealing a base. That's about the time, too, I developed a genuine slouch and an adolescent skin condition. Glory Hallelujah, why was my *skin* regressing? Because I was sneaking candy bars all day for energy, and because I was wearing so bloody much makeup. You can't imagine the number of chemical compounds I was putting on my face between 7 A.M. and midnight. Pancake makeup covered with liquid makeup covered with cream makeup, under which there was white goo that's supposed to disguise rings under the eyes, over which there was brush-on rouge and brush-on base and puffed-on pressed powder. Over which there was all that hair I was trying to hide under.

My "old" face got me in trouble again when the gi took me to an Urban football game. At halftime we went to the ladies' room, where I had one of the wo moments of this entire adventure.

My friend Kelly was off to the side fixing her eyebro and was, for the moment, out of the picture. Another gi Angela, had taken down her hair and was looking at it the mirror. I just quietly removed my sunglasses and t bow I had clipped above my bangs, and started combi my hair. Suddenly I felt her staring at me. I saw, in t mirror, that she had turned toward me, the better scrutinize my face.

"How old are you?" she asked, her eyes on my fa I turned away from her and fussed in my pocketbo When I got my head down so I wouldn't meet her ey I mumbled, "Sixteen and a half."

"You look *much* older," she said. "I suppose everybo tells you that."

I tried to smile while I said that, yes, they did, but felt so sick to my stomach I could barely open my mout

"You look nineteen or twenty," Angela continue watching me in the mirror.

I was clammy.

"Gosh, here I am trying to look older and you dor even have to try. I wish *I* looked older. What is it abo you, I wonder."

She stepped closer.

Kelly, who didn't hear Angela's comments, turned us just then. "What are you doing, Angela? Come o stop standing there loving yourself. Go to the john so w can leave this hole." Angela shrugged and followed order I quickly put on my sunglasses and hair bow. I wished would rain and we could go home. I wished there we any way at all I could get out of that stadium befo Angela started telling all the other girls how old I looke

As the days went by, my second girlhood began to ha a strange effect on me. My own mind was growing u familiar, and I felt physically ill. I simply could not ber enough to give up my personality. I was afraid that if did let myself succumb enough to go on passing as a tee ager, there would be nothing left of me as an adult.

I barely thought of my husband or my family or m friends. I wasn't reading newspapers, magazines, or book I didn't know or care if the bomb had been dropped. didn't think about anything but girl friends, teacher classes, and boys. I was worrying about whether or not was homely, and I was spending more hours than I ca to enumerate staring in mirrors. I was looking forward t parties as though they were real social occasions in m life instead of great opportunities to observe. I was havir frightening dreams about being late to class, not finishir homework, being scolded, being lost.

I had to go home.

Getting out of Urban was no more difficult than ge ting into it. All I had to do was return my books to th teachers who had given them to me, and sign out.

I waited until 9:15 A.M., when all my friends would b in class, took a deep breath, and walked into that mon strous structure for the last time. The registrar's offic signed me out and gave me a transfer slip, a small pin document that someday I will frame and hang.

Then I called my husband to ask him to meet me th following day at the airport. "Are you sure?" he asked I said I was. "Then come home," he said. "The house empty without you."

No words ever meant more to me. EN

s Your hild in e Wrong rade?

ch shows that at least one hree youngsters is struggling hoolwork that is far beyond pacity. Here are the 23 signals every parent should r—before needless mis- ent sends your child down ool-dropout road.

uise Bates Ames, Ph.D.
Institute
d Development

One spring evening a father asked his first-grade daughter what she had done in school that day. "We planted seeds to see if they would grow," the child replied. "When we ran out of dirt, the teacher let me go out in the yard to get more. And, Daddy, I was out there *all alone*. I could have escaped."

It's a wonder that more children don't escape, or at least try to, when we consider how many of them are placed in a grade far beyond their ability and maturity level. Research conducted at the Gesell Institute in the past 10 years reveals that at least one child in three may definitely be overplaced and struggling with the work of a grade that is really beyond his ability.

Of course, many children do escape—although they go to school every day and sit in the seats assigned to them. They escape by not doing the required work, by not "behaving" in class, by daydreaming, by not holding up physically and emotionally in the classroom and/or at home.

Most school systems require that a child be five before he starts kindergarten, six before he starts first grade. But we have found that it is not the child's age in years that provides the best clue about his readiness for any given grade, but rather his behavior age. Behavior age means just what it sounds like—the age at which a child is behaving. Thus, if a child is seven, yet behaves like five, he belongs in kindergarten with other five-year-olds, not in second grade. In our opinion, the dropout problem begins, in the words of one New England principal, "right down there in kindergarten and first grade, with children whose parents start them in school before they are ready. They fail early, come to hate school, and drop out as soon as the opportunity presents itself."

It is to a large extent up to parents to try to prevent their own boys and girls from becoming dropouts, underachievers or any other kind of school failure. It is our hope that this advice and information may help a good many of them.

Though school-readiness tests can tell us a lot about any child's readiness or unreadiness, it is not our hope to make expert diagnosticians of all our readers. The final diagnosis will, in most instances, be the responsibility of the school personnel or, if the school is lucky enough to have one, of the Developmental Examiner. But there are many clues that can be warning signs to any parent seriously concerned about his or her child's schooling.

Of course, IF your child loves school, gets good grades, gets on well with his friends and seems reasonably well adjusted at home, if you and his teacher agree that things are fine and if nobody from the school at any time has hinted that he might do better in a lower grade, you should not borrow trouble and fret about your child's grade placement.

However, there are many perfectly normal children who fall short of this happy ideal. Not because of anything inherently wrong or inadequate about themselves, but simply because somebody has made the mistake of taking the law (or the custom) too literally and assuming that a child who is six in October or November or December or whatever date your local rule dictates, is inevitably ready for the work of first grade, simply because he has reached a certain calendar age.

Thus, we know that there are many parents who *are* anxious, who *do* wonder. Here are a few questions that you may wish to ask yourself about your child and his response to school. If you find that you answer many of these questions with a "Yes," chances are that your boy or girl may be in a grade above the one in which he truly belongs:

1. Does your child dislike school?
2. Does he complain a great deal that "it's too hard"?
3. Does he have great difficulty in completing the written work assigned in class?
4. Does he seem unduly fatigued when he gets home from school?
5. Has there been any marked change for the worse in his home behavior and in his disposition since he started school?
6. Is he a "different" child in summer when school responsibilities have been removed?
7. Does he have terrible trouble, almost every day, in getting ready for school?
8. Does he complain of stomachaches, or is he actually sick to his stomach before he goes to school in the morning?
9. Has any marked change for the worse in his health taken place since he started school? For instance, does a normally healthy child suddenly begin to have a series of colds, one after another?
10. Have any of his home routines taken a marked turn *(continued)*

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for the worse since he started school? For example, does he eat less well, have trouble in sleeping, or does he return to bed-wetting after having been dry at night?

11. Has a normally "good" child suddenly become rebellious, difficult, quarrelsome, cranky at home once school has started?

12. Does your child get much worse school marks than you and the teacher think he is capable of?

13. Does his teacher assure you that he "could do better" if only he would try harder?

14. Does he have trouble socially either in class or on the playground?

15. Are most or many of his friends chosen from children in a lower grade?

16. Is his teething considerably behind that of other boys and girls in his class?

17. Does he look out of place in the classroom? (This refers not to physical size. Children may quite normally be larger or smaller than the average.) But does he look and act much more babyish than the others?

18. Does a normally "good" child find it terribly difficult to behave in class? Are there constant complaints from the school that he had to be reprimanded, was made to sit in the hall or had to be sent to the principal's office?

19. Does he do desperate things at school as, for instance, not finishing his paper and then scribbling all over it?

20. Does he find it unduly difficult in class to wait for his turn, speak only when he's supposed to, refrain from "bothering" his classmates?

21. Does he daydream in class, or fail to pay attention, to an extent that the teacher considers unreasonable?

22. Has the teacher or anyone at school suggested to you that your child is not up to the work of his present grade and that he would be better off in a lower class?

23. Last and perhaps most important of all, does he seem to you babyish for his age compared with other children that same age, or compared with the way his brothers and sisters behaved when they were his age?

Keep in mind that not all children love school at all times. Nor are all normal children completely well adjusted at either home or school all of the time. Far less than perfection can be perfectly normal.

But if you find that you must answer "Yes" to even four or five of the questions listed above, chances are that your boy or girl *may* be in serious trouble, and sensitive parents are usually good at recognizing that.

Deciding whether or not your child is ready to begin kindergarten or first grade is somewhat harder. Making such a decision should be the task of the specialist. We look forward to the time when it will be. But in the meantime your guide will have to be a combination of your own sensitive parental judgment and the advice of the school.

Whether the starting grade in question be kindergarten or first grade, if your child seems to you *babyish for his age*, not up to the other children his same age, this in itself is a clear warning sign.

Chances are you'll have your own good instinct about this. Most parents seem to. If your five-year-old seems to be more like a four, if your six-year-old seems more like a five, you already have a warning. The kindergarten (or first-grade) teacher may help you. Ideally there should be some sort of pre-registration situation or experience in the spring before kindergarten starts that will enable the experienced teacher to spot special cases of immaturity.

If the school has no Developmental Examiner, if your own instinct gives you no clues, if your child's prospective teacher makes no comment one way or the other, and if your boy or girl is fully five at the time of starting kindergarten (six for first grade), about the best you can do is to start him in school and keep a careful eye out to see how things go. Watch carefully, but not overanxiously. (Our aim is to help you see that your children are comfortable, happy and successful in school, not to make you nervous.)

But if school doesn't seem to be going well, and/or if home behavior takes a marked turn for the worse, you at least have a warning. Certainly you don't have to take seriously every single "I don't want to go to school today." But if complaints and failures and trouble indicators continue, at least go to school and talk things over. Then you and the school may, together, determine that you'd better try the whole thing a little longer. Or you may jointly determine that your child wasn't ready and you may decide to take him out and try again next year. (Or if a junior kindergarten, 4½-year-old group, or reading-readiness class, 5½-year-old group, as the case may be, is available, you may place him in that.)

The time will come, we believe, when every school system (we hope every individual school) will have its own Developmental Examiner, as well as teachers who, in addition to their natural insight about readiness, will be familiar enough with the usual behavior characteristics of the age levels in question that they can easily spot overplacement or unreadiness.

Parents should always be receptive to any comment from school personnel to the effect that their child is overpla school, or is not ready to begin i first place.

Furthermore, they should be qu spot signs of poor school adjus when such signs make themselve dent (as they usually will) in hon havior. They should then be qui report such signs to the school. should at all times be closer relatio a better communication between and school than is often available.

In most cases where seriou maturity or overplacement i ent, both home and school, ing together, can usually ma adjustment that will bring a happier and more comfortable experience for the child.

But if, as is sometimes the c parent feels strongly that her child ready to begin school, or needs to placed in a younger grade, and the is not cooperative, it is that paren sponsibility to stick to her guns. your child's educational success an piness that is in question. *You* care when the school may not seem to.

We have found most schools to b informed about (and strong supp of) the importance of having each proceed only in accordance with hi growth rate. But there are unfort exceptions. No matter how much parents plead and argue, some s bring out the old cliché argu against allowing a child to proceed own proper pace. But for your am tion we offer these answers:

1. "Your child is babyish becaus baby him." Very seldom is this Parents, and especially mothers, u have a very good idea of what thei dren can and cannot do. With the tion of a few possibly overprot mothers who do baby their childr cause they don't want them to gro most who "baby" their little boy girls do so because these childre babyish. We consider that such p are protecting their children fro mands they are not ready to meet

2. "He may be a little immature ready now, but give him just a little time; he'll catch up." If the ord child grows in his behavior a yea year's time, he does well. Very few more than a year in a year, as they need to if they were going to cat

3. "Repeating a child harms him tionally and doesn't do any good way." No clear proof exists as to wh repeating does or does not cause tional damage, but we have no rea believe it does. Initial objection peating, when (*continued on pag*

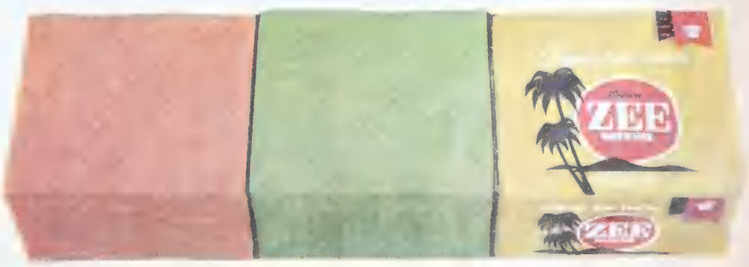


"What's for lunch?"



New Zee napkins in Tropic Tone colors!

Found in the tropics: three lush colors growing wild!
Rain Forest Green, Tahitian Coral, and Pirates' Gold.
We caught them, tamed them, and turned them
into richly textured paper napkins.
Bring some home alive.





Breakthrough!
NEW Rit Liquid Dye

First home dye you just uncap and pour— smooth, rich, color-right results—in your washer!

It's here! The first *streak-free* dye. The first wet dye...it's actually a *liquid!* New All-Purpose Rit Liquid Dye. Now no more mixing, no guessing, no mess! Now pure bright color is so easy, because every single drop of dye blends instantly in water.

You can dye such a wide range of materials. Even vinyl plastic! Denim or dimity, slipcover or scarf—it's easy! *Streak-free.* Choose from 12 exciting colors in unbreakable plastic bottles. It's fun to get those fabulous results!



Continental café at home Cover a small table to the floor in bright Kelly Green. Eye-catcher in any room.



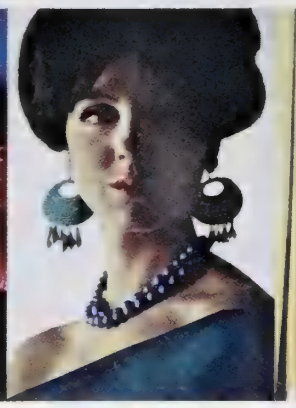
Color this robe romantic. Rit dyes this beauty in Old Rose. Then ties it up pretty with a lavish "obi" sash.



Copy-cat color! Color-match napkins to favorite table accessories. Here we echo the Aqua of a tile.



Brilliant pillowtalk Create new effects with pillow-covers dyed in surprise colors like vivid Fuchsia.



Jewelry swings to color Stunning Navy Blue sends plastic "pearls" and earrings out on the town again.



New view for a window The color? Bright sunny Yellow by Rit. New decorator touch: appliqued ribbon stripes.



Mad fad: 2-color sl Dye one Cocoa B the other How peo How they

Biggest splash in color history from All-Purpose Rit—Amer



Streak-free results unconditionally guaranteed-

(OR YOUR MONEY BACK!)



How can we dare to make such a guarantee? Because this major breakthrough has produced such perfection in the dye itself. If you have followed the directions and are dissatisfied with the results—please send in the word "Rit" from the front bottle label to Rit Dyes, 1437 W. Morris Street, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206. We'll be happy to give you the full purchase price. Only Rit could make such a product—or such a guarantee.

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES





Teen dream—black dress
Super-sophistication! Dye a dress of hers Black. She'll never forget it. Never!



Bright color for bedrooms
Dye a bedspread a beautiful color like Fuchsia or Scarlet. Looks warm and cozy, doesn't it!



Make her a doll family
Do it with spools dyed Royal Blue. Dye "string" hair. Trim with anything. Delightful!



Clever kitchen catch-all
Soak a plain straw or wicker basket. Rotate in Rit. Hang on wall to hold who-knows-what!





t-selling home dye.

A Cook's Tour of Canada

Nineteen sixty-seven is The Year of Canada. Our neighbors to the north are marking the country's centennial as a confederation with the opening of Expo 67 in Montreal. What better time to explore the country's unique culinary panorama? French, English, Scottish, Italian, Irish and Ukrainian immigrants in this strange new country found a natural wealth of foods and incorporated into their homeland cuisines all kinds of new fish, fruits and vegetables and a new kind of sugar from the maple trees. They adapted and forged them into an amazing and delightfully varied heritage.

Among Canadian dishes, an adventurous visitor may happen upon exotica like baked cods' tongues, seal-flipper pie, chokecherry cordial, rose hip catsup, beer and buffalo pie, and roasted pigs' tails!

Less startling Canadian specialties are waiting for visitors to Expo 67. For those who would like to delve into Canada's culinary wealth in their own kitchens, here is a sampling from the various provinces.

Do your stockings run before you walk?



On the back of every woman's heel there's a tiny, bony, rough skin area. We call it the Rolderma Pellotrop. Women call it names that would make a truck driver blush.

That little bony rough area has snagged millions... maybe billions of stockings.

If you've ever tried to get a stocking past this trouble spot and lost, you'll be happy to know that the Rolderma Pellotrop has finally met its match. Pretty Feet.

Pretty Feet wasn't made just to tame the Rolderma Pellotrop. Pretty Feet was made to give you just what the name says—pretty feet.

Pretty Feet is a pleasant roll-off lotion.

Pour a little on your fingers every day of the week and rub it into your feet. Then see the rough, dead skin roll right off.

Soon you'll have beautiful feet that will be as smooth, as soft, and as sexy as the rest of you.

If you're genuinely interested in making the Rolderma Pellotrop the smoothest part of your body, send 25¢ in coin to cover postage and handling for a sample bottle of Pretty Feet.

Write to Pretty Feet, Dept. L9, Chemway Corp., Fairfield Road, Wayne, New Jersey.



We invented it because too many attractive women have unattractive feet.

CHEDDAR CHEESE

The huge province is famous for ma fish, fruits, wines, But they're proud cheeses, and few vis quarrel too earnest claim that they ma Cheddar in the adaptation of th Cheddar Cheese S in minutes with oni chicken broth a cheese.

1 small onion, thinl (about ¼ cup)
2 Tb. butter or mar
2 Tb. flour
1 (10-oz.) can chick
1 cup milk
½ tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. thyme
¼ tsp. pepper
1 (8-oz.) pkg. Ched cheese, grated (a 2 cups)

Sauté 1 small on sliced (about ¼ c blespoons butter o till golden brown. spoons flour and stir Add 1 (10-oz.) c broth, 1 cup milk, dry mustard, ½ te ¼ teaspoon thyme spoon pepper. Stir over low heat till mi ens. Add 1 (8-oz Cheddar cheese, gr 2 cups), and cook cheese is thorough Stir occasionally. S soup plates or bowl

PACIFIC HALIBUT

On the Pacific coas Columbia, halibut reach the gargant 400 to 500 pounds! fish entrée, with onions and caray brings a delightfu Canada to your kit

2 lbs. halibut steak
Juice of 1 lemon
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. marjoram
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ cup thinly sliced onions
½ cup finely choppe
2 Tb. butter or marg
1½ tsp. caraway see
½ cup white wine

Place 2 lbs. halibut shallow baking dis the juice of one l them. Season with salt, ½ teaspoon and ⅛ teaspoon p marinate for 1 hou after 30 minutes.

Sauté ½ cup th green onions and ½ chopped celery in 2 t butter or margarine utes or till tender. ion mixture over top steaks. Sprinkle 1½ caraway seeds over

Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Pour ½ wine over fish an more minutes. Serv Makes 6 servings.

TOURTIÈRE

The French-Canadi of Quebec often are old. This classic por ways served on Chri

night mass, but is delicious all d. Our version includes ground a medley of seasonings.

z.) pkg. t mix acon chopped ⅓ cup) nd lean

1 lb. ground veal
½ tsp. celery salt
½ tsp. sage
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. ground allspice

(11.25-oz.) pkg. pie-crust mix to directions on package. Roll se to line the bottom and sides ch pie plate, leaving enough cover the top of the pie.

slices bacon until brown and nove from pan and add 2 onions, (about ⅔ cup) and sauté till dd 1 lb. ground lean pork, 1 lb. eal, ½ teaspoon celery salt, ½ sage, ½ teaspoon pepper and on ground allspice. Cook over eat for 15 minutes. Spoon meat ry-lined dish. Crumble bacon kle on top of meat. Cover with u have saved for the top. Prick astry with a fork in several allow moisture to escape.

n hot oven (450°) 10 minutes. eat to 375° and bake 40 min-. Serve at once. Serves 6.

E MANITOBA

oba, wild rice is harvested by In-heir canoes who bend the stalks nd beat the heads. This dish is ed with wild game or the famous sh called Winnipeg Goldeye.

kg. z.) pkg. ation .) cans th

1 soup can water
½ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
1 onion, chopped (about ⅓ cup)
½ green pepper, diced
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. chopped parsley
½ tsp. Italian seasoning

Place in a saucepan 1 (9-oz.) pkg. wild rice, 2 (10½-oz.) cans beef broth and 1 soup can water. Boil rapidly uncovered 10 minutes, then cover and cook 30 minutes more or until tender. (Or cook 1 [6-oz.] pkg. wild rice combination, according to pkg. directions.)

Meanwhile, sauté ½ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced, 1 onion, chopped (about ⅓ cup), and ½ green pepper, diced, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until tender. Add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and ½ teaspoon Italian seasoning. Fold vegetables into cooked rice and serve. (If rice must wait, keep warm in top of double boiler.) Serves 6.

TURNIP SCALLOP ONTARIO

This unusual vegetable dish combines the apples grown in Ontario with maple syrup from Quebec. By combining them with turnips, you will have a dish that will convert any vegetable cynic.

2 cups cooked turnips, sliced
1½ cups green cooking apples, peeled, cored and sliced (about 3 large apples)
¼ cup light brown sugar
1 tsp. salt
2 Tb. butter or margarine
¼ cup maple syrup

Place 1 cup sliced, cooked turnips in a greased 2-quart casserole. Top with 1½ cups green cooking apples, peeled, cored and sliced. Sprinkle with ¼ cup light brown sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Arrange the second cup sliced, cooked turnips on top of apples. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Drizzle ¼ cup maple syrup over turnips. Bake uncovered in moderate (350°) oven, 40 minutes. Serves 6. END

Soft starch. For people who hate starch.

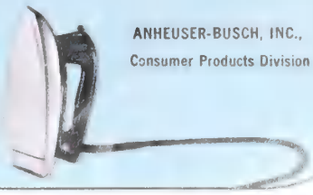


Cotton Maid Spray Starch gives fabrics body *without* stiffness. All fabrics, anything you want to wiltproof.

And when the spray pint is empty, you just refill it from the economy quart. Indefinitely. You get more of what you bargained for: starch.

However you've felt about starch till now, you'll be glad Cotton Maid came along!

the soft way to starch



ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.,
Consumer Products Division

LOVE?

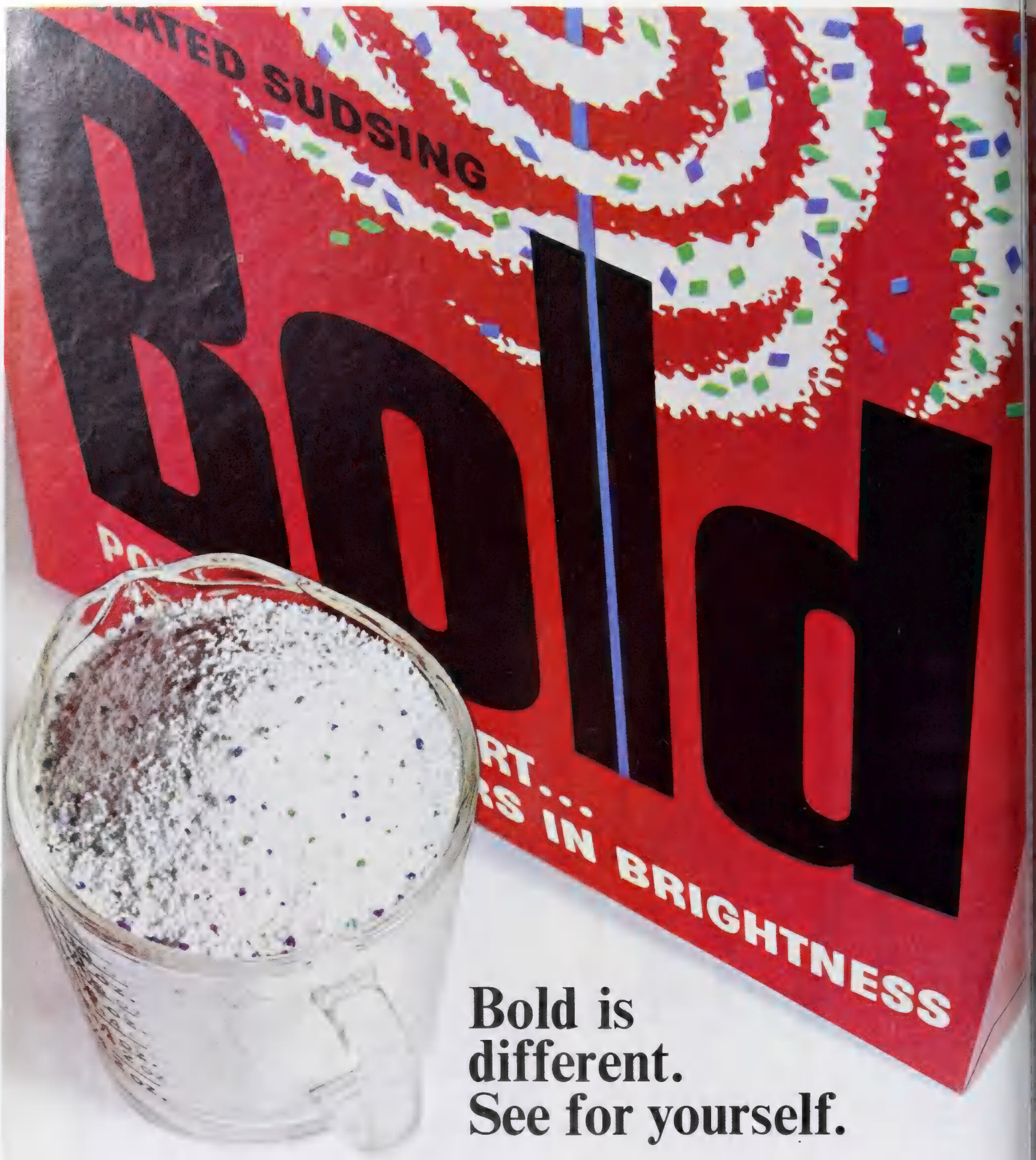
What does douching with DEMURE have to do with



feminine has a lot to do with love. And new DEMURE ne is about as feminine as you can get. There's no longer r a woman to resort to old-fashioned home remedies or melling powders that are bothersome to dissolve. DEMURE oy complete confidence about yourself—plus the most d of everywhere freshness. Makes you feel very special. ery much the woman your husband deserves.

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Heavy-duty Bold gets colors bright too. It gets dirt out. Makes reds redder, greens greener, plaids plaidier. So don't settle for yesterday's detergent. Get clothes bright with brave new Bold.

Bold gets clothes brigh

Journal out Home

ret Davidson
agement Editor

Outdoor fun on your porch or terrace is reciated when an elaborate et up the fur- e other day I very attrac- loor furniture hstands the nd dries fast mmer shower it's made of enwork metal, ded metal, as . Treated to osion, this fur- mes in cool, n, highlighted er colors. Pads l designs for seats of chairs ort and deco- d are the only at have to be in at night. settees and e found the e more com- an the smaller airs) all fold space-saving the end of the Thomas Mc- vice president mpden Com- ch makes the is associated amous Skotch gives this one ted warning, "The only way event a lapful coffee is to illable coffee."

Neck aprons are the With neck-to- age, they are for outdoor n or women. mplicated de- all. Made of in a choice of apron is sim- d and hangs from a plastic e top that is lie well down on the shoul- there is no uncomfortable s call the "Rinky Dink," by ell Corporation. It's an easy slide the apron off the ring g. A man designed the apron fe to wear when bathing the like it for cleaning and cook- vorking at hobbies. It's good but whisks off in a jiffy when ell rings.

Did you know? There is a new lawn sprinkler that lets you program spray so you can water the lawn or garden without flooding walks or driveways. The globe-shaped waterball (by Thompson Mfg. Co.) is made of a durable yellow plastic, can be adjusted to give round, square, or rectangular spray patterns, also a very fine spray. You turn a small sphere at the top to adjust the spray. The sprinkler costs less than $6.

A fireplace in the S. C. Johnson Building, Racine, Wis., prompted a reminiscence about yesterday's necessities being today's luxuries. I was chatting with Howard Packard, chairman of the board, in front of the fireplace Frank Lloyd Wright had designed into the brick wall of his office. Amazing, we agreed, how a fireplace, once needed for heat, is now a luxury. Other delights today that once were essentials: home-baked bread, slow rides on trains, home-made clothes. Don't forget, added Mr. Packard, a stick-shift on a car!

Fast accepted for regular use are many former extravagances, including spray containers of many kinds. In addition to the waxes and polishes they are so well known for, the Johnson Company makes garden products. Raid Yard Guard, for instance, a fogger that keeps insects away from terrace or garden. The fogger effectively kills insects up to 20 feet away. Raid Weed Killer specializes in a concentrated spray to pinpoint weeds, save other growth. . . . I had a successful, and productive, brunch recently, when guests, provided with a spray can of weed killer, worked for their meal. Killing weeds by the spray-can method isn't hard and, in company, at least, was fun. The spray weed killer is convenient for killing noxious plants that live through the full lawn treatment, or are too close to plantings for general spraying.

Two totally unrelated things that are equally contagious — smiles and colds. And you can do something about both. For the first, try walking down the street with a big grin on your face and watch how many you meet smile as they pass! For the second, a buffer against spreading cold germs is the use of paper cups. One of the neatest arrangements we've seen lately is the bathroom dispenser for Dixie Cups. It holds small-sized cups within easy reach—handy when dosing medicine, washing teeth, or just enjoying a drink of water. Then, they—and any germs—are tossed out together.

The clipping service at my house is better than the filing system. Result: stacks of unrelated but precious clippings that can't be located at crucial times. So, I finally got busy. Letter files seemed the answer—the cardboard boxes sized to hold business letters flat with index dividers inside. To make these attractive enough for bookshelves where they will be convenient for reference, I used Con-Tact. I chose gay florals on a box for gardening articles, a new wood burl design for those about house care, and a happy plaid for recipe ideas. The result was *so* satisfying, for the covering is durable and cleanable; will stay fresh-looking. New Con-Tact is easier to handle than earlier versions, and doesn't shrink from seams, so it can be exactly tailored smoothly. For me, the most professional fitting came when I razor-cut the covering on heavy pads of newspaper so the blade cut sharply through the material. For straight edges I used a metal-edged ruler; for fitted sections I used a paper pattern fitted to the box and cut with scissors.

New this season—an all-surface sweeper that can be adjusted to clean bare floors or carpeted ones. This non-electric model by Bissell is uncomplicated and simple to use for all last-minute clean-ups, for it can go effectively over wood, resilient floors or carpets and rugs. It is compact, runs easily under furniture. . . . A message center that fits snugly against the wall around a phone, unfolds to make a handy shelf with pockets for pencils and jotting pads. Since the most convenient wall phones are apt to be in areas where there is no space for a writing desk, this compact unit by Emerson is a boon; it extends but two inches from the wall when closed. . . . For the gag of the month, there's a sponge of polyurethane foam that looks like a sandwich. Called "Ham on Rye," it's light tan outside and pink around the edges, and looks unbelievably like something to eat. (Made by Brooklyn Products, Inc.)

END

2 clip 'n save recipes from Lipton Onion Soup Mix





Lipton California Dip

1 env. Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 pint dairy sour cream

Blend Lipton Onion Soup Mix with sour cream. Chill. Makes 2 cups.

Serving suggestions: Chips, crackers, crisp raw vegetables such as celery, carrot sticks, green pepper strips or cherry tomatoes.



Onion Burgers

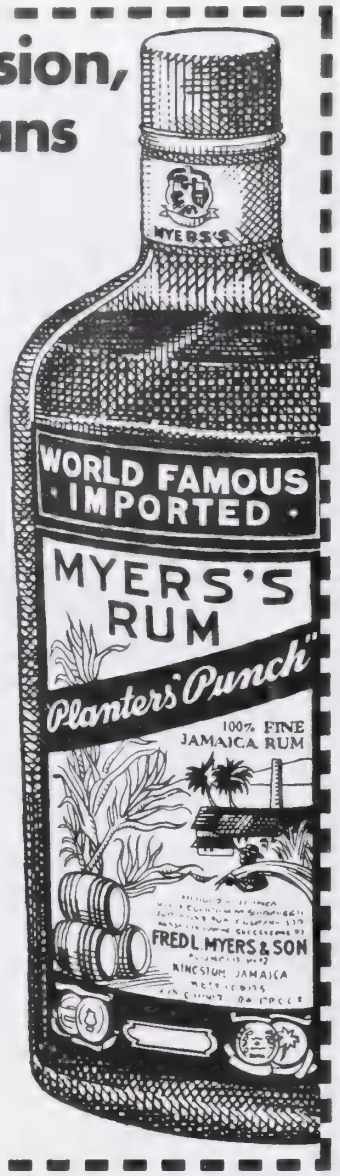
2 pounds ground beef
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
½ cup water

Combine meat with Lipton Onion Soup Mix and water. Shape into 8 patties. Grill or broil until done. Makes 8 servings.

Lipton Onion Soup Mix has a unique blend of especially grown California onions. No other soup – canned or mix – gives your recipes this special flavor.

Every special occasion, millions of Americans follow this recipe for a marvelous Cherries Jubilee.

Drain a 1 lb. can of black bing cherries, saving 1/4 cup of the syrup; combine with 1/2 cup Myers's and about 1 tspn. of Leroux Curacao. Marinate cherries in mixture for several hours. Before serving, make paste of 1 tspn. corn starch and a little syrup. Add to cherries. Bring to boil, simmer gently 1 minute. At table, lower a ladle into hot syrup, fill the ladle with rum and set aflame. When flame dies, serve over vanilla ice cream. With 2 pts. ice cream, this serves 8.



To start with, they open the Myers's.

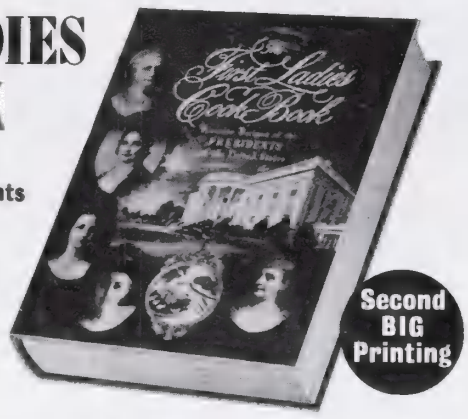
For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. LH-6, 375 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

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—writes Craig Claiborne, famous food Editor of The New York Times!

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Tips for Pool Care

By LEE PETTEE

Home Management Department

Swimming pools are for fun—you'll enjoy yours even more if you've done your homework to make pooltime safe and clean. Here are some suggestions for solving typical pool problems.

▪ Fences may not be enough for peace of mind. They can be effective barriers and are required by many local codes, but even with tamperproof locks on gates, children have tumbled into fenced pools and three-year-olds have been seen scrambling over a 4-foot fence in 30 seconds. There are pool-alarm systems that clang a warning when a child or pet falls in, effective if you're close enough to hear and near enough to get to the scene fast. Some installations can be so wired that they will sound in any part of the home or grounds. But successful rescue may depend on response by someone who swims and has first-aid training.

• Waterproof the children? Yes, says the National Safety Council. Every-child-a-swimmer is the goal of the "Pools for the Schools" project of the National Swimming Pool Foundation. If your own neighborhood has no organized swim classes, consider joining with neighbors to hire a qualified instructor for a group of children, or adults, too.

• In the meantime, you'll feel safest with pool covers. Best are those that go on and off quickly; otherwise you'll put off using them. At least one new cover can be put in place or removed in 1½ minutes. This tough vinyl cover (by Cascade) has supported a load of over 5,000 pounds (it's estimated a safe cover will support 12 adults), and in winter it can convert the pool to a safe home skating rink. For pushbutton ease, there are completely automatic electrically operated metal covers. Reminder: When considering any pool covering, make sure it resists rotting and mildew, will not deteriorate from use of chlorine or other pool purifiers, has minimum stretch. As time goes by, check pool covers regularly for breaks or worn areas.

▪ Chances are you've found the right combination of chemicals, vacuuming devices, filters and elbow grease to keep your pool a delight to see and swim in. But sparkling clear water is not always safely clean. Don't forget to increase the proportion of chlorine or other disinfectant needed for the capacity of your pool when additional swimmers are expected. It's quality not quantity that counts: less than one drop of *effective* disinfectant is needed for every million drops of pool water (about 130 gallons), so follow manufacturer's directions carefully. Easy to use and measure are dust-free tablets that supply chlorine (Pittabs). Handy test kits (available from pool company or chemical supplier) are useful for quick checks on germ control and water balance.

Water that's too alkaline causes disinfectants to work too slowly; too acid, your eyes smart, equipment and pipes may stain and corrode. Caution: Whatever purifiers, algicides or correctives you use, never mix pool chemicals together unless so specified on labels. Results can be very harmful.

▪ Keeping any pool clean and inviting requires work, so you may be in one of the growing numbe pool servicing agencies that p sential weekly care. It may wel the cost in the time and eff saved.

▪ To further minimize care, protect swimmers from weath sects, consider a screened pool dome. These range from light it-yourself types (under $100 some may need replacing eac large metal-framed domes th years (and may cost several dollars). Domes of transparen lucent plastic are entirely we if good quality. Screen sectio can be zipped in and out, and s ers used to extend the pool se

▪ If slippery leaves, sharp t pods or needles are a nuisance ing a tall-growing hedge (hem or privet perhaps) just beyon area to block prevailing w leaves, etc. Such a hedge may pool area warmer and discoura dogs as well.

• Here are some other aids to fort and safety: Provide li night use of pool—it makes safer, falls less likely, and cr lightful setting, too. Provi toilet and wash facilities. Kee server or inflated inner tube view at poolside. Serve bev foods in paper or plastic s broken glass, no dishwashi schedules for pool use to pr privacy and make sure childr in pool unless an adult is pres ably one who swims, has firs ing). Know and comply wit codes on pool protection. personal liability for the safe fare of those who use your p ing the uninvited. Discoura swimming.

▪ A happy pool owner nee operation of family and fri your own rules of the poo guests to read them. Some p ask pool guests to sign a re cating they have read the will abide by them. It's a too, to let the children hel safety rules—they'll heed enforce them on their frien the beginning of each season rules with the children. Her suggestions:

- ☐ Friends are welcome wh by flag or phone.
- ☐ Take a pool break after least one hour.
- ☐ No admittance to anyo cold, infection or bandage
- ☐ Please keep street shoe deck.
- ☐ Please! No roughhouse edge; no diving into crow
- ☐ Family only: no chores, n
- ☐ Home handymen, gard sports fans: no electric co TV's within splash distan (unless tools or electric are specifically designed f near water).
- ☐ Emergency phone numb rescue squad, physician.

GERATORS continued from page 87



Mrs. Carl Anderson, Oklahoma City, Okla.
With six in the family, and many friends always dropping in, we needed lots of well-organized freezer and refrigerator space. The separate but matching Revco units we chose—each with its own control—need no defrosting. The stained-oak fronts look so warm in our newly remodeled pantry.



Mrs. Howard Jones, Atlanta, Ga.
vanted a side-by-side refrigerator/
r with icemaker—one that needed no
ing. We got all this in our Amana,
special meat compartment that keeps
sh for up to a week. We chose white
ll our other appliances are white,
ks so nice with the maple cabinets.



Mrs. Vic Vestman,
Hideaway Park, Colo.
We planned a compact kitchen for our easy-to-care-for vacation house. We chose this matching Hotpoint refrigerator and freezer because they fit under a counter, yet have over six cubic feet of space inside. The coppery finish blends nicely with wood cabinets.



Mrs. R. Koster, Barrington, Ill.
Best thing about our new Sears
frigerator is that there's a whole
ment that can be set to be either
rator or freezer. The shelves can
ed so easily, and it's so nice to
-catching trays under the section
liquid containers to catch leaks.



Mrs. John Phillips, Philadelphia, Pa.
A wonderful idea for our small apartment kitchen—the Acme refrigerator that opens up like two drawers and fits under the work counter. This arrangement makes it easy to see everything when drawers are pulled out. There are 10 cubic feet of space inside; drawers have dividers to keep food organized.



Mrs. John Roman, Sterling, Ill.
erally outgrew our old refrigerator,
a new Norge model with enough space
o that we can buy in quantity—large
s of milk, king-size pop bottles, lots
gs. There's an icemaker and a special
circulating mechanism that keeps food
ly cold. Shelf in the freezer section
t, is handy for frozen juices, soups.



Mrs. Al Bauer, Portland, Oreg.
Our refrigerator is still in good condition, but we needed an icemaker. Decided to keep the old refrigerator and bought a separate Whirlpool icemaker. Having it installed was not very complicated. It's wonderful having clear, sparkling ice always available. We use loads of it, what with our three children—17, 16 and 10—and their friends and ours constantly dropping in.

Shopping information on page 122

ED SULLIVAN

continued from page 71

truth? I didn't hate sports, but if I had never seen a sports event in my life, I wouldn't have felt underprivileged.

But when Ed took me to the opening of Kid Boots, *an Eddie Cantor movie, and introduced me to some of his stage and sports friends, my eyes began to open. I'd always been a silent sort of girl, but all this glamour delighted me. And Ed was fun; we enjoyed each other.*

Anyway, we "eloped" to City Hall on April 28, 1930, and were married. Our witnesses were Jim Kahn, a sportswriter, and the famous prizefighter, Johnnie Dundee. Then we were married in a second ceremony by Father Joe Connor, in his West Orange, N. J., church. We moved into an apartment in Tudor City on New York's East Side: bedroom, living room, dining alcove and kitchen.

Mixed religious marriages were not common then, and I ran up against some minor opposition from friends and relatives—but, strangely, none from my immediate family.

Like any husband and wife, Ed and I have our blow-ups. But never once has religion been the cause. I have never converted to Catholicism because I feel my own religion too deeply within me. Ed has never even suggested it. Nor would I ever ask him to change his religion. Our daughter Betty was brought up a Catholic, but her husband, Bob Precht, is a Protestant. Like Ed and myself they have never had any problems over religion. (Bob and Betty did give us five lovely grandchildren: Robbie, 12; Carla, 11; Vincent [Vinnie], 9; Andrew, 6; and Margo, 10 months.)

Not long after I became a Broadway columnist, the *Graphic* went out of business. There went my $375-a-week job, the best I had ever had or hoped for. On one of the last days, my phone rang and a voice said: "This is Captain Joe Patterson of the *News*. I have a job for you here. Come up and see me." Of course, I couldn't believe it was Captain Patterson, who was the publisher of the *News;* I was sure it was some Broadway phony rubbing salt in my wounds, but I went through the motions of dropping in at the *News*. I was hired at $200 a week. It was a $175-a-week cut, but at that point any offer looked like *manna* from heaven.

During my years on the *News*, I continued my rivalry with Winchell. I wore myself out trying to catch and surpass him. No matter which way I turned, there was Winchell in my way. He invented the Broadway column and wrote it better than anybody. His sources of information were fantastic. You must remember that there was a time when he could move governments. Any columnist had to run in his shadow. Me included. Winchell and I haven't spoken to each other in years. But I wish we'd continued to be friends. He's the best columnist of his kind who ever lived!

I wanted to break into radio because I had grown to love show people—and because there was money and fame in radio. I would put together a radio program and get it on the air. Everybody would tell me how good it was—but after a few weeks it would be dropped.

Something else was building and working for me, though. The *News'* Harvest Moon Ball was then one of the big events of the New York vaudeville season. I selected the acts and acted as master of ceremonies at those big Madison Square Garden benefits. The winners (*continued*)



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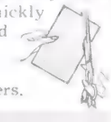
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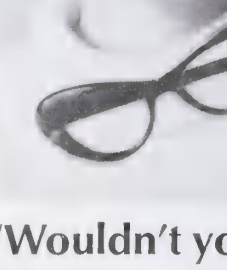
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would play Loew's State for a week and I would go along as MC, this time for money. Then the shows would be booked for a week or two elsewhere in the metropolitan area. I began to develop stage presence, and I developed confidence in my judgment of talent. Then in 1933, out of the blue, the Paramount Theater's Bob Weitman (now the head of production for MGM) asked me to put on a one-hour show on the Paramount stage.

SYLVIA: *When I heard about it, I pleaded,* "No, don't take it." *I didn't think Ed was ready. They kept offering Ed more money until the price was up to $3,500. I still urged him: "No, don't take it." But he did. And he asked me to come to the opening show. I was scared to death, but I figured if Ed had courage enough to go on the stage, I should have courage enough to be there and lead the applause. Ed was amazingly good, and the acts he had selected indicated his instinctive knowledge of talent. Ed has always had a tremendous second sense. I think the difference between him and other people who book acts is that most people think of their personal likes and dislikes. Ed realizes that an act may not be his cup of tea, but that it may be somebody else's.*

I had been too young for World War I and I was too old for World War II—and if I hadn't been they would never have wanted me with my medical history of ulcers and gall-bladder surgery. I remember my friend Solly Violinsky telling me:

"Ed, they'll never call you until the Japs are in Radio City."

But I wanted to contribute something, so I started putting together shows that could play hospitals and military bases. We would go anywhere. Actually, I guess those young soldiers and sailors did me more good than I did them. Because playing to them I kept learning more and more about show business.

It wasn't until war's end, of course, that television was really born. And on June 23, 1948, we went on TV with our first "Toast of the Town" program. To show you how loose ends tie together, the CBS executive who "discovered" me in 1948, Worthington Minor, had first seen me as MC of a Harvest Moon Ball.

That first show is the one I will remember longest and in most minute detail. It was a tribute to Rodgers and Hammerstein, mainly, but my daughter Betty had seen a couple of young comedians she thought might entertain the younger viewers. They did entertain the younger set—and the older set, too. Their names were Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

We also had a popular singer named Monica Lewis. In those days TV sound was almost as primitive as its lighting, and I didn't want a microphone to obscure Monica's pretty face. So we stuck a corsage in her bodice and hid the mike inside the artificial flowers, concealing the wire in her dress. Then Monica started to sing. She reached for a high note, threw out her chest and arms—and out plopped the mike, right out of the corsage and onto the stage!

An even more embarrassing incident happened the night we had Frankie Laine singing "I Believe." We wanted to stage it as a big Western number, so we got some horses for background. Stables that provide you with stage animals always guarantee that they won't suddenly lose control of their bodily functions right in front of the audience.

Well, right in the middle of Frankie Laine's song, one horse broke down and misbehaved. Then everybody began to walk along the stage avoiding this thing, and all the singers started to laugh. You know how the song goes: "I believe for every drop of rain that falls . . . a flower grows . . ." We closed the curtain, but you could still hear them laughing. It's headaches like this that account for the fact that, according to my assistant Carmine Santullo, the show's personnel and guests have taken over 100,000 aspirins. And Carmine is hardly ever wrong.

Everything was pretty primitive in those days. The TV screen was about six inches high, and half the time your head was off. (They said I looked very good with my head off.) Our budget ranged from $750 to $1,250 per show, and almost at once I began to hear the whispers: "Sullivan uses his column to make actors go on his show and he gets all the loot." Well, I paid everybody but one man connected with the show: Me. I didn't pay myself a cent for about a year.

I have been asked many times what shows I remember best. It's hard to single them out when you've been on 978 Sunday nights, and when you've watched personalities such as these appear with you, many of them making their TV debuts: June Allyson, Lucille Ball, Fred Astaire, Rex Harrison, Harry Belafonte, Shirley Booth, Marlon Brando, Victor Borge, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Marian Anderson, Maria Callas, Marilyn Monroe, Gary Cooper, Paul Newman, Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby, Eddie Fisher, Henry [illegible] Jackie Gleason, Rita Hayw[illegible] Hirt, Audrey Hepburn, Bob Ho[illegible] Horne, Burt Lancaster, Sophia[illegible] Robert Merrill, Gina Lollobrigid[illegible] Stewart, Margaret Truman, Dr[illegible] Schweitzer, Lana Turner, Jack [illegible] Van Johnson and Esther Willia[illegible]

Of course, I have my favorit[illegible] Sandburg; Richard Burton, Ju[illegible] drews and Robert Goulet in a 19[illegible] from *Camelot;* the late Walt [illegible] re-creating in 1953 how *Who's A[illegible] the Big, Bad Wolf* was written[illegible] great old pros, Maurice Cheva[illegible] Sophie Tucker, in an unforgetta[illegible] duet. Composer Otto Harbach [illegible] the words to his immortal lo[illegible] "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

And I remember emotional m[illegible] such as "The Josh Logan Story" [illegible] when the great director revealed [illegible] himself had been treated for me[illegible] ness. "I never won a Pulitzer Pri[illegible] I had passed through that expe[illegible] he told our audience. Logan's d[illegible] revelation helped change sever[illegible] laws governing mental health a[illegible] petence. In one case, two childr[illegible] restored to a mother who had re[illegible] from mental illness.

I remember a talk I had with t[illegible] great composer Cole Porter in 1[illegible] we stood onstage at the old Ma[illegible] liott Theater, where the show w[illegible] in those days. "This is a funny [illegible] being here for TV," Cole rem[illegible] "The first show I ever wrote w[illegible] duced on this stage. I wrote it wh[illegible]

Journal Shopping Center

Sweet Summer Looks—Pages 74–77. Paper flowers shown may be ordered from Fred Leighton, 177 MacDougal Street, New York, N.Y. 10013. Small astors, 75c each; pompons, 75c each; large astors—2 on spray, $1.50; roses, $2. each; large poppy, $3.50 each.

Summer wardrobes for under $100
$74—A Wardrobe for Kathy. Page 82. CRAZY HORSE mini dress: Bloomingdale's, New York; Bramson, Chicago; The Loft, ZCMI, Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah; I. Magnin, West Coast. CATALINA bathing suit: Colony Shops, Tampa and St. Petersburg; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; Bullock's, Pasadena. SWIRL drawstring shift: B. Altman, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Charles A. Stevens & Company, Chicago; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Broadway, Los Angeles and all stores. JOVI top and pants: Gimbels, New York; Bramson, Chicago; Milady Shop, South Bend, Indiana; Chasnoff, on the Plaza, on the Landing, & Ward Parkway; J. Magnin, California. LADY VAN HEUSEN shirtdress: Lord & Taylor, New York and all stores; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Goldsmith's, Memphis and branches.

$90—A Wardrobe for Evelyn. Page 83. LANZ jumpsuit: Bonwit Teller, New York; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Frank Murphy, St. Paul; Woolf Brothers, Kansas City and branches. ALBEROY knit bathing suit: Bloomingdale's, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Dayton's, Minneapolis; J. Magnin, California. CRAZY HORSE drawstring tent: Bloomingdale's, New York; Bramson, Chicago; The Loft, ZCMI, Salt Lake City; I. Magnin, West Coast. CHARLIE'S GIRLS knit top and culotte-skirt: Stern Brothers, New York and branches; The Hecht Company, Washington, D.C. (culotte, only). LESLIE JR. yellow dress: Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; J. Magnin, California.

$75—A Wardrobe for Vicky. Page 84. SMARTEE mini shift: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Filene's, Boston; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Macy's, California. JANTZEN bathing suit: Plymouth, Metropolitan New York and New Jersey; Burdine's, Miami; Foley's, Houston; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. SMARTEE T-shirt and shorts: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Filene's, Boston; Burdine's, Miami (shorts only); Dayton's, Minneapolis; Macy's, California. VICTOR BIJOU culotte-dress: Lord & Taylor, New York; Filene's, Boston; Dayton's, Minneapolis. DIDI SCOTT tent dress: Stern Brothers, New York; Hengerer's, Buffalo.

$59—A Wardrobe for Agneta. Page 85. SMARTEE T-shirt and pants-skirt: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Filene's, Boston; Burdine's, Miami (T-shirt only); Dayton's, Minneapolis; Macy's, California. COLE OF CALIFORNIA bikini: Arnold Constable, New York; Zoob's, Omaha; Steinfeld's & Co., Tucson; Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles, Van Nuys, Anaheim, De[illegible] and Century City, California. SMAR[illegible] pull: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Fil[illegible] Boston; Burdine's, Miami; Dayton's, M[illegible] apolis; Macy's, California. GLEN[illegible] pants-dress: Bloomingdale's, New [illegible] Dayton's, Minneapolis; Goldwaters, Phe[illegible] CHARLIE'S GIRLS tank shift: [illegible] Brothers, New York; The Hecht Com[illegible] Washington, D.C.

NEW REFRIGERATORS—Pages [illegible] GENERAL ELECTRIC, Model TBF16[illegible] SUB-ZERO, Model Executive 545FRD. [illegible] Zero Freezer Co. Inc., West Beltline [illegible] way, Madison, Wis. GIBSON, All-Refri[illegible] tor Model. KELVINATOR, Built-in [illegible] Eyed Jack Model. ADMIRAL, Side-by[illegible] Duplex Refrigerator-Freezer Model [illegible] 2075. FRIGIDAIRE, Food-Life Pres[illegible] Model FLP L9BAL. WESTINGHO[illegible] Model RDG 88XW. PHILCO, Side-by[illegible] Refrigerator-Freezer Model 21RT9B. [illegible] Page 121. REVCO, Slim Twins, M[illegible] R-156 and F-136. AMANA, Side-by[illegible] Refrigerator-Freezer. HOTPOINT, U[illegible] counter Refrigerator and Freezer, SSD[illegible] FV107H. SEARS, ROEBUCK and [illegible] Sears Coldspot Convertible Supermart[illegible] frigerator-Freezer. ACME, 2-Drawer U[illegible] counter-Refrigerator. NORGE, Refri[illegible] tor-Freezer Model REG-1964. WH[illegible] POOL, Ice-Magic ice maker, Model EC[illegible]

MEAL-A-DAY—page 96, June 1: De[illegible] Whole Green Beans (frozen) from B[illegible] Eye. June 2: Tiny Peas (frozen) from B[illegible] Eye. June 3: Spinach Soufflé (frozen[illegible] Stouffer's; Pirouette Wafers are Pepper[illegible] Farm. June 4: Creamy Tomato and [illegible] Cheese Dressing is Kraft's Secret S[illegible] Dressing. June 6: Frozen Macaroni and [illegible] Dinner by Swanson. June 7: Buttered B[illegible] Broccoli Spears (frozen) are Bird's [illegible] June 9: Mushroom and Barley Soup (p[illegible] aged) is Goodman's; Hot Oaten Gr[illegible] Cakes made with Betty Crocker's Oat[illegible] Muffin Mix. June 11: Egg Rolls (frozen) [illegible] Chun King; Baby Carrots in Brown S[illegible] Glaze (frozen) are Bird's Eye. June [illegible] Fancy Whole Mushrooms in Butter (fro[illegible] from Bird's Eye. June 16: Concord G[illegible] Gelatin is Jell-O. June 18: Goldfish Dip[illegible] are Pepperidge Farm; Butter Brickle [illegible] from Betty Crocker. June 19: Butt[illegible] Shoepeg Corn (frozen) is Jolly Green G[illegible] June 20: Onion Gravy (packaged) ei[illegible] Kraft or French's. June 22: Orange Tap[illegible] Cream is Jell-O. June 23: Dilled Green Be[illegible] (canned) both S&H and Del Monte. June[illegible] Honey Bran Muffins from a Betty Cro[illegible] Mix. June 25: Stroganoff Sauce (packa[illegible] is Lawry's; Buttered Noodle Dumpl[illegible] (packaged) are Skinner's. June 26: Coco[illegible] Bars with Chopped Dates made with P[illegible] bury Golden Coconut Bars mix. June [illegible] No-Bake Caramel Custard (from a [illegible] by Jell-O or Royal. June 29: Swordfish[illegible] Lemon Butter (frozen) is Gorton's of G[illegible] cester; Rice Milanese (packaged) is Be[illegible] Crocker; Fudge Macaroon Cake (from [illegible] mix) by Betty Crocker.

...was a dud, and it closed over-...never forget how I felt as I ...e scenery being hauled away ...ps. I was so discouraged that ...at to Paris the next day and ...Foreign Legion."

...Cuba, the night before Fidel ...hed Havana after overthrow-..., I interviewed him in the ... of Matanzas. I told Castro ... Americans feared he was a ... Fidel pointed to his soldiers. ... their necks,"

...ey wear scap-...ir uniforms ...lic medals. I, ... to Catholic ...w could I be ...ist?"

...r had Castro ...an a Catholic ...ted into the ...el knelt and ...priest's hand ...ring his bless-...s very, very ... I paid Castro ...r that exclu-...ew, but a few ... I heard from ... It seems he ...e check I had

...the funniest ... ever had on ...was done by ... Bogart, of ... Bogey was ...a humorous ...ome baseball ...e was going ...with a gun, ...bared. Well, ... up to one of ...s—I think it ...izzuto of the ...—and when ...ed and saw ...ming he ran ...the stage. It ...unrehearsed. ...elf how you'd ...urned around ... Bogart com- ... you with a ...at sneer?

...Incidentally, ...ought Ed and ...ed very much ... fact, people ...e to Ed and ...he was really ... Bogart.

... Bogey. We ... very, very ...nds in New ...re he started ...ng romantic ...adway plays. ... Bogey loved ...s, though he ...e himself. I used to take ...d with me during Prohibi- ...a Broadway columnist, and ...o the speakeasies, many of ...e either run or frequented by ... The tough guys were all ...y would ask, "Who's that ...?" and I'd make up big sto- ...'d you miss that one?" I'd ... the fellow who walked into ...over in Brooklyn. There were ...guys in there, and he killed ...m before he walked out."

...t you just know that was the ...umphrey Bogart wantold to ...ourse, lots of those stories I told him were strictly made up. But lots of them weren't. I knew some pretty tough numbers then—much tougher, you can be sure, than the killers Bogey later played in the movies. But he sure had a great laboratory in which to learn what crooks were like—and I'm pretty sure that's where he picked up a lot of the mannerisms he later used so well.

SYLVIA: *Tell about* Rattling the Cup, *Ed. There were some tough customers involved there.*



Back in 1929, a Chicago newspaperman named Edward Dean Sullivan wrote a book called *Rattling the Cup*, which is what convicts do when a prison riot starts—they rattle their drinking cups against the cell bars. The book was a terrific exposé of crime in Chicago. At the time, I had a lot of dealings with many of the men mentioned in *Rattling the Cup*. They ran nightclubs and owned prizefighters. Suddenly, the mob thought I was the Ed Sullivan who had written *Rattling the Cup*. I got hold of Toots Shor and told him to pass the word around—because Toots knows just about everybody. "Tell them that I'm not the Sullivan who wrote that book," I said.

Finally, I managed to arrange a meeting with the mob's representatives at a certain building on Broadway where a lot of boxing promoters and fighters hung out. It was always jammed with people coming in and out of the lobby.

But when I showed up in this building, there wasn't a soul in the lobby. That's when I really got scared! I saw two guys standing there. They were dressed just like movie hoods. I said, "I'm supposed to meet so-and-so here."

"You're talking to them," one snapped. And I nearly fell right on my fanny. They talked just like movie hoods! Desperately, I tried to convince them that I was not and never had been Edward Dean Sullivan, and I hadn't "turned copper" on them.

"We checked you out pretty good," one of the gangsters said grudgingly, "and the people around here say you're not a copper."

I sighed with relief. "I'm not a copper," I said, "and I'm very yellow."

After that I was back in good standing again.

SYLVIA: *There's a sequel to the story. When we were living on the West Coast from 1937 to 1939, we decided to drive up to Sequoia National Park for a couple of days, leaving Betty with a nurse. We didn't tell the nurse where we could be in how she could locate us, and when we came back she practically fell on our necks. It seems that Edward Dean Sullivan of* Rattling the Cup *had been found dead—and the newspapers were calling, you see, because once again somebody confused Edward Dean Sullivan with my Ed Sullivan.*

Just as the show was obviously catching on, the critical sniping started. My mannerisms, my amateurism, my face, even my body, made grand targets.

"The Unsmiling Irishman" was one of the gentler descriptions of my face. "An Artistic Basket Case" seemed to summarize my stage presence. "The Toast of the Tomb," "The Great Stone Face" and "Mr. Rigor Mortis" are just a few of the names I've had to endure.

I know I have certain mannerisms. When I turn my head, for example, I know I seem to turn my whole body instead of just turning my neck.

I've read all sorts of reasons for this—that I have a back condition that makes it impossible for me to turn my neck, that I have a metal plate in my head.

None of these things is true. I've just got a very short, big neck. I've got a *very* big neck. I wear a size 17 collar. But my body isn't in proportion to this big neck. So when I walk the first thing you see coming at you is this man with the big neck. It looks rigid, but it's not. My neck is just too heavy for me to turn around easily, that's all.

The man who somehow was the most irritated by our success was, for some reason, the great comedian Fred Allen.

"Ed Sullivan is a pointer," complained Fred. "You can teach a dog to point. Just rub meat on the target."

"Maybe Fred should rub some meat on a sponsor," I suggested.

By now I've gotten used to criticism. If I think it's from a friend, it doesn't bother me at all. If it comes from someone who's taking potshots at me, I really am damned angry. But what I dislike most is rudeness to one of my guests. The closest I've ever come to losing my temper right on TV came when we first had Russia's brilliant Moiseyev Ballet Company on our show. At the end I brought Igor Moiseyev, the director, on stage for a bow. All of a

(continued)



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ED SULLIVAN *continued*

sudden there was one loud boo from the balcony. I gave that man the dirtiest look that's ever been given anyplace.

SYLVIA: *Ed is what's known as a letter-writer. In the beginning, in the early days of TV, he would send off a letter every time anything appeared in the paper that upset him. I would plead with him not to do it, because I always felt it added fuel to the fire. On occasion I would get him after he'd written the letter and I'd say, "Please don't mail it tonight; mail it tomorrow morning." And most of the time he would tear the letter up.*

I like people a great deal, and I'm always hurt when I see something nasty written about me. You put up with it. You don't let them know, but it hurts. I don't know anybody who has more fun out of life than I do. Take all the impersonations of me. I don't mind them. Will Jordan was the best one, and I thought he was great because he looks something like me—the same type of face, the same high Indian cheekbones. You know, my high cheekbones make people think I'm a lot sterner than I am. I'm not stern at all. Actually, I'm pretty shy.

SYLVIA: *It's like the night we went to the Broadway opening of* Bye Bye Birdie.

Oh, Lord. We'd heard something to the effect that there was a song about Ed Sullivan in *Bye Bye Birdie*, but I didn't pay too much attention. Then there we were in the audience and on the stage they began to sing "Ed Sulli-van!" Everyone in the audience turned around and looked at Sylvia and me. I cowered. I actually cowered. I wanted to hide under the seat. Not that I wasn't thrilled, but it was so embarrassing.

When I recall those early TV years, I also recall two "miracles." We originated a show in Boston, and later I was to take the cast and do another show for the Marist Nuns, who are devoted to the care of lepers. In arranging the show, I had become friendly with the witty Sister Augustine. When Boston for the TV show, we heartened by news of a labor CBS. Then came a phone call ter Augustine. "Don't worry, said. "We will pray for you."

That night, during dress reh the lights went off all over B tried to get subsidiary powe airplane carrier in the harbor. candles and flashlights. We tr thing. Nothing worked. Then rang. It was Sister Augustine

"We'll pray for you again," ised. It was seven o'clock, an h we were to go on the air. A lights went on again all over

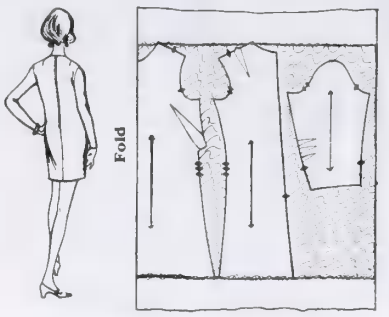
Such crises were petty compa big one that was brewing. The high official at CBS—no long who had an almost pathologi for me. He adamantly refuse our budget, pay me decently, possible for me to compete for entertainers. My agent at MC Werblin, who now directs pro New York Jets as well as M Race Track, found an obscure my contract which gave us th sign a pre-dated contract with network one year before the tract expired. We signed with when William Paley, the pr CBS, heard of the NBC offer, h it within 24 hours and even to me for his subordinate's ve

A lot of acid has gone over of my feuds, I admit. I have fe Winchell, with Jack Paar, w Sinatra, with Jackie Mason a Reagan—among others. I am to say I once threatened to ta at my fellow Broadway colum Sobol, who isn't much bigger oldest grandchild. But Louis good left jab!

Probably the most famous feuds was the recent one with

TWIGGY AND THE RAINBOW LOOK continued from page 64

Before cutting sequin fabric, please note: Size 10 takes 2 yds. Size 12–14 takes 2¼ yds. Fabric, all over, is 45 in. wide, sequin area 39 in. Place pattern on sequins, using shoulder at maximum height. Taffeta at bottom serves as hem. Baste front and back together before cutting sleeve: stripes on sleeve should match dress. Place pattern accordingly. Cut fabric cross grain with stripes going around.



Cross grain

Singer Sewing Centers carrying rainbow fabric and Vogue patterns:

New York, N.Y.—Promenade Shop. Anchorage, Alaska—423 Fifth Ave. Phoenix, Ariz.—Chris Town Shopping Center. Phoenix, Ariz.—5 Park Central Mall. Anaheim, Calif.—1045 Sixth St. Daly City, Calif.—Westlake Shopping Center. Riverside, Calif.—3991 Main Street. Torrance, Calif.—Del Amo Shopping Center. Gretna, La.—West Side Shopping Center. New Orleans, La.—Carrollton Shopping Center. Shreveport, La.—Shreve City Shopping Center. Cherry Hill, N.J.—Cherry Hill Mall. Metuchen, N.J.—Menlo Park Shopping Center. Levittown, L.I. N.Y.—3003 Hempstead Turnpike. Fayetteville, N.C.—Eutaw Shopping Center. Oklahoma City, Okla.—Mayfair Shopping Center. Harrisburg, Pa.—Colonial Park Plaza. Mt. Lebanon, Pa.—South Hills Village Shopping Center. Plymouth Meeting, Pa.—Plymouth Meeting Mall. Dallas, Tex.—Preston Shopping Center. El Paso, Tex.—Bassett Shopping Center. Waco, Tex.—Lake Air Shopping Center. Salt Lake City, Utah—48-35 Highland Drive. Falls Church, Va.—7 Corners Shopping Center. Seattle, Wash.—4577 University Village.

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your feet. Shake some in
Soothes hot, tired, tender
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Slim-Mint

Jackie Mason. When Jackie appeared on my show, we ran a little short of time. We gave him the hurry-up signal, and he made what I considered to be a vulgar gesture with his hand. After the program, I said publicly that I had been shocked by what Mason had done and that he would never again be on my show. We try to run a tasteful show for the whole family; we're on Sunday night, at an hour when millions of children watch.

Jackie Mason insisted that the gesture hadn't been obscene at all, that it had been misconstrued. He even filed a lawsuit against me. But the whole matter had a happy ending.

One day last year Sylvia and I were at the Las Vegas airport when I saw a familiar face. I said hello and reached out to shake the man's hand when I realized it was Jackie Mason. Well, I don't carry grudges. I told him that I was willing to let bygones be bygones, and right there I invited him back on the show—and he appeared shortly thereafter.

My feud with Jack Paar erupted in 1961, when he was doing his late-night show on NBC. Several years before, Jack had suddenly been fired by CBS. I felt he had gotten a raw deal, especially since I knew he had just bought a new house. So I called Jack and invited him to appear on our show.

He said, "Ed, you must be clowning. I've just been fired by CBS, your network. They just won't let you do it."

I told him I'd handle that part of it. "How much do you get a week?" I asked him.

He said, "$2,500."

"Well," I said, "I'll give you $5,000." Paar went on our show that Sunday, and he began telling this very story to the audience. He was so moved that he started crying and he couldn't finish.

Then, later, when he got his NBC show, Jack began to needle me. He'd say, "It's amazing. Ed Sullivan pays these tremendous sums of money. He pays $5,000 for a performance—and yet they come on my show for $320." On March 5, 1961, a Canadian singer named Joan Fairfax appeared on my show for $1,000. The next night she appeared on the Paar show. In those days—and even today—the contract a TV performer signs with us guarantees he or she will not appear on another show for at least three weeks. But here Jack had hired this girl for the very next night, breaking my exclusivity clause. I called him, as I recall, and told him he was wrong—and I guess that added heat to the feud, which quickly got into the newspapers. We both said some pretty harsh things about each other, but I think the press blew the dispute way out of line. The newspapers didn't like TV then; they felt it hurt their circulation. They would play up anything that made television look bad. And the feud with Paar gave them their chance.

SYLVIA: *Jack Paar's daughter Randy came down to our show a couple of times since the feud blew over, and on one occasion, in fact, Ed introduced her from the audience.*

Another disagreement that made headlines involved Frank Sinatra. (You've got to admit that I don't pick easy opponents!) As far back as 1947, Sinatra and I were good friends. "Ed, you can have my last drop of blood," he wrote to me at that time. Eight years later, however, this selfsame blood donor complained to the Screen Actors Guild that I'd tried to force him to appear on my show free of charge to exploit his new motion picture for Sam Goldwyn, *Guys and Dolls.*

Sinatra's accusation created so much comment that I ran a full-page open letter in two Hollywood trade publications, addressing myself to Walter Pidgeon, then president of the Screen Actors Guild.

"Let us waive, for the moment, the fact that I haven't talked to Sinatra in some years," I wrote Pidgeon. "Let us overlook the fact that Sinatra, regularly trounced by us when he becomes part of the NBC 'Spectaculars,' hardly qualifies as an impartial or disinterested witness.

"What I particularly resent is Sinatra's false and reckless charge that our show does not pay performers! To date, we have paid out over $5 million in salaries and, incidentally, rendered substantial benefits to motion pictures, motion picture artists, studios and theater operators. If Sam Goldwyn approached Sinatra to appear gratis, that hardly is my concern or problem. Certainly I never approached Sinatra!

"My negotiations with Mr. Goldwyn involved my offer to pay a substantial sum of money, $32,000, to represent, on film, 30 minutes of *Guys and Dolls* as an exclusive TV preview. In my discussions with Mr. Goldwyn, I emphasized that for our show, the key figures in his film were Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons—this even before Brando won the Academy Awards. Both Marlon and Miss Simmons were to be paid by me."

I added a postscript to that 1955 letter. It read: "Aside to Frankie Boy: Never mind that tremulous 1947 offer: 'Ed, you can have my last drop of blood.'"

This feud that seemed so important then seems ridiculous now. Sinatra's daughter Nancy is one of the big attractions on our show today. She has appeared with us half a dozen times. Frank Sinatra Jr. has also appeared several times. When an automobile crash put me in the hospital in 1956, Sinatra was one of the first stars to offer to substitute for me on our Sunday night show. When Frank learned that Red Skelton already had volunteered (*continued*)

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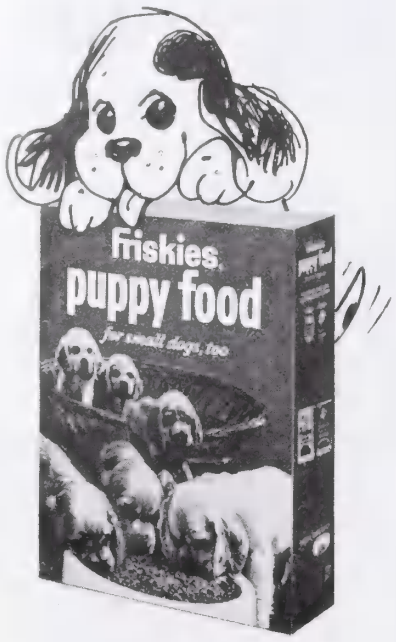
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to act as master of ceremonies, he insisted on appearing anyway. Later he made another appearance. In other words, the years have a way of reducing old grievances to their proper degree of unimportance.

In January of 1960, the late Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper started a TV show on the Coast, and because of her column, she persuaded movie stars to appear free. Inasmuch as our show was paying tremendously high prices for movie stars, I sent a formal protest to Ronald Reagan, who even then was sufficiently politically minded to have become president of the Screen Actors Guild. Reagan declared that he never received my letter. I always was convinced that he did, because this item appeared in Hedda Hopper's column: "Ronald Reagan and I had a great laugh at that letter from that New York columnist."

In a letter dated July 8, 1966, Reagan wrote to me: "I repeat that I knew of no item in Hedda's column, but cannot say that no such item appeared. I have just never been a reader of the Hollywood columns."

This statement—that a Hollywood actor never read the Hollywood columns—is incredible. But even so I wish Reagan luck in his new role as Governor of California. Few young men have ever had the opportunity that now faces him.

If you spin your living room globe and then reach out and stop it, it's safe to assume that wherever your finger comes to rest on the earth, our show has either been there or imported stars from there.

But of all the shows we've put on abroad, none were more exciting than the ones we staged in the Soviet Union in 1959.

In Moscow, we gave nightly outdoor performances at Green Theater in Gorky Park. It seated 10,000, but starting with our opening night we played to 14,000 Russians each performance. Leningrad, because of its heroic, three-year stand against the Nazis, occupies a special niche in the hearts of all Russians. Opening one performance there, tap-dancer Conrad Buckner injured himself in a prodigious leap. His left heel apparently hit a loose board in the stage floor. Two Russian women doctors who were in the audience rushed backstage, phoned for an ambulance and sped him to a Leningrad hospital.

They brought him back to the theater on crutches, but young Buckner insisted on appearing in the finale, which was built around Risë Stevens' Russian translation of "Getting To Know You." Our entire cast joined Risë onstage, half of us lifting small American flags over our heads. As Risë sang her last note, I'd hold up a Russian and an American flag, so that the flags were flying together. This always brought a storm of applause. On this particular night, with Buckner on crutches, I told the Leningrad audience how deeply we appreciated the expert care he had received. And then I added:

"I told Conrad not to come out in this finale, but he said to me: 'One does not come to Leningrad to surrender!'"

Bedlam broke loose in the audience.

In 1959, the same year we went to Russia, we also traveled to Spoleto, Italy, the great music festival town, to do a show about composer Gian-Carlo Menotti. I persuaded Louis Armstrong and his band to join us there. That engagement was the one that almost killed the great "Satchmo."

It's a long drive from the airport at Rome through the mountainous country that leads to Spoleto, and on this occasion the weather was blazing hot. That first night Armstrong collapsed. At 5 A.M. Menotti was roused from sleep. "Mr. Armstrong is dying," a frightened servant told the composer. "He's gasping for breath."

It was Menotti himself who summoned the ambulance. It was Menotti who ordered oxygen tanks rushed from a nearby town. It was Menotti who alerted the Spoleto Hospital that he was rushing Armstrong there. Dr. Schiff, Armstrong's personal physician, says that he'll never cease to marvel at the speed with which Menotti made all of these arrangements.

"I'll be all right, Pops," Armstrong whispered to me as stretcher-bearers lifted him into the small ambulance.

For 48 hours it was touch and go until Satchmo began to recover from what was diagnosed as pneumonia. There are no people like show people in moments of crisis. Producer Bob Precht went to the great Eileen Farrell, who was in Spoleto to appear in a Menotti opera. "Eileen," he said, "how about singing with Satchmo's band?" Eileen agreed instantly—and she was sensational! A few years later, on one of our shows from Las Vegas, I had Eileen and Armstrong sing a duet to commemorate those grim days and nights at Spoleto.

Just as Satchmo had his moment of crisis, so did I. Mine had come in 1956, when I was nearly killed in that automobile collision.

SYLVIA: *I'll never forget it as long as I live. Ed was doing a show at McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey. At that time, we had a 200-acre farm in Southbury, Conn. Betty and her two children were in the house with me when Ed called from McGuire. He said he and Betty's husband Bob Precht were flying to Bridgeport in an Army plane and that I should meet them there. By this time it was after 11 P.M. and Betty wouldn't let me make the 25-mile drive to the airport alone. Since we had nobody reliable with whom we could leave Betty's kids, we sent our night-watchman to fetch Ed.*

Betty went to sleep, but I waited up for Ed and Bob. After a while, Betty woke up and came downstairs. "Where are they?" she said. "I'm worried." I tried to reassure her. "You know Daddy," I said. "He probably met some people and they stopped off someplace to talk." But I kept listening for a car to come up the driveway. Well, finally the phone rang and a voice said, "There's been an accident." We were told that Ed and Bob were being taken to a hospital in Waterbury, Conn. We got a farmer who lived on our property to drive us there while his wife minded Betty's children. When we got to Waterbury, we learned that Ed and Bob had been moved to a hospital in Darby. Bob had broken his shin bone, while Ed had his breast bone and seven ribs fractured. His whole chest was caved in. He also had to fight off a case of pneumonia. Our night-watchman, who was with Ed and Bob, wasn't seriously hurt, and neither was the other driver.

The accident happened on a curve. The kid in the other car was an X-ray technician. He'd been working late at a hospital, and evidently he fell asleep at the wheel as he made the turn. I was driving, and I saw him come at us head-on. It's one of the few times that there's been a head-on collision i people haven't been killed. T that if I had stopped my car t would have been much worse; i have been like the other car h stone wall. But I just kept pu the gas. It's like playing footb big guy is coming at you, yo chance is to drive at him top stepped on the gas because if get two forces coming at equal one will equalize the other.

SYLVIA: *By the time they pulle of the car there was a big crowd and somebody said, "Why, it's livan!" And a policeman stand said, "In a car crash they all loo*

That same year our show was runaway express named Elvis Elvis got $50,000 for several ances with us—and that's still t est fee we've ever given a perfor the last 19 years we've paid o than $20,000,000 in talent fees.

Elvis was so hot—he was the and everybody else rolled int that we decided to stage a pres ence. I knew that at least a few would try to ask embarrassing q For example, there was a lot about Presley's provocative pelv ments. I told Elvis to let me r ference for him, that I would every time a loaded question wa

One woman reporter started "Elvis," she said, "I've been re the paper about your new whit lac. You must be very proud of

"Yes, ma'am," Elvis said.

"But I read where these si girls have imprinted their lip over the car. This must be ver vating to you."

I tried to interrupt, but Elv garded me completely. "Well, he said politely, "if it hadn't what you call these silly little wouldn't have had that white C

Isn't that a beautiful line for

From then on, nothing Elvis prised me. He's a fine boy, very and very smart. I'm quite "acted"; that is, he knew wha doing. And his agent, Colon Parker, is a great tutor in the ar lic relations. When Elvis appe had to take special precautions. thing, we decided not to show t vic contortions on TV, so we fo tight on his face and torso ar showed him below the waist. had to keep his fans under cont that took everything but t Marines. It was the first time heard that screaming, the same ing you hear now for the Be kind of moaning, siren effect. great kick out of it—and the exc is good for the show.

Speaking of the Beatles, I fir out about them one night at the airport. There was an enormou of kids gathered around, and Sy I asked them what was going o said, "The Beatles are here!" W even know who the Beatles we never heard of them! That nigh Elizabeth was leaving on a to Prime Minister Anthony Eden ing somewhere, too, but they get their planes off the ground— ways were overrun with Beatles

SYLVIA: *I remember it so well. back to the hotel and contacted the agent, Brian Epstein, right th there. He booked them for three ances on the show and agreed to p*

Ed had to work very fast, because o leave London in a few hours.
ıg the Beatles that inexpensively out to be one of the great bar- all time. But for a while, we had ıbts. When we first got home, ınd I found that apparently we only two people who had heard Beatles. We kept looking at each orriedly. I thought, "Well, this me I've overstepped myself."
y, about two weeks before they to do our show, tles burst like a storm. Their rec- rted to go big on), and the young- America couldn't ıgh of them. We n right on the e of excitement. ıd the Beatles to kids who have posed to terrific tension. Like hey were very handle, very at- and very smart. ectionably smart, gain like Pres- ey knew what anted, and as they knew what anted to do. I seen the boys in while, but we've d good friends.

nother trip to we discovered great act. I hap- to call Peter rd, a London the- gent, and he said ed me to look at e. "A what?" I e said he had a ıse, Little Topo, rked on top of a nd that it was a s act.
t to see for my- l Pritchard was was a fabulous the fellow who dialogue with use was really it. When they me what I , I said, "The s great, but this is impossible. got to be nice to ıouse. You can't n like a lion. It's ging a baby out ing him a rap he face." So I the act's whole one of warmth ability. Now ev- adores Topo.
er performer I'm proud to say I ed for TV is Sammy Davis Jr. 5 years ago, Sammy was appear- a song and dance group called Mastin Trio (Will Mastin is s uncle, and the third member group was Sammy's father). I them to appear on our show, as their big moment arrived s an electrical blackout. The TV went off completely; there was nd. So all you could hear the me was the tap of Sammy's feet. on, but nobody could see him. I up to him and his family by he group on again.

SYLVIA: *Speaking of TV firsts, Ed was the first one to use the circuses of Europe. Last year, for example, he did the Munich circus.*

I love the people of show business. I really do. But I think I have a certain special affinity for circus people. Each time we've done a circus show, I've always thought back to the days when I was a kid in Port Chester. The circus would come there once a year with perhaps one mangy-looking camel—you know, a little, tiny circus, but they had the pink lemonade, a carrousel and all that. So each time we book a circus I think, "It's a long way from Port Chester."

We get a lot of mail about our show. Judging by the volume of letters, the most popular feature we've ever presented was Italy's Piccoli Puppet Theater. We asked our viewers to write telling us if they had liked the show, and got 130,000 letters telling us how much they had enjoyed it.

Another personality who drew a lot of mail was Ingrid Bergman, even though she never actually appeared on our show. At that time, Ingrid had been having her front-page romance with movie director Roberto Rossellini, and many people here in the U.S. were attacking her for it. She had been scheduled to appear on our show, but then I pulled a very stupid stunt—I had to be out of my mind when I did it. Right on camera, I said to the audience: "I've been receiving a lot of letters about Ingrid Bergman. What do you think? Should I have her on?" Ingrid never forgave me for what I had done—and she was right. It was an off-the-cuff remark, but one I shouldn't have made. I should have made my own decision about whether or not to use her. By the way, our viewers voted about 60 percent to 40 percent in Bergman's favor.

SYLVIA: *I think there is one story I should tell about Ed because he won't talk about it himself. It concerns the death of "Bojangles" Robinson. Ed organized "Bojangles' " funeral. He doesn't think it's important to say so, but I do. When Bill died in 1949, he was a great star. But he didn't have any money; in fact, he had a Rolls Royce he couldn't get out of the garage because he hadn't paid for it. So Ed arranged the funeral. They had a church service up in Harlem, with the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell presiding. . . .*

Adam Clayton Powell does a lot of undignified things, but I've never forgotten his eulogy at Bill Robinson's funeral. The church was jammed, and Powell was telling the story of Bill's life. He mentioned that Robinson had had only two vices: "gambling and ice cream." In Negro churches, the worshippers respond—they answer the preacher. When Powell mentioned ice cream, the congregation responded with a delighted "Yeahhh!"

What's the next chapter in the Ed Sullivan Story? Well, I'm under contract to CBS for the next five years, and I still do my column, "Little Old New York," twice a week. We're already the most durable show in TV history, and it would be nice to go for 25 years. In any event, I'm not going to retire; I've always thought that's like crawling into your own casket.

SYLVIA: *Ed and I now live the kind of flexible life we both want to lead. Ed's always had to adhere to deadlines, as a newspaperman and on TV. But in our private lives, we like the freedom to do what we please at any hour we please. This explains why—with the exception of the farm in Connecticut—we've lived in hotels for the last 25 years. We never cared about possessions; we think they would hold us down. Ed says he doesn't want to own anything except the clothes he wears. Living in a hotel, we come and go without worrying about the help or about cooking. We have a six-room suite at the Delmonico's Hotel in Manhattan—it's really three apartments converted into one. Ed has his office right next door. We dine out every night—the Colony, Le Pavillon, Romeo Salta's, Gino's, the Twenty-One—and we attend all the Broadway openings. But we don't really make the social scene; you know, the "must" parties. Ed doesn't like to feel that he has to be anyplace at a certain time. We like to do things on the spur of the moment.*

That's how we bought that 200-acre farm—on the spur of the moment. In 1954, Sylvia saw it on a Sunday and I bought it on Monday. We sold it in 1956, shortly after the auto accident. It was all wrong for us. We're not country people, I guess. We couldn't take being 80 miles away from New York—and it was too quiet. We had thought the farm would be great for Betty, Bob and their kids. But they had developed their own interests and couldn't travel (*continued*)

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up to us that often. And it was awfully inconvenient—a 25-mile drive to the nearest railroad station.

Strange, but soon we may wish we still owned the farm. Through Sy Bonem, we just bought two trotting horses, Maverick Hanover and Verdon Hanover, for $14,000. They spent the winter in Florida, where we visited them at Pompano racetrack, but we plan to run them at the New York tracks this summer—and later start raising horses. A farm now would come in handy.

All in all, it's been a good life, a full life—"a really big show," as that fellow on TV says. And for this I have many people to thank—mainly you, the people who are reading this life story, and who gave me the chance to write it. There is no way I can express my appreciation to each and every one of you in person, so I'll do it this way . . .

See you next Sunday night and thanks for everything. **END**

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It was shining in the eyes of a child where once there was no hope.



That dollar was spent in two ways. Fifty cents bought his food, clothing and shelter, and sent him to school for one day. The other fifty cents went to solve his unique problems . . . and he has many, since officially he does not exist. Yet there he is together with tens of thousands like him, in seven countries of Asia where our servicemen have been stationed.

The girls of those countries would, under ordinary circumstances, have married young men of their own race. But millions of young Asian men have been killed by great wars. Thus many girls must go to work to help provide for their families. Until recently women of Asia never worked outside the home, so there are very few jobs for them except those created by the presence of the American military. Many of these girls are no more than sixteen and it is natural for them to want the companionship of young men. Everyone knows the charm and generosity of an American man when he is courting and . . . well nature takes its course, with the result of a new people, the Amerasian.

A child is a treasure to an Asian man for his children legally belong to him, and they will provide for him when he grows old according to ancient custom. Thus it would never occur to an Asian girl that a man would leave his child and she often feels that perhaps a baby would solidify her common law relationship. We understand the folly of this assumption in our country for we have many thousands of children born out of wedlock each year. However, this problem has never before existed in Asia, where a birth is registered on the family registry of the father, regardless of the mother's family. And this is the beginning of all the problems. There is no family registry on which this child can be entered and as a result he cannot attend school, vote, get a job, or legally ever have a family of his own. In other words, he doesn't exist . . . but there he is!

Can anything be done? Yes, the Pearl S. Buck Foundation is doing it successfully. We act as the American side of the child's heritage and get him registered as a citizen, enroll him in school and when the time comes, help him get a job. If we find him ill we get medical help and if he is mal-nourished and living under miserable circumstances our fifty cents a day becomes even more urgent. But he has to have the other fifty cents, too, or he will grow into a well fed, healthy, displaced adult. That second fifty cents provides a counselor to work with him in the school and in the community to help solve the problem of his social acceptance.

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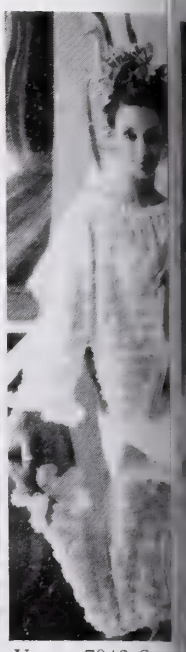
SWEET SUMMER LOOKS *continued from page 77*



Vogue 7069. Sweetly multi-pleated smock of Stern & Stern cotton dotted swiss; lace banded.



Vogue 7102. Sweet and lacy long dress of Janice crochet-look cotton lace over China silk.



Vogue 7046. Swe tent of Samuel shirred and bow and ruffled trim.

PATTERN BACKVIEWS *see pages 74–77*



VOGUE 6975 One-piece dress; Young Junior, 9–11–13. Teen, 10–12–14–16. requires 3 yds. of 35-in. fabric without nap, for size teen 14. Contrast yok ½ yd. 35-in. fabric for all sizes; *1½ yds. lace required* to edge sleeves fo (We used Franken trimming #C776; 1½-in. wide.)

VOGUE 6691 One-piece dress; 10–16; $1.50. Dress requires 2⅜ yds. 47 without nap for size 14. Hem and sleeve edgings and inserts *require 6¼ yds* used a double scallop lace by Franken, #C24937, 4½-in. wide.) To appl inserts: cut and sew the dress as directed. Baste the lace in place on th dress. Machine stitch, then cut away the fabric behind the lace, us embroidery scissors. Edge sleeve and hem with lace, as shown in diagram.

VOGUE 6797 One-piece "Easy to Make" dress; sizes Small (10–12), Mediur Large (18–20); $1. Short dress requires 3½ yds. of 45-in. fabric withou size 14. If you wish to cut the dress on the bias as we did (pretty if stripes lace is used) dress requires the same yardage. To obtain armhole effect follow bias stripe of fabric as shown in diagram. Trim neck, armholes, hem (We used Janice Lace #W3307, ½-in. wide; *5 yds. lace required* to trim si

VOGUE 7075 Beach cover-up; 10–16; $1.50. Cover-up requires 3⅞ yds. fabric (cut lengthwise) with/without nap for size 14. Edge bottom and sl purchased double-fold white piqué bias binding; *7⅛ yds. required* for size

VOGUE 7069 One-piece dress; 10–16; $2. Dress requires 6 yds. of 45- without nap for size 14. If you wish to emphasize the pleats, as we did, pleat with ⅜-in. lace before attaching to the yoke; *35 yds. of lace requir* 14. (We used Janice Lace #C845/1.)

VOGUE 7102 "Easy to Make" dress in four lengths; 10–16; $1.50. Long dres 3¾ yds. of 35-in. fabric with/without nap for size 14. This "crochet-look" o was put over shocking pink china silk. Cut both fabrics together and hanc Trim with a wide band of lace. (We used "crochet-look" lace by Franken 5-in. wide; *2 yds. lace required for size 14.*)

VOGUE 7046 One-piece dress; 10–16; $1.50. Dress requires 3¼ yds. of 44- with/without nap for size 14. Edge sleeve and neck with 1-in.-wide ru (Wrights #8737); *2½ yds. required* for size 14.

For stores nearest you selling these fabrics, send self-addressed stamped envelope t Dept., Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. #10, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 1

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order by mail, check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Alt Also available in Canada. *California and Pennsylvania residents add sales tax.

A NIGHT

om page 73

had once been held up by
eaking down. Mary, strain-
some sound from the hall,
he ping of the receiver being
ne leaned toward Tony as if
nging on his every word. But
come back.
ny's voice began to run down
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'ony said, "I think I've just
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've never finished reading?"
I'd better go and see what
Mary said.

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Pete."
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the railway tracks. There
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Mary said.
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ked cars, but it was too late.
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t of me. There wasn't time
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a nuisance, but Dot and I
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ght," she said. "There's no
to go."
nything I can do? I mean, I
o pry . . ."

"It's all right," she said, drawing him into the dining room.

Dorothy moved toward her. "Mary—what is it?"

Mary stilled her mouth with her hand.

"Look," Tony said. "I think we ought to go."

"No," Mary said. "You may as well know. Peter—ran over a child."

There was a silence. "God," Tony said.

Dorothy put her hands on Mary's arm. "Come and sit down."

Mary let herself be led to a chair. She stared at the carpet. "And I was so horrid," she said.

"You didn't know," Dorothy said. "We all were. We didn't know."

"Is it—bad?" Tony said.

"She's dead," Mary said.

"Oh—my God." Tony turned his head away.

Dorothy knelt and took Mary's hand.

"Where is he?" Tony asked. "Would it help if I went to him?"

"I don't know," Mary said. "He's in Linda's room—but I don't know if anyone can help."

"I'll go and see. Shall I, Dot?"

"I don't know," Dorothy said. "It's for Mary to say if she thinks . . ."

"If you could tell him," Mary said, "if you could make him see that it wasn't his fault. The child ran right out in front of him—it was nobody's fault."

"Of course it wasn't," Tony said.

"If it was anybody's fault it was mine," Mary said. "I told him to get the wine. If he hadn't gone to that pub . . ."

The door opened. Peter looked at them and then away. "You know."

Mary went to him. "I told them. I thought they'd know soon enough."

"Yes," Peter said.

"We're your friends, Pete," Tony said. "We're on your side, you know that."

"There are no sides," Peter said. "It's happened. There's no going back."

"True enough," Tony said. "I wish to God there were."

"When you can't go back," Peter said as if to himself, "you go on."

"You can do it, Peter."

"There was a law about it once," Peter said. "In the Bible."

His voice, more than his words, made Mary's eyes seek Tony's. "Come and sit down, old boy," he said.

"Shall I make some coffee?" Dorothy whispered.

"A stiff drink might be more in order," Tony said. "Eh, old boy?"

Peter didn't answer.

"Peter, dear," Mary said, "Tony's asking if you'd like a drink?"

He stared straight ahead.

"Peter—please let us help you. Please don't——" Her voice broke.

He looked down at her. "I'm sorry, Mary."

She shook her head. "Don't say that. It wasn't your fault."

"If these people would just keep their kids off the street," Tony said.

Peter went on gazing at Mary. "I'm sorry—for your sake."

"Don't be silly." She brushed at her tears with the back of her hand.

He pressed her shoulder. "I must go."

"Go where? Peter, where are you going?"

"Tony—stay with her, will you?"

"Sure thing, old boy."

"But Peter —" Mary clutched at him. "Tell me where you're going?"

He gently disengaged her hands. "There's something I must do."

"Then let me come (*continued*)

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with you. Dorothy will stay with Linda."

"Of course I will."

"No," Peter said. "No, I must do it alone."

"Do what?" Mary said.

He turned away.

"Peter ——"

He went out and shut the door.

Dorothy broke the silence. "I'll make that coffee."

She looked at Tony over Mary's head and nodded toward the living room.

"Come on, old girl," Tony said. "Come and sit down."

She didn't seem to hear.

"Come on," he urged. "He'll be back before you know it. Probably just gone to see about the insurance or something."

"Shhh," she said.

They heard a car start up. "That's Peter," he said. "He's just off."

She stood rigidly listening.

"He won't be long. Come and sit down . . ."

"I'll just go in and see if Linda's——"

"She's all right, Mary. You know that."

She broke away. "I won't be long."

When they heard her scream they stood petrified, staring at each other, before nearly colliding in the kitchen doorway. Mary rushed down the hall. "She's gone! Linda's gone! He's taken her with him!"

Tony grabbed her arms. "Nonsense, he wouldn't do that."

"She's gone, I tell you! See for yourself!" Tony started down the hall. "He's taken her away!"

"Shh," Dorothy said, trying to hold her. "Keep calm, Mary."

Mary went after him. "See?" she cried. "She's gone! I knew something had happened—yet you said no, she was all right! And all the time——"

"Were these open before?" Tony indicated the French windows.

"No, that's how I knew! I kept listening for the front door to close, but it didn't. I couldn't think why, but now I know. He went out to the car from here, carrying Linda."

"Why would Peter do that?" he said. "It doesn't sound reasonable. Unless—" He stopped.

"Unless what?"

He turned his head away.

"Tell me, Tony! Unless what?"

"Unless he's lost his reason," he said.

Mary stared at him.

"Tony, for heaven's sake," Dorothy said. She moved to Mary. "Tony doesn't mean——"

Mary fended her off. "I know what he means—but he's wrong. Peter was perfectly calm. He even tried to tell us. Oh, God, we've got to stop him!" She started toward the door.

"Tell us what?" Dorothy said.

"What it says in the Bible. Tony, we'll have to use your car."

"Sure thing. But do you know where to go?"

"After him! To wherever these people whose little girl——" She choked.

Tony went to her. "Take it easy," he said. "We'll find them. Do you know where these people live?"

"I don't even know their name."

Tony's eyes sought Dorothy's. "Police," she mouthed.

He shook his head. "We'll find them," he said to Mary. "Tell me, do you know if they . . . took her to the hospital?"

"I don't know. Yes, yes, they must have. Peter said they'd just told him she'd . . . Tony, do something!"

"I'm trying to, Mary. I'll phone the hospital. But I'm not sure they'll play."

They wouldn't. All Tony's efforts—his pleading, his browbeating—brought the same reply: they were sorry, but it was a matter for the police.

"Hang up!" Mary said, tugging at his sleeve. "Come on, I've just remembered. I know the hotel where it happened. We'll ask there."

It wasn't necessary. As Tony slowed down to cross the railway lines near the hotel he slammed on the brakes and said, "Isn't that Peter's car?"

"Where?" Mary and Dorothy said together.

"There—by the tracks, on the right."

Mary rolled down the rear window. "Yes," she breathed. "I think so, but I can't be sure."

He swung the car round and drew up behind the other. "It is," he said. "Now listen, Mary, how about letting me . . ."

But Mary was already out of the car and running across the road. She hesitated, then started down a path to a darkened house. A crack of light round a blind drew her on. As she neared the veranda she stopped dead. There, kneeling on the steps, was Peter. Clasped in his arms was Linda, wrapped in a blanket and whimpering softly.

Mary moved closer. Peter looked round. His eyes glistened in the light from the street lamp.

"I can't do it," he said. "Mary, I can't give her up." **END**



Real whipped cream for just about 2¢ a serving!

IS YOUR CHILD IN THE WRONG GRADE?

continued from page 120

and if it is voiced by the child, should not be confused with emotional disturbance. It is not only reasonable to suppose, but it turns out to be true in actual practice, that a child who is comfortably and correctly replaced in a grade where he can do the work should (and does) forget any temporary embarrassment or disappointment at being kept back.

Repeating a grade is no panacea, and it can't cure everything that may be wrong with a child. But if his problem is mainly, as so often, that he has been placed in a grade whose work is beyond him, in most cases it can do the trick.

4. "He can do the work all right if he would only try. We just have to find some way to motivate him." There are always those who believe that the secret of success, if a child is not doing well, is somehow to motivate him to try harder. The best motivation in the world for any child is not added pushing. It is being placed in a grade that fits him.

5. "But you can't put him back, he's so bright." Brightness is useful, but it is not the primary thing to be considered in grade placement. The I.Q. alone does not go to school. The brightest little boy in the world doesn't belong in first grade if he cannot even print his first name.

6. "We can't hold him back, he's so big." Grade placement should not be decided by the pound or the inch. Eventually, when all children are started in school, or subsequently promoted, on the basis of their behavior age, size as well as chronological age will be secondary.

7. "The children will make fun of him if he repeats." Children admittedly can be cruel. But the cruel ones will make fun of a child's size, his shape, his glasses, his race, the color of his hair, just as readily as they will comment about his grade placement. We can't guarantee that no child will ever be teased if he is required to repeat a grade. We can assure you that if his parents do a good job of convincing him that repeating (or starting later) is the thing to do, and if the teacher does a good job of explaining the adjustment to the class, the effect of any teasing will not be disastrous.

8. "The sooner you start teaching him, the sooner he will learn. It's all up to you." The error of this kind of thinking is becoming all too apparent as "early entrance programs" and the formal teaching of academic subjects to preschoolers fail to produce any solid educational advancement of the children so entered or so taught.

Children, no matter how much they may fuss or carry on about a decision, academic or otherwise, that their parents make, for the most part do accept, usually with a certain feeling of security, the big decisions that are made for them.

Our sincere hope and expectation is that the day will come when developmental placement will be the custom of the country and will be taken for granted by everybody. When school personnel and parents as well recognize the importance of total readiness, when all recognize that any child, no matter how bright, cannot proceed in school successfully any faster than his body and his state of growth permit, at such a glorious time we will look back on our present antiquated procedure of starting children in school simply because they have reached a certain calendar age, and shake our heads in disbelief. **END**

"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

continued from page 132

1930's, Mr. Bendiner describes the days when Woolworth salesgirls were paid $11 a week and **Barbara Hutton** received $45 million for becoming 21 . . . the years when 15 million people were unemployed, while **Alfred P. Sloan** was getting $516,311 for a year's toil as president of General Motors. This book is a memoir of bank night, miniature golf courses, the Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, "and those martyrs who omitted olives from their martinis to avoid giving aid and comfort to Mussolini." **James Jones's** new novel, *Go to the Widow-Maker,* makes him this year's candidate for King Leer. . . . A new picture book, *The Wit and Wisdom of Mae West,* captures that glorious woman's memorable lines, in word and picture. You'll understand that I have to quote with some care, but try this: "Men are my hobby—if I ever get married I'll have to give it up." . . . Everyone who cares at all about great performances must see **Orson Welles** in his title performance in *Falstaff,* the new film also starring **Jeanne Moreau, Margaret Rutherford** and **John Gielgud.** . . . This month one of my all-time favorite movies is being re-released. It's Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* with the screen's seven most brilliantly drawn performances: Happy, Doc, Sleepy, Grumpy, Sneezy, Bashful and Dopey—plus that wicked queen with a heart of cold. . . . If your teen-agers complain that you don't understand them, they may mean it literally. So you'd better get a dictionary to keep up with the hips off the old block. Specifically, get the new supplement to the *Dictionary of American Slang,* just published by Thomas Y. Crowell. You'll discover that *beef* is a popular or attractive girl . . . *bird* is a girlfriend . . . and *boss* is "anything or anyone thought to be the most wonderful, exciting or best in a specific field of endeavor," such as "*What's Happening*" is boss.

DISC-CUSSIONS: *Claudine* (A&M SP4121), one of the most luscious records in weeks. Paris's **Claudine Longet** whisper-sings on this sensuous, immaculately produced LP that will torment every lover who hears it at dusk.

If you admired Julie Andrews running through the meadows of Austria in *The Sound of Music,* you'll probably enjoy *Austrian Folk Favorites* sung by The Grenzlandchor Arnoldstein, a chorus of "workers, businessmen and housewives, who sing purely for enjoyment." Ours. (Capitol ST 10463)

Other recommended new LP's:

Francis Albert Sinatra & Antonio Carlos Jobim (Reprise 1021). Most of the songs are by **Jobim** (*The Girl From Ipanema*).

Bach: *Two Violin Concertos* (No. 1 and 2). Ravishing performances by Nathan Milstein (Angel 36010).

Hal Holbrook: *Mark Twain Tonight!* This performance, from the wildly acclaimed CBS-TV program, is remarkable, that's all there is to it (Columbia OL 6680). **END**

Recipe Index

Here is a handy listing of recipes appearing in this issue, including those from the *Journal* kitchens and advertisements.

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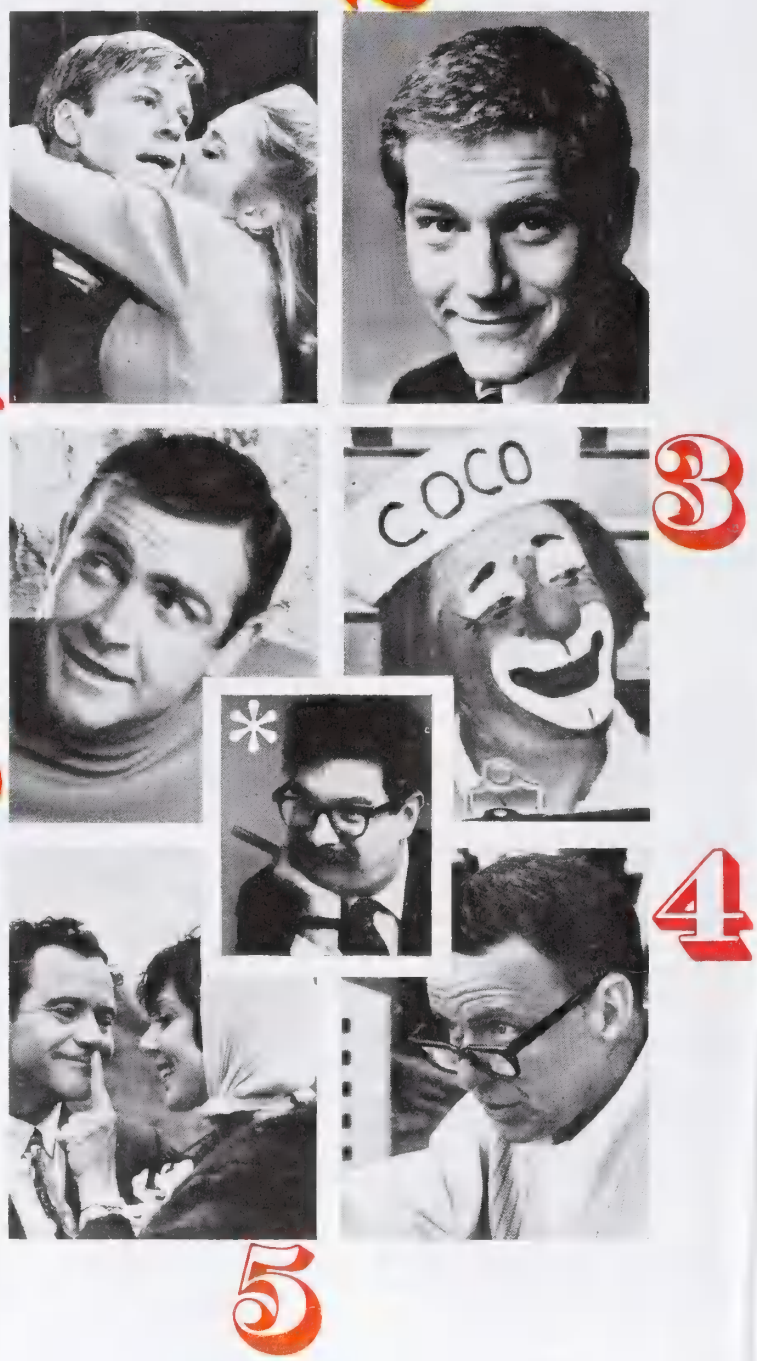
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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

* **By Gene Shalit** Readers of this column (and their names are legion . . . Harriet Legion, Mary Jane Legion, Zelda R. Legion) keep ahead of mod-ern fashion trends. Our January roundup of paper dresses revealed that inexpensive stores will offer carbons of originals, and **Sean Connery**'s girls will be bundled in bond. Last month we plugged you in on the current electric dresses, *de rigueur* for live wires. This month's flash from fashion insiders: Astonishing fabrics are in your future. In *Ready-Made Miracle,* a stylish new book coming from Putnam in late June, **Jessica Daves** talks about fiber with thermostatic waves, so the weave will open on warm days, tighten when temperatures drop. You will also wear dresses that change color when struck by light: you might have blue Monday (who doesn't?), persimmon Thursday, and chocolate Sunday. Meanwhile, the fad for paper won't fold: even the Duchess of Windsor has ordered a paper gown. Ripping! . . . The *mini* in mini-skirts isn't new, writes a reader (whose name is not Legion). She reminds us of Mini Mouse, Mini Ha-Ha, and Mini the Moocher. . . . "Do you believe in mini-skirts?" I asked **Judy Geeson,** the blond, bubbly, nearly-19 British actress who flew in from London for a few evenings. *"Believe?"* she eyes-wided. "Are they a religion?" If they are, she thinks they're divine. Her first movie is *To Sir, With Love* (Columbia), starring **Sidney Poitier,** out this month. Judy came to lunch in blazing pink, very nearly covered by the miniest of skirts, her lemon bangs hidden by the maxiest of floppy pink hats. "I don't want to be a star, I want to be an actress," she said, almost believably. "I don't want fame and money and all that." Her real name is Judith Amanda Clouston-Geeson, and her next film is *Berserk* with **Joan Crawford.** "What do you mean, do I play Bette Davis?" she asked.

The centers of attraction in the center of the page: **Robert Redford** finds **Jane Fonda** resistible (photo 1) in this scene from *Barefoot in the Park.* While they're busy kissing, **Mildred Natwick** steals the movie. From beginning to almost end the picture is a consecution of hilarious sight gags. But director **Gene Saks,** doesn't know when to quit, and the final 10 minutes are patronizing: He has the hero actually running barefoot in the park (we get it, we get it). Redford, who is fine, tells *What's Happening* about Jane Fonda: "Good. Smart. Very. I mean a very tuned-in girl. She sees clearly because she really listens. Somebody could drop a bomb in the corner while you're talking to her and she wouldn't hear it, that kind of attention, which is very flattering." Redford's next film is a total change of character. It's *Blue,* directed by **Silvio Narizzano,** who did *Georgy Girl.* "It's a western, practically without dialogue," said Redford with boyish happiness. "That excites me. You have to wiggle and squirm a little to keep from being typed. My type now is leading man, which is fine, I *would* like to get the girl always; well, I have blond hair and that seems to go against me. So it will be good for me to get outside and play a grubby character with such a good director."



That crooked grin (photo 2) belongs to **George Segal,** well known to late-night TV audiences for his banjo playing, and to acting buffs for his portrayals in *Death of a Salesman, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *Quiller Memorandum.* Due for release: *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.* "I play a killer," he told us as violins drenched the background of the Palm Court in Manhattan's Plaza Hotel. "No redeeming features, just *mean.*" As fiddles flayed and ice tinkled, Segal sat with his arms folded across his chest, rocking, laughing, listening hard, joking, being serious, wondering. "It's awfully nice to be a star. I find that successful people are nicer than unsuccessful people. You're not as angry about as many things, like I used to be. *(That grin.)* I 'm nicer now, I would say that, yes. All the envy and the ugly things you feel, the revenge fantasies, they just fade away." With *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre* (featuring such characters as Al Capone and Bugs Moran) ready for release, and MGM shooting *Point Blank* on location at Alcatraz, we'll soon have enough movies for a Con Film Festival.

If you cotton to candy, and peanuts, and plumed Bulgarian girls in spangled tights, and clowns, especially clowns, rejoice: the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus is on the way, starring clowns like **Coco** (photo 3). He is really Michael Polakous, born in Russia, and brought to England when he was nine by his father, Nikolai, also a clown, and also called Coco. "Actually, I'm Coco the Third," said Coco the Third as I drove him in the circus parade to Madison Square Garden. "My son Graham, who is a United States Marine, will be Coco the Fourth. . . . hello, children, hi there, hi, hi. . . . . and my little son David, he's two, he'll be Coco the Fifth. No clown ever uses the face of another clown. That's tradition. I've used this make-up for 32 years, and not even my father would borrow it." Here's where you can see the circus in June: Boston (1–11); Providence (12–13); Knoxville (16–18); Houston (22–25); Shreveport (27–28); Little Rock (June 30–July 2).

Frank Sinatra is wearing those glasses (photo 4) for his role in *The Naked Runner,* a movie based on **Francis Clifford**'s best-selling thriller-novel of the very same name. Or maybe he's wearing them to write his autobiography, which he's finally agreed to do for Random House after years of pleading by **Bennett Cerf.** With *The Naked Runner* ready for July release from Warner Bros., Sinatra is in Miami for his next 20th Century-Fox movie, *Tony Rome.*

Coming this month: *Luv,* a wonderfully funny film from Columbia by **Murray Schisgal,** starring (in order of memorability) **Elaine May, Peter Falk, Jack Lemmon** and **Nina Wayne.** (Some men in the audience may place Miss Wayne first. She has the body of a woman and the voice of an idiot child.) *Luv,* originally a Broadway smash, has been staged in 26 countries. If it wasn't so hard to pronounce, Schisgal's name would be a household word in every corner of the globe. He'd deserve it, his lines are hilarious. Falk to Lemmon: "I'm more in love today than I was the day I was married . . . but my wife won't give me a divorce." His wife is played by Elaine May, formerly of the great comedy team of Nichols and May. Now **Mike Nichols** is an Important Director, and with this picture Miss May becomes an Important Droll Actress. That's her kidding with Lemmon in (photo 5).

Advance reports on *Casino Royale* point to catastrophe. Good or bad, there will be lines around the block. The cast includes **Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Woody Allen, Orson Welles, Jean Paul Belmondo** and **Joanna Pettet.** It's a James Bond movie, but without the man who is, to the public, James Bond. All together now, gang: **Sean Connery.** In (photo 6) we see Mr. Connery as he appears in *his* next Bond picture, *You Only Live Twice.* This time, Bond careers through Japan with a secret password, "I love you," which is mighty clever, since the bad guys can only pronounce it: "I ruv you." The movie is produced by **Broccoli** and **Saltzman** (did two names ever go better together?) and was written by that master of the macabre, **Roald Dahl.** If you like movies packed with unknowns, you'll ruv **Akiko Wakabayashi, Tetsuro Tamba** and **Teru Shimada.**

SHORT SHOTS: If you lived through the depression, or if you have to ask, "What depression?" get **Robert Bendiner's** new book, *Just Around the Corner.* In this remembrance of the *(continued on page 131)*